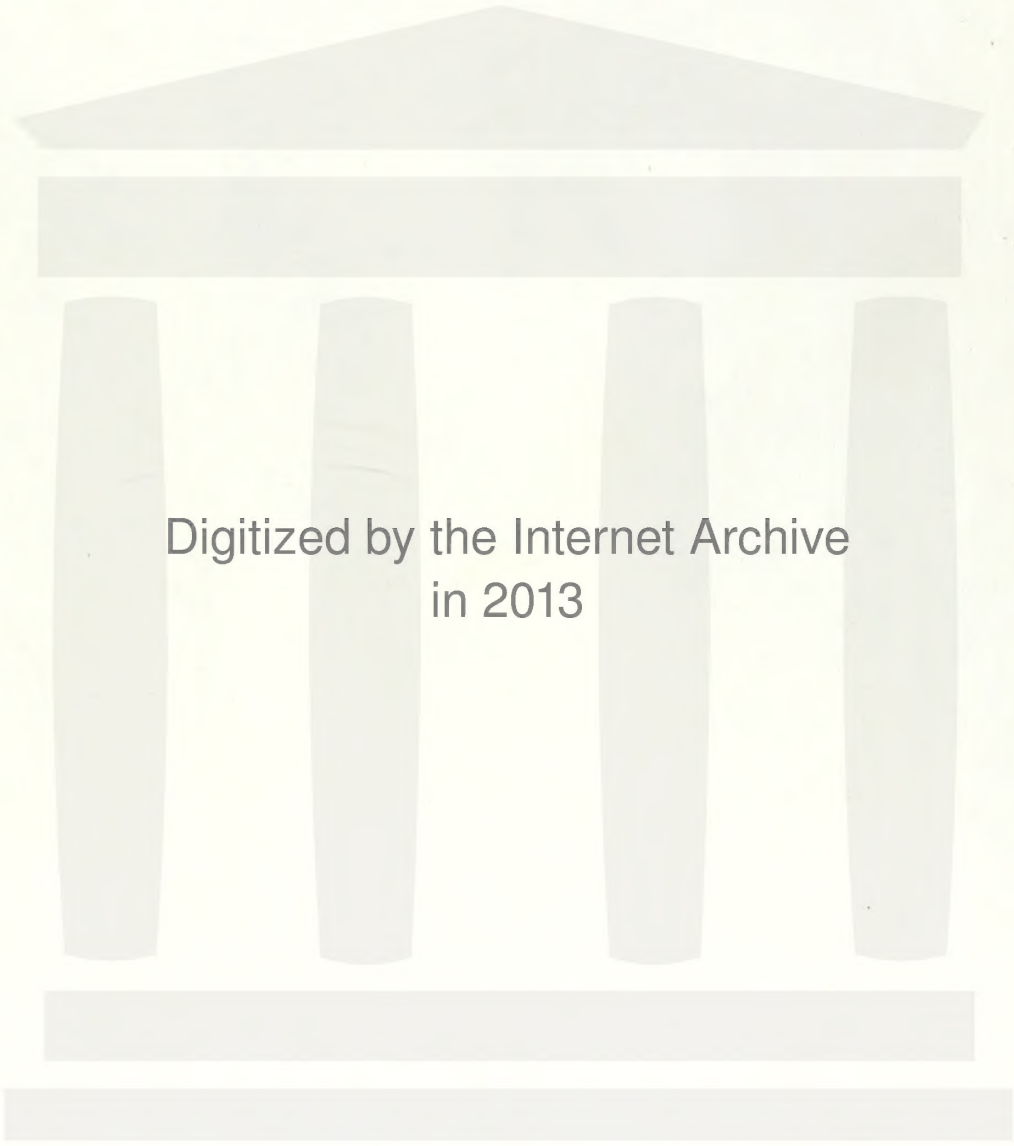
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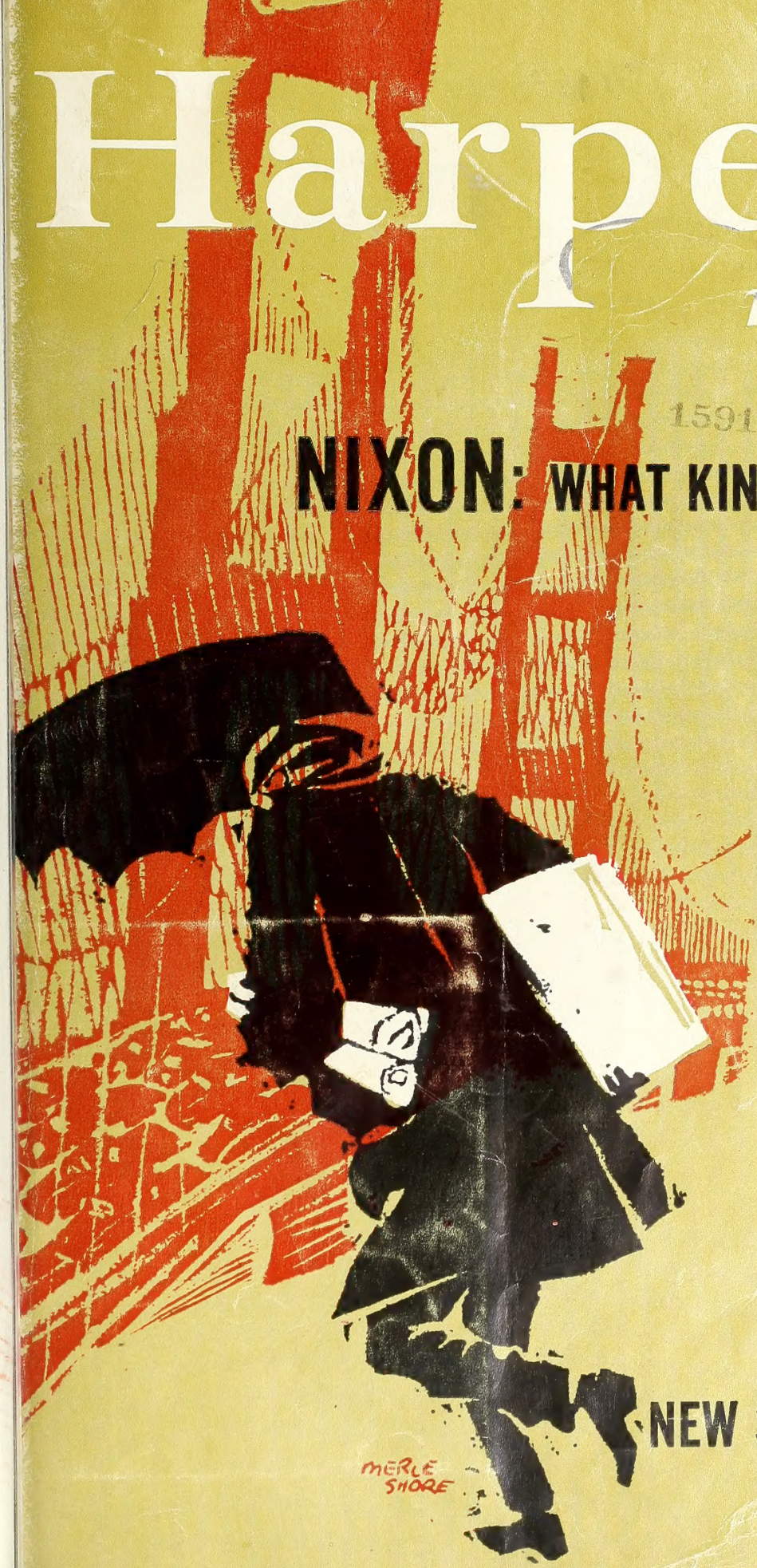
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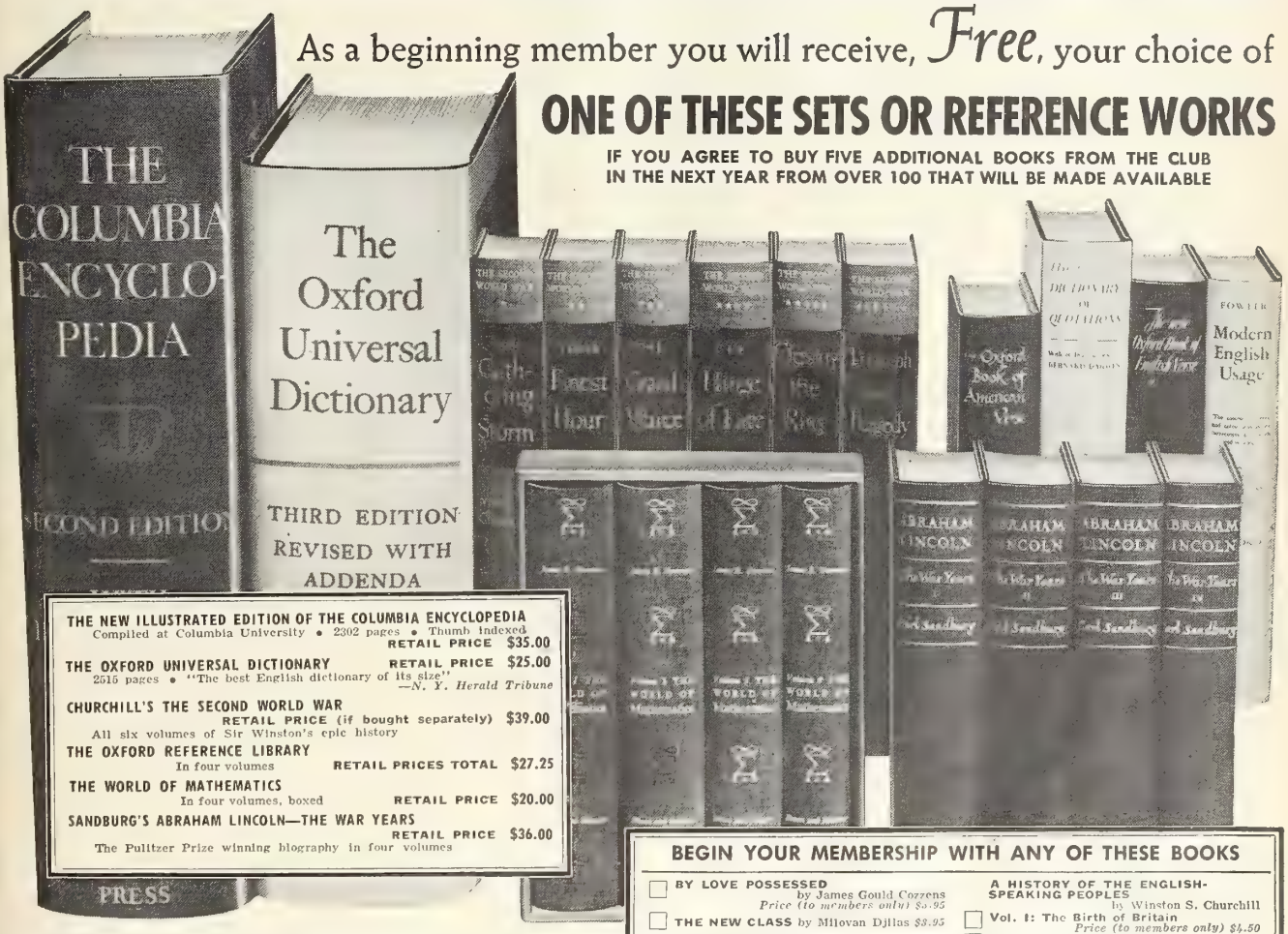


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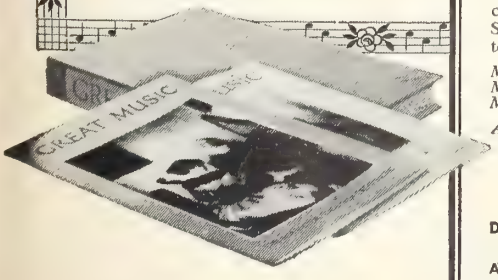
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LETTERS



Moses: Attack and Defense

To the Editors:

"The Civil Defense Fiasco" [Nov.] by Robert Moses was a disturbing article. . . . The most alarming trend in the current situation is that we are rapidly approaching a condition in America, and probably in Russia, in which less than one per cent of the national population would survive an all-out orgy of nuclear and biological warfare. . . . It takes quite a sophisticated shelter to withstand 100 psi overpressure, 2,000 r/hr. fallout, and fifty different kinds of disease germs. However, some of these shelters are in existence for parts of the military, high government officials, and certain industrial installations. . . .

Human nature being what it is, it requires no stretch of the imagination to realize that an American or Russian official or commander is going to be much less hesitant about engaging in nuclear war if he knows that he personally, and his family, are going to come out of it alive. In fact it is necessary to consider the possibility that his "pioneering" instinct will be aroused and that he will subconsciously have visions of himself and a few thousand others inheriting a waiting and uninhabited world, completely to themselves. . . . This is known as the Noah's Ark complex.

Jim Deer
Portland, Oregon

Commissioner Robert Moses . . . makes a number of demonstrably invalid statements which display his utter lack of awareness of the basis and reasoning underlying civil defense thinking and the proposals of the Holifield Committee. (. . . highly qualified experts suggest that the adoption of the Holifield proposals would give people in the center of the aiming area in Los Angeles, perhaps our most vulnerable large city, 96 chances out of 100 of survival.)

. . . Mr. Moses' real concern appears to be merely that adequate civil defense would upset our present procedures; possibly Ethelred the Unready rejected the counsel of those advisers who suggested that some measure of preparedness would be wise on the same grounds. . . . But both deserve to be called irresponsible because they would not see foreign policy as interdependent with home defense.

Moses even misunderstands the entire purpose of civil defense: he says it is supposed to terrify the Russians; of course, it is not supposed to do anything of the sort; it is supposed to make it harder for the Russians to terrify us (and if we are lucky, perhaps make it less necessary for us to try to terrify them, thus reducing the likelihood of war through simple miscalculation) . . . .

Robert Marden and Lewis A. Dexter
Civil Defense Agency,
Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Hurrah for Robert Moses! I think the public apathy toward civil defense he mentions is obviously a result of the fact that people have realized for a long time that most civil defense plans wouldn't work. . . .

Betty Lou Frost
Long Beach, Calif.

Robert Moses incorrectly named the Federal Civil Defense Administration as "chief sponsor" of HR 2125, which would authorize a national shelter program, and criticized this agency for making such a proposal. Actually, FCDA's legislative proposals are contained in HR 7576, which was passed by the House of Representatives during the last session of Congress and is scheduled for Senate consideration in the coming session. This bill contains provisions which we believe will strengthen and modernize the national civil defense structure. . . .

HR 7576 does not provide for a national shelter program. Much research on a shelter program has been conducted, however, and the Executive Branch of the government has given and is continuing to give this subject considerable study.

Leo A. Hoegh
Federal Civil Defense Administration
Washington, D. C.

Falling Stars

To the Editors:

Poets respond, as a rule, to the same stimuli, so it is not altogether surprising for a poet to find his sentiments expressed by another poet. . . . I read with delight William Stafford's "Star in the Hills" in the November *Harper's*, more particularly as it seemed to be in the same mood as my lines that follow. Let us have more of Mr. Stafford, please.

Historical Note

A star fell on a small town
In our State—
"Fell on Alabama" as it were.
It was not the first time
(There's a song by the same name)
But it is the first time a star
Hit a woman.
And she had bruises and contusions
To show for it.

She was only a tenant on the place
Where the star fell
And the owner claimed it as
His property when he arrived;
He looked about, sheepish and
important
Since no one had ever before
Found a star on his place.

It made the woman angry, so she
Sued for damages—"See this scar?"
It has not yet been settled
For there seemed to be no precedent
In the law-courts for damages
Even to a woman, victim of a
falling star . . .

Lulie Hard McKinley
Birmingham, Alabama

Inhabited Stars?

To the Editors:

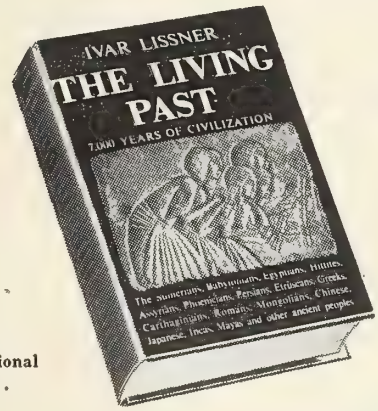
Mr. Clarke asks "Where's Everybody?". The answer should be obvious. As the civilizations on other planets passed a few years beyond our present stage of A-bombs and H-bombs, rockets and missiles, they blew themselves to bits. That's where everybody is.

Nelson R. Eldred
South Charleston, West Va.

A slight correction should be made to Arthur C. Clarke's delightful article. Einstein's Theory of Special Relativity, which postulates the speed of light to be the maximum speed attainable by anything, also states that a traveler who wants to reach a star, say, five light-years away, can get there by his own standards, in a time less than five years. The catch is that the scale of time is different for an earthbound observer looking at the spaceship and for a passenger traveling in the spaceship. In fact, if the spaceship travels at 600 million miles per hour, it will reach the star five light-years away in a time which will be only two years for the passenger, although it will be a little over five years when measured by another observer stationed on the earth. Similarly, traveling at 663 million miles an hour, the spaceship will reach the same star in nine months if time is measured by one of its passengers. Thus there is no limit set by the finite



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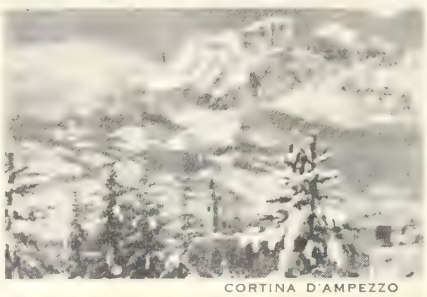
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MICHAEL J. MORAVCSIK
Patchogue, New York

This is correct, and I've developed the idea in many other articles and stories, but I felt "Where's Everybody" was already long enough without getting into Relativity! ARTHUR C. CLARKE
New York, N. Y.

Observed Stars

TO THE EDITORS:

In "Inside Samarkand" in your November issue, John Gunther lists, among the sights of that city: "The Observatory . . . built by the Emperor Mirza Ulugbek . . . [is] indication that, even in Central Asia in the fifteenth century, men had lively scientific minds and did useful work." "Useful work" indeed! This is inexcusably faint praise for a man who was using a telescope almost 200 years before Galileo invented that instrument. HERBERT L. GROSS
Dayton, Ohio

Battle of Copenhagen

TO THE EDITORS:

It is surprising to find so accomplished a raconteur as Sir Harold Nicolson mangling one of the famous anecdotes of English naval history. But he does exactly this when he remarks in the November *Harper's* [Easy Chair]: "It is said that Nelson, when about to destroy the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, placed his telescope to his blind eye in order not to see the signals of surrender which fluttered from their masts."

Mahan tells the story, quoting the narrative of Lt. Col. William Stewart in his *Life of Nelson*. Nelson at Copenhagen was second in command to Sir Hyde Parker and commanded the detached squadron while Sir Hyde's main body stood by to the north. Success not coming easily, Sir Hyde determined to break off the action, and signaled accordingly. "When the signal, No. 39, was made, the Signal Lieutenant reported it to Lord Nelson. He continued his walk, and did not appear to take notice of it. . . . After a turn or two, he said to me in a quick manner, 'Do you know what's shown on board the Commander-in-Chief No. 39?' On asking him what he meant, he answered, 'Why, to leave off action.' 'Leave off action,' he repeated and then added with a shrug, 'Now damn me if I do!' He also observed, I believe to Captain Foley, 'You know, Foley, I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind

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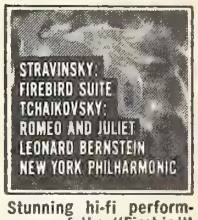
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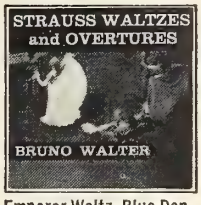
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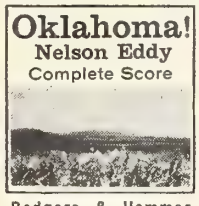
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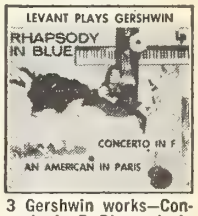


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sometimes'; and then with an archness peculiar to his character, putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, 'I really do not see the signal.' "

GORDON N. RAY
Urbana, Illinois

Baddest Seal

TO THE EDITORS:

We enjoyed "The Seal That Couldn't Swim" [November] and think that the drawings by Roy McKie are the baddest.

DICK DAVIS
San Francisco, Calif.

The Farm Bloc

TO THE EDITORS:

I have just read Carroll Kilpatrick's article ["What Happened to the Farm Bloc?" Nov.] with great interest because it gives a true picture of that important situation just as I touched on the problem in my speech of last August to the House of Representatives: "There was a day, and not so long ago, when the Members of Congress from agricultural states held the balance of power in Congress when legislation beneficial to all our farmers was at stake, but the exit from the farms to the cities has considerably weakened that power. Then too, the Southern farm bloc, who are in control of farm legislation in Congress, are not concerned about the grain and livestock farmers of the Middle West.

"Add to that the Members of Congress in both parties from the large consuming centers who want cheap food and feed for the people they represent. They constantly complain about farm subsidies, and say their people just don't like to pay taxes to subsidize our farmers while at the same time their cost of living is constantly going up. We keep explaining to them that the farmer receives only about forty cents of the dollar they pay for food. Yes, the time may come when the whole federal farm program might be scuttled, and that time may come sooner than we think. . . ." BEN F. JENSEN
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Kilpatrick has high hopes for a consumer-written farm program now that those ignorant members of the "Farm Bloc" are at odds. He notes with approval a Congressional investigation of margins initiated by "an all-city representative." How can Kilpatrick fail to know that margins already have been a favorite whipping boy of the "Farm Bloc" for three decades? While margins investigations have jolly well afflicted the comfortable, they have done little to comfort the afflicted.

The "Farm Bloc" is roundly condemned for seeking "price, price, price" and ignoring the long-run solution of migration to the cities. Oddly enough, farmers have to live in the short-run, and they seek price with the same practical logic that labor seeks wages, and business seeks profits.

V. JAMES RHODES
Columbia, Mo.

Review of Miss Rand

TO THE EDITORS:

It seems clear to me that the most essential requisites of a book reviewer are that he (a) read the book he is reviewing, and (b) be able to summarize adequately its central theme. Whatever the merits of his critical judgment, surely these qualities must be upheld. What can we think then of Mr. Paul Pickrel, who in his review of Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* in your November issue (a) openly boasts that he has read only one-fourth of the novel, and (b) states as the central theme of the book what is almost the diametric opposite of the actual theme? . . . [Contrary to Mr. Pickrel's account], there is no murder or hint of murder in [the 300 pages he has read] . . . .

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Rothbard has misunderstood my review of Miss Rand's book in one respect: I did not openly boast that I had read only a fourth of the novel; I openly confessed it. I happen to like to read and prefer to finish the books I start. I am not intimidated by long books and have read several in my time. I had to stop reading Miss Rand's book before I had finished it because I couldn't stand it. The fact that Mr. Rothbard could entitles him to disagree with my judgment; it does not entitle him to see behind my judgment a spirit that was not there.

In general I agree with Mr. Rothbard that a reviewer should read every word of a book he reviews, and I have plowed through many a weary page out of loyalty to that fine old principle. But occasionally, and in special circumstances, I think a reviewer can take refuge, if he is perfectly honest about what he is doing, in another fine old principle—that you don't have to eat the whole egg to know it's rotten. I do not agree with Mr. Rothbard's apparent assumption that if a reviewer does not finish a book it is better for him to disguise that fact from his readers. As a reader, Mr. Rothbard may have greater staying power than I have, but he is less careful than I am. If he will reread the first 300 pages carefully, he will find that a murder is referred to with approval more than once—the murder of a state legislator by the grandfather of the present generation of the railroad family.

PAUL PICKREL
New Haven, Conn.

Proof of the Pudding

TO THE EDITORS:

I agree with Mr. Cort's thesis that there are still regional and local differences in eating habits, and a wide range of prices as well. But he got there in spite of his data which are often most fallacious. I think I am qualified to comment; I've kept house in eleven very different cities in the East, South, Southwest, and on the West Coast.

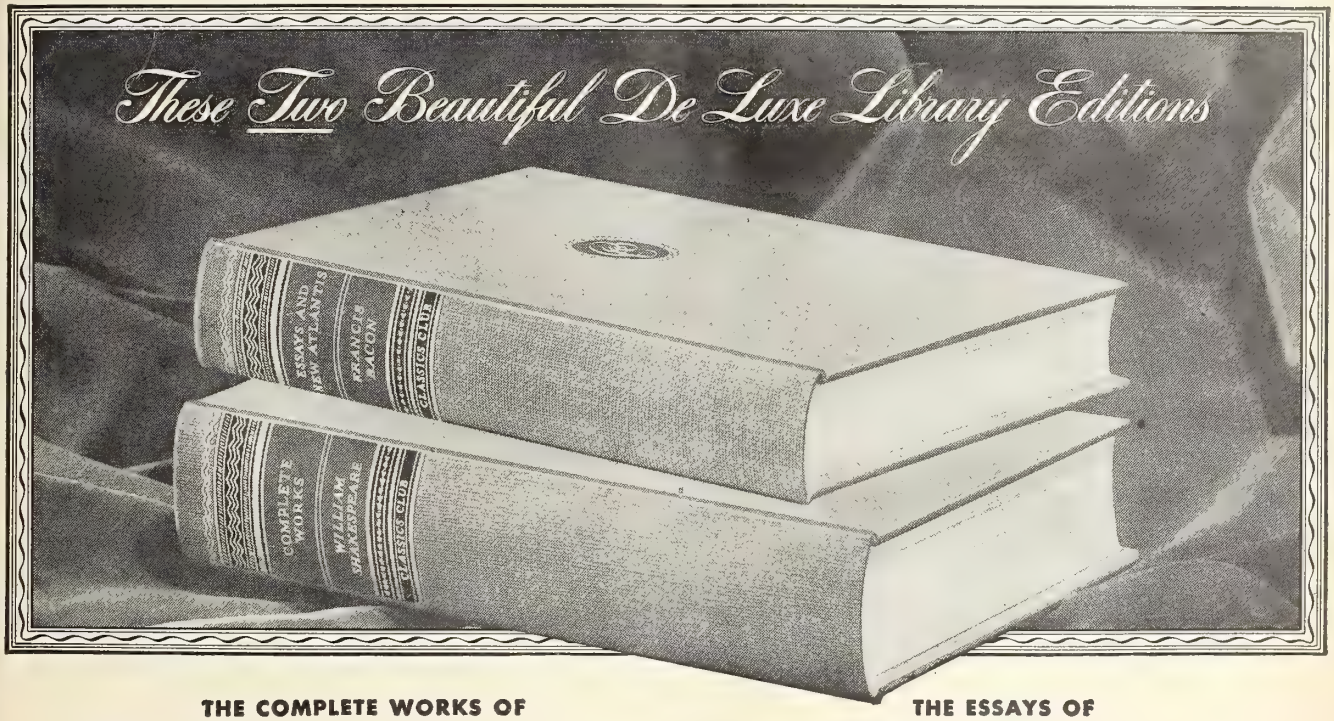
Mr. Cort's selection of dates is unfortunate. In December, large sections of the country will have no local produce. . . . In any place with a large proportion of Catholics, the Thursday ads naturally feature Friday's fish. This places undue emphasis on an item that is often eaten only once a week. The availability, importance, and variety of fish in New Orleans diets is not suggested by Mr. Cort. . . . Or that Southerners consume immense quantities of collards and mustard greens, hardly favorite edibles elsewhere. Or that in New York veal is a delicate, rather costly meat from milk-fed calves; in the South it is a scraggy "poor folks" viand. . . .

Let's look at the table of selected items. Cooking oil and detergent, standard staples of fixed quality, are comparable, but weekend special prices prove little as to their year-round cost. Canned peas and corn vary greatly in quality; did Mr. Cort compare grade as well as can size? When we come to meat, how does he know it was the "best steak in town"? In many cities, independent luxury markets are the source of the best steak; they don't advertise like the chains, however, and seldom publicly proclaim the astronomical price of the best steak. But as to the chains: in many places they don't carry "prime" beef, only the next two grades, "choice" and "good." Was Mr. Cort careful to compare only "choice" with "choice"?

Reading the food ads in a strange city, my practiced and cynical eye notes data from which I can make certain tentative deductions, but none so sweeping as Mr. Cort's extrapolations. Really to understand the popular food picture in any city takes the experience acquired in the market place, pushing a wire cart.

MRS. WILLIAM VON PUHL
San Antonio, Texas

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the editor's EASY CHAIR

Conversation at Midnight

SCHLOSS LEOPOLDSKRON
SALZBURG, AUSTRIA

THIS castle is supposed to be haunted. A Nazi gauleiter shot his wife, his three children, and himself in the little lookout room on the top floor that morning when he saw the American tanks break into the valley; and other troubled spirits (I am told) have been mewling and clanking around the staircases for a good two hundred years. So it was only sensible to take precautions.

The best protection against ghosts, Father Florian said, was a bottle of the red wine put up by his fellow monks at the Peterskeller. It is not very good wine, but it is strong, and after a few glasses any apparition would hardly be noticeable. As my spiritual adviser (self-appointed) he had taken the liberty of bringing a liter with him.

"I detest being interrupted by spooks," he said as he pulled the cork. "Or, for that matter, by anyone else. Close the door. I have to reprove you, and I don't want those people wandering in with their silly questions."

This was unfair. "Those people" are fifty-eight young men and women who are, for the moment, living here; Father Florian is merely an occasional visitor, usually uninvited. They have come from sixteen European countries, because each of them has a professional interest in the United States, and because the Schloss is now occupied by a curious kind of school, known as The Seminar in American Studies. It is true that they often cross-examine the five Americans who serve as faculty until all hours of the night, but their questions are seldom silly. They are people of trained intelligence—diplomats, newspapermen, teachers, sociologists, civil servants—and their inquiries sometimes are uncomfortably sharp. Father Florian never asks questions; he gives answers, whether you want them or not. He is dogmatic, fat, and impertinent; and I am fond of him.

He filled two glasses and settled himself in the only comfortable chair in my study.

"The trouble with you Americans . . ." he said.

"Look," I interrupted, "let's get back to the ghosts. For the last month these people have been telling me what is wrong with Americans, and I am beginning to get the idea. We are a bunch of crude materialists. We've got no culture, no respect for tradition, no sense of history, no ideals, no palate. . . ."

"Nonsense," Father Florian said. "It is true that most Europeans believe those legends, but I am going to tell you what is *really* wrong with America. I traveled back and forth across your country for seven years, making a serious study of the American soul. And I don't think you understand yourselves any better than these youngsters who have been talking at you."

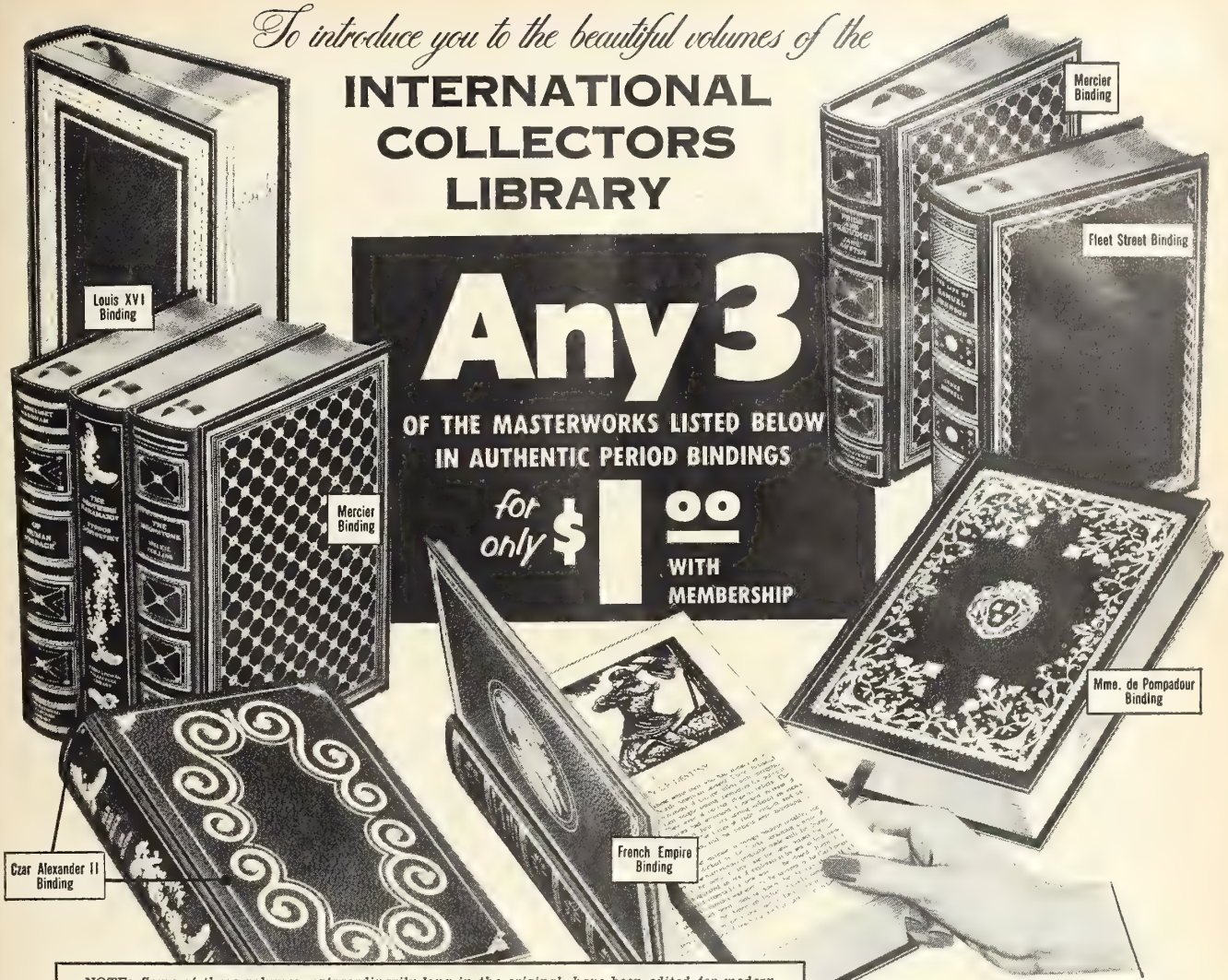
He loosened the rope he wore around the middle of his cassock and eased his throat with a little wine.

"The real trouble," he said, "is that you are a bunch of dreamy poets. You are besotted with culture. You spend more time and money on it than you can afford. Idealism is a fine thing, but you Americans have carried it too far—to the point where you can no longer bear to face a hard, material fact when you meet one. This is dangerous. You will have to learn to be practical, or you will perish.

"Now don't misunderstand me. We are grateful for your cultural leadership, though naturally we can't admit it. We have to snarl a little, to save our self-respect—but we are soaking up your culture like a parched field soaks up rain. We play your music, read your novels, and wear your clothes all over Europe. Look at all our

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girls in blue jeans and pony tails, and all our little boys in cowboy champs. Chaps? Ah, yes, Thank you.

"Even alcoholic Paris, thank Heaven, is being infiltrated with milk bars, and half the boys in my parish are trying to play the trumpet like Satchmo. My city of Vienna invented musical comedy, but "Kiss Me, Kate" is the biggest hit there since the war. This is embarrassing, because we haven't produced a good musical of our own for thirty years. And Germany, which is temporarily out of playwrights, is making a national hero out of Thornton Wilder.

"At this very minute there isn't a housewife east of the Danube who isn't scheming to get a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine, and an ice box. Wonderful aids to the spiritual life. When a woman doesn't have to spend all her waking hours in drudgery, she can find time for literature and art and even, sometimes, for the Church. If we Europeans have a religious revival we should give part of the thanks to the United States. We won't do it, of course."



A STRANGULATED moan began to reverberate through the west wall. Father Florian cocked an ear and suggested that perhaps we should send for another bottle. No need, I explained. That was the normal voice of the neo-baroque plumbing in the bathroom—the one with the three crystal chandeliers—which Max Reinhardt had installed when he lived here.

"Nevertheless I shall take another glass," the friar said, "for this castle and all its ghosts can bear testimony to the warning I am about to deliver. Schloss Leopoldskron is, in fact, a relic of a cultural spree, much like the one on which America is now embarking. And I must warn you that a nation can pay too high for such a flowering of the spirit.

"That is precisely the mistake we Austrians made a couple of centuries ago. Our Empire was then the first power on the Continent. We had recently won a terrible war. Our armies were invincible; our economy was thriving; our political system obviously was the soundest ever ordained by God. So we took all that for granted —indeed we affected a contempt for the material side of life—and for three generations we devoted our considerable energies to developing an extravagant and delightful civilization.

"Like yourselves, we were a religious people. We worshiped the Holy Trinity, instead of the automobile, but we lavished on it fully as much money, artistry, and sacrificial effort as you now devote to the products of Detroit's Big Three.

"Don't interrupt. I am not, at the moment, criticizing your faith. Other pagan countries have done worse. Your wheeled idol combines all the best features of Moloch, the Juggernaut, and the Golden Calf—and as a student of comparative religions I must admit that your consecration to it is impressive.

"How many lives do you offer up a year? Forty thousand? The Toltecs did no better for Quetzalcoatl, although their method of execution was less messy. How many priests in gray flannel habits sing its praises? How many farms and homes do you destroy to clear its path? What will you not sacrifice in toil, cash, and inconvenience in its service? I myself have watched your people at their Sunday afternoon devotions, standing bumper to bumper on the highway, their lips moving in silent prayer. And I have seen how your male children—acolytes, I presume —anoint their heads with oil and prostrate themselves for hours at a time beneath the sacred object. In its heathen way, such piety is admirable.

"But can you afford it? Austria couldn't—and I beg you to profit from our example while there is yet time.

"We, too, had no patience with anything old-fashioned. We tore down perfectly good Gothic churches and replaced them with bigger and fancier models. For our archbishops and their mistresses we built palaces by the dozen—like this one and Mirabell and Hellbrunn. Every inch we decorated with plaster curlicues and gold leaf, at immense expense, just as you encrust your rolling temples with chrome and fins and colored lights. Both you and we, it seems, have an insatiable taste for the rococo.

"Nor did we see anything wrong with combining our religious life with sensuality. Music and love and laughter were the *leitmotifs* of our eighteenth century. Our entertainment industry —like yours—grew enormous; our theaters and orchestras were the envy of the world. Mozart got as much homage as Dave Brubeck, and almost as much money. (Their work, as I am sure you have noticed, sounds oddly similar—two varieties, so to speak, of baroque chamber music.)

"And while we frivoled away our substance and brain-power in this joyous outburst of creativity, a glum little band of Frenchmen were incubating the revolution which—a few years later—was to destroy us. Nobody warned us, and perhaps

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we wouldn't have listened if they had. Who could believe that a ridiculous fat man named Bonaparte might one day stable his cavalry in our churches?

"He was a crude type, interested in cannon, not culture. Almost as crude as the Russians—who made the sputnik while you were making the Edsel. Now I don't doubt that the Edsel is an icon of surpassing loveliness. But is it practical? At this moment in history can you really afford to go on spending a billion dollars every year to make purely cosmetic changes in your automobiles? A less poetic nation, I should think, might use its money and its talent in less romantic ways.

"No, no, I am not talking about rockets. You will get those, all right, because your pride has been wounded. But the contest between you and the Russians will not be decided with rockets. You will have to keep them in reserve, of course, but neither side will dare to use them; you may be dreamy, but I don't think you are suicidal.

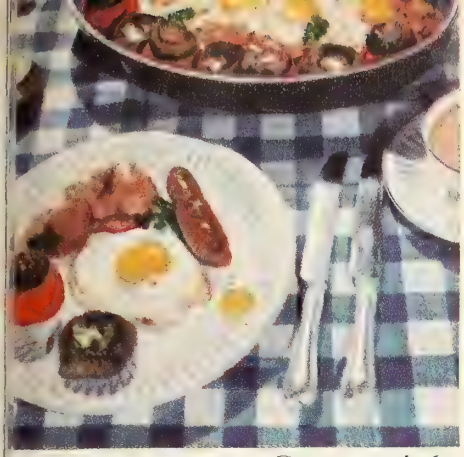
"Meanwhile the contest will be fought with far subtler weapons—weapons which you apparently can't build, and haven't the faintest idea how to use. Know-how—isn't that the phrase? Well, you Americans just haven't got it.

"Take diplomacy, for example. Since war is no longer feasible, diplomacy obviously has become a decisive instrument. The Communists have known this for a long time, and they have built a formidable diplomatic machine. All of its parts are tooled and polished to mesh together—a corps of highly trained diplomats, a superb intelligence apparatus, an even better propaganda set-up, military pressure where needed, and all the economic levers from trade pacts to bribery. They have been using it to win one thumping victory after another.

"You Americans, on the other hand, apparently don't even know what diplomacy is. You still think of it in terms of striped pants and tea-sippers, and you treat its practitioners with contempt, as if they were male ballet dancers.

"Your policies—if I may use the word loosely—never seem to mesh. Your President, Vice President, and Secretary of State sometimes issue

Traveler's Guide to good food in Britain



THE BRITISH BREAKFAST. Gargantuan is the word. Where else can you order mixed grill, smoked kipper and finnan haddie? Tea is the national eye-opener. But most hotels offer coffee as a choice.



THE BRITISH TEA CEREMONY. Victorian wits called it a "bun-worry." Tea includes buns, cakes, tarts, crumpets, muffins, and exquisite little sandwiches. Go North for scones. Go West for Devonshire Cream.



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HEAVENLY FISH. No place in Britain is more than 75 miles from the sea. The fish almost jump into the pot. Above is a Scotch salmon. Gourmets leave home for it. Likewise, for English oysters.



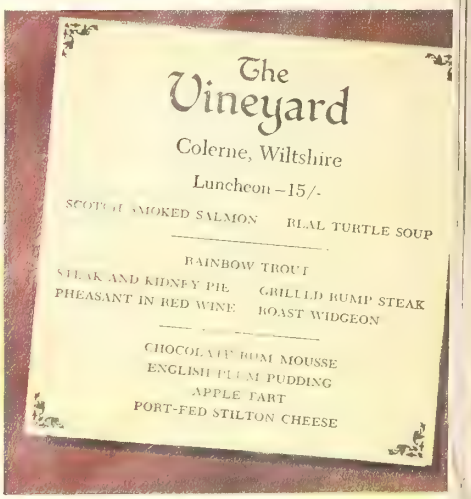
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NEXT MONTH

George F. Kennan . . .

attracted world-wide attention with his recent proposals, broadcast over BBC, for a drastic shift in American policy in dealing with Russia, Germany, the United Nations, and the NATO alliance.

Their exclusive publication in the United States will begin in February.

HOW TO CHOOSE A COLLEGE

Millions of families are arguing the same vexing questions: Should they send their children to college? And if so, to which? The head of the Carnegie Corporation—who is intimately familiar with the great variety of American universities—offers some helpful guideposts for both parents and students.

By John W. Gardner

WHAT TWO LAWYERS ARE DOING TO HOLLYWOOD

By flying in the face of the most entrenched traditions of the film business, Robert S. Benjamin and Arthur B. Krim saved United Artists from extinction — and changed the social structure of the movie world, while they both grew rich.

By Murray Teigh Bloom

three contradictory statements on three successive days. Any blabbermouthed Congressman, general, or Faubus can destroy months of patient diplomatic effort in a single hour, and often does.

"You do have a few competent diplomats — Charles Bohlen and George Kennan probably know as much about Russia as any men in the West—but for some reason (which no foreigner can possibly understand) you refuse to use them. One of them is rusting in Manila, the other is lecturing at Oxford.

"What you do use is a herd of amateurs. Your Whitneys and your Glucks are estimable gentlemen, no doubt, with a cultivated taste for race horses and convertible debentures—but in an Embassy they are strictly greenhorns. You wouldn't dream of asking them to play first base for the Yankees, or to fix your carburetor, or to fill your teeth. For these jobs you insist on professionals. Yet when your survival as a nation is at issue, you call in any stray millionaire who happened to contribute to the right campaign fund.

"You see why we foreigners cannot believe that you are a serious people?"

WITH considerable difficulty, I managed to interrupt. Only millionaires, I pointed out, could afford to accept appointment to a major Embassy. By ancient tradition the United States does not pay its Foreign Service professionals enough to cover the running costs of such a post.

"Thank you," he said, "for reminding me of another American habit which has always baffled me. Why are you always unwilling to pay for what you need most?

"In helping others you are incredibly generous. For luxuries—from deodorants to mink stoles—you spend your money with childlike abandon. But when it comes to the real necessities, you are stingier than a Styrian peasant.

"For the price of one ballistic missile, for one-tenth of what your women spend on lipstick, you could staff all your Embassies with well-trained professionals. And that is a comparatively petty example. Take a big one.

"All of you seem to be pretty well in agreement that you need schoolteachers. You have discovered, with alarm, that the Russians are way ahead of you in the kind of education that pays off. Their children get more hours of instruction in ten years than yours get in twelve—and better instruction, too, because they average seventeen pupils to a class, while you average twenty-seven. They turn out eighty thousand engineers a year; you turn out thirty thousand. *All* their high-school graduates have a good, stiff training in mathematics, physics, and chemistry; less than a third of yours can match them in any one of these fields.

"What is more important still, Russian students learn foreign languages. In their higher institutions, 65 per cent of them study English alone. How many Americans learn Russian? One per cent?

"This fact ought to scare you more than the sputnik. Because skill in languages—not just for a few people, but for millions—is the place where a successful foreign policy begins. When a Russian goes abroad for any purpose, he can talk to the local people in their own tongue—whether they are Arab villagers or Burmese guerrillas or French scientists. When Colonel Rudolph Abel set up his spy center in Brooklyn he spoke Brooklynese like a Flatbush bartender. When Soviet technicians build a steel mill in India, their plans are drafted in Hindi.

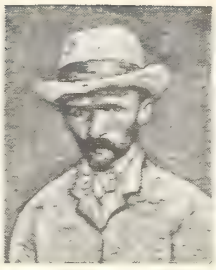
"Yet of the half-million Americans who travel overseas every year, I don't think I have met a dozen who could manage even the simpler European languages with fluency. By the way, how well do you speak German?"

FATHER Florian had the tact not to wait for an answer. (I would have had to tell him that I can order a cup of coffee, and that —in a pinch—I can ask whether the train is on time. If the stationmaster speaks slowly enough, I can often understand his reply.)

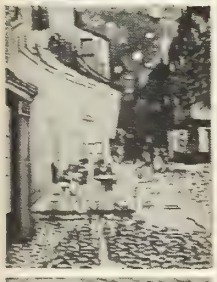
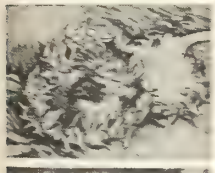
"The Russians got ahead of you," he said, "because they are hard-headed businessmen who understand the law of supply and demand. When they wanted teachers they paid for them. Not just in cash—though I understand that [illegible] top












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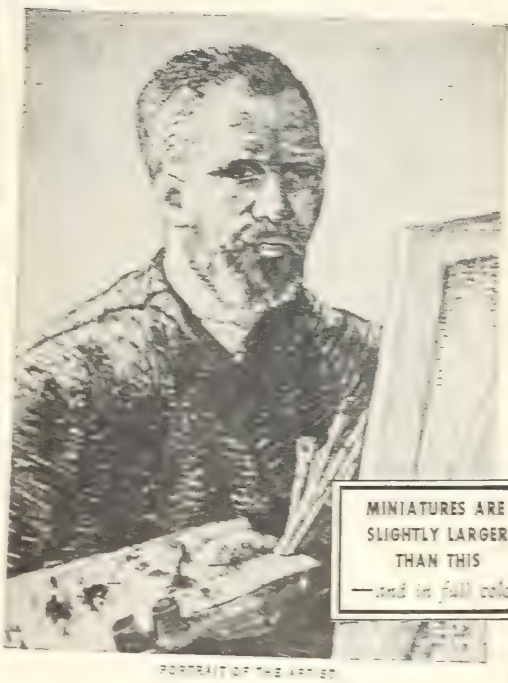
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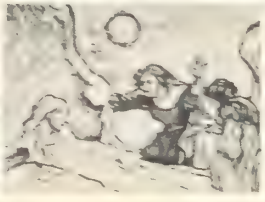
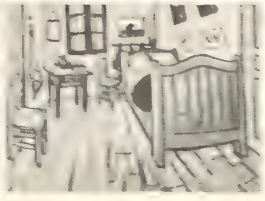
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professors do get the equivalent of about $50,000 a year. They also offered something more important: prestige. In any Soviet town a teacher is a Big Man. He enjoys as much standing in the community as a real estate speculator in New York or an oil-lease broker in Dallas. He lives in the best suburb, gets the best table in restaurants, and is invited to the best parties. So their bright youngsters head for the teaching profession just as naturally as yours head for Wall Street or Madison Avenue.

"But you Americans have never learned to meet a payroll—not in your schools, anyhow. You offer teachers less than truck drivers, and then you wonder why you have 135,000 classroom jobs unfilled. I have even heard—but this I can't believe, it must be Communist propaganda—that some of your universities will pay more for a football coach than for a physics professor.

"With my own eyes, however, I have seen how you go out of your way to make your scholars feel disreputable. You ridicule them in TV shows and comic strips. Your politicians harass them. Their own pupils treat them with disrespect. You call them names. Incidentally, would you be good enough to explain precisely what you mean by the term 'egghead?' . . . I see . . . Then tell me this: who but an egghead can make an intercontinental missile?

"Or, for that matter, a workable foreign policy. As I was saying a moment ago, this is where your impracticality shows up in its most embarrassing form. In other aspects of life you often behave with good sense; if a carpet sweeper or an adding machine breaks down, you get a new one. But when a foreign policy doesn't work, you cling to it all the tighter—out of sheer sentimentality, I suppose. Your China policy has been a farce for the last five years; your German policy is stalled on dead center; your Middle East policy has failed beyond the Kremlin's wildest hopes. Yet you cherish them like heirlooms.

"Much as our beloved Emperor Franz Josef did. He was a well-meaning old gentleman who devoted most of his time to shooting rabbits—golf had not reached Austria in his day. He was not an intellectual and he suffered from a sentimental attachment to old mistresses and old doctrines. He never would let go of his Balkan policy, for example, even when it plainly was dragging him to disaster. He was, you may remember, the last of our emperors. . . .

"It is this same soft-hearted streak, apparently, which keeps you from using what strength you have. You may be slipping militarily, but your economic strength is still unmatched. Here is your obvious instrument for a diplomatic offensive which might still save the western world.

"The Russians already have showed you how, and with a fraction of your resources. They have used a few million rubles worth of trade agreements—deployed along with their other diplomatic weapons—to rope in Egypt and Syria, and they are moving fast in India, Burma, and Ceylon.

"Why do you let them get away with it? Because—correct me if I am wrong—you insist on tying your hands with a protective tariff. To protect what? A couple of watchmakers, a bicycle manufacturer, and a few clothespin factories in Vermont. Because these gentlemen do not believe in the competitive free enterprise system, they have been weeping on the shoulders of Congress—to such good effect that your present Trade Agreements Act (modest as it is) may be gutted when it comes up for renewal in June.

"Only a nation of bleeding hearts would throw away its sharpest weapon, in the midst of dubious battle, for the sake of such a hard-luck story. Can a country so impractical, so muddle-headed, be trusted in a harsh material world? Do you understand why we Europeans hesitate to tie our fate to yours—however charming your culture may be?"

THE bottle was empty. The clock was striking two, and even the bathroom ghost had given up for the night. I was relieved when Father Florian at last heaved himself out of the chair and waddled to the door. He had not, I felt, been altogether considerate. He had known that I still had to prepare my notes for tomorrow morning's reassuring lecture about the United States.

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCANS

THE loudest recent challenge to New York as the nation's literary capital has come from the writers of the "San Francisco Renaissance." These are a branch of the Beat Generation and are few in number—the entire generation may include only some twenty members, according to Bruce Bliven in his article on San Francisco in this issue of *Harper's.* On purely literary evidence as read in the East, the San Franciscans turn out to be not only a scanty band but a slippery one. For most of them, San Francisco may be a spiritual home, but it is not the place where they have roots.

At present Jack Kerouac, whose novel, *On the Road,* hit the best-seller lists not long after its publication by the Viking Press last fall, is the only popularly known writer in the group. His book was called a major work by Gilbert Millstein in the *New York Times,* compared with *The Sun Also Rises* and *Of Time and the River;* and in *Harper's* Paul Pickrel bracketed it with John Osborne's play, *Look Back in Anger,* as a vigorous expression of revolt against conventional middle-class life.

But Kerouac was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, attended Columbia College, and didn't hit the West Coast to stay for any length of time until after his wartime service in the Merchant Marine. Now he probably spends as much time anywhere else as in San Francisco.

Except for Kerouac, none of the "San Francisco writers" has made as much of an impression in the East as Kenneth Rexroth has made *for* them. At fifty-two, Indiana-born Rexroth, poet, painter, and translator, is a generation beyond the Beat; and he consciously stands apart as he explains them (in New World Writing, XI):

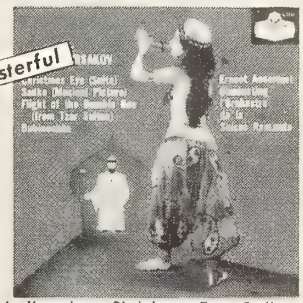
"There is only one trouble about the renaissance in San Francisco. It is too far away from the literary market place. That, of course, is the reason why the Bohemian remnant, the avant garde have migrated here. It is possible to hear the story about what so-and-so said to someone else at a cocktail party twenty years ago just one too many times. You grab a plane or get on your thumb and hitchhike to the other side of the continent for good and all. Each generation, the great Latin poets came from farther and farther from Rome. Eventually, they ceased to even go there except to see the sights."

After thirty years in San Francisco, Rexroth has authority to talk about what he sees from where he sits. More authority, incidentally, than most of the other authors included in the Grove Press publication, *San Francisco Scene,* which brought out verse and prose by eighteen writers last fall. Only five of the eighteen are native Californians and none of these five rings a bell in Eastern ears. The most famous man in the collection is Henry Miller, who settled in the Big Sur about thirteen years ago after a colorful writing career in New York and abroad. Like Rexroth, he belongs to the Beat Generation or the California Renaissance more as mentor than as member, and his description of the young experimenters is one of the most interesting pieces in the Grove Press source book:

"Today it is not communities or groups who seek to lead 'the good life' but isolated individuals. The majority of these, at least from my observation, are young men who have already had a taste of professional life, who have already been married and divorced, who have already served in the armed forces and seen a bit of the world. . . . Utterly disillusioned, this new breed of experimenter is resolutely turning his back on all that he once held true and viable, and is making a valiant effort to start anew. Starting anew, for this type, means leading a vagrant's life, tackling anything,

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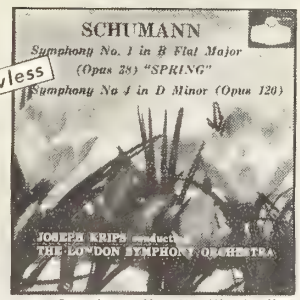
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clinging to nothing, reducing one's needs and one's desires, and eventually—out of a wisdom born of desperation—leading the life of an artist. Not, however, the type of artist we are familiar with. An artist, rather, whose sole interest is in creating, an artist who is indifferent to reward, fame, success. One, in short, who is reconciled from the outset to the fact that the better he is the less chance he has of being accepted at face value. These young men, usually in their late twenties or early thirties, are now roaming about in our midst like anonymous messengers from another planet. . . . When the smashup comes, as now seems inevitable, they are more likely to survive the catastrophe than the rest of us. At least, they will know how to get along without cars, without refrigerators, without vacuum cleaners, electric razors, and all the other 'indispensables'."

Much of this is cliché, to be sure, but in it Miller suggests why the New San Franciscans refuse to stay put as a definite regional growth—the isolation of the individuals is more important than the collection of their artistic talents. This in a way dignifies them more than being labeled as a dubious "renaissance" and ties them to other writers, dead and alive, who made California their home from time to time: Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Ambrose Beirce almost a hundred years ago; Jack London at the turn of the century; Jeffers of Carmel, Steinbeck of Salinas, and Saroyan of Fresno and Broadway.

. . . **Bruce Bliven,** surveyor of the San Francisco scene in its broader physical, civic, and social aspects (p. 38), lives in Stanford, California, now, "in the middle of one of the most extensive areas of new suburban tracts in the whole U. S." He is working on a book in the field of recent world history and also teaching a senior seminar in mass communications at Stanford. "I live right in the middle of the 9,000-acre campus, surrounded by 8,000 students (who own about 6,000 cars)" at walking distance from the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences. This too is California.

Mr. Bliven was born in Iowa and spent some decades in New York as a newspaperman and editor of the *New Republic.* He is a Stanford graduate and returned to live in the San Francisco area about five years ago. He is the author of *The Men Who Make the Future* and the editor of *Twentieth Century Limited.*

. . . The least "beat" Californians alive today are that jumping Republican foursome—Knowland, Knight, Nixon, and Christopher. Vice President Nixon, the baby of the lot, at forty-four is almost young enough to have qualified for the Beat Generation if he had got off to a different start; he is also the nation's leading prospect for the next President. He has been in the national eye for about a decade, has bobbed up triumphant from a number of political pickles, and now in what James Reston calls his "post-Sputnik" phase is playing an increasingly important part in national policy.

But besides ambition and finesse, what has he shown as Presidential qualifications? **William S. White,** distinguished Washington correspondent of the *New York Times,* weighs the evidence in the lead article this month (p. 25). Mr. White is the author of *The Taft Story,* which won the Pulitzer Prize, and of *Citadel, the Story of the U. S. Senate.* He wrote this article in California, where he has been serving as Regents Professor at Berkeley. He will be back at the Capitol this month.

. . . Two very young writers make their first appearance in a national magazine in this issue.

Aubrey Goodman, creator of "Waldo" (p. 31), is twenty-two, Texas-born, a graduate of Phillips Academy in Andover and of Yale. He adapted *The Great Gatsby* for a musical play scheduled for Broadway this year, and is working on a novel, *The Blue of the Night.* At Yale he won the Undergraduate Playwriting Contest for three years in a row.

Emilie Bix Buchwald ("Song," p. 61) is a twenty-one-year-old Barnard graduate married to an intern and working for an M.A. at Columbia. She was editor-in-chief of her college literary magazine, *Focus.*

. . . Since he climbed Mount Everest, Tensing has become not only the most famous of the Sherpas, but also the richest. He is using some of his new wealth to send his sixteen-year-old daughter to a convent school near Darjeeling.

Recently he asked an American friend—John Hlavachek, who was United Press correspondent in India at the time Everest was conquered—to join him in a visit to the young lady. She was delighted to see them; few men, and practically no Americans, ever get to the convent—an austere and remote place in the foothills of the Himalayas.

As they were leaving, Mr. Hlavachek asked whether he might send her a gift from the outside world.

"Yes indeed," she said. "A very special American gift. I would be ever so grateful if you would send me an Elvis Presley record."

Since millions of other adolescent girls, from Darjeeling to Des Moines, seem to share this yearning, Mr. Presley obviously is a Major Cultural Influence. The reasons for his peculiar charm—which many parents consider both horrifying and inexplicable—are examined on page 45 by **James and Annette Baxter.**

Mrs. Baxter teaches American Civilization at Barnard College and is writing a dissertation on Henry Miller (see page 21 above) for a Ph.D. at Brown University.

Dr. James Baxter took medical training at Georgetown University after serving aboard a minesweeper during the war. He worked in the Mideast and Europe on medical assignments for the State Department for two years and is now a psychiatrist in private practice in New York City and a teacher at Cornell University Medical College.

. . . Admirers of Dylan Thomas will not have to be told that **Lloyd Frankenberg's** "A Refusal to Mourn, Etc." (p. 47) is for the late Welsh poet and that its title is taken from one of his best loved poems.

Mr. Frankenberg has written many poems since his first volume, *The Red Kite,* and much criticism, and made recordings of his own and others' verse. His latest book publication is *Invitation to Poetry: A Round of Poems from John Skelton to Dylan Thomas.*

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

. . . The Japanese fishermen who unknowingly became guinea pigs for the physiological effects of atomic fallout are the heroes of **Dr. Ralph E. Lapp's** "The Voyage of the Lucky Dragon" (Part II, p. 48). Their case also kicked up an international controversy in 1954 which has not yet ended. Neither have the nuclear explosions, in spite of world-wide agitation against their continuance.

Through October 13 of 1957 (according to a roundup by John W. Finney in the *New York Times),* the three atomic powers had set off more than twice as many atomic explosions in 1957 as in any preceding year. The total number has grown since. The annual rate of atomic testing since 1951 has been as follows: 18, 11, 15, 4, 19, 16, 42. The United States has been the pacesetter, leading always with its biennial series in Nevada. Of the 42 set off in 1957 (till October), 24 were by the U. S., 6 by England, and 12 by Russia. The British and Russian tests were all of H-bombs.

"Whether the accelerated pace also indicates a sharp increase in the radiation peril to the world's population cannot be answered definitely," Mr. Finney commented. "This is because of the secrecy surrounding the circumstances and results of the tests."

In this informational freeze-up about fallout danger, Dr. Lapp's investigation of the damage to the now-famous Japanese seamen is unique. Not only a reporter but a nuclear physicist himself, Dr. Lapp worked for the United States on the Manhattan Project during the war and headed the scientific group at the Bikini tests of 1946. He was the head of the Nuclear Physics Branch of the Office of Naval Research in 1949, and since leaving government service has been director of Nuclear Science Service in Washington. His fifth book, *The Voyage of the Lucky Dragon,* from which *Harper's* three articles are adapted, will be published in February.

. . . **Charles B. Seib** and **Alan L. Otten,** who present "The Case of the Furious Children" (p. 56), are Washington newspapermen. Mr. Seib is Sunday editor of the Washington *Star* and Mr. Otten covers Congress for the *Wall Street Journal.* To report on Dr. Redl's fascinating project with very young juvenile delinquents at the National Institute of Health, they spent many hours of interviewing and of studying a mass of documents. Their previous articles in *Harper's* were a profile of Senator Fulbright and an analysis of the Congressional races in 1956.

. . . **Tomi Ungerer,** designer of a truly sensational new car (p. 62), is a young Frenchman who traveled all over Europe, worked with the Sahara Desert Police in North Africa, and came to the U. S. in 1956. He has published two children's books about a family of talented pigs called the Mellops and is working on one about a boa constrictor.

. . . An English counterpart of American self-analysis about education is **Martin Green's** "The Iron Corset on Britain's Spirit" (p. 64). But—as compared with the questioning in this country (see "The New Books," p. 84)—the English tone is more anguished, the scope so broad as to include the value of national symbols and class structure.

Mr. Green has degrees from Cambridge University and the Sorbonne, and a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan. He won three major Hopwood prizes in 1954 and has had essays published in literary magazines. He spent two years in the RAF and is now teaching at Wellesley College in Massachusetts.

. . . Getting married is said to be as popular as ever; but "settling down" is no longer automatic. Not since the days of the covered wagons going West have so many American families spent so large a part of their lives literally on wheels. **Alvin L. Schorr,** who assesses the effects of this kind of social mobility (p. 71), is now executive director of Family Service of Northern Virginia. At the time of the Ohio Pike County experience which was the basis of his article, he was on the spot as director for the Family Service Association.

Mr. Schorr, a graduate of City College of New York, trained as a social worker at Washington University, St. Louis. He has traveled a good deal, working for public and voluntary agencies; and his wife and three children came along with him.

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Harper's MAGAZINE

NIXON: What Kind of President?

WILLIAM S. WHITE

A Pulitzer prize-winning Washington correspondent reports on a changing man—and on the reasons why he may prove stronger and more decisive than Ike . . . a tougher boss of his party . . . and on some issues an ally of the liberal Democrats.

IT IS now clear that Richard M. Nixon—who perhaps is both the best known and the least known Vice President in our history—has a better chance than anyone else to reach the White House, in 1960 or earlier.

At this writing, shortly after President Eisenhower's stroke, it is impossible to ignore the possibility that Mr. Nixon may be called upon to take over some measure of executive responsibility before the next election. Even if that does not happen, he is likely to receive his party's Presidential nomination; for he is the heir presumptive of Eisenhower Republicanism. He is, moreover, perfectly capable on his record—the record of a hard, acute, operationally brilliant politician—of benefiting from the advantages of his present position, and holding to a minimum any damage that might threaten that position before the next convention. (The 1960 election is, of course, a different—and at this date, a much more speculative—question.)

It thus becomes of some importance to attempt to determine what kind of President Richard Nixon might make—not so much what kind of human being he is or was or might become as what kind of Chief Executive he might reasonably be expected to be on the basis of such objective data as are at hand.

To say that both a great deal and very little are known of Richard Nixon is to state the situation as it is generally seen in Washington. The massive hostility toward him among the liberals—a vast proportion of Democratic liberals and a good-sized proportion of Republican liberals—is an old, if not altogether clear, story now. Not so well known is the not inconsiderable, later hostility of many traditionalist-conservatives, again in both parties.

Nothing approaching a conclusive analysis of these circumstances is any part of this correspondent's present brief. They are relevant here simply as they may shed some oblique, fitful, and possibly suggestive light upon a phenomenon: Here is a Vice President who has been in more and higher headlines, gone more places, had more part (presumably) in making high policy and more success (presumably) in influencing more people than any other occupant of that office.

But here is also a man "understood" only by

people who really know nothing about him, that is, the general public; a man who is an almost total enigma to most of the fellow professionals who have been in contact with him since his public life began with his dispatch to the House of Representatives from California in the celebrated "beefsteak elections" of 1946.

As a Washington reporter, I myself have "known" Mr. Nixon since he arrived in town. But I do not, in fact, know him in anything like the way I know fifty other Congressmen and Senators. It would not be an absurdly risky speculation to suggest that the same could be said to a great extent of even Nixon's fellow Californian, Senator William F. Knowland. The betting is at least even that Senator Knowland does not know Vice President Nixon in any sense of real acquaintanceship, in spite of the chill intimacy of a kind that their great rivalry has perforce brought about.

This is not to say that the unexplored nature of Mr. Nixon as a private man would necessarily be any disqualification to his serving as President, but it does indicate the special difficulties of trying to find any kind of certainty.

THE BOSS'S DEPUTY

THERE is, fortunately, a less critical shortage of guides as to what kind of politician, in the visible and obvious definition, he has been, is, and might be. His record in the House, though brief and obscure except for his connection with the Alger Hiss affair, would put him down as a routine orthodox-to-right-wing Republican, sufficiently unsoft upon most welfare and allied legislation as to suit the most management-minded Republicans of California or any other state. (Parenthetically, Nixon's activities in the Hiss investigation seemed to me and to many who are also in no sense apologists for excesses in these matters to be quite proper and within the rules of the game.)

His record in the Senate was even more lacking in distinction—it could hardly have been otherwise, considering the short space of time he spent as a member upon a floor over which he now sits as presiding officer, for the most part with the rather tight-lipped, over-tense, and slightly perspiring manner of a desperately earnest man determined to make no slightest mistake, but not quite at home and not likely to be.

It is mainly, then, to his record as Vice President that one must turn. And the mere fact that he has *got* a Vice Presidential record of any consequence is a tribute both to his own energetic exertions and to the extraordinarily fortunate political climate in which he has moved.

In one very important matter—the care and discipline of the Republican party—he has to a considerable extent taken upon himself the traditional functions of day-to-day leadership that have in the past been attached to the Presidency itself. Eisenhower's less than passionate interest in the mere details, however vital, of running his party has been so persistent and so obvious as to give Nixon an almost clear field in speaking as what might be called acting co-leader of the Republican party.

And here, as practically everywhere else, Nixon has been lucky almost beyond belief: he has been able to give party directions, on many occasions at least, with substantially the motive power they would have had if they had come direct from the White House. At the same time he has not been required to take ultimate responsibility for the outcome.

He has done all this, by the way, with great skill and tact. Publicly and privately he has left the impression of an eager and loyal Eisenhower subordinate, speaking humbly for the Boss, or, as the Modern Republicans would undoubtedly put it, the Captain of the Team.

Generally it has been in this role, as a rather casually appointed Eisenhower deputy-for-party-affairs, that Nixon has wholly reversed his earlier reputation as an orthodox Republican. He is now widely considered an operating spokesman in Congress for the "Modern" Republicans—a leader ready to warn and cajole the right-wingers against isolationism, for example, and to put in timely admonitions for such projects as foreign aid.

There is no clear public record to show on what specific issues he has acted as deputy leader of the party or in just what way he has acted—how spiritedly, effectively, and under what personal intellectual convictions. But perhaps a single example of his performance—in a unique Republican party crisis—will throw some light.

In the sticky, embarrassing matter of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, Nixon's friends and associates have long presented him as a powerful, if sub-surface, agent who attempted to liquidate the problem for Republicans generally. What Nixon actually did about it is, like a good many other things in his career, difficult to ascertain exactly. His curiously sheltered position—deeply in the Administration but not necessarily or always *of* it, and not directly accountable either

to it or for its decisions—has meant that most of his actions have been made known on a leaked or ex-parte basis.

One heard that he had often "talked to Joe"; that he had spoken firm words to the unregenerate McCarthyites like Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana who stayed with McCarthy up to and through what was, in soberest truth, the bitter end. My own information is that Nixon *did* assist in the destruction of McCarthy's power, but that at no time did he risk any final or open rupture with the McCarthyites, and that his assistance was of incomparably less value than the work of those who actually brought McCarthy down—primarily the conservative Senate Southerners under the spur of the liberals.

Nixon's view of McCarthy revealed the oddly glacial detachment that is, in practical political terms, unquestionably toward the top of his list of assets. There was never anything to suggest that he felt any horror over what McCarthyism embodied in its historical implications—that is, a long and violent assault upon the heart of politics as practiced by the English-speaking peoples: the principle of fair play.

There was, however, everything to suggest that in due course—or at long last—Nixon brought a cool surgeon's knife into a clinic of worried Republicans, who had become gravely concerned over the threshings about of an enfevered and dangerous patient now about to infect and destroy their *own* people.

On the evidence of this episode, what would Nixon do in a Nixon Administration if another McCarthy should arise? The probabilities are that he would (a) not allow such a rise, within his own party at least; or (b) if he could not prevent its arising, simply move in, take over, and reshape the underlying issue so that it might serve first himself and then his party.

Unchecked McCarthyism would be highly unlikely to exist in a Nixon Administration, if only because it is essentially anarchic. Nixon, make no mistake, is a contained, long-headed man, who would take great care to see that his Administration and his party were operated without emotionalism. Certainly he is capable of emotionalism on the highest and most productive scale, as he proved in his appeal to the country, with the assistance of his little dog Checkers, when suddenly revealed financial contributions to his career seemed about to cut off that career in mid-flight. But he is not the sort of a man who would make emotionalism a consecutive instrument of public policy; he will use it, but then he will abandon it. The essential weakness in the McCarthy melodrama was that it was poorly plotted; you cannot forever sustain any unrelieved emotion, not even fear.

BACK AND FORTH ON CIVIL RIGHTS

TAKING McCarthyism as an example of one aspect of an unending contest, what could be said of a President Nixon's probable cast of mind and mode of action in civil liberties in general? One might hazard with some conviction that his position would not be a bad one, measured by results. Yet once again, the why of his probable liberal stance—whether the underlying reason would be instinctive sympathy for civil liberties or simply a practical means to a practical political end—is open to doubt.

Nixon's activities in the Senate Civil Rights struggle last summer answered some surface questions, but left other, deeper ones unresolved. He took up early, and abandoned late and only by necessity, a position for a "hard" Civil Rights bill—a bill that on the plain facts of the existing situation certainly could not have been passed and, quite possibly, could never have been enforced short of a national convulsion that few rational men would wish to see.

The Vice President was more than a little vulnerable to the accusation that he wanted an issue more than a bill. When, for example, the Senate wrote in the right of jury trial in federal criminal contempt actions, he coolly asserted that this was nothing less than "a vote against the right to vote." This tersely, enormously incorrect statement of the position was vintage Nixon; the act of a man coldly impatient with the President's refusal to defend his proposal by such extremism. It was precisely the sort of thing that Nixon had done in 1954 in his stonily bitter personal campaign to return control of Congress to the Republicans.

Nevertheless, the charge that Nixon really wanted no Civil Rights bill at all in 1957, in the hope that the failure of a Democratic Congress in that regard would mean a Republican Congress in 1958, is not fully supportable—no stronger verdict than the Scottish "not proved" can lie here. One or two talks I had with him fairly well convinced me that he was maintaining a surpassingly "tough" position for legitimate bargaining purposes, and that it was less subtle Republicans, particularly in the House,

who mistead the signals and carried intransigence too far.

At all events he was ready to fight for a "strong" Civil Rights bill, though any such enactment would lose him the support of the South certainly and to a lesser but important sense of many of the older and orthodox Republicans. He thus became the full inheritor of an already foreshadowed legacy—the immensely important gratitude of vast blocs of Negro voters. In the process the Republican leader who did far more to bring off something substantial on Civil Rights, Knowland of California, got far less credit for his pains.

But all during this time a suspicion about Nixon that had been vaguely held before grew stronger and stronger: that on civil liberties, as perhaps on other matters, he was on the "right" side for inadequate reasons; that he did not qualify among that group of politicians, Republicans, Democrats, whatnot, whose inherited memories and simple instincts require them to respect the deep convictions, and even the deep prejudices, of any large minority, and who are unwilling to press upon such a minority any law or policy that would be truly intolerable, and not merely repugnant, to them.

This sensitive, automatic understanding of what simply isn't done in government—isn't done no matter if one clearly has the votes to do it—is the one subtle distinguishing quality that most of all sets off British and American public men from all others. If this quality is in fact absent in Nixon, it would lie at the root of every prediction that could be made as to what kind of President he would make, on any issue whatever, with the possible exception of foreign policy.

Foreign policy, to be sure, can by its nature be planned and carried out within a country otherwise deeply divided and lacking that consensus of public support of or toleration for its leaders that alone can provide an effective civility in the conduct of its domestic affairs. (Harry S. Truman and Dean Acheson ran a powerful, imaginative, and even audacious foreign policy without important positive checks from Congress in the very months and years when a mere Truman endorsement of a domestic program was enough to give it the kiss of death.) And it is in foreign affairs that the available evidence suggests that Nixon, in the common phrase, "has grown." His many trips abroad seem to have been unquestionably useful to this country—mainly because they have been useful to Richard M. Nixon.

He has cast aside—effectively and whatever his motive for doing so—certain of the oversimplified catch phrases with which he used to be associated in his old days as a professional "anti-Communist." He is represented as believing—and, more importantly, he acts as though he believed that it is not enough simply to make certain that nobody else could possibly be seen to hate Communists more.

Such of his attitudes and activities on foreign policy within the National Security Council as are known—assuming that they have been accurately represented in the journalism-by-leak with which he is surrounded—suggest an adult, if not necessarily responsible, approach. The quotient of responsibility cannot be accurately assayed because the Vice President—again there is that persistent theme of amazing good fortune—can, of course, be boldly decisive verbally in the NSC and still not be held blameworthy if a course he proposes turns out badly.

All in all, though, what evidence can be gathered suggests that a Nixon Presidency would be a "stronger," more decisive one on foreign policy than Eisenhower's though "stronger" does not necessarily equate with "better." A Nixon Administration would not only find the President his own Secretary of State; the country and the world would be in no doubt of who was running the show. It is extremely unlikely that matters in any critical area of the world would be allowed to drift as the Eisenhower Administration allowed them to in the Middle East. The public might not like the action it got; but it would get action.

THE BALANCE SHEET

COULD Nixon manage to accommodate social and sectional animosities as well as, say, Eisenhower has done? By no means. His techniques of campaigning show he is at his most effective where a certain, though by no means total, divisiveness is the result, if not actually the aim. One can picture a Nixon binding up the wounds of a *majority* of a nation, but not the *whole* of a nation.

Could Nixon operate in a bipartisan way in certain areas of policy—foreign affairs mainly—as Eisenhower has done and as even Truman did to a considerable degree, until at last the bitterness of Korea overcame all? The answer is a qualified no, necessarily qualified because of the difficulties of definition. If the question is merely whether Nixon could marshal enough bi-partisan support for his foreign policies, the reply is that

he probably could, for he would never offer a major turn in policy, first, without knowing that the great bulk of the Republicans were bound reliably in line, and, second, without putting into that policy a content that would require—as distinguished from solicit—adequate Democratic support.

Outside of foreign affairs, he could certainly be expected to stress the partisan. One cannot readily think of any other candidate who would come to office with so little intrinsic good will from the other party. All the same, in the intractable reality of politics it is the feared President, far more than the liked President, who at length forces the greater backing from among his opposition; and Nixon could not be accounted ineffectual on this score.

Odd as it sounds, a President Nixon would probably evoke more practical support from advanced Democratic liberals than from the conservative Democrats, because the liberal Congressional Republicans would be, at least in the beginning, more favorably disposed toward him than the orthodox Republicans, and because the conservative Democrats are men who do not forget and are as a class less bound to consistent, impersonal action on issues than are their liberal colleagues. What the conservative and moderate Democrats do not forget is not really what Nixon has said in the past about their party, but what he did on Civil Rights.

Could Nixon operate the Republican party as a partisan instrument more effectively than has President Eisenhower? Certainly more tidily and efficiently. Probably more effectively, with one qualification: His Civil Rights position undoubtedly would, with him as the nominee, at least momentarily arrest the two-party movement in the South. It might in the long run forward that movement, however, if and as Negro voting in the South greatly rises in volume.

While the Vice President has never to my knowledge even privately criticized Eisenhower as a party leader, he is a member of a fundamentally different breed from that of his present chief—and he can make this plain without a single remotely disloyal word. Any party under Nixon would know who was its master, by bland but unmistakably firm techniques. There would be a great deal less talk about the Team and a great deal more about the Captain.

Nixon would welcome no intra-party fight. He would offer no major "Administration" bill without knowing its content down to the last distilled comma, without *knowing* that no significant number of Republicans would or could defect, and without an implacable intention to put it through unaltered. If he did get into an intra-party fight, he would be a tough man indeed. Nixon, in common with many of the younger Republicans, is soft in speech (except of course against Democrats) but hard in action. The Old Guard Republicans, who do not as a class care very much for him, will find that in Nixon they have in their time much the sort of antagonist that the Taft Republicans of the past had in Dewey of New York—a powerful, single-minded antagonist who hits to hurt, plays to win, and, in crisis, believes that nice guys finish last.

Nixon has far greater skill in day-to-day political operating than Eisenhower—and indeed than Truman, who was in fact an incomparably better President than politician, all the contrary folklore notwithstanding. Certain things would be very different in a Nixon Administration than in either of the two that went before. Troublesome "cronies" would not bother him long, as they did the far more kindly and perhaps overloyal Truman. Department heads would not twice be at cross purposes in public, as on occasion they have been—and without known rebuke—under the somewhat amiably withdrawn President Eisenhower.

But the essential philosophy of a Nixon Administration would be as difficult to find and fix, in any permanent frame of reference, as the

Hounds Across the Sea

MEMBERS of the Holderness Hunt tonight recovered two foxhounds which went down a drain at Catfoss aerodrome in the East Riding on Tuesday. They also found the fox, but it got away.

The hounds disappeared during a cubbing meet, and it was not until late tonight that a policeman's dog located them in the drain, half a mile from where they were last seen. After they had been run to earth the rescuers battered a hole through a runway, and found hounds and fox standing in four inches of water in the narrow drain. The hounds were wedged and could not turn; the fox, smaller and more active, had turned round and stood at a safe distance from them.

—London *Times,* September 27, 1957.

essential philosophy of Politician Nixon so far. To deduce from this that he is not "a man of principle" would be both too harsh and too simple. One of the Vice President's closest associates once told me that his whole success lay in two things—sensing "the" issue of the hour and exploiting it by "perfect timing."

Rephrased, this means that Nixon draws his notions, his policies, and even his philosophy from "the people"—or what he considers to be the operative majority of them at a given time. He is, that is to say, the perfect model of the political leader who finds both inspiration and ultimate mandate from the public. This is no more and no less than the logically inevitable requirement of a current—and possibly dominant—view that the proper functioning of a democracy requires little more than a count of noses to determine what should be done.

THE NEW BREED

PUT in another way, Nixon is the quintessence of the modern spirit of revolt from the aristocratic principle of the leader. In this sense he differs sharply from Franklin Roosevelt. Roosevelt *served* the common man—by boldly directing that man's affairs and, not to put too fine a point upon it, by telling him what to think. Nixon *appeals* to the common man—by *asking* him what he thinks or, at most, by suggesting to him that perhaps he thinks so and so.

Harry Truman, archetype of small d democrat though he is, was, oddly enough, full of the aristocratic principle. In every moment of ultimate truth or ultimate peril, he acted *for* the people, not by their leave. And, to tell the truth, when the issue was big enough and critical enough, he didn't much give a damn, as they say in Missouri, whether they *liked* it or not. He would save them, whether or not they wanted to be saved; but he never applied to them for his instructions.

Perhaps it is this quality of oneness with what ordinary people are thinking or are about to think that has made Nixon one of the most spectacularly reliable private oracles in the business of predicting political results. To my well-remembered knowledge, he got, as a then young Congressman out doing minor chores for the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, more than an intimation of the oncoming unseen Republican debacle of 1948 as early as September of that year. There is a bleak realism about what he tells fellow Republicans in private on any existing situation involving public opinion or public taste. His antennae are remarkably acute—matchlessly acute among the national politicians known to this correspondent.

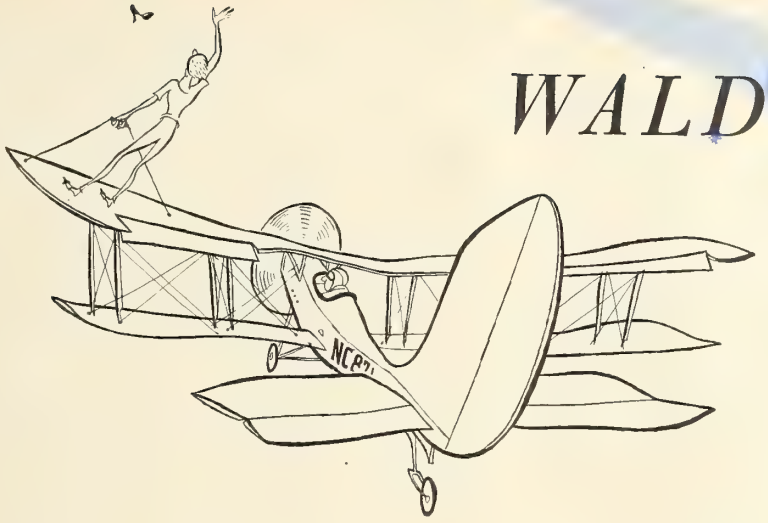
How he might handle almost any issue as President—from management of the economy to the proper place for the Pentagon in the scheme of things—would almost certainly be strongly colored by this foreknowledge.

This not only makes it bootless to speculate whether he would be "liberal" or "conservative"; it puts it out of the question to attempt to appraise what he would be like as an administrative man. For top administration necessarily implies a fairly free and relaxed association with colleagues, a capacity wisely to delegate and sharply to supervise without appearing to do so.

Nixon's essentially intuitive approach would seem difficult to transfer or to delegate; and not enough is known of his associations by choice—as distinguished from routine necessity—to give any very reliable guide as to his private taste in men. His various Capitol offices operate, upon casual observation, with what is at least outwardly a brisk efficiency not quite typical of those precincts. But Nixon himself is a man who, in the true sense, is often by himself apart.

Talking to him, one has the impression of speaking to an almost incredibly objective person. His mind examines statements, hypotheses, implications, with a chill, uninvolved clarity of purpose and functioning. His sense of perception is sharp and quick; what feeling may lie within him is unguessable. It is a close question whether he would rather be liked by people in the mass or approved by people in the mass. In my opinion he would much rather be approved.

There have been several changes in him since he first came to Washington—nearly all, on the discernible evidence, to the good. He is now mature; there is a certain tough resignation in him. Good President or bad President as he might be, he would hardly be a weak one, and it is not easy to imagine him being an indecisive one. Never an outgoing personality, he has become even more withdrawn. His sense of humor is thin and a bit brittle, with a quiet but distinct touch of mordant. He is immensely controlled, and there is a suggestion that this control involves sustained effort. There is not a chemical trace of gustiness in him; and it is impossible to down the impression that he rarely has a relaxed moment. He is poised, able, seemingly confident, compact and well buttoned up in dress and address, habitually earnest, and very remote. Most of all, perhaps, he is mindful of the phrase: He travels fastest who travels alone.



WALDO

A Story by AUBREY GOODMAN

Drawings by Stanley Wyatt

MY FATHER took me to lunch at the Yale Club and gave me some advice about the next four years, telling all of the Waldo stories again and advising me not to listen to any advice from my older brother who had graduated, just barely, from Yale the previous spring. After lunch I went over to Brooks and bought some Argyle socks and some neckties, and then, it was such a nice September day and New York looked so terrific and I felt so good, I walked all the way up Fifth Avenue to Eightieth Street. It was nearly four o'clock when I got up to the apartment and Johnnie was sitting on my bed, smoking a cigarette.

"Hey," he said. "I've been waiting for you."

"I had to pick up some stuff," I said, dumping my packages on the desk.

"Excited about tomorrow?" Johnnie asked.

"Sure."

"How was lunch? I suppose Dad told you not to pay any attention to anything I might have to say."

I nodded and started to finish my packing. He put a pillow under his head and went on talking to the ceiling.

"Well, just don't take everything Dad says too literally. You don't think he thinks I'd try to steer you wrong, do you?"

"No," I replied, trying to find my silver tie-tac on the tray on top of my dresser.

"You know, I was *there*. I just graduated this year from Yale and I know more about it than Dad. What did he do? Tell you those old worn-out stories about Waldo?"

I nodded.

All my life I had heard people, not just my father, but other men who had been at Yale with him back in the 'twenties, talk about Waldo. And from all of the stories I had evolved a pretty clear, but certainly romantic, picture of Waldo.

Evidently, Waldo had been a hero of Yale. Not just the hero of the athletes or the intellectuals or the fraternity and Senior Society men; he was everyone's hero. He seemed to have some hard mysterious glow inside him, some vitality, that attracted people to him. They watched him when he walked down the street, they crowded around him at parties, professors were always pleased to have him in their classes, and girls from Smith and Vassar actually begged to be introduced to him.

According to those who had known him, Waldo possessed all of those golden qualities usually attributed to Dink Stover and the Byronic young men created by Scott Fitzgerald. Waldo was tall, had very green eyes and close-cut yellow hair, and all of his clothes came from Brooks. He drove a fast Mercedes Runabout, but he never ran into anyone and never got a ticket.

The really curious thing about him was that no one really knew him well; people could never get close enough to him to know him completely. Waldo was just there; he just was. No one knew where he lived. He was seen at the big dances at the Plaza during Christmas vacation, he turned up in Bermuda every spring, and he went to Europe during the summer. He drank beer

for breakfast and a split of champagne with his lunch every day. He liked to play mild practical jokes: he often put live goldfish in toilets.

At one Harvard-Yale game he and his date rode to the game on a beautiful white horse. His junior year, he brought Joan Crawford to the Prom, and they danced the Charleston for an hour without stopping. Another time he was involved in a rather elaborate stunt: Waldo let his feet be strapped to the wings of an airplane which took off and flew under the Brooklyn Bridge, with Waldo standing up, waving happily to his friends standing up on the bridge.

Waldo enjoyed himself. He was exciting and casual and full of fun, and people liked him. After graduation no one ever saw him again, but there was a rumor that he had been killed in the second world war.

"You won't find anyone like Waldo up at Yale today," my father always said. "Waldo could only have existed back in the 'twenties. You boys now—you're scared and worried and grim, because you have to be. But nobody blames you. That's just the way things are. People don't know how to enjoy themselves now, and even if they did—they couldn't."

I CLOSED one of the suitcases and put it out in the hall.

"You're taking too much with you," Johnnie said when I came back into the room. He was lying on his stomach and staring at me. "Don't take too much with you, that's my motto. Do you want my cashmere sweaters? Guess I won't need them out on the Bounding Main."

Johnnie was going into the Navy the next month. "Thanks a lot," I said, sitting down on a chair next to the bed.

Johnnie sat up suddenly, crossed his legs, squinted his eyes at me and took a deep breath. Whenever somebody does that, you know they're going to do a lot of talking. I sat back in the chair and relaxed.

"You don't have to listen to me, Tony. Nobody can really give anyone else any advice, and God knows I never listened to anybody, but you are my brother and there are a couple of things."

"Okay," I said. "Shoot."

"Well, I don't know. First thing, when you get up there, don't think for a moment that coming from Andover makes you special. Everybody is always yakking about the Andover crowd at Yale, but there's no such thing. At least, not any more. It's different now, not like it was when Dad was there."

"I know."

"The important thing," he continued, "is to watch the people around you. So many things start happening to people during their college years. So far you've been pretty damned sheltered."

I started to protest, but he cut me off with a wave of his hand.

"I know that annoys you, but it's true. You'll see it later. It's just that once you hit college you start seeing things go wrong for people. Just look at most of the guys I've known, and it seems that nearly all of them went around trying to kill themselves. I knew this one guy at Harvard—a real great guy, always hacking around and cutting up, making jokes, making people laugh. He seemed perfectly happy to me. Then one night he took a taxi to Logan Airport and walked into the propellers of a plane. Another friend of mine drank so much he went temporarily blind. And guys got into all kinds of trouble with girls—marrying them because they were rich or pregnant or looked like the guys' mothers. I know two guys who got married, had two kids each, and then got divorces. They're only twenty-one years old now!"

I shook my head.

"Then there are the guys who want to be scholars or archaeologists who go back home and work for their dads or go on to law school because they let other people influence them too much. Too many people give up what they really want to do with their lives. They toss their dreams away."

Johnnie looked sort of sad for a moment, staring past me. Then he sat up straight and went on.

"And then there are all of the guys who are left out of things because they went to high schools instead of prepping. There's quite a bit of hypocrisy and snobbery you get mixed up in without even realizing it. But it's all confused and mixed up, because it's great too. Most of the classes are damned terrific if you listen and read everything and the weekends are gorgeous fun and the girls are pretty . . . it's good and bad, all mixed up. I loved it when I was there, but I don't think I knew what I was really doing. You know, in my fraternity there was one guy who didn't get elected because he turned up for rushing one night wearing machine-made Argyle socks! Does that make any sense?"

"Not to me," I replied.

"But it did make sense then! At least, it seemed to. It's all confusing. Everybody I knew ended up by making some huge compromise. But you can't help it. The main thing is that

there isn't any romance in it any more. College should be a great big romance. Where did all of the romance go? Where is it?"

He sighed.

"Dad's right," he said. "Don't listen to me. Go to Yale and study hard during the week and go to Smith on the weekends and go out for the right clubs and buy your clothes at J. Press and try to make Skull and Bones and marry some girl from Darien who drives a station wagon and goes to Bermuda. Don't get off the track. If you can help it. I'm in no position to tell anybody else what to do. It's just that I thought it was going to be like Waldo, and it wasn't, and I was disappointed. Just try not to build things up too much."

"I won't," I said.

"Because if you go along expecting too much and being disappointed all the time, next you find yourself expecting nothing out of anything, just to avoid being disappointed, and when that happens you might as well be dead. Then you . . . oh shut me up. What are you doing tonight?"

I didn't have any plans.

"Listen, Tony, Mother and Dad are going to be out anyway, so why don't you come to a party with me. Over at Lee's. Come on. He's collected quite a menagerie of friends, and it'll be different for you. Something new."

"Okay," I said.

Johnnie got up and straightened the covers on my bed.

"Whatever happened to that girl Lee was always with?" I asked.

"Constance? From San Francisco?"

"She was beautiful," I said. I remembered that she had a beautiful face with bright blue eyes and clean-looking, soft brown hair that she wore down to her shoulders. Lee had brought her up to dinner a couple of times, and she had charmed me off the wall. She had a way of looking right into your eyes when she talked to you.

"Well, after going with Lee for four years, she married some guy from Westport," Johnnie said. He threw his arms up in the air and said, "See what I mean?"

"Guess so," I answered, and Johnnie went into his own room.

LEE was Johnnie's best friend. They had been in the same class at Andover and Yale, and Lee used to come home with him for weekends and Thanksgiving. Lee was from Oklahoma, but he came down to New York after Yale and got a job with an advertising agency. He wanted to be a writer and he had terrific ideas, but I never saw anything he wrote. Mother and Dad liked him very much. They thought he was a good influence on Johnnie. I was never so sure about that, but I had to admit that Lee was one of the most interesting people I'd ever met.

His apartment was right around the corner from us, between Madison and Park. He had hundreds of books in cases and on the mantel and stacked on tables, two portable television sets, a portable air-conditioner, a closet filled with liquor, some watercolors of New York and drawings of Yale and Andover on the walls, a silver top hat he'd worn to a costume ball at the Plaza, a wooden shoe from Holland, a sun lamp, a bar bell, half a dozen of those large ashtrays from the Stork Club, a cigarette box that played "Boola Boola," a hi-fi set and a tremendous collection of records, mostly old Bing Crosby and Gene Austin and Helen Kane and Paul Whiteman and Helen Morgan. He had a small garden out in back with a large stone turtle.

I liked Lee and enjoyed being with him, but I never particularly cared for the people he had around him. He never seemed to be alone, and everybody around him seemed to be distinguished in some odd way. There was a girl who'd been on a safari in Africa once, a guy who'd been stabbed in the face by a countess with a salad fork, a man who'd been hit on the head by a telephone switchboard while he was walking down Wall Street, a girl from Spain who was writing a novel in French, a male prostitute, a female lawyer, sons and daughters of famous actors and actresses and writers. And then, mixed in with these people, he had the friends he'd known in schools. I liked all of the last group very much, although they were older than I was.

I was glad to be going to Lee's party, because no one would be at home and I didn't feel like knocking around the apartment by myself, but I wasn't too excited. I honestly don't like parties too much. I love to go to dances, but I don't enjoy gatherings where people just stand around and talk and toss down the liquor. There are two good reasons for my feeling this way. I'm very shy and I don't like to drink. It's funny, but most people get the impression that I'm a deep thinker because I don't talk very much. However, it doesn't necessarily follow that a person is really intelligent because he keeps quiet most of the time. Sometimes it's because he's not very bright and doesn't have anything at all to

say. With me, I like to think it's just because I'm shy.

About the drinking, I do drink beer sometimes. You can't very well sit at Ryan's or Condon's and listen to jazz with a pretty girl and drink Cokes, but I don't drink hard liquor, because I get sick and vomit.

So, as I have a difficult time talking to strangers, we usually just don't connect, and as I don't enjoy drinking martinis, I'm not too crazy about cocktail parties. I usually end up standing by myself in a corner, watching the people, eavesdropping on other people's conversations, and reading the titles of the books on the shelves. Another thing I don't like about most parties in New York is that everyone tries too hard to give the appearance that they are having a wonderful time. Sometimes I'm sure that the people really are having a good time, but sometimes I wonder if most of them feel the same way I do but won't show it.

We went over to Lee's about nine-thirty. The apartment was full of people, and they were all trying to outdo each other—laughing very loud, holding their drinks high in the air.

"I wonder where Lee is," I said to Johnnie after we'd walked in.

"Talk to people," he yelled into my ear.

Then he walked away and left me. I didn't see Lee. The party looked like several others I'd seen around New York. It wasn't a social party or a Village party; it was a mixed-up party. The people were all different ages, and I don't think many of them had too much in common. I went into the kitchen and poured myself a glass of ginger ale and prepared to go in and read the book titles. As I was trying to edge my way away from the sink, someone shoved me. I looked around and saw a young man with a pained expression on his face and one arm up in the air.

"Is there any butter over here?" he demanded.

"Stick it under the faucet, Bobby," said a small girl who was hanging onto his other arm. "Don't make a fuss."

"A fuss!" Bobby exclaimed, turning on the faucet full force and putting his hand under it. "Who was that guy? I'll murder him."

"You'll do nothing," the girl said, looking into her drink as if she had dropped something into the glass and was trying to find it. "You brushed up against the man's cigarette. He didn't mean to burn your hand."

"Shut up," Bobby said, crossly.

"Wear gloves," the girl said, giggling.

"What am I going to do? And I'm supposed to make that film tomorrow."

"Are you an actor?" I asked.

He looked at me and said smoothly, "Yes, I am."

"Hah!" the girl snorted.

"Don't pay any attention to her," he told me. "She's an idiot. I am an actor. Are you in the theater?"

"Oh no," I said. "But I'm always interested in meeting people on the stage. Do you know Marilyn Monroe by any chance?"

"Not *really*," he said. I couldn't figure out what that meant. "I'm a dramatic actor, all right, but recently I've been doing these TV commercials. It's just a temporary thing. I've been doing things with my hands."

I gave him a blank look.

"You know," he continued, "picking up cans of beer, holding cigarettes, stuff like that. Of course, it's not really *acting*, but what are you gonna do?"

"Stop ignoring me!" the girl said loudly. "There are two kinds of people in this world—those who ignore and those who are ignored. And I'm tired of being ignored."

"I'm not ignoring you, doll," Bobby said, smiling sweetly at her. "I'm rejecting you."

I WALKED into the living-room, but didn't see Lee, so I started circling the room. No one paid any attention to me. I must have walked around the room about seven times. So I gave up and went over to the bookcases. I'd finished a couple of shelves when a middle-aged woman with platinum hair and gum in her mouth came over and told me I looked familiar.

"Don't I know you? I know I know you. Ever go to a night spot called the Play Pen?"

I told her that I was afraid not. Then she asked me if she could fix me a drink, and I told her that I didn't drink.

"Oh," she said, looking at me sympathetically and nodding, as if I had just made some deep confession and she was assuring me that she understood. "Alcoholic."

This struck me as being pretty funny, so I nodded.

"Well, anyway," she said, patting her hair, "I know I've met you somewhere else." She spat her gum into a wastebasket and then added, "Socially."

I nodded and she turned around and started talking to a man with a cigarette holder.

"It's strontium in the air, darling! That's why everyone is acting so wild!" I heard a woman with long earrings shout at a small group of people.

A Lester Lanin record was playing on the hi-fi and several people were trying to find room to dance. I looked all around, trying to find Lee, but I didn't see him.

Johnnie was standing by the door with one of the most beautiful girls I'd ever seen. I walked over to them and saw that he was trying to make her take her coat off.

"Come on, Hope, take your coat off and stay a while," he was saying.

"But I can't, Johnnie, I *told* you I can't. I have to be someplace else, and I just stopped by for a couple of minutes," the girl said, trying to be nice about the whole thing.

"Tony," Johnnie said to me, "this is Hope Paradise. Isn't *that* a name for you?"

"It happens to be my real name," the girl said. "Please let go of my . . ."

"Aww, just stay for a little while. Just a little longer," Johnnie asked. "Please."

"I'd *like* to, but I *can't,* Johnnie, so please let go of . . ."

Johnnie let go of her coat and she went out the door, closing it behind her.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Girl I know. A model."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I have to go to the bathroom."

"Great conversationalist," my brother said, clapping me on the back and walking away from me.

A girl in a blue dress was sitting on the edge of the bathtub, crying. I stood there for a moment, not knowing what to do, then I went over to her.

"Hey," I said quietly. "What's the matter?"

"Nobody loves me," the girl sobbed. "Nobody loves me."

"Oh," I said, trying to comfort her, "sure they do."

"No," she cried. "Nobody loves me."

"Well," I said brightly, "nobody loves me and I'm not crying!"

This failed to cheer her up.

"Oooooh," she cried. "I'm so unhappy. Nobody loves me at all."

She went on crying.

"Do you love somebody?" I asked.

"No," she said, wiping her eyes. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because nobody loves me," she said and started to cry again.

"I'll get you a drink and you'll feel better," I said. "Be right back."

I had to wait in line to get at the liquor. Finally I moved in close enough to pour out a



glass of Scotch for the girl. When I went back into the bathroom, she was gone.

I came back out into the living-room and looked around for her. Then I saw her—dancing and laughing merrily with some guy. Annoyed, I put the glass down.

Johnnie waved at me from the other side of the room. I went over and asked him if he was having fun.

"Tony," he said, throwing his arm around a guy with sad brown eyes, "tell this jerk not to go into a monastery."

"Don't go into a monastery," I said.

"See, Nicco?" Johnnie said, leaning against a bookcase.

"But I want to get away from everything," Nicco said, looking at me with those unhappy eyes. "I don't like anything very much."

"Don't you have to have some kind of religious calling to become a monk?" I asked.

"I don't know," Nicco said, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't know anything about it. I don't even know where any monasteries *are.* Even if I decided to go, I wouldn't know *where* to go."

He smiled sadly, and Johnnie pushed him into a chair.

"Wait here a minute," he said.

Johnnie pulled a book from the case and put it in Nicco's lap.

"You just look at that book," Johnnie said emphatically. "Study it. Marvel at its beauty. Contemplate it. And you'll forget this monastery bit."

Nicco opened the book. It was a collection of art photographs of naked women—running along the beach, lying on the dunes, hanging out of sling chairs.

I was looking over Nicco's shoulder as he flipped the pages.

"Seen Lee yet?" Johnnie asked me.

"Not yet," I said, my eyes fastened on a woman doing things with a giant beach balloon.

"Where are your manners?" he asked, pretending to be shocked.

"I couldn't find him," I said, still looking down.

"He's in the bedroom," Johnnie said. "Eating caviar with Constance."

"Doing what?" I asked, looking up.

"She's here with her husband," Johnnie said. "Go on in and pay your respects."

"I will," I said, taking a last look at the book.

WHEN I walked into the bedroom, I found Lee and Constance sitting on a huge double bed, dipping melba rounds into a jar of caviar. They seemed to be having a very serious conversation. Constance looked so pretty in a white dress, and Lee looked great. He was wearing a blue blazer and a striped tie.

"Everyone spends too much time trying to be a psychiatrist," Lee was saying. "Everybody is analyzing everybody else and they're amateurs and not fit for the job. People are so busy analyzing each other that no one seems to be just friendly any more."

Constance nodded. "You should get married, Lee," she said.

"Why?" Lee asked.

I sat down on the bed with them, and we all said hello, and they resumed their conversation.

"Darling," she said to Lee. "You don't know. You just don't know."

"Well, tell me," he said. "I'm ready to be convinced. What is so wonderful about being married?"

"It's, well, it's going to sound corny, but it's so *true*," she said, passing her hand through her long brown hair. "It's being together. Blanton and I are so happy because we *share* things. We have breakfast together and talk about everything and read the same books and see the same television shows. And we go shopping together and fix dinner and do the dishes and then go to bed. Sometimes we stay up until five in the morning, just lying there in bed, talking about things and smoking. It's just being together. Everywhere."

"So that's what being married is," Lee said, trying to balance the jar of caviar on his head.

"Yes," Constance said.

"That's fine," Lee said, putting the jar back on the bed. "But Constance."

"What?"

"All of those things you were just talking about," he said. "We did exactly all of those same things for several months. And we weren't married. So what's so wonderfully different about being married?"

Constance opened her mouth, closed it, looked at Lee for a moment, brushed the crumbs off her skirt and stood up.

"What a disgustingly common thing to say," she said.

She walked out of the room and Lee offered me some caviar.

"My 'pologies," Lee said. "Please excuse my vulgarity. But I'm right. That's the saving factor. How've you been, Tony, old scout?"

He was pretty tight. We got up and walked out into the garden, and I told him that I was going up to New Haven the next afternoon.

"Dear old Yale," he said. "Mother of Men. A gorgeous playground."

"Johnnie tried to give me some advice this afternoon, but it was pretty confusing," I told him. We sat down. "And Dad just told me all those old stories about Waldo."

"A mistake on both their parts," Lee said.

"They just wanted to help me," I said.

"You're going to Yale, so you just go to Yale and you do what you want to do and make your own mistakes if you have to. That's all. No advice. But Waldo. Ah, those must have been the days."

"Dad says that Waldo couldn't exist at Yale today," I said.

"He's right," Lee replied, offering me a cigarette. "You won't find a Waldo at Yale or any *other* place, for that matter. Not now. We're just not set up to produce a Waldo. I think the world is in a state of slow nervous breakdown. Look around. Look in the other room. What do you see? Frustration and confusion. A group of lonely, scared, fake children. People who have selected marriage or alcohol or drugs or religion or sex or suicide or some form of destruction or self-destruction just as they would have chosen

a course in college, thinking it would give them something. And what's the result? Emptiness and fear. I mean, besides a lot of damned nonsense, the result is confusion and frustration, frustration and confusion."

I was silent for a minute, and then I said, "Sounds pretty depressing."

"Nah," Lee said, putting his hand on my knee for a moment. "Forget it. Maybe it'll pass. You don't have to live in it for four more glorious years. You've got those Bright College Years in front of you, and things may have changed by then. You'll have a great time up at New Haven."

"I hope so," I said, dismally.

"I'll tell you something, Tony," Lee said. "I'll make a confession. Do you know what I am?"

I shook my head.

"An imitation Waldo," he said. "A fake. I'm just as bad as those other people inside. Maybe worse. It's a hard thing for me to admit, but I tried to pass myself off as a Waldo. Doing crazy things. Trying to be exciting and casual and all of the things Waldo was supposed to be. Collecting props for my rooms at school, searching out unusual people. I think I fooled some people. I know I fooled myself for a long time. But it wasn't real. Not for a minute."

I sat and tried to see his face in the darkness.

"Sometimes," he said, "I wonder if the real Waldo wasn't a fake too."

"He couldn't have been," I said.

He agreed, and we went back into the party.

Johnnie was using the telephone, trying to convince some girl to come over and join him at the party. I told him that I was leaving and he just nodded and went on talking into the phone. I said good night to Lee and he wished me luck. Then I walked on home. It took me about two hours to fall asleep.

WHEN I woke up late the next morning, the sky was gray outside the windows. Johnnie came in and put his cashmere sweaters into one of my suitcases, Mother gave me an extra fifty dollars and after lunch I went down to Grand Central.

The train pulled into New Haven about four, and I took a cab up to the Old Campus where all of the freshmen live. It was a sad afternoon, dark and cold and raining, and everything I saw looked depressing and ugly—the people on the street, some old drunken bums, a woman slapping her child, the gray buildings, everything. I picked up my room key and went over to Vanderbilt Hall.

Bill, my roommate from Andover, had not arrived. Neither had the two new guys who had been put in with us to share the two bedrooms and living-room. All three of the rooms looked pretty bare. It was cold, and I felt sort of sick. I had a very bad headache, and I was tired. So I went into one of the bedrooms, lay down on one of the beds, spread my coat over me and closed my eyes.

I don't know how long I slept, but it was dark when I woke up. I heard whistling. Someone was whistling "Among My Souvenirs." I got up and went into the living-room, but no one was in there.

I saw a large steamer trunk with Cunard stickers on it, half-a-dozen bottles of champagne, and, on the mantel, a framed photograph of a young man standing on a beach with his arm around the waist of a girl who looked exactly like Marilyn Monroe. The whistling stopped, and I turned and saw one of my new roommates in the doorway of the other bedroom.

He was tall and had close-cut yellow hair and green eyes, and he was holding a bowl of goldfish.

"Hello," he said, smiling. "I'm Waldo."



Bruce Bliven

SAN FRANCISCO

New Serpents in Eden

The pleasantest city in America is baffled by an invasion which threatens to make it as uncomfortable as New York or Detroit.

A FEW years ago the editor of a Parisian magazine had a bright idea. He hired a nice young couple to travel all over the world and write a series of articles about the ten most attractive cities. The series was never completed; when the touring journalists got to San Francisco, they threw up the job, applied for American citizenship, and settled down happily to spend the rest of their lives by the Golden Gate.

No San Franciscan was in the least surprised at this development. One and all, they take it for granted that they are living in the most glamorous place on the face of the earth and accept it as only their due when, for example, a public-opinion poll reports that 80 per cent of all Americans had rather move to the city by the Golden Gate than to any other. Local residents are so accustomed to having encomiums heaped upon their community that any visitor important enough to get into the daily papers had better say something nice about the town, or else. With the famous California tradition of hospitality, they probably would not string him up to the nearest lamp-post, though they might mention, in a friendly, knife-edged way, that the Vigilantes a hundred years ago used this method of disposing of a good many people who just obviously didn't belong in such a blessed area; but he would certainly be made to feel so unwelcome that after a last twilight look from the Top o' the Mark, he would pack his bags and sneak off to some city with a lower level of civic loyalty—Los Angeles, for instance, where every second person you meet will agree warmly about the smog and the other shortcomings of the town.

It is sad to report, then, that San Francisco, this Paradise by the Pacific, is in serious trouble; but the journalist's duty to truth comes ahead of everything else.

THE SECRET OF THE CHARM

BEFORE we get to that problem, we should pause to admit that San Francisco does have unique qualities. Many people have said so, and a lot of them were writers, who have the perhaps unfair advantage over other people of having their remarks printed and preserved. I shall summon only one contemporary witness—Kenneth Rexroth, the poet, who has seen a lot of places and says firmly that this is "one of the easiest cities in the world to live in. It is the easiest in America. . . . If I couldn't live here I would leave the United States for someplace like Aix en Provence." Turning himself, by poetic license, into a multitude he adds, a little cryptically, "Poets come to San Francisco for the same reason so many Hungarians have been going to Austria recently."

If a city is unique, there must be a reason, and in the case under discussion one can think offhand of several.

Among them is certainly the novel climate. The Chamber of Commerce firmly states that San Francisco has many fair days, and more sunshine than seven out of ten leading American cities; but if "fair day" means what I think, the C. of C. has never stuck its head out the window. The city is foggy, windy, and cool from Labor Day until Decoration Day; during the three summer months, it is foggy, windy, and cold. Late every afternoon, practically the year round, a stiff sea breeze blows in from the Pacific,

carrying with it on many days fog heavy enough to require windshield wipers and headlights. The San Franciscans do not turn blue with the cold as the Londoners do (the idea that the ancient Britons painted themselves that color is obviously a misunderstanding); the men are ruddy, and the girls have glowing pink complexions, bitterly envied by the baked-out women of the rest of California. They wear suits, furs, gloves, hats, and veils all the year, merely changing to slightly heavier fabrics in summer.

A sad but familiar sight in San Francisco is a summer tourist from the East shivering miserably in Union Square on an August day. He is wearing an ice-cream suit; he may even have on a straw hat—two items totally omitted from the wardrobe of the well-dressed San Franciscan. He is so wretched that it is standard procedure for some well-clothed native to hustle him into the nearest bar for first aid.

Most of California is very dry, very hot in summer, and stimulating to feverish if meaningless activity such as laying out subdivisions. San Francisco's coolness is damp and relaxing. The city does an enormous amount of business—in banking, for instance, it leads all Pacific coast rivals—but it does it in a casual manner. Its busy people are never too busy to knock off for a spot of golf, to sail the (often stormy) waters of the Bay, or to show an Eastern visitor the town.

Another element in the city's charm is its topography. Most American cities tend to be flat, whereas San Francisco tends to be perpendicular. The exact number of the city's hills is in dispute, but there are three important ones in a row along the edge of the Bay toward the Golden Gate—Telegraph, Nob, and Russian. All of them are so steep that sensible people would ascend them only by means of firemen's ladders, but the San Franciscans casually whip up and down these dreadful heights in automobiles. Each hill is covered with a gridiron of streets; not only must you drive up a practically inaccessible cliff, but at every intersection you must stop for cross traffic and hang there suspended over infinity before you start up again.

San Francisco has heard of traffic lights, but doesn't believe in them. There are a few; there are also a few stop signs, and some exemplars of a wonderful birdcage on a pole, in which a sliding panel comes into view from time to time with "Stop" or "Go" painted on it. But the most typical situation is one where the intersection is boycotted by the police, and cars coming from four or more directions bull their way out until the man with the more aggressive personality wins. This is wonderful exercise for the adrenal glands.

In addition to climate and topography, there are the standard tourist attractions, and if you think I'm going to omit mention of them, you don't understand the long arm of the Chamber of Commerce. There are the antique cable cars, clanging their way up and down those terrifying hills, with the passengers enthusiastically tumbling off to help push the car around on the turntable at the end of the line. There is the Cliff House, looking out at the sea lions romping on the Seal Rocks and beyond them to six thousand miles of blue water. There are the tremendous panoramas of ocean, bay, and mountains to be seen in all directions, so thrilling that San Franciscans steadfastly refuse to buy paintings to hang on their walls, feeling that no artist can compete with the view. There are the famous restaurants; only New York and possibly New Orleans can vie with them in quality, and probably no other city in the Western hemisphere has as many in proportion to population.

EGGHEAD FORTY-EIGHTERS

EVERYONE has heard of the roaring Forty-Niners who turned a somnolent Spanish village into a hustling American city, as a casual incident of their rush to the gold mines. What is less well-known is that the new town had another set of progenitors, the Forty-Eighters. In that year Europe boiled with political unrest, and many of her finest liberal spirits had to flee, or face the prospect of long prison sentences for subversive activity. A lot of them came to the New World, and a large proportion got as far from Europe as they could—without encroaching on the Orient—by coming all the way around the Horn. Their presence helps to explain why, within only a few years after James Marshall had stumbled over gold at Sutter's Mill, San Francisco provided audiences for the finest music, drama, and other forms of artistic expression that London or New York had to offer.

The first circulating libraries in California specialized in books in German, French, and Italian; and the readers of those books set cultural standards that are still respected today. San Francisco is one of the very few American cities with its own annual season of locally-produced and brilliantly-performed opera, and its own symphony orchestra, whose successive leaders have included some of the most famous musical names of two generations. Its art museums are

of high quality; it is a good theater town for traveling companies. It has half-a-dozen first-rank bookstores, those touchstones of the culture of cities, and one of the most successful of the non-commercial TV stations—KQED—which originates many excellent programs, especially in science, that are subsequently displayed on the other non-commercial stations of the No-Money Network.

GREENWICH VILLAGE OUT WEST

SAN Francisco has its own Greenwich Village, though like the one in New York, it is rapidly being destroyed as a physical entity by new high-rent living quarters which the creative worker can rarely afford. The Bohemians decades ago clustered on Telegraph Hill, sharing it with the Italians whose chief source of livelihood was and is fishing.

A good deal has been written lately about an upsurge in artistic expression by young and vigorous talent in San Francisco; it is a mark of the Age of Publicity that this movement should have been widely heralded almost before it had begun and in terms that seem somewhat excessive in view of the accomplishment. At the moment, the best known individual is a promising thirty-five-year-old novelist, Jack Kerouac, whose second published novel is *On the Road*. Mr. Kerouac claims to speak for the "beat" generation. This does not mean, as some people have assumed, beaten down, or even beaten up; it is what old-fashioned people like me would refer to as real cool; not a square in a carload. The philosophy is that of young hedonists who don't really care whether something is good or evil, as long as it is enjoyable. In short, Existentialism with a crew cut. Since the famous Lost Generation of the 1920s consisted of about ten people, it is possible that Mr. Kerouac's group, even allowing for inflation, may number not more than about twenty.

There is also Mr. Rexroth, who was the first of several local bards to begin reciting poetry in night clubs to the accompaniment of a jazz orchestra. (Two others are Kenneth Patchen and Lawrence Ferlinghetti.) The night club patrons appear intrigued by this.

At San Francisco State College there is a Poetry Center, subsidized, oddly enough, by the Rockefeller Foundation, at which many poets, some of them deservedly famous, have appeared and given readings from their own works.

There is a group of younger poets, painters, and musicians, singularly like the similar group that is always functioning in most American cities; a lot of the poets belong to the familiar rats-among-the-garbage school. Few of them are quite good enough to break through on the national scene, but all of them have a lot of fun while being lionized—mostly by each other—at home. Many of these young artists adhere to the cult of unintelligibility, which produces poetry with little meaning save to the poet, non-representational painting, and cacophonous music. San Francisco loves its Bright Young People, and will do anything for them—except, of course, to read their writing, look at their pictures, or listen to their music. As is the case with most of the young *revoltés* the world over, a goodly proportion of them are still being supported by Papa, who is, in Shaw's famous saying, bourgeois to his boots.

An exception should be noted for the Little Theaters. Commercial drama is sparse in San Francisco, with only three houses available for the traveling companies of last season's Broadway successes, and the gap is filled by a remarkable proliferation of acting groups, many of them so good and so successful that they are at least quasi-professional. If they could afford it, the Little Theaters would doubtless produce modern plays that only a little handful of cultists would attend; but to run a theater costs money, and they have to compromise with the public taste. They do this with remarkable success; they produce a reasonable proportion of modern experimental works like "Waiting for Godot," interlarded with the classics, ranging all the way from the ancient Greeks to Sheridan and Molière, plus a reasonable proportion of the Broadway smash hits of a few years ago. The result is that there are always at least four or five plays running which any intelligent person can enjoy seeing. Directing, acting, stage design, and lighting are good, and many of these plays give three or four performances a week for months on end.

I should add that plenty of competent, adult practitioners of all the arts live and work in San Francisco and environs; but, as is true everywhere, they spend their time practicing their professions, and cause little more public stir than the sober bankers or housewives they so often resemble.

LIVING TOGETHER

THE city has large colonies with varying racial and cultural backgrounds and adjusts to them remarkably well, on the whole. Chinatown still exists, but nearly all its inhabi-

tants today are American-born, speak unaccented current slang fluently, and act and think like any native white Protestant in Emporia, Kansas. An era came to an end when dial telephones supplanted the famous old Chinese exchange with its brilliant corps of bilingual girl operators. The Chinatown of the sight-seeing buses is almost entirely a tourist trap.

During the second world war, there was a heavy influx of Negroes who came to work in shipyards and other war plants around the shores of San Francisco Bay. At that time there was some racial tension, part of which was probably sparked by enemy agents. Today the Negro community of 43,000 gives every appearance of getting on well with its white neighbors.

THE SEAMIER SIDE

THERE are a few puzzling, discordant notes in the happy symphony of San Francisco life. One of these is the astonishingly high rate of alcoholism, much the highest in the nation. San Franciscans average 4.57 gallons of distilled spirits every year, several times the national level, and the death rate from cirrhosis of the liver is 3.5 times higher. San Francisco's Skid Row is one of the worst and most heavily populated to be found anywhere. Problem drinkers are estimated to number as high as one in every six adults, while the national average is less than one in sixteen.

There are no accurate statistics on the use of narcotics, since that trade is underground, but there is good reason to believe that it is high. The city is a heavy port of entry for dope smugglers, in spite of earnest efforts by federal, state, and local authorities. At a recent public hearing on this subject, a confessed narcotics user offered as a demonstration to buy drugs on almost any corner in the downtown district on a few minutes' notice, and nobody seemed to feel that this suggestion was improbable.

The suicide rate in San Francisco is also high, three times the national average. A favorite form of self-destruction is to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge; almost two hundred persons have done so, and a lot more have been stopped by alert motorists as they were climbing over the railing.

The psychiatrists offer several explanations for one or more of these phenomena. San Franciscans have had a reputation as hard drinkers, going back to the earliest days, and a cultural tradition of this sort is more important than many people realize. The cold, damp climate encourages the consumption of gin and whiskey; even though there is a big Italian colony, and large amounts of excellent wine are made only a few miles away to the north and south, San Franciscans have never become wine drinkers, though they do better than the inhabitants of most other American cities.

California has far more than her normal share of the nation's neurotics and crackpots, the unstable characters who move from community to community. These human tumbleweeds have always had a tendency to drift toward the West, until they pile up along the edge of the Pacific Ocean. Many of them find a spiritual home in the environs of Los Angeles; but some others feel out of place in the brisk go-getter atmosphere of that community, move north four hundred miles, and end up killing themselves, or vegetating among the hopeless drunks of San Francisco's Skid Row. Such, at least, is the theory.

"THE PAPERS ARE TERRIBLE"

IT IS a ritual among the San Francisco intellectuals, as it is in every city, to announce that daily journalism is at a very low ebb. "The papers are simply awful," they tell one another. "Nothing in them but a lot of crime and beauty contests." To be sure, it always turns out on inquiry that these intellectuals have not read whatever good, solid news of politics and economics the papers *did* publish.

"I've been rushing around like mad; haven't looked at a paper for days," is the explanation, with the owlish addition, "I'm sure I haven't missed much."

The intellectuals are somewhat unfair to San Francisco journalism of today. Of its five chief daily newspapers, four belong to national chains, and are certainly up to or slightly ahead of the national average for a city of this size. The local edition of the *Wall Street Journal* is almost identical with the one in New York; and there are a Scripps-Howard paper, the *News,* and morning and evening Hearst journals, the *Examiner* and the *Call-Bulletin.* The fifth paper is the *Chronicle,* much the most interesting of the lot to any student of the press. It has very few syndicated features, but a flock of local writers and artists, and their material, while naturally of uneven quality, has the indigenous flavor so completely missing from most American journalism today. (Several *Chronicle* writers and artists are good enough to be syndicated from their San Francisco base.) While this paper has its ups and downs, at its best it is more like the old morning New York *World* than any other I know of.



Any San Franciscan regards the suggestion that he move to the suburbs as insane.

Ninety-five per cent of the time, the San Francisco papers remember that theirs is a sophisticated world city, and act accordingly. Two unimportant exceptions: They love to report when local boy or girl makes good, in any capacity, in New York, and they record every article about San Francisco appearing in the national press, with the appropriate words of praise or reproof.

It is a mark of San Francisco's charm that so many of its newspapermen (as well as other writers) have produced books that are in fact long love letters to the city. The chief current example, and one of the most prolific, is columnist, Herb Caen, currently in the *Chronicle,* who spins endless thousands of words about "Baghdad-by-the-Bay" without seeming to do more than keep up with the unwearying demand of his fascinated readers.

NO MANIA FOR GROWTH

SAN Francisco's serious trouble, mentioned earlier, is something forced upon her by commuters from the surrounding region. The city itself is remarkable in that it shares little if at all in the current American mania for unlimited growth, regardless of the quality of that growth. There are no big billboards as you approach the city, signed by the Chamber of Commerce, proudly showing that the population has doubled in the past few years, and bragging that it will be five times larger in 1980. It is true that the population is growing, but so slowly—compared to Los Angeles, for example—that it seems like a crawl. In 1930, the city had 634,394; ten years later, it had increased by only 142 people, to 634,536. The war brought a bulge to 775,000 in the 1950 census, and another 35,000 (estimated) have been added in the past seven years. California as a whole has doubled while San Francisco has gone up only 27 per cent.

This lack of frenetic emphasis on growth is certainly due in part to the superior sophistication of the San Franciscans, who enjoy their town so much that they see no reason for sharing it with a lot of strangers; but there are also some other factors. San Francisco City and County (which are coterminous) are bounded on three sides by water and on the fourth by San Mateo County; there is very little room left in the city for additional long rows of gray-white houses, the indigenous architectural expression.

More people could be accommodated, and conditions in general made more miserable, by erecting a lot of skyscraper apartment buildings, and in fact there are a few of these on the highest hills, with rents that are stiff even by New York standards. But apartment houses of this type are unlikely ever to be popular. San Franciscans have vividly in the backs of their minds

the earthquake and fire of 1906 which killed several hundred people and did damage of hundreds of millions of dollars. Nowadays, the builders say confidently that steel and concrete construction is earthquake-proof; but the San Franciscans maintain their mass aversion to living higher than the second or third story. Moreover, they are still Californians, after all, and they like at least a scrap of garden of their own.

But if the city by the Golden Gate is miraculously satisfied with its size, the same cannot be said for its suburbs. Southern-California-type boosterism has crept north like the smog, and its enveloping tentacles are now ominously close to San Francisco on all sides. Vis-à-vis the suburbs, San Francisco is in the position of Laocoön, with the boys on the side of the serpents.

In Marin County to the north, among the East Shore communities, and down the Peninsula into the Santa Clara Valley, beautiful little towns of a generation ago are frantically trying to ruin themselves with masses of new population—and in most cases are succeeding. The number of people increases so fast that even with tardy San Francisco added, the population of the entire area has been doubling about every seventeen years. Lovely (and highly profitable) fruit orchards are bulldozed to a pulp, to be succeeded by row upon row of tacked-together little houses in "California modern" style, each with two-car garage, flagged patio, and outdoor barbecue. The overwhelming majority of these are sold on the installment plan, with a down payment as small as the law permits and the balance "like rent." If we had a sharp depression, thousands of these houses would go back to the bank, to be resold or rented; experts on planning believe that large areas might then degenerate into semi-slums. (This huge increment does not, of course, represent a flight from the city, as it does in other parts of America. Any San Franciscan would regard the suggestion that he go and live somewhere else as insane.)

Just why the Chambers of Commerce of all these towns (and many private citizens) work so hard to commit suicide by overpopulation is something of a mystery. The growth would be bad enough without any encouragement at all. While a few individuals make money out of the influx, even these are disadvantaged in the end by the wholesale destruction of the amenities of life, and for most of the population the entire development is a net loss. Having swamped the community with new low-income residents, most of whom cost more in public services than they pay in taxes, the Chambers of Commerce turn around and try to bring in industry to carry part of the load which they themselves have willfully produced. Economically, this proposition is often a dubious one: industry itself demands special and sometimes expensive service from the community. You practically never hear of any town where the tax rate goes down after industry comes; and miles of factories damage the amenities even farther. The suburbs have contributed to a smog problem that has caused deep concern, and vigorous action to try to cure it.

WERE THE BRIDGES A MISTAKE?

EVERY city has elderly mourners, like me, proclaiming that things are not as good as the old days. In my case, having begun to live in San Francisco, intermittently, in 1908, I can fix the date of disaster closely: 1936, when the first of the two great bridges was built. These are among the proudest, most dramatic and beautiful overwater structures in the world. One of them crosses the Bay to Oakland and is among the longest of its kind on earth; the other spans the Golden Gate itself to Marin County and is the world's greatest single arch. At night, when the Bay Bridge strings its necklace of light above the dark waters, or in the late afternoon, as the Golden Gate Bridge disappears to its tower tops into the swirling fog, they lift the heart with their beauty.

Yet it is not hard to see that from some points of view these bridges were a mistake. Across them, and up the narrow bottleneck of the Peninsula, 300,000 commuters swarm into San Francisco every morning and swarm back again at night—adding one-half to the city's adult population. Both these bridges, and the Bayshore Freeway, the chief artery leading down the Peninsula, long ago reached what seemed to be the limit of saturation; yet always a few more cars manage to squeeze into the flood. These daily visitors congest the traffic in San Francisco's streets until it is almost as bad as in New York or London. Finding a place to park is a desperate problem; the building of new garages in the business district falls far behind the steady growth of traffic, and in San Francisco, as in so many other places, downtown is seriously threatened with decay.

The commuters constitute an important share of San Francisco's businessmen; yet as individuals, they pay no taxes there, nor do they participate, as residents, in the city's political or social life. Even economically, they are largely

drones, since most of their household purchasing is done at shopping centers near their homes.

Some of the problems created by this pattern of daily commuting seem almost insoluble: the withdrawal of so many good citizens from the city's life, and their failure to pay their share of the cost of the congestion they create. To try to keep up with the physical problem the state and the city together have laced the community with great freeways, huge steel and concrete monsters, running for much of their length on stilts, destroying the beauty of many parts of the town. There are still more of these freeways to come. The designers have done their best with the structures, but no matter how symmetrical the arches, and how dramatic the silhouette, an elevated speedway is still just that: noisy, odoriferous, and blocking the view. Almost every car on a freeway, of course, at one point or another comes down into the city streets, making the congestion even worse.

The people of the city don't really know what to do in their dilemma; nor, so far as I can discover, does anyone else. There is talk of a huge new rapid-transit system, extending thirty or forty miles in all directions (except the west); the hope would be that the automobile commuters would then leave their cars at home. There is also talk of a string of peripheral parking lots, with free or inexpensive bus service from them to the heart of the city. Neither of these plans has worked very well in any other community. Someone sometimes suggests a special tax on commuters, politically unworkable and probably unconstitutional.

UNDER ORDEAL

MEANWHILE, San Franciscans seem to me remarkably patient under their ordeal. They do not descend upon the suburbs with pitchforks and shotguns, as you might expect; feeling themselves, as inhabitants of their city, blessed beyond ordinary mortals, their charity is larger than life-size. Gazing at the towers of the Golden Gate Bridge rising in the late afternoon from the cottony fog, or looking down from Nob Hill at night upon the vast panorama of shimmering lights below, they forgive the despoilers.

After all, the sea, the bay, and the mountains are still here. And still intact.

HIDDEN TREASURES IN DARKEST HOBOKEN

IN THE earliest days of the atomic bomb project there was, of course, a requirement for a considerable tonnage of uranium ore. Uranium at that time had very limited commercial importance: coloring of vases and radium was about all; so very little was mined. A representative of the U. S. government sought out the man who, as the head of the Belgian concern that had been mining uranium for radium in the Congo, might help out. Well, the Germans had taken over in Europe and this man, Edgar Sengier of the Union Miniere, was in the United States. The representative of Uncle Sam came to this man and said, "The U. S. government would like to get a big tonnage of uranium ore. We thought that you might be the man to mine some for us. How long will it take to get us a large tonnage?" Sengier answered, "Well, we are now at the Waldorf-Astoria. How long will it take a taxi to get to the docks in Hoboken? The largest reserve of uranium ore that I know of is right here, in a warehouse, in the New York area."

Well, our Belgian friend, instead of leaving uranium around, had put it in steel drums, shipped it to Hoboken, and stored it there. So, in a way, the first large-scale uranium ore mining was in Hoboken.

David Lilienthal, speaking to the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, February 16, 1955.

James and Annette Baxter

THE MAN in the Blue Suede Shoes

Ol' Elvis Presley may be a better musician than most people dare to admit—and he might be offering the kids a commodity their parents can't recognize.

AS A subject for polemic Elvis Presley has few peers, and too many people have experienced sudden shifts in blood pressure—either up or down—for him to be regarded as anything but an authentic barometer of the times. But, even now that he has been on the national scene for more than two years, he may be telling us more about ourselves than we would care to admit.

Presley's climb to fame, in the winter of 1955-56, followed upon the appearance of that raucous brand of popular music, primitive and heavy-footed, known as rock-and-roll. Untouched by subtlety, rock-and-roll seemed to signal a total collapse in popular taste, the final schism between a diminishing group sensitive to tradition and the great bulk of those who make entertainment to sell. Suddenly there was Elvis, not merely a manifestation of rock-and-roll, but of lascivious gyrations of the torso that older generations quickly recognized—the classic bump and grind of the strip-teaser.

Television compounded the jeopardy: Elvis could come lurching into any living-room, and he did, and the chorus of adolescent shrieks was swelled by shrieks from the parents. The stomping blatancy of "Blue Suede Shoes" and the insinuations of "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You" were sufficiently distressing, but the foot-spread stance and the unmistakable thrust—well, "The Pelvis" was going too far.

He went too far in every direction. Elvis was making millions of dollars, owning white Continental Mark IIs, getting into fights and reviving sideburns and being prayed over and building a house for his parents. The legend should have swallowed him out of sight, but it was all true—all, furthermore, palpably American. He may not actually have arrived for his Army physical in a Cadillac with a Las Vegas show girl and announced that he wanted to be treated just like everyone else—but the story was pure Elvis. Anyway, the gawky, loose-limbed, simple boy from Tupelo, Mississippi, was a genuine *tabula rasa,* on which the American populace could keep drawing its portrait, real and imaginary, and keep rubbing it out.

Admonished that there were those who found his hip-swiveling offensive, Elvis is said to have replied, "I never made no dirty body movements." And this is believable; Elvis moves as the spirit moves him; it all comes naturally. Hormones flow in him as serenely as the Mississippi past Memphis, and the offense lies in the eye of the beholder, not in Elvis' intentions.

By constantly reminding his teen-age listeners of what he so obviously was—a simple boy from Tupelo who had suddenly become famous—Elvis somehow removed the sting from the sexuality that could easily have terrified them. Valentino had to become an exotic in order to keep from frightening the ladies of an earlier era with his own heavy-lidded gaze; Elvis could remain the boy next door. He was even able to capitalize on his innocence: in his television appearances he could find himself flinging a Svengali-like finger out toward his audience and, when they squealed, he couldn't keep from giggling. He was as amused as they were by his idiotic power to hypnotize and, although the spell was on, the curse was off.

But Presley's stunning rapport with his own generation must hinge on something more than the ageless call of the wild. Appealing to the youthful imagination in some way inscrutable to the parents of the teen-agers who worship him, Elvis fills some kind of need that the older generation can't fathom, and more significantly, doesn't feel. Why? Perhaps because they have run out of dreams.

Parents for whom the introduction of television in the late 'forties begat the era of the

great giveaway need no dreams—they are already living one. Ranch-style homes, organization-man jobs, and exalted community status have outrun whatever hopes they brought from a meager past, and adults are too delightedly clutching these tangible evidences of a dream-come-true to bother projecting a more fanciful one. Their smartly-executed station-wagon psyches, jauntily upholstered and gleamingly trimmed, leave no room for excrescences and irrelevancies. But their offspring, a generation of poor little rich children, whom no part of the postwar bonanza has the power to enthrall, remain desperately in need of an enchanter.

THE MYSTERIOUS SOUTH

TO MEET this historic contingency Elvis is blessed not only with sex but with authentic Southernness. His primitivism carries conviction; when he intones the monotonous phrases of "I Got a Woman," Southern medium espouses Southern temperament. The range of verbal expression is precisely as limited and as colorful as we feel Elvis' own vocabulary must be. The voice, on the other hand, insisting on the subtlest of shifts in mood and timing, suggests that the man from whom it issues is, like his music, elusive.

The sum of Presley's qualities matches the national image of the Southland. For the South today popularly represents what the West once did: the self-sufficient, the inaccessible, the fiercely independent soul of the nation. With the taming of the West completed, only the deep South retains a comparable aura of mystery, of romantic removal from the concerns of a steadily urbanized and cosmopolized America.

The removal is two-fold: it combines an indifference to grammatical niceties, which the rest of the country benightedly associates with "civilization," with an old confidence in the private, intuitive vision. The rationalism of the "progressive" sections of the nation has always seemed to the Southerner inadequate to penetrate the darker corners of his experience, and these components of the Southern mind are central to a Presley performance.

The adolescent is far more responsive to them than his parents could be. In the backwoods heterodoxies of Elvis he recognizes a counterpart to his own instinctive rebellion. And when Elvis confesses that he's "Gonna Sit Right Down and Cry," the accents of lament are felt as genuine; there's none of the artifice of the torch-singer in his wail. Elvis is for real, and in his voice the teen-ager hears intimations of a world heavily weighted with real emotion.

Most real emotions, the teen-ager knows without coaching, are daily discredited by his parents and teachers. Their own equably democratic temperaments and cheerfully enlightened code of behavior seem to deny the world that Elvis affirms. And the teen-ager, when he pounds convulsively at the sight and sound of Elvis, is pounding for entrance into that more enticing realm.

He is pounding his feet, however; ultimately the music Elvis makes must be given some credit for his popularity. And there is probably an ugly, awesome little truth in the deduction that he is prodigiously gifted. To those attentive to the music itself the most conspicuous feature of Elvis' singing is the versatility with which he exploits the tradition of the Negro "blues-shouter." He can shift without apparent strain from the blasting stridency of "Hound Dog" to the saccharine ooze of "I'll Never Let You Go," covering, when called upon, every transitional pose between: the choke-and-groan of "Love Me," the plaintive nasal whine of "How's the World Treating You," the gravel-throated bellow of "Long Tall Sally," or the throb-and-tremolo of "I Got a Woman."

Vocal pyrotechnics he has indeed (to what must be the everlasting despair of his imitators), but they would remain merely curiosities were he not able to manipulate them into an organic whole. His twisting of a tonal quality possesses a diabolical inevitability, and his phrasing is as flawless as it is intricate. Marianne Moore's comment about e. e. cummings—"He does not make aesthetic mistakes"—might with only brief hesitation be applied to Elvis Presley. Elvis has got the beat, and "Don't Be Cruel" will bear scrutiny by any but the most outraged of his captious audience.

LAUGHING AT US

BUT there is in Presley's delivery something much more subtle and hard to get at. From some fathomless and unstudied depth he has managed, in a whole series of songs, to call forth irony. Elvis is laughing at us, and at himself, without knowing it, and while remaining altogether serious. The throbbing sentimentality is at once wholly fake and sterling pure; listen for it in "I'm Counting on You," or "Tryin' to Get to You." And so is the pompousness of "One-Sided Love Affair" and the mawkishness of "Old Shep." In his interpretation of these

songs there are ambiguities that are surely unsuspected even by such an uninhibited and highly sophisticated primitive as Elvis himself.

This neither-fish-nor-fowl quality can be a frightening thing to adults, who suppose that they have fully identified themselves in an identifiable environment. But to adolescents, who detest above all the status quo—who want the world to be so limitless in its potentials that they cannot fail to find their changeling selves somehow secure within it—to them it is the throbbing substance of life itself. And when combined with the frenetic pulsations, the hectic, nervous quiverings of rock-and-roll, the rhythms of their own vacillations, it is enough to make Elvis a millionaire.

Whither Presley? When his present public finds itself, as it someday must, demesmerized by time, and when the mage-like fascination of Elvis gives way to some new and less inspired teen-age melodrama, what's to become of this young man whose life and legend are by now indistinguishable?

Will Elvis himself be able to salvage a personality from among the accumulated debris of prolonged public exposure? Will he choose one of several paths systematically trodden by the once great: lucratively "advising" the producers of "The Elvis Presley Story," lecturing across the country on the prevention of juvenile delinquency, opening with moderate hoopla a restaurant in Atlantic City, appointing a respectable hack to ghost his memoirs, or posing rakishly for a Chesterfield ad?

Some indication that Elvis has a notion of the responsibility of his mission is his plan for a fifteen-acre Elvis Presley Youth Foundation in Tupelo, reported in *Time*. How far this project may go is uncertain, but if it takes him back to Mississippi for spiritual recuperation from time to time, it will be both good for him and for the youth who want him, need him, and love him.

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

A REFUSAL TO MOURN, ETC.

How the backhanders geese of you,
Each with a bloody piece of you
    Snagged from their lion's feast.

God but you'd laugh to hear of it,
You that would not steer clear of it,
    You that could charm the beast,

Propping him up to mock awhile
Lachryma Christi Crocodile
    In his penatal lare.

Lover of ale and venery,
Tales of the jailed O. Henry,
    Rarebitten hound of the hare,

Everyone owns a share in you.
If it's a he, he'll air a new
    Gospel of thick-as-thieves

Making a proper toast of you.
If it's a she, she'll boast of you
    Adam beneath her eaves.

Hear them retail your Iliad
Scattering bombs in Gilead,
    Toppling the weights of Troy;

Gossip of tidbit bodicey
On your immodest Odyssey.
    You were the wicked boy,

Roisterous, roaring, rantical
Under the soaring canticle,
    Under the tragic breath;

Lusty indeed and verbally,
Master of all hyperbole
    Whether of joy or death.

Once on a snarling boulevard,
Bristling and jostling, full of hard
    Rooters, you gripped my arm—

People, aren't people beautiful?
I was the meanest brute of all.
    Truth was a Circe's charm.

Would that an untruth did as he
Would that unhelled Eurydice
    Back to the shades of day

Till—was it doubt, disaster or
Love?—was his overmasterer,
    Turned him the other way

There, where the echoes come to us,
Magical, haunted, sumptuous,
    Spun with a seethe of fire

Nessus-reversed to smother death.
After the first, no other death.
    Air is their chiming choir.



The second of three articles by

RALPH E. LAPP

Drawings by Ben Shahn

The Voyage of the Lucky Dragon

The twenty-three fishermen didn't realize what had happened to them—and had no idea that their homecoming would touch off an uproar which would echo around the world.

AT 5:30 A.M. on Sunday, March 14, 1954, the Japanese fishing vessel *Fukuryu Maru (Lucky Dragon)* No. 5 returned to its home port of Yaizu, some 120 miles south of Tokyo. Its crew had been fishing for tuna near the Marshall Islands and had seen the flash of an American atomic bomb test; shortly afterward a rain of white ash had fallen on the ship. During their return trip the men had been listless and debilitated; some complained of burning eyes, itching skin, and nausea; others were losing their hair. The owner, Kakuichi Nishikawa, glanced at one of the sailors when the boat tied to the pier and noticed that he was terribly dark, as though deeply sunburned.

Nishikawa and Yoshio Misaki, the ship's Fishing Master, immediately called the Yaizu hospital, but it was Sunday and the woman who answered told Misaki that they could accept only emergency cases. It was not until he managed to locate Dr. Ooi, the doctor in charge, that Misaki could arrange for the men to come to the hospital at 1:00 P.M. Dr. Ooi was a surgeon, who felt that routine physical checkups were not in his bailiwick, and at first he could make no sense of the men's appearance. Though their faces were dark, they seemed in good spirits. Sanjiro Masuda, who looked the worst, was severely burned on the face, ears, and lips, and there were three or four blisters on his left hand. "What's this all about?" asked Dr. Ooi. "What's the matter with all of you?"

Fearful of authority in any form, the fishermen were at first reluctant to say. Finally one of them confessed that they had encountered what they thought was an A-bomb explosion. But when Dr. Ooi asked them how bright the flash had been, or whether they had seen the mushroom cloud, their answers still puzzled him. Since Misaki said that the light had not been blinding, they must have been a safe distance away; indeed, if they hadn't been, some of them should already have died. The men did not seem seriously ill; their blood counts ran from 5,000 to 9,000 white cells per cubic centimeter—not an alarming decrease. Dr. Ooi wavered, doubting and believing what their symptoms were.

Five of the patients with bad skin burns he treated with palliative ointment, a white paste that contrasted strangely with their brown-black faces. Since there was no Geiger counter in the hospital, and since he could not diagnose radiation sickness with any confidence, Dr. Ooi was not unduly alarmed over their condition. "Come again tomorrow and let's have an examination

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with all the doctors," he said, and sent them on their way, greatly relieved.

But Misaki brooded over the condition of the crew and, after talking with Nishikawa, came back to the hospital later in the afternoon. He asked Dr. Ooi to send two of the men to Tokyo for expert consultation and to write a "letter of favor" for them to someone at the University Hospital. Dr. Ooi, though somewhat miffed at this "rude request," consented. The men he picked were Masuda, because of his heavy burns, and the engineer, Tadashi Yamamoto, because of his low blood count. Dr. Ooi wrote:

> The above-mentioned persons, during fishing at Bikini Lagoon area, seemed to have been taken with radiation sickness [*Genbaku-sho*] on March 1. They are supposed to be suffering from atomic cloud of H-bomb. I humbly beg your honorable consultation. . . .

Later Dr. Ooi said that he had used the term "H-bomb" because he had read about it in the newspapers and could not conceive of an A-bomb hurting anyone so far away. He also hoped that such a "big word" might impress the Tokyo doctors who sometimes pay so little attention to the diagnoses of their rural colleagues.

One member of the crew had not been at the hospital. After the *Lucky Dragon* docked, the radioman, Aikichi Kuboyama, feeling shy about his appearance, had gone home by a back road to avoid meeting anyone. And, instead of going in the front door as he usually did, he went around to the back of his house. "*Okaeri-nasai* [welcome home]," his wife called out. "You must be very tired." But his eldest daughter Miyako, when she saw him, said: "*Otoo-chan* [papa] looks like a Negro. Look at his face, how black he is!"

Kuboyama told his wife that he did not know exactly what had happened. "On the way home we encountered something—*Gen-baku* [A-bomb], I think." She looked alarmed and he went on, trying to quiet her, "We saw the blast, but don't worry—we were only covered with ash. I will be well soon." And that same day he went back to the *Lucky Dragon* to repair the radio equipment for the next voyage. It was not until the day after, when one of his crew-mates said he had a low blood count and had been told to rest for two months, that Kuboyama presented himself to the doctors. They gave him some white ointment for his burns and told him that his blood count was 7,200. "It's just an ordinary burn," he told his wife. "There's no need to worry."

Masuda and Yamamoto, the next day, caught the early-morning train to Tokyo. In the washroom of the third-class coach, they looked at their faces in the mirror and were startled to see how dusky and unkempt they looked. They had not shaved and Masuda, in particular, looked quite wild, with his hair seeming to stand out stiffly from his head. He huddled up in his seat in the car and kept silent, glancing sidewise occasionally to see if people were looking at him.

Tokyo University Hospital, when they reached it, looked enormous to the two men. Dimly lit corridors surfaced with a dark linoleum of ancient vintage gave it a depressing atmosphere. Yamamoto, acting as spokesman for the pair, presented his letter to the receptionist and after some misunderstanding with the rather officious clerk, they were directed to Dr. Shimizu's Department of Surgery on the third floor. Yamamoto, who was still clutching a sample of the ash that had fallen on them, showed it to the doctor, who ordered his assistant to bring him a Geiger counter at once. However, it turned out that the instrument was in use and Shimizu turned his full attention to Masuda, paying careful attention to his ears and the thick yellowish discharge that came from them. The man was in worse shape than Yamamoto, and Dr. Shimizu asked him: "Will you, at any rate, enter the hospital for a week?" Sleepy-eyed Masuda nodded that he would and the doctor, after giving orders for him to be registered as an in-patient, left the room. It was after 1:00 P.M. when the two seamen left the hospital. Masuda went with his companion to see if they could find a bite to eat. Afterward Yamamoto went directly to the station, and caught an express back to Yaizu.

Later that same evening, about seven o'clock, Yamamoto went to see the boss, Nishikawa-*san*. He told him that the doctor had said there was nothing to worry about but had asked them to stay in the hospital for a week. "Is it all right?" asked the engineer.

"Sure, sure," replied Nishikawa.

Thus the second day passed after the arrival of the *Lucky Dragon* in port and not a word about it had appeared in the press.

THE STORY BREAKS

HAD there been a daily newspaper in Yaizu, the story of the *Lucky Dragon* might have broken quickly. As it was, the news was delayed—and then splashed over page one of a leading Tokyo paper. This is the story behind the story.

Early in 1954, the *Yomiuri Shimbun*, one of the three largest Japanese newspapers, featured

a series of articles on atomic energy. Keiji Kobayashi, a nineteen-year-old student in his second year at the Shizuoka Prefecture Technical High School, had been fascinated by them. He felt a kind of personal interest in the *Yomiuri* newspaper, since a part-time "leg-man" for it was living as a boarder in his home. Mitsuyoshi Abe often talked with members of the Kobayashi family about the value of getting an exclusive story. Scoops are hard to come by in Japan, where the newspapers employ armies of reporters, probational reporters, and part-time leg-men. The *Asahi Shimbun (Morning Sun)* alone employs fifteen hundred reporters.

Relatives of the family came to visit the Kobayashis in the afternoon on March 15, and one of them mentioned what he had heard from men of the *Lucky Dragon*. At dinner that evening young Kobayashi learned about it from his mother. He remembered saving newspaper clippings about something that had happened on March 1. He dug through them and found an announcement of the H-bomb test. Then, thinking of his reporter friend, he urged his mother to tell Abe-*san* as quickly as possible. Abe was not in town, however, for he had gone to the nearby town of Shimada to cover the killing of a child.

Mrs. Kobayashi placed a long-distance call to Abe-*san* but could not reach him until it was nearly dark. As she spilled out the story of the *Lucky Dragon*, Abe interrupted: "What? My father is coming to Yaizu? I'll be home right away." The quick-witted reporter knew that unless he gave some plausible reason for hurrying away the other reporters would get wise to his story. As it was, they laughed at Abe. They knew that his father, a Buddhist priest from a famous spa about fifty miles north of Yaizu, had sent him money to buy a press camera and that the money had been squandered on sake.



Shortly after 7:00 P.M. Abe was in Yaizu, and by 7:28 he called the Shizuoka office of the *Yomiuri Shimbun*. Abe-*san* filed a brief story, apparently not fully aware of its news value. He spelled Bikini as Biknik. But the editor on night duty for the *Yomiuri* was Yoshi Tsujiimoto, the very man who edited the atomic energy series which had so interested young Kobayashi. When the news came in from Shizuoka, the editor knew a big story was in the making and he swung into action.

It happened that a reporter by the name of Murao was on duty. He had been on a round-the-world tour and had co-operated on the series of atomic articles. He was hurriedly summoned. Tsujiimoto barked out details. A boat had been near Bikini . . . the crew had been covered with ash . . . the men were burned . . . two crewmen had come to Tokyo that day . . . it was a big story . . . go to Tokyo University at once!

Reporter Murao wasted no time. He picked up a police-beat man and a photographer and they raced to the hospital. When the *Yomiuri* car pulled up in front of the hospital, Murao's heart sank—there in front of the building was a sedan with the flag of the *Asahi Shimbun* attached to the left front fender. An optimist at heart, Murao hoped that the *Asahi* reporter might be there on other business. This he found to be the case. He asked the receptionist: "Did patients with atomic sickness come here today?"

"Yes, they were here today," replied the girl.

Murao was much relieved and thought that his job would be an easy one. But it turned out that these were patients from Hiroshima. The girl knew nothing of any fishermen suffering from atomic sickness. The persistent reporter systematically telephoned each section of the hospital. He got a lucky break when he found an intern who recalled seeing a patient with a "burned-black face" but he could not recall the patient's name or room number. The nurse in charge of night duty denied that any patients from Yaizu had been there that day, but they cajoled her into showing them the list. There

was the entry: "Sanjiro Masuda, 29, Yaizu, Shizuoka Prefecture." Then she admitted that Masuda was in the hospital and that Yamamoto, the other patient, had returned to Yaizu. Masuda was sleeping, however, and could not be disturbed. When they pleaded with her she summoned reinforcements—the doctor on duty. He was also adamant. Murao slipped out of the room, determined not to be put off by such resistance. He went from ward to ward, calling softly, "Masuda-*san*," and adding, "man from Yaizu." At last, a patient reacted.

"Yaizu?" he said. "Yes, there's a man in the next room who's suffering from atomic sickness."

His heart pounding like a hunter who has sighted big game, the reporter slipped around the corner and very quietly tiptoed into Room 5. One of the two beds was occupied. The white walls reflected light on the patient, who was curled up on his side. His face was black and his ears were smeared with white ointment. He looked like something from another world, thought Murao, and but for his story he would have fled. Gathering courage, the reporter shook the sleeping man to wake him. Masuda opened his eyes in surprise and sat up. The reporter was astonished at the sight of his swollen hands but he scribbled down the story Masuda told him.

At Yaizu, Abe-*san* had been ordered to interview the crewmen and to get photographs at once. Now he desperately regretted having spent his father's money on sake, for he had no camera. He rushed to the home of a friend, a professional photographer, and woke him up. The two men then hurried to the dock to photograph the fishing boat and the crew.

It was dark on the pier and they found the boat tied up, looking rather forlorn and deserted. The photographer took several flash-bulb shots and Abe-*san* hailed the ship. A lone sailor came on deck and told them that all the others were in town. Some had gone home, some were drinking, and the others—well, they were young and had been at sea for a long time. The reporter knew the drinking spots in town all too well, and he soon found some of the dark-faced crew. They were reluctant to talk, however, for they feared that they would be summoned before authorities. Abe-*san* hunted up Yamamoto and woke him from a sound sleep. He also routed Dr. Ooi from bed and questioned him about the fishermen.

At the night desk of the *Yomiuri* they knew they had a big story—but would it hold? If they broke it in an early edition, say, the one going to cities in western Japan, then the *Asahi* and the



Mainichi, their two rivals, would pirate the story and run it in tomorrow's Tokyo editions. It was a touch-and-go decision for the *Yomiuri.* The editor decided to hold for the ninth edition and gamble on a real scoop.

Successive editions of the *Yomiuri* rolled off the presses without a mention of the *Lucky Dragon.* Each rival edition of the *Asahi* and the *Mainichi* was rushed to the *Yomiuri* office as fast as it could be snatched up. Each time a new edition hit the desk, the editor and his staff breathed a sigh of relief. Their big story was still safe.

On the morning of Tuesday, March 16, when rival papers could no longer change their morning editions, the *Yomiuri* spread its headline across the front page:

JAPANESE FISHERMEN ENCOUNTERED ATOMIC BOMB TEST AT BIKINI

23 Men Suffering From Atomic Disease
One Diagnosed Serious by Tokyo
University Hospital

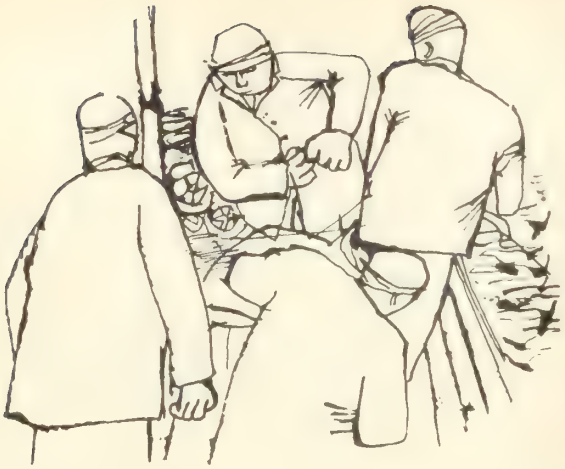
H-BOMB?

The story was out at last.

The morning of March 16, some of the seamen from the *Lucky Dragon* knocked off from their chores aboard ship and sauntered down the pier for a walk. They observed a small crowd of people gathered around an electric lamp pole, reading a newspaper tacked up on it. Edging in closer the crewmen from the *Lucky Dragon* were surprised to see that they were in the headlines. They had no idea that what happened to them on March 1 would be of such significance.

If they had any doubts these were soon settled by the swarm of reporters, photographers, television cameramen, and their assistants who descended upon the pier. The decks of the *Lucky Dragon* were soon crowded to overflowing.

The first scientist to arrive at the scene was



Professor Takanobu Shiokawa from Shizuoka. He had been at his laboratory that morning in the Chemistry Department of the University of Shizuoka when he received a call from the Prefectural Sanitary Division. He was given a few brief details, supplementing those he had read in the newspaper, and was asked to go to Yaizu and check for radioactivity.

Although the University of Shizuoka is not very pretentious, it does have a well-staffed science department equipped with modern devices for the measurement of radioactivity. Dr. Shiokawa and his assistant hurriedly gathered up some radiation meters and other instruments and then, together with a high prefectural official, they drove over the winding road to Yaizu. After meeting with city officials they drove directly to the hospital and consulted with Dr. Ooi. Two crewmen from the *Lucky Dragon* were already at the hospital and, at Dr. Ooi's request, the scientist inspected the men for traces of radioactivity.

Dr. Shiokawa flipped the "ON" switch of the Geiger counter and waited for a moment for the instrument to warm up. When it was operating properly, Dr. Shiokawa brought it near one of the crewmen. The instrument dial wavered as he brought the counter closer to the sailor, who by this time had taken a close interest in what was going on. Being so slight in stature, the professor stood on tiptoe and brought the counter near the crewman's head. The needle swung over toward the end of the scale! The man was radioactive!

If the men themselves were radioactive, what must the boat be like? Hurrying to the dock, the survey party found the *Lucky Dragon* tied up with fishing boats moored on either side. It was crawling with newsmen, photographing the boat and the crew from every angle. Small clusters of reporters crowded around members of the crew, seeking additional news angles. There was a great hubbub, added to by the din and commotion of carpenters who were making some repairs. When they were still a hundred feet from the boat, Dr. Shiokawa's sensitive Geiger counter started clicking at an accelerated beat. The *Lucky Dragon* was indeed radioactive!

Before going aboard, Dr. Shiokawa carefully checked a little instrument about the size of a fountain pen. It was a pocket meter for adding up the amount of radiation he would receive aboard the boat. Then he climbed aboard, wedging his slender body between the massed humanity on deck. He was astonished at the way the survey instrument needle flipped over to the far side of the scale. Never before had he encountered radioactivity like this.

The technical measurement of radiation involves a considerable knowledge of physics, but it can be understood quite easily on a comparative scale. We can set up a yardstick, putting at the top the amount of radiation (in number of roentgens) required to produce death in an individual, if exposed all over the body. In general, the death range is from 300 to 700 roentgens, although most people would average out in the 400 to 500 bracket. The least amount of radiation which produces an immediately detectable effect in the human body is about 25 roentgens.

It should be emphasized that these figures are for total doses. The readings which Dr. Shiokawa recorded on the decks of the *Lucky Dragon* were of the dose rate—that is, the amount of radiation per hour. As he walked around the crowded decks, he found that the main deck gave a reading of about 25 milliroentgens per hour. Working forward to the prow of the ship, he found it was half that value and, picking his way to the stern, he observed it was several times more radioactive. He ducked into the rear crew compartment, and found that holding the Geiger counter up to the ceiling gave a reading of one-tenth roentgen per hour. Lowering it down to the bunk, he noted that the needle dropped down on the scale and went lower as he shifted the instrument to the lower bunk. It was obvious that the main source of the radioactivity was coming from above, so he climbed up on the roof of the crew space and found that the instrument gave a considerably higher reading. Coils of rope and buoys were stacked on the roof and the scientist soon discovered that these were extremely radioactive. All during their long voyage home the men in the after cabin had been sleeping under an intense source of radiation.

The news that they were radioactive hit the seamen slowly. True, they were horrified when the Geiger counters spluttered and the instruments' needles flipped across the scale. Looking at the scientists and seeing their surprise, the crewmen knew that something most unusual was happening. But it was as though they had been told they had a rare and strange disease; they did not really react until others around them reacted.

An official of the Shizuoka Prefecture told some of the crewmen: "As a result of investigations with the Geiger counter, we find that your hair, nails, and the hull of the ship have a considerable amount of radiation. If left alone as it is, it will surely kill you. We are of the opinion that you should pack your clothes and have them sent to the Prefecture. We are also of the opinion that you should leave the ship." Five of the crewmen agreed to spend the night at the hospital.

Kuboyama, for example, took the news rather stoically. He went back to work on his radio equipment still under the conviction that the ship would put out on a new voyage soon. That night, when he went home and told his wife about the radioactivity, she looked at him blankly as though she had not heard a word he said. Then he mentioned the A-bomb and Hiroshima. She burst into tears and clung to him. The radioman tried to comfort her. "Don't worry, darling, it will take more time to see the results. You go to bed and sleep. We are going to the Yaizu North Hospital tomorrow."

The three children were already asleep. His wife obediently went to bed and Kuboyama stayed up for a while wondering what was in store for him. Later he was to write: "From this day on, unhappiness of our family began."

THE CRISIS MOUNTS

YAIZU was not the only Japanese city to become excited about radioactivity. At the huge industrial center of Osaka, Yashushi Nishiwaki, a young biophysics professor at the city university who had read about the *Lucky Dragon* in *Yomiuri*, called the city health office to see if any fish from Yaizu had been shipped there. Soon he was summoned to the Osaka central market where he found a tuna, to his astonishment, that rattled his Geiger counter at 60,000 counts per minute. City officials, discovering from the scales and paper wrappings that contaminated fish had already been eaten by about a hundred people, pleaded with him for advice. Fear swept through the city when the evening papers carried the story. The reaction was immediate and drastic—people stopped buying fish.

The problem for the young biophysicist was similar to that of the Tokyo doctors who were examining Masuda and Yamamoto. They could not tell how badly the men had been hurt, and Nishiwaki could not set a level of "permissible" contamination for fish, without knowing how strong the source of original radiation had been. Even after he had made a trip to Yaizu to inspect the ship and its crew he knew days would pass before his analysis of the ash would be completed. Nishiwaki therefore took the time to write an open letter to the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, asking that Japanese scientists be told what elements had been in the H-bomb. He gave it to the representative of an American press service, thinking that would be the fastest way to reach the United States.

But the letter was never transmitted. It was blocked by the chief of the wire service's Tokyo bureau. Later Nishiwaki learned that the decision had been made on the grounds that he was "an alarmist who was obviously seeking publicity." When the scientist sought out the bureau chief later that year he was dismayed to find that the latter had not changed his mind. The man told him that he had friends in the AEC who had assured him the fish were not contaminated. Pointing to his wrist-watch radium dial, he said Nishiwaki probably thought that was dangerous too. This attitude on the part of some Americans puzzled and irritated and eventually alienated Japanese scientists and laymen alike. The incident marked the beginning of a wide and unnecessary rift between the two nations.

The doctors who were treating Masuda and Yamamoto in Tokyo, and a team from the same hospital that had now examined the men in Yaizu were also fighting against time to learn the contents of the ash. In handling victims of radiation, they could draw on the wealth of medical information gained by a systematic study of the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This had been carried out by the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, a co-operative research facility that had been established at Hiroshima, where thousands of individuals had been carefully examined and re-examined. But what confused the situation now was the presence of residual radioactivity. Even after haircuts, nail-clippings, and a thorough scrubbing, the fishermen retained some radioactivity on their skin. This was something with which the Japanese doctors had no practical experience,

and they were in the dark about how deep-seated the injury to the men might be.

Officials of the University of Tokyo had requested assistance from the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission and in response, Dr. John Morton, its white-haired director, arrived in Tokyo on March 18. He visited the two patients, Masuda and Yamamoto, at the university hospital and discussed their condition with the attending physicians. He assured the Japanese doctors that the United States would be ready to assist and offered to have antibiotics delivered to the hospital. Before leaving for Yaizu, Dr. Morton stated that he had found the fishermen "in better shape than I had expected" and that the twenty-three fishermen would recover "in two or three weeks, a month at most."

It was at this time that Senator John Pastore of Rhode Island passed through Tokyo on a brief visit and presumably was briefed by authorities there on the condition of the *Lucky Dragon* crew. Senator Pastore, a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, returned to the United States and gave an interview to the press in which he made very optimistic statements about the fishermen's recovery. This was but one of a series of semi-official opinions voiced in America which aggravated the delicate relations between Americans and Japanese in Japan.

News from America continued to be featured in the Japanese press. For the first time semi-official information about the huge explosion came out into the open. Representative James Van Zandt, a Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania and a member of the Joint Committee, stated that the March 1 H-bomb explosion had equaled the blast of twelve to fourteen million tons of TNT. The new Bikini bomb was of incredible destructiveness. No wonder, then, that leading Japanese newspapers ran editorials urging that the danger area around the Eniwetok Proving Grounds be enlarged; and the U. S. government promptly issued a notice doing precisely this. The new danger area encompassed about 400,000 square miles of territory, or roughly eight times the area formed by the previously designated zone.

On March 19 the Maritime Safety Board in Japan announced the new limits. All boats fishing in this area, or taking passage through it, were required to put in at five designated ports and be inspected for radioactivity. The ports specified were Shiogama, Shimizu on the island of Shikoku, Yaizu, Tokyo, and Misaki, the great tuna center near Tokyo.

Establishing the official inspection stations was a step which the Japanese government took to stem the rising hysteria over the contamination of the fish supply. There was no doubt that something drastic had to be done to assure the Japanese people that they were not being poisoned. Fish-dealers were having a hard time convincing customers that their wares were not radioactive. Some shops displayed posters reading: "WE DO NOT SELL RADIOACTIVE FISH," but wary purchasers shied away. The great port of Misaki found itself with warehouses bulging with 750 tons of tuna.

The Misaki market was closed on March 19, precipitating a panic among the fish dealers. The hysteria spread to nearby Yokohama and then to Tokyo itself. The great Tokyo Central Wholesale Market closed for the first time since the cholera epidemic of 1935. Driven to desperation, some merchants circulated handbills, even renting helicopters to drop them from the sky: "EAT MISAKI TUNA AND KEEP AWAY FROM RADIATION DANGER."

None of these measures worked very well. When it became known that fish had been banned from the Emperor's diet, people became even more worried. Prices plummeted to still lower depths and some fish dealers were forced into bankruptcy.

IS IT AMERICA'S FAULT?

PUBLIC resentment over the Bikini accident spread throughout Japan and newspapers ran editorials highly critical of the United States. They criticized Dr. Morton for failing to treat the Yaizu fishermen (despite the illegality of such treatment by an American doctor). They expressed fear that the patients would be used as "guinea pigs," and they demanded reparation for the damages incurred. Ambassador John M. Allison sought to take some of the sting out of the criticisms by issuing a press release on March 19, in which he said that he was "authorized to make clear that the U. S. is prepared to take such steps as may be necessary to insure fair and just compensation if the facts so warrant."

If the facts so warrant: what did this mean? Was it merely diplomatic pussyfooting? Or did it mean that there was doubt about the injuries?

A U. S. Congressman, Melvin Price from Illinois, commented that the presence of the Japanese fishing boat so close to the blast indicated that a Soviet submarine could have come even closer. At this point, Representative W. Sterling Cole, chairman of the Joint Atomic Committee, was interpreted in the Japanese press as sug-

gesting that the *Lucky Dragon* may have been on a spying mission. This suggestion infuriated the Japanese.

Meanwhile Mr. Merrill Eisenbud, director of the AEC's Health and Safety Laboratory, had arrived at Tokyo's Haneda Airport and been whisked away in an Embassy sedan before correspondents could question him. Eisenbud was making a hurried flight to Japan in order to check on the levels of radioactivity and to see what assistance his laboratory could render for the crewmen. A short time later this American expert on fall-out flew to Yaizu and lugged an armful of instruments aboard the *Lucky Dragon*. The jaunty AEC expert disdained gloves, mask, or protective clothing and rather horrified some of the Japanese scientists by his nonchalance. At the hospital Eisenbud was given a cool reception by the Japanese doctors, who made a point of emphasizing that he had neither a Ph.D. nor an M.D. degree. It was quite evident that a distinct note of hostility had arisen between the Americans and Japanese.

The condition of the fishermen was still obscured by uncertainty about the actual dose of radiation they had received. When Dr. Morton made his optimistic prediction, he had examined only two of the fishermen and he could not have received any reliable estimate of the dose. Furthermore, there was no precedent in medical science for evaluating the impact of radiation which penetrated the whole body, and at the time there was no estimate of the amount of radioactive material which the men might have swallowed or breathed in.

At Yaizu the fishermen were undergoing many new experiences. Few of them had ever been to a hospital in their lives, so many routine medical procedures made a deep impression upon them. Misaki, the wheelman, given a blood transfusion, was overwhelmed by the sight of so much blood. He thought: If I need so much blood, then my life will not last very long.

Hearing the many fearful stories about the effects of radioactivity, the crewmen became so worried about what might happen to them that they asked the doctors to stay in the room with them at night. The doctors also talked over with them the advisability of transferring to the Tokyo hospitals, where there would be better facilities. This proposal met with a mixed reaction. Some of the crew were willing to go to Tokyo, others were afraid. The thought of being transported in a U. S. military plane terrified the few who had heard wild rumors that they would be flown away to some military base.



Presumably, the big factor in finally persuading them to transfer to Tokyo was the general decline in their physical condition. Initially, blood counts did not show a very abnormal white cell count, but this changed gradually and kept slipping lower during the second week at Yaizu. Then, too, loss of hair was noted in almost all the crewmen. The sailors realized that they were not going to be released from the hospital very soon and they finally agreed to go to Tokyo.

A big C-54 military air transport was flown to Shizuoka and friends of the fishermen gathered at the airport to see them off. Some of the well-wishers could scarcely conceal their fear that their friends would be flown to a U. S. possession and never return.

For most of the crewmen it was their first plane ride. Kuboyama was much interested in the trip and struck up an acquaintance with one of the American officers aboard, who told him: "It is America's great fault that you are all like this," adding "*Gomen-na-sai.* [Please forgive us.]" Kuboyama said that he would be glad to hear such words of sympathy even if they were not the truth. He felt that the United States, as the victor in the last war, might well take the view that the Japanese were a beaten nation, and say, "How dare you make so much noise about being guinea pigs for one or two H-bombs!"

[*The final installment of "The Voyage of the* Lucky Dragon" *will appear next month.*]

Charles B. Seib and Alan L. Otten

the Case of the FURIOUS CHILDREN

At the National Institutes of Health Center in Bethesda, six boys with records of juvenile violence are serving as subjects for one of the most exhaustive studies of human behavior ever attempted.

THE "acting-out" child, to use the psychiatrists' term, is an island of wild emotion in a hostile world. He has no controls, no sense of the future. Every impulse, however fantastic, must be gratified immediately and violently. Although he has not yet crossed the border into schizophrenia or some other serious psychosis, he is profoundly disturbed. Two dark roads stretch before him—disastrous mental illness or delinquency blending into adult crime.

Trying to handle an acting-out child is like trying to handle a lit string of firecrackers. The question is not whether there will be an explosion, but when and how often. To have to care for a group of such children—let alone help or study them—is a terrifying prospect. Yet for nearly four years, six of these youngsters, assembled by the federal government, have been the subjects of one of the most exhaustive investigations of human behavior ever attempted.

The boys were selected on the basis of the consistent ferocity of their behavior, as documented in the records of courts, schools, and social agencies. Though they were only eight to ten years old at the time they became charges of the government, their case histories were long and strikingly similar: classroom difficulties ranging from inability to learn to violent tantrums, truancy, stealing, fire-setting, assaults—often fiendish in their ingenuity—on other children, sexual misbehavior, and so on. Most of the boys came from broken homes and had been given up as hopeless by relatives, teachers, and others who tried to live with them.

In the spring of 1954 they were brought to a locked ward in the National Institutes of Health Clinical Center in Bethesda, Maryland, just outside of Washington, where a huge staff of psychiatrists, therapists, teachers, counselors, and nurses was waiting for them. There they slowly learned the meaning of love, compassion, acceptance, and self-control. And there, from the moment of their arrival, their actions, reactions, words—every observable element of their existence—were exhaustively recorded. While they played, studied, ate, underwent treatment, even as they slept, the documentation piled up at the rate of a good-sized novel every two weeks. It is still going on, and when completed it will constitute one of the most complete records ever compiled on the lives, conscious and unconscious, of a group of human beings.

When this great mass of information is analyzed and interpreted, society will have valuable new knowledge about the behavior of all children—normal as well as disturbed. For parents and professionals there will be new insights to the control and channeling of childhood aggressions, detecting and handling the first signs of juvenile delinquency, providing the surroundings likely to bring the child's happiest development.

And for the boys, who are unknowingly supplying all this information, there is every hope that eventually they will be able to take their places in society.

Guiding genius of the project is Vienna-born Dr. Fritz Redl, who has spent most of his fifty-five years working with disturbed children. A man of deep compassion and boundless enthusiasm, he is half of a unique partnership in which the government provides the facilities and the money—unofficially estimated at $250,000 a year

or more—and he provides the know-how, the leadership, and—on occasion—the daring.

Redl laid the groundwork for the present project in "Pioneer House," a group therapy home for wayward boys he operated in Detroit some ten years ago. However, shortages of money, staff, and facilities kept that project and the others he has conducted in Austria and this country from approaching the scope of today's operation.

Dr. Redl came to NIH in August 1953, when federal officials decided that the new, 500-bed Clinical Center should include a project on the mental health of children in its research program. They invited him, as a visiting scientist, to fill the gap, and he immediately set about devising the project which would permit him to explore under highly controlled conditions some of the pathways he had glimpsed at Pioneer House. In 1955, he formally entered government service and his present title is Chief of the Child Research Branch of the National Institute of Mental Health.

THE WALLED CAMP

WHEN the six acting-out boys arrived at the Center, half of the fourth floor had been converted into a sort of tile-walled boys' camp.

The setup had been given a thorough testing. First, several groups of normal youngsters recruited in the neighborhood spent two-week "vacations" in the ward. Their reactions provided essential information on whether the arrangement—admittedly less than ideal—was satisfactory for child living. Also, during their stays the staff worked into its complicated twenty-four-hour routine and obtained some valuable information on how normal children responded to situations in which the eventual long-term residents would find themselves. Reassuringly, some of the visitors objected strenuously to leaving when their two-week terms were up.

They were followed by two groups of boys with emotional disturbances similar to those of the boys selected for the long-term project. Each of these groups stayed for some months, serving as the basis for a number of short-term research projects. When the six youngsters now in the project were brought in, the decision was that they would be kept until they no longer needed residential treatment.

The six boys were tense, tough, suspicious. Two were Negroes; the rest white. All were physically fit and had normal or better IQs. Although they had been recruited through court and welfare agencies, they came with the permission of whatever family they had, and with the understanding that they would stay until they were well.

The staff assembled to care for and study them at times numbered as high as forty, and its make-up varied according to the boys' needs and the individual research projects being carried on within the major project. Typically, there was Redl, the director; a ward psychiatrist, two consulting psychiatrists, and perhaps a research psychiatrist; three psychotherapists; one half-time and two full-time teachers; an occupational therapist, a group worker, a case worker, and fifteen to twenty counselors, nurses, and aides. Because the project was unique, Dr. Redl from the start conducted a busy program of staff seminars and conferences and issued a steady stream of multigraphed instructions, hints, caveats, admonitions, and accolades.

Much of his instruction, especially in the early days, concerned the difficult task of giving the affection the boys sorely needed but rejected with fierce determination. This could not be sentimental or all-permissive; such an approach would have been hopeless and accepted by the boys only as a means of taking over. Instead, the line was: "We're on your side even when you do things we don't like. We're not going to let you hurt us or yourselves, but we're not going to hold your actions against you either. You don't have to perform to a standard or make promises here."

For the acting-out boys this was something new. Always before in their experience love and affection had been offered only at the price of improved performance—the kept promise to "never do it again." And they knew from bitter experience that they could not pay that price. So it was a long, painful process to provide the base of confidence between staff and boys from which the boys could build what Redl calls the "controls from within," controls that would leash their rampant aggression.

One of the basic problems was how to cope with the terrible tantrums to which acting-out children are given. These are not the brief fits of anger and heel-kicking seen in normal children. They are prolonged—sometimes for an hour or more—and of unmitigated violence. The only limiting factors are the physical strength of the child and his ability to express hatred.

The staff developed a technique of holding a boy during a tantrum—pinning his arms, keeping

his feet under control, and staying out of range of his teeth—that avoided as far as possible the impression that he was being disciplined. During the holding, he was constantly told that this was done only so he wouldn't hurt somebody and that he'd be feeling better soon.

Nevertheless, the boys sometimes managed to get in a good nip or kick, and more than one counselor made a trip to the Center's first-aid room. Violence flared among the boys themselves, too, and there was a complex interplay among the six personalities—some leading, some goading, some serving as fall guys—that provided valuable material for the record.

Early reports contain such entries as these: "Richard became furious with Sam, and attacked him murderously." "He spit in my [a counselor's] face." "He began wildly destroying things in the classroom." Through it all ran an obbligato of vile language, at which the boys were proficient. There were even a few fires set.

Two things made the task of living with all this bearable: the reassuring presence of Dr. Redl, with his vast background of information on juvenile misbehavior and inexhaustible flow of ideas; and the growth of a deep interest in—and even a devotion to—the boys themselves that developed in the staff. The attachment to these seemingly unlovable youngsters became so strong that staff tensions developed over care and treatment techniques. For example, a counselor might complain that the fact that the psychotherapist permitted a boy to cheat in a play-therapy session interfered with his, the counselor's, efforts to bring a semblance of order and fair play to card games.

It was Redl who resolved the conflicts, sometimes with an all-pull-together pitch, sometimes with a reminder that "after all, this is the mess we threw ourselves into because that is the only way to arrive at workable answers."

As the first year ran into the second the boys began to be concerned over the possibility that in their rages they might hurt someone. A boy about to start a session with a woman psychotherapist might suggest, "I think a counselor ought to come with me today," if he felt there was any danger that he would lose control and injure the therapist.

"These boys need a certain amount of adult control and want it," Dr. Redl explains. "The secret, of course, and one of the purposes of this whole project, is to determine the proper balance."

Meanwhile, from therapists and teachers came the detailed, interpretive reports on the results of their daily individual sessions with the youngsters. Counselors, nurses, and aides provided other logs. Teams of researchers observed the boys through one-way glass windows in the schoolrooms and shops. Radio transmitters, linked to recording equipment in an office, captured on-the-spot observations.

These notes, carefully guarded from publication, frequently read like good fiction, partially, at least, because of Redl's advice to his staff: "Describe what happened," he told them. "Say 'Johnny got mad, his face got all puckered up, and he picked up a piece of clay with a threatening gesture toward me, but finally put it down and didn't throw it.' Don't say, 'Johnny had a sudden outburst of aggression but controlled same,' or 'Johnny seems to suffer from hyper-aggressive drives.'"

WHILE THE IRON IS HOT

ONE of the most interesting treatment techniques developed by Dr. Redl is the "life-space interview," which supplements more orthodox play-therapy sessions. In conventional psychotherapy, therapist and child meet in a private room where the therapist plays and talks with the child, watching for opportunities to explore incidents from the past which may be contributing to current difficulties. Ideally, the child will transfer past feelings and attitudes to the therapist, thus working them into the open where, with the help of the therapist, they can be faced. In practice, however, a child frequently refuses even to enter the treatment room.

The life-space interview, by contrast, is a fluid technique. It occurs at the moment the child has difficulty—when he gets into a fight, when he throws a book in the classroom. The idea is to catch him when he's "hot" and able to talk freely about what he feels. The person who talks to him may be a therapist who happens to be present at the moment or some other staff member trained in the life-space technique.

Here is an example of such an interview, read recently to a psychiatric symposium by group worker Joel J. Vernick:

> Albert [the name is fictitious] was in his room being held by two counselors as a result of being extremely upset on the ward. I entered and said I would stay with him now. When he was released he struck at a counselor. I stepped in and held him and he attempted to bite and kick me.
>
> I said softly that I would let him go when he settled down. He demanded repeatedly

that I let him go. However, his tone of voice indicated he was not ready for this. He gave me one good solid kick, and I said I didn't want to be kicked and would have to hold him on the floor until he could calm down. When I had him on the floor, he repeated the demand for me to let go. When he quieted down a little, I let him go. He got up and I acted surprised that he was angry with me, referring to how I had just come into the room and had nothing to do with what happened before. He ceased his efforts to attack me physically. He now stalked about the room looking for something to throw at me. I noticed there was much debris on the floor, and bending down I said I would help him clean up.

As I started to pick up things he threw a basket at me which hit me a glancing blow, but this was a token throwing and was part of his cooling-down process. He now seemed more in control of his actions and had been able to achieve some awareness that he was not angry with me. He next tapped me lightly on the head with a nail protruding from a board. I slowly arose and without saying anything took it away from him. He did not resist.

All during this time I was wondering out loud what was bothering him, why he threw things and hit me when he wasn't even angry with me. I also asked him about the ownership of things I picked up so that I could put them on the right dresser. When everything was cleared from the floor, I suggested that we play cards if he had a deck. I referred to the last time when he beat me at cards. He said nothing, sat on his bed, head down, silent, looking depressed. After several seconds of silence, I commented that something must be bothering him and I wondered what it was.

He said somewhat tauntingly that he had a knife hidden and nobody would get it. I raised my eyebrows, and said, "Holy smokes, if you have a knife it doesn't do you any good if you have to keep it hidden all the time." I went on to state the ward policy about knives, saying he could use a knife in the shop. He said he was referring to a table knife and that he had tricked me because he didn't have a pocket knife. I made no reply to this and went on talking about it being a pocket knife. He said derisively we wouldn't allow him to use it in the shop. I smiled and reassured him that we would.

He then told me to leave the room so he could get it out of its hiding place, and I complied. I returned when he called, and he was brandishing a pocket knife, blade open. I didn't look at Albert as I entered, but only at the knife. I made the remark that it was a nice-looking knife and at the same time I reached out my hand for it. He immediately handed it to me. After several minutes of looking and talking about it, I said there was time for us to go to the shop and use it now.

I then referred back to his brandishing the knife at me earlier and commented that this was not the correct use of it. On the way to the shop I referred to the rule that a knife must be closed in transit. He immediately closed it. In the shop he started to whittle. I involved myself in this activity as a friend of the knife. We spent some time whittling. When lunchtime was near, I suggested that we return to the ward. He readily complied. I then offered to take him to the nurse's station to show him where the knife was to be kept. He tossed me the knife, said I could put it away, and he went to lunch.

ROUND THE CLOCK

SCHOOL was a serious problem. The boys came with deep-rooted learning difficulties, and some slipped back further after their arrival. One youngster who was supposed to be third-grade level insisted on sitting on the floor and playing with blocks like a five-year-old.

The boys automatically rejected any overt attempt to teach them, and they were shrewd in detecting covert attempts. During a time when they had a stamp-collecting bug, a teacher tried to get some geography across by using a map to which stamps had been attached. The boys could win the stamps by naming the countries on which they appeared. It worked briefly, until one of the boys caught on. "This is just a way to get us to learn," he announced, and that ended it.

Life in the Clinical Center ward resembled a cross between a summer camp and a small, progressive private school. The days began at 7:00 A.M. when radio music was played over the intercoms that had kept a quiet watch on the boys' bedrooms during the night. Breakfast was preceded by a council meeting at which the boys participated in charting the day's activities—should they go swimming or skating after school, etc. After breakfast came the morning school session—at first with individual instruction; later three to a classroom.

School was followed by lunch, a rest period in their rooms with games, and a short school session. The rest of the afternoon was for play or a special project. Some time during each day, according to a set schedule, each boy had an hour's individual play therapy with one of the

three psychotherapists. Around 5:00 P.M., the boys went to their rooms to prepare for supper at 5:30. Then came games in the playroom or television in the lounge. At 8:30, showers, an evening snack, and bed.

Everything possible was done to temper the institutional setting. The boys had a big fenced playground on the Center's grounds. There were cook-outs, camping trips, swimming at the Washington "Y," visits to a drugstore whose proprietor was interested in the project. Sometimes the boys were taken to a public playground; they even went trick-or-treating on Hallowe'en after arrangements had been made with the selected people in the neighborhood. All trips were, of course, chaperoned—at first by six counselors, later by just one or two. Occasionally, some of the normal youngsters who had tested the ward visited the boys and some rather guarded friendships developed.

HALFWAY HOUSE

WITH the growth of the boys' self-control, the hospital setting became more and more unsatisfactory. Despite all the outside activities home base was still a hospital ward, with the hospital smell always faintly in the air; any excursion had to be carefully planned; and solitude, a precious childhood necessity, was hard to come by. Once during a picnic a boy disappeared. A staff member finally found him sitting on the bank of a brook, gazing at the water. Asked if anything was troubling him, he replied dreamily: "No, it's just so quiet and wonderful here."

A residence was obviously the answer, so a rambling, modern piece of upper-class suburbia was built on the NIH grounds. In government records it is Building T-4, a temporary structure despite its $100,000 price tag. Redl has come to call it "Halfway House" because he feels that in moving from the locked ward to this open, homelike setting, the boys are roughly halfway to the outside world.

In addition to meeting the present needs of the boys, Redl believes that "'Halfway House" will provide valuable research on the proper ingredients for the successful transfer of a child from an institution to life outside.

"One of the reasons kids come back to institutions," he says, "may well be the suddenness of the switch from the institutional life to the strains of life at home or in a foster home. If a satisfactory in-between setting can be devised, many kids may avoid those return trips."

When the boys first learned of the plans to give them a house—with no locked doors or high fences—they were uneasy. "But won't we run away?" one asked. Actually, Dr. Redl sees runaway attempts as a natural—even necessary—step toward getting back to normal life. "That's the way they'll learn the consequences of their acts," he says. "We don't want to make them into good hospital patients. They need the reactions of other people now—people who will not take a clinical attitude toward their misdeeds." He did, however, introduce the boys to the police so that if they should run away their return would be quick and easy. So far there have been no runaway attempts. The boys seem thoroughly satisfied with their paneled living-room with fireplace, big play-room and kitchen where the refrigerator can be raided for Cokes and snacks. There is a dog to play with; grass and trees just outside.

The boys are also becoming members of the community. Though they still visit the Clinical Center for therapy sessions, they are attending public schools of Montgomery County. They hope to join the Boy Scouts, and they can and do entertain their friends in their home.

The staff, too, has been reorganized. There is a house mother, who lives with the boys; a residence director; an assistant director; and a program director. The corps of nurses, counselors, teachers, and researchers has been cut to eleven.

Redl is walking a tightrope in setting the atmosphere of the residence. He wants it to be homelike, and it is. On the other hand, he doesn't want the boys to get the idea that this air-conditioned well-staffed establishment is the kind of house they can expect to live in when they go into the outside world.

Meanwhile, back at the Center, Dr. Redl is branching out. When the boys moved to Halfway House, they were replaced by a group of children of nursery-school age, who stayed six weeks as part of a special research project. Next came a group of acting-out boys between seven-and-a-half and eight-and-a-half, slanted more directly toward schizophrenia than their predecessors. Eventually, there will be another long-term project.

WHAT IT WILL PROVE

DR. REDL expects that within the next year or two published material based on the project's findings will begin to come out, and he hopes that then the life-space interview technique may become a standard tool for people

who work with children. He also hopes that the data will provide a set of new guides to measure improvement in the behavior of disturbed children. Too often, he says, adults mistake "surface improvement" for the real thing, or regard "temporary disorganized behavior" as a basic disturbance rather than a possible mask for improvement.

It is possible, Redl believes, that the project will eventually produce a handbook for the care of hyper-aggressive children, and attack such questions as these:

(1) Just how much aggressiveness does a child need in order to meet today's demands? It's possible—even easy—to kill aggressiveness entirely, according to Redl, but this merely leaves the child unable to fend for himself. The problem is to retain just the right amount.

(2) How can hyper-aggressive children be led to work out some of their aggression through fantasies, daydreams, arts and crafts, instead of having to act them out "for real"?

(3) What happens to adults in their relationships with aggressive and hyper-aggressive children? How do you select the adults who are best suited for work in this field?

(4) What is the nature of group excitement, the sort of thing that can be seen at almost any child's birthday party and, in greatly magnified form, in a group of acting-out children?

Dr. Redl further hopes to extract from the project a great deal of specific information on one of his favorite subjects—controls. "It isn't true," he says, "that we want all life controlled from within. We get a compulsive character that way. We all need a certain amount of outside controls—we obey the speed laws better if we know a cop is on the highway." But which outside controls will work with children and which won't? How do you develop the proper balance of outside and inside controls? What amounts of each are needed at different ages?

Yardsticks in still another area—the relationship between a child's environment and his mental health—may also be extracted from the records. "We must come to grips with the ingredients in the child's environment so we can see what is wrong and what to do about it," Dr. Redl asserts.

Other areas in which he expects the project's files to be helpful are the development of guide lines on how regular school procedures can minimize emotional disturbances, a set of standards for the operation of treatment homes for disturbed children, and a whole pharmacopoeia of games and projects to use in teaching and entertaining both normal and disturbed children.

Can information with such broad application come from the observations on just six children? Dr. Redl and his associates think it can. The intensity and accuracy of the observation are the important factors, they say.

"Freud based his conclusions on a comparatively few cases," points out one of the researchers, "and we all know how much universality they had." Dr. Redl says that "while our work here concerns hyper-aggressive children and the results will apply most directly to them, many of our conclusions will also have broad general applications."

In a year or perhaps a year and a half, the six boys of the Redl project will be ready to go into the outside world, most of them to foster homes. But their progress will be followed for an indefinite time after that.

No one minimizes the difficulties still ahead of them. They will probably be "different" in many respects throughout their lives; it is hard to expect otherwise for children who have had their experiences. But Dr. Redl feels they have a reasonable chance of happy and productive lives.

When they leave his orbit, their backgrounds will still be with them. But they will know much that they didn't know when they came to NIH—that they, too, can love and be loved; that they can find gratification and release in normal activities; that there is a tenable middle ground between the demands of their impulses and the limitations imposed by life, and that in that middle ground they can be happy. These are things they would not have learned in the reformatories, prisons, and asylums to which they would almost certainly have been doomed had they not been brought to the Clinical Center.

SONG

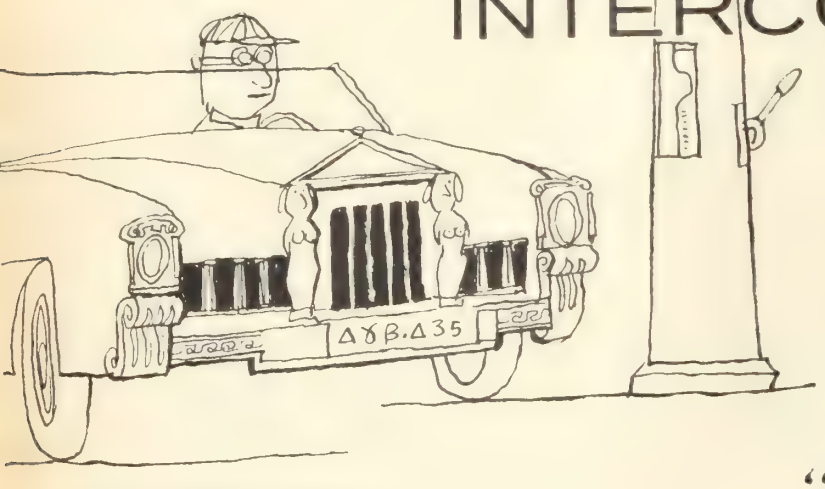
EMILIE BIX BUCHWALD

COLD I walk and cold I wander,
Wintering the lifetime out.
Owl and weasel watch the warren
Where I whimper winter doubt.
They are sure as frost and biding,
Silent as the winter pause.
Naked, I can only envy
The old camouflage for claws.

Harper's presents the new 1958

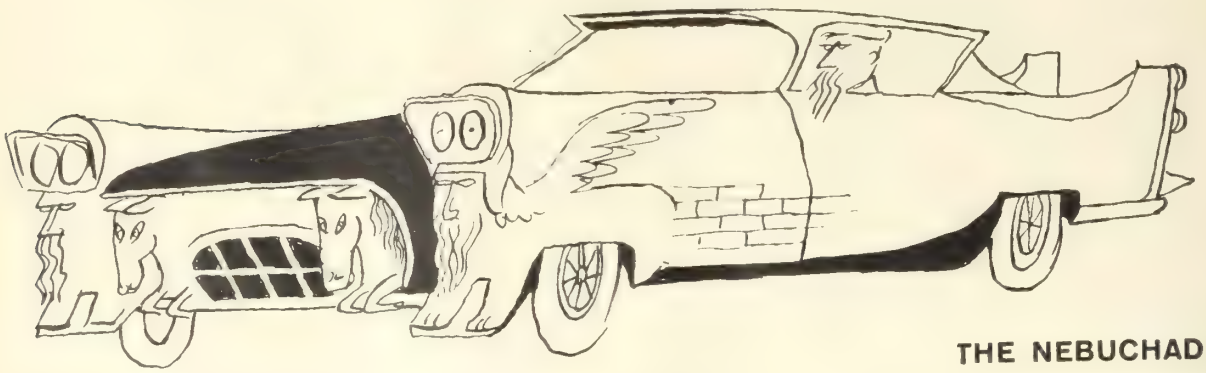
INTERCONTINENTAL

Designed by Tomi Ungerer
in six models, all classics.

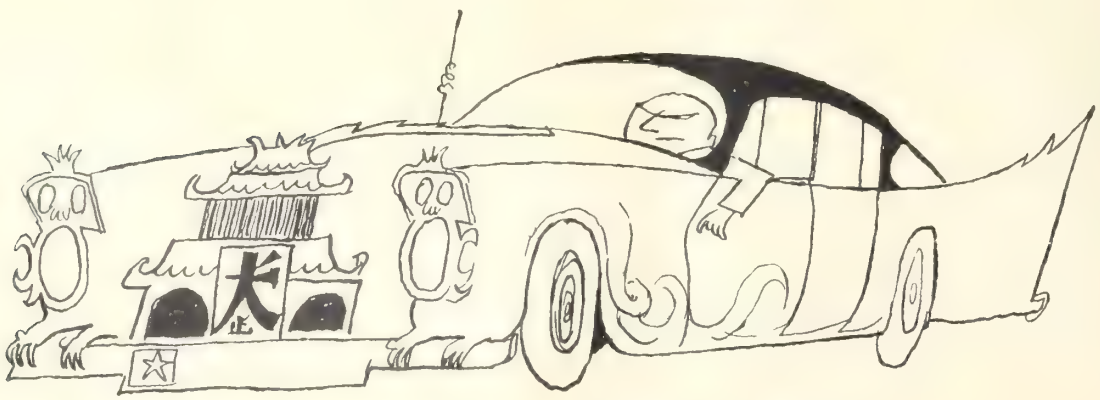


THE PARTHENON

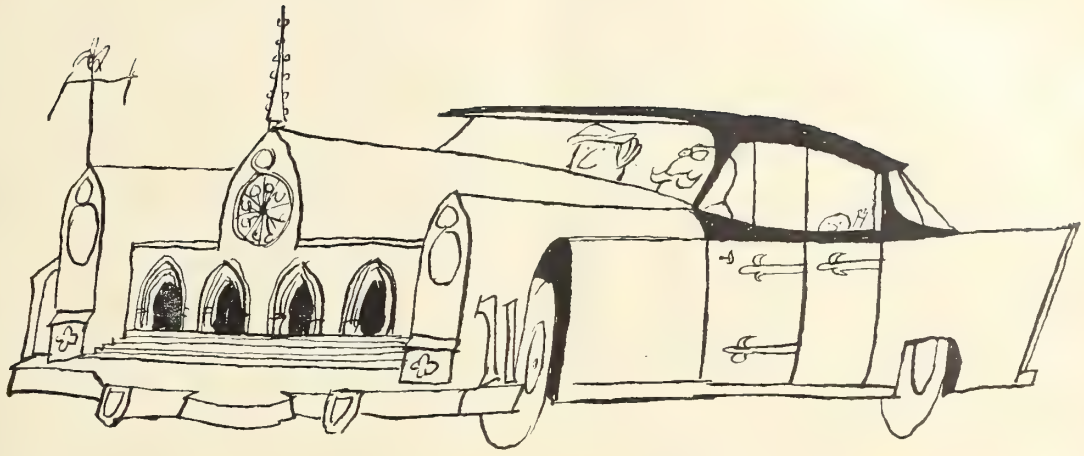
"the newest thing on earth



THE NEBUCHADNEZZAR

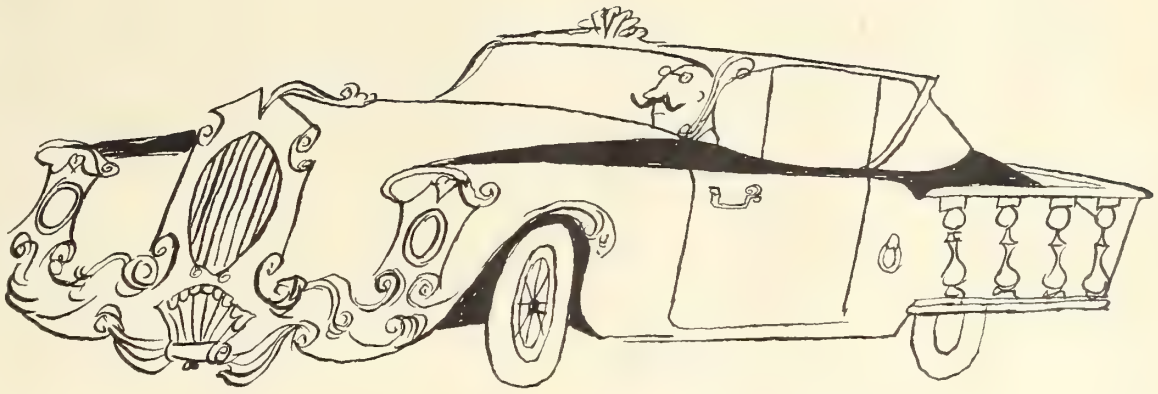


THE CHOW MEIN



THE NOTRE DAME

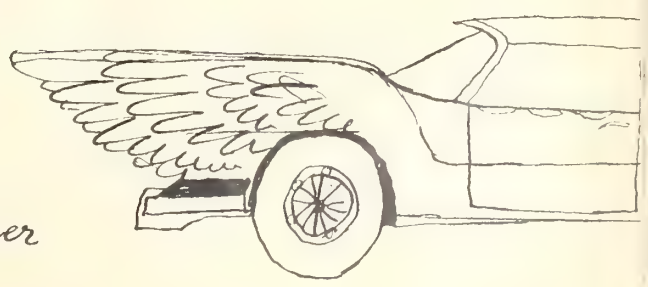
. anyway"



THE CARTOUCHE

"If you can't make friends
with an Intercontinental,
you can't make friends."

DETAIL OF THE GABRIEL



Tomi Ungerer

Martin Green

The iron corset on Britain's Spirit

A rebellious Englishman examines the peculiar kind of aristocracy which still dominates his country—and which is smothering it in good manners, mummified ideas, and dried-up sentimentality.

THE idea of an Englishman in most Americans' minds is something quite clear and vivid and single. He is polite, diffident, with a murmurous, richly cultured voice, whimsical and witty, though with a rigid unspoken moral code; his hair is rather long and his clothes rather Edwardian, with a suggestion of conscious fancy dress, but surprisingly sharp-witted and strong-willed underneath. Lord Peter Wimsey. Rex Harrison. Mr. Macmillan. And of course Englishmen are like that. Only it's a small minority of them. These are the "British."

It is not so easy to define and specify the merely British, without quotation marks. The Northerner, for instance, who is still a type, a myth, at the level of popular jokes, has received no attention at the upper levels of culture for many years. Characters in J. B. Priestley's books and his own public persona are versions of this Northern idea; yet it is possible to be, and great numbers of Englishmen are, most valuably intelligent and mature in a distinctively Northern way. The Northerner—that is, the man from Lancashire and Yorkshire—is tougher, blunter, dowdier, warmer than the Southerner, usually an industrial worker, always a proletarian, altogether less pretentious, less cosmopolitan, less socially flexible, more strongly rooted in himself and his own fireside. The one adequate symbol is Gracie Fields, the greatest British entertainer of our time. Her kind of humor, unsophisticated but keen-witted, her kind of charm, plain, honest, hearty, unseductive, her kind of energy, gawky rather than graceful, her piercingly direct and simple sentimentality, these are Lancashire personified.

But other parts of the country also produce British not "British" types. Somerset, for instance, produced Ernest Bevin, the only politician I remember to reach Cabinet rank without becoming "British" on the way. His roughness, heaviness, slowness, dowdiness, his obvious integrity, his self-declared limitedness, were the direct antithesis of Anthony Eden. Photographs of him fox-trotting at Moscow with Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, or of Mrs. Bevin at a fashion show in Paris accompanied by Mrs. Churchill, were both ludicrous and immensely encouraging. Or take the industrial Midlands, Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. And here, for the first and only time, we have the advantage that our subject has been seen for us and given to us by a brilliant sensibility. The home life of Paul and Miriam in *Sons and Lovers*, the first half of *The Lost Girl*, short stories by Lawrence like "Fanny and Annie" and "Tickets, Please," should convince us that there are many ways of being British, deeply exciting and admirable ones, related to the "British" way only by antithesis.

All the people I have mentioned are fully the product of their social situation, their England, and they are fully alive and important human beings. They are not, as the world assumes, half-finished products, halfway toward being "British." They have all, in fact, an implicit hostility to that, a need to attack polish, brilliance, and dignity of that kind. *La pudeur, la froideur, le flegme anglais,* those were the phrases I had thrown at me in France; no wonder the French consider Galsworthy and Charles Morgan better representatives of England than Lawrence. In America it is polish, culture, and an almost sinister old-world charm I feel people looking for in me. They should think again and realize that the majority of British people don't specialize in these commodities.

Nowadays the North and all the other districts have disappeared from the map, the Northerner is only a comic, one-dimensional figure; in a film a local accent signalizes humorous relief—only characters speaking BBC English are to be taken seriously. In the past it was not always so. Mrs.

Gaskell's *North and South* deals with the difficulties of adjustment for a girl from the South going to live in the North. After 1800 it was, of course, the big factories and mines in the North which dominated the contrast. But there were differences before then. The Danes settled much more heavily in the North—the language still bears traces of it; William the Conqueror radically impoverished it in the effort to subordinate it when he regulated his new kingdom; all the early kings encouraged and protected the South, which was much more theirs, and merely ruled the North.

For eight centuries the North lived to itself, played a very small part in British history. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Johnson—there are no great names that occur to one anywhere north of Warwickshire, north of the circle whose center was London and the monarchy and the artery to the Continent. England's second great port was Bristol. The cities of the North were York, Chester, Durham, administrative centers. Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Wolverhampton, Liverpool, Sheffield, were villages. When they became great cities, in the nineteenth century, they did take their place on the cultural map, but as a question mark, a Dark Continent, whose inhabitants, it was presumed, would be given a language and a form in due time. Mrs. Gaskell and Disraeli tackled the problem, but were not big enough for it; and no great writers took up their work. George Eliot belonged to the non-industrial Midlands. The Brontes' genius was inner-directed. Our great lower-middle-class writers, Dickens and Wells, belonged to the South. There have never been any working-class writers in England.

And during this century, of course, literature has retreated up the social ladder. All our authors are public-school boys—Waugh, Greene, Auden, Isherwood, Connolly, even Orwell. Public-school boys cannot belong to any locality. They are "British," gentlemen, ruling-class. The bulk of the population, after its one heave toward speech in the nineteenth century, has sunk back into silence.

The one exception to this is again D. H. Lawrence. He is the one writer of this century who is not "British"; he is the one writer who has seen and taken seriously the British; he is the one who has, or could have, given a voice to these other parts of the population. And he is the exception who proves the rule. Despite the amazing extensions of vision and technique he introduced in the novel, no writer since has made use of them. Think how many have used Henry James' techniques, and Eliot's in poetry. The reason is that Lawrence was not "British"; his mind, his sensibility, his temperament, the essence of him, is alien to those who are. They cannot learn from him. This same alienation is obvious in Orwell's ineffectual attempts to feel like, be like, a working-class man.

It is also significant that so many great writers in English this century have not been English by birth. Eliot, James, Conrad, Joyce, Yeats, how much of great vision is left when those names are taken away? And all these naturally knew only the educated aristocracy. They had no intimate understanding of people like Lawrence's parents and friends. They could only see them, from a great distance, as underground creatures.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

IT WOULD not be so important if merely the outside world took "Britain" for Britain. The dangerous thing is that England does, too. It does not take Ernest Bevin or Gracie Fields or D. H. Lawrence seriously, because they are not educated. That is why they seem half-finished products. Education in England is inseparable from the process of becoming a gentleman. However much like Ernest Bevin or Gracie Fields your parents may be, you must become much more like Anthony Eden before you feel able to write a novel, or even to express a confident opinion about novels. All the modes of expression in the country are controlled by gentlemen; the world of the arts, of the universities, of the educated press, of the refined entertainments, of teaching, of administration, are all controlled by gentlemen. Their sensibility is dominant; there is no other sensibility. Before an Englishman feels ready to think—not merely to express himself—but to *think* about more than local matters, he must recast himself in that mold. More usually, he will find he has been so molded from the age of eleven.

For nowadays gentlemen are not, of course, those born into certain families or large incomes. I think that in no country in the world is a career so open to talents as in England now. Gentlemen are in fact an intellectual aristocracy; and yet they remain at the same time essentially a social class.

How this can be, the process by which the class is selected and trained I may perhaps best illustrate by my own case. I was born into a working-class family, none of whose members, on either side, had been even to secondary school; but at eleven I took an examination which every

child in the country now takes, and was sent free to the county grammar school. Approximately the top 10 per cent in that examination go to the grammar school, and the yearly intake is divided into three classes, again on the principle of ability, so that the children I competed against during my school career were, theoretically, the brightest 3 per cent of my contemporaries. And we competed in a way that an American would scarcely imagine, perhaps. At the end of each term we were arranged in order, from first to thirtieth, in each subject, and again, from first to thirtieth in the form. All this is mostly pedagogy, of course, but it has its educational effect, too. It magnifies the intellectual process in our eyes, fosters a quick-witted apprehension and manipulation of facts, and a disrespectful familiarity with areas of knowledge and systems of thought; but above all, it makes us extraordinarily malleable, in our deepest imaginations, by the teacher.

The grammar-school teacher in England is a very important person, much more so, both for the influence he has, and for the tradition he represents, than the high-school teacher in America. His level of intelligence and education is high, especially teachers in the arts subjects, who are often Oxford and Cambridge graduates; a good number of our writers, painters, musicians, thinkers, have been grammar-school teachers at the beginning of their careers. In America the same men would be university teachers. They more than anyone else in our lives represent to that top 10 per cent in the grammar schools the maturely intelligent man, give our minds their mildly academic cast, set that stamp on the national type. The grammar-school teacher is the key symbol of modern Britain, the modern John Bull, in his armchair, in a tweed sportscoat, with leather-patched elbows, smoking and reading. He is shabbier, more resigned than the "Britisher" described before, but under the domination of the same idea—what he is reading is probably Evelyn Waugh or Dorothy Sayers. His great emblem is the pipe, with all its connotations of relaxed, shrewd, twinkling, masculine geniality; he has had and given up larger ambitions; he is the onlooker at life, very good at crossword puzzles, the piano, and carpentry; he knows a great deal. To the bright boy from a poor, uneducated home, he is the all-obliterating symbol of clever, authoritative, gentle, correct manhood.

A good example of the type, and the profound influence he exerts, is Mr. Holmes in Isherwood's *Lions and Shadows*. Mr. Holmes was a public-school teacher, but the difference is not important. The state grammar schools are avowed imitations of the public schools. The majority of them were set up in consequence of the Education Act of 1911, when it must have seemed there was no better model. The house system, the prefect system, the emphasis on games, the idea of school spirit, all these are transplants from the public school. In one profound sense they are doomed to defeat, because they are not boarding schools, and the homes the children go back to each day have no sense of special privilege and responsibility, so the hothouse atmosphere necessary for a private social code is broken open and dissipated. So while the grammar school turns out gentlemen, they are in a depressed, deprecatory, slightly charlatan modern mode; because almost the primary fact in the consciousness of staff and bright boys is that their schools are *not* public schools.

MAKE-BELIEVE

ONE extra-curricular activity deserves special mention, the debating club. Debates in English schools are over ordinary topics, like "Can any good come of war?" etc. What is extraordinary is the excess of formality and lack of sincerity. We begin, after all, at thirteen, long before the topics could mean much to us, and before discussion, let alone debate, could be a natural activity. The aim is openly, successfully, exclusively, to sharpen our wits. Quite often, for example, we have frankly fantastic subjects like "That this house believes in Father Christmas," and they are argued just as acutely, just as elaborately, with the same formal, self-conscious politeness. This influence continues through the years at the university. The Oxford and Cambridge Unions are much the largest undergraduate organizations; the post of President of the Union is a very high recommendation in the outside world; and the emphasis is again on brilliant manipulation of the rules of debate, and of the essential paradox of the situation. For the situation is essentially make-believe, but must be taken seriously up to a point—and not beyond. This is the essence of "civilization" as the word is used in England. Mr. Derek Colville, in his article in *Harper's* October issue, mentions the precocious sophistication of English undergraduates. The debate is a good example of the influences that cause that sophistication; it is sophistry, in the full Greek sense.

Finally let us mention the Sixth Form. The Sixth (another legacy of the public school) is

quite different from any other form in the school, and has a powerful mystique. Boys in the Sixth are given many privileges, exempted from many rules, have their own library and study, free periods to work by themselves; most of them become prefects, responsible for the discipline of the rest of the school; they are grown-up (in official theory, of course); they become (again the practice is not exactly like the theory) intellectual equals of the teachers, initiates of the port-wine, pipe-smoking, Latin-tagging society of the staff-room. They are taught by the best teachers in the school, which means the Oxford and Cambridge graduates, the most genuine gentlemen. The classes are very small, as few as three or four. They are taken into the teachers' confidence, which does not mean, as it might here, that the teacher interests himself in the boy's private life; in England the movement is in the reverse direction, and the boy is allowed to hear the master's frankest comments on the events of the day, however cynical and amoral they may be. I was not yet fifteen when I entered the Sixth, and I spent three years in that intellectual and spiritual forcing house. By eighteen I was a gentleman, beyond hope of reprieve.

I had been radically separated from my home and relations; not by any crude snobbery, but by a genuine and inevitable introduction into a new mental world, with all sorts of tastes and desires. I had slid over from Gracie Fields to Anthony Eden. Of course I wasn't the "Britisher" I described before. Nobody could be that flagrant, except abroad. I saw through Lord Peter Wimsey at sixteen. But I remained a subdued, self-conscious, negative variant on him, because it never occurred to me there was any other way to be. For a sensitive, intelligent person.

Most of the boys in the Sixth go on to the universities (under 2 per cent of their age group) and their expenses, for living as well as fees, are completely paid by the state. I spent three years reading English at Cambridge, three years of a minimum of external, formal control, but perhaps stricter informal control than I'd have had at an American university. Attendance at lectures was not checked, or even much desired, nor did one write papers for the lectures; I went once a week to a supervisor, who told me frankly he'd be better pleased if I would stay away, and wrote three or four essays a term for him, strictly when *I* felt like it. There were no grades. All one had to do was prepare for the final exams; copies of old papers were available; books were available in the libraries; and there was, we were always reminded, all the brilliant conversation in the world.

The emphasis was on general education, on wisdom. For British students the university is merely the crystallization of the ideal community yearned after by their school teachers. That is the extraordinary glamor of Oxford and Cambridge, their unreality, the way one knows, long before one gets there, that it will soon be over, and that one will always yearn back to it; three golden years when every unpleasant fact is excluded, and only the pleasant facts count, intelligence, manners, high spirits, charm, wit, beauty.

At twenty-one, with my B.A. from Cambridge, I faced the world completely transformed, a gilded youth; knowing it was gilt, but the best gilt, and wasn't that better than bare tin? I stood in a small group, a minute percentage of my contemporaries, who practically monopolized all the best jobs in the British Council, the Foreign Service, UNESCO, the BBC, the Colonial Service, the administrative grades of the Civil Service, teaching, the universities, publishing, the educated press, the Church, the Army, Navy, and Air Force, all the vantage points from which our manner and our mind could impress themselves on the country and the world as the educated way to be, as "Britain."

Besides which, there are other systems which produce gentlemen. Those born into the right families and incomes, those who go to the public schools, become the real thing much less self-consciously. The provincial universities, unable to be anything different from Oxford and Cambridge, produce their own slightly more depressed, deprecatory, and charlatan gentlemen. The training for medicine and law—for all the professions—gives the manner. Music and the theater demand it from their members; Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir John Gielgud are thoroughly gentlemen. And indeed everyone in the country, from the crudest social climber to the most sensitive seeker of education and distinction, is bound to ape it sooner or later.

THE DEAD SHELL

ALL of which wouldn't be half so tragic if the "British" mind weren't dead, no longer able to deal adequately with reality, its modes of apprehension a dead shell, an old skin to be sloughed. This became vivid to me the other day at "The Colditz Story"—the story of a German prison camp, written by one of the

inmates, and made into a movie with actors of considerable ability and training, Eric Portman and John Mills—which yet presented the Germans as all gross and Goeringish, or rat-like as Goebbels, all violent and overbearing and humorless, and the British as all light-hearted and clean-limbed, boyish, larking about, ruffling their hair, baffling their captors by their irresponsible good humor. There is no echo of the reality of war—no hint of real hatred, real boredom, real terror, real cruelty—only school-boy magazine equivalents. There is no reality in the relations between the English prisoners; not even the transmuted echo of that reality caught in "Stalag 17," a more simply comic film. In even a second-rate American actor you feel the allusion to the unspoken parts of his personality —the gross, the sensual, the brutal. But in these sketches there is no allusion, it is all neatly excised, and you are left with something as dry and sweet as a whiff of lavender, as near a human being as a fashion sketch of 1910.

The British mind has not yet assimilated the first world war, never mind the second. The line between officers and men makes both groups unreal to the imagination, forces them into false categories, the gentlemen and the sons of toil, with neither of whom can anyone wholly identify himself. I said before only the character with the BBC accent is taken seriously. I should have said most seriously. In fact any mode of speech in England is an accent, suggesting a type, with all its limits, weaknesses, sterilities. Marlon Brando or Montgomery Clift can play someone of the poorest class and education in such a way that you can forget those facts; you don't have to forget them, you are never really conscious of them. That's just what can't be done in England. That is why an artist can produce only a gross caricature of war; or, of course, an essentially private picture. He can't unself-consciously live the life of the people involved. Wilfred Owen's and Robert Graves' protests against the complete failure in England to understand what the war was are fully valid today, down to details. The heroic lies of 1914 were not told again in 1939, but we had only the deprecatory humor of Mrs. Miniver instead. Hemingway's and Dos Passos' protests in America were much more effective; James Jones and Norman Mailer had at least learned that lesson. The second world war was presented to America as war. But in England the injunction against shouting was stronger than the need to capture and express vital experience.

Moreover the failure of a British film, one made with talent, like "The Colditz Story," is much more serious than the failure of the equivalent in America is. Eric Portman, Kenneth More, John Mills talk and dress, and I'm sure think, much more like an MP, an editor of the *Times*, a BBC announcer, than John Wayne does his equivalents. It doesn't much matter if John Wayne is absurd. Nobody is supposed to take him seriously. He in no sense represents the educated mind of his country. Eric Portman does. At the end of the film, as British commanding officer, he brings a courtyard of boisterous soldiers to order with two quiet words, reads them a message from escaped comrades, in cool defiance of the Germans standing by, and walks away from the camera over the cobblestones, hands in pockets, melancholy, distinguished, omniscient, and everyone in the courtyard, and the cinema, is obviously supposed to watch in quite tense admiration and sympathy—thirty seconds' worth. And yet I'd swear no intelligent Englishman, of whatever education, could honestly feel that sympathy. It's too old a trick, too obvious, too self-satisfied. Too old a trick in life as well as in the films.

But we will not reject it in life. We know it's a trick but we don't see anything else more genuine. The "British" mind works in self-conscious clichés, as a conversational technique, and in the large dramatic matters, love, war, duty. It must surely have puzzled Americans that young English people, graduates of universities, talk and act like characters out of Agatha Christie. But to us all the possible varieties of behavior are neatly categorized, all their weakness and absurdities equally well known; to choose any other than the "British" would be pointless, unless one is a "character." It's another part of the feeling at the university I mentioned, that all the important possibilities have been explored and measured; there is only the rather amusing, rather interesting, rather touching, left.

THE WORLD AS HELL

OF COURSE, the "British" mind has been active since 1910. But I suggest that its development has been dominated by a discovery of the religious approach to life. More specifically, the religious retreat from life.

The dominant figure for most of this period, after all, has been T. S. Eliot. The only other prophet of equal size, D. H. Lawrence, has been neglected precisely in measure as he stood in the opposite direction from Eliot. Eliot's success

is the same thing as Lawrence's neglect. The movement of the 'thirties was a failure, from every point of view. Our themes have been and are Sin, Doubt; Catholicism, Horror, the Limits of Human Goodness; our whipping boys have been enthusiasts, liberals, optimists, Nonconformists (as opposed to Anglicans). We have learned to see the world as hell à la Greene, and hell à la Waugh. Nobody has shown us a person we can admire and love dealing with life in a way we can admire and love.

The English imagination has been dominated by a feeling of death, decay, and hopelessness, and by an aspiration to style and elegance. These feelings have of course been fed by recent history, particularly in its impact on Britain's economic and international position. Their effects can be seen in a glance at the cultural map. There is, for instance, the remarkably anti-American, pro-French orientation of most cultured British people. Writers of the kind the British call brilliant—like Wyndham Lewis and Iris Murdoch—are always the extreme exponents of this; Lewis' novel *Self-condemned* is pathological in its virulence against the New World and its yearning after the wit and clarity and irony of France. The most important vein of feeling is that which runs from Eliot to Graham Greene, Angus Wilson, Evelyn Waugh, and those like him; in Greene the feeling of death is strongest; in Waugh, Anthony Powell, Nancy Mitford, William Plomer, Sybille Bedford, etc., the love of elegance—the Sitwells have the same Palladian aspiration. A complementary line of intellectual agility allied with avowed clichés of the imagination runs from *The Confidential Clerk* to Charles Williams, C. S. Lewis, Dorothy Sayers, Agatha Christie.

All these writers portray gentlemen, strip them to absurdity, finally swaddle them in pity; "they are poor things, but they are the best humanity can do, so . . ." There are, of course, other orientations in the British mind, some of them opposite in tendency. I claim only that the one hinted at here is dominant.

Only this can explain the enthusiasm over *The Outsider,* which was really a humiliating incident for an Englishman. The reviews unanimously and wholeheartedly, with real generosity, praised it; they welcomed an important new writer. Reading them abroad, long before I could get hold of the book, I thought something important had happened. Somebody without any of the required training and manner had broken into the closed circle. Three weeks after the book was reviewed in the *Sunday Times,* Wilson himself was writing for the paper. His rise was meteoric and quite unprecedented. But by the time I was a third of the way through the book I realized the true explanation. Wilson is brilliant, Bohemian, eccentric, the genius. He is the permitted exception; sleeping on Hampstead Heath is the perfect touch for him; he is almost like one of those brilliant young Frenchmen. The book itself is inaccurate in detail and fraudulent in method to the point of being very bad. The reason these things were not detected by the reviewers is that it said what they wanted to hear; it justified them; it accumulated the evidence of all the great spiritual giants, from Dostoevski to Sartre, to prove life today impossible, normal happiness out of the reach of, beneath the dignity of the sensitive man. Such words, from a young man in a turtle-necked sweater, who never went to a university, and sleeps out at night in a public park, are exactly the mark of the one non-"British" mode the "British" will accept.

We don't even want to be shown someone we can admire and love dealing with life in a way we can admire and love.

THE NORTH IS DIFFERENT

WHEN I went back to England last summer—after a year in Turkey, where I had seen and heard only "Britain," at the Embassy and the British Council and in the papers and books and on the radio and the screen—I wandered round London and Cambridge and the great monuments, extremely depressed. I was in a country of pygmies, deliberately affected and malicious. And then suddenly, without forethought, when I was visiting Wigan in Lancashire, I became aware that that feeling no longer rang true. The faces and voices of the people, their clothes, the buildings in the street, the atmosphere, the landscape, none of it was "Britain." It was a totally different country and people. "Britain" after all was a very small minority. Wigan was one huge tuning fork; lay it to your ear, and all the melodies at present playing are false. If only our writers would do that. But the revelation was two-fold; these streets and people had their own note, to which you could tune your whole instrument. There is a positive social atmosphere, a kindliness, a sincerity, a shrewdness, stimulating those qualities in you, making it a good place to live. If this Northern nature, this mode of being, could be educated, without being made "British," the English mind might move forward again, move

freely, begin again to see and feel things freshly and vigorously.

It's plain enough, I think, where Evelyn Waugh, Nancy Mitford, Angus Wilson, get the note they tune themselves to, the key in which they play: the stately homes and the great public buildings. It makes an unpleasant, affected treble. It's obvious, too, that there are many working-class neighborhoods which give off their own note, quite different from that of Wigan. I make no case for "the people"; I am more interested in the intellectual aristocracy. If I attack them, it is not for being an aristocracy, but for being a bad one, feeding their vitality from meager, polluted streams. There is no reason to suppose working-class places are in general better than others. The suburbs of London, and the new towns, and all Surrey and Hertfordshire, most of the South of England, have their own note, one that our writers have caught well, Eliot, Auden, Greene, Spender, MacNeice, etc. There more than anywhere in the world the mass media have had their so often prophesied, so often lamented effect; everyone lives in the arc-lamp glare of the *Daily Express* and the Light Programme and the Ice Rink and the Palais de Danse. All organic life is killed, and discriminating people weave baskets or go to live in Majorca. In those clean, wide, quiet streets you can hear that note very clearly, the note of conscious smallness, sameness, separateness, "leave me alone and I'll leave you alone."

The reasons why the North is different are no doubt complex, but one may point out that the people of the North live among the really dramatic ruins of England. The castles and abbeys are no more alive to the imagination than Hollywood imitations, but those northern industrial towns are smoking blackened ruins of the great thrust of energy that swung the world on its pivot, flung us into the momentum and direction we are trying to control today. These are ruins that are still alive, and yet are soaked in local and national memories; that is living tradition. The charm of the English countryside is irredeemably olde worlde, the towns are too pretty and trivial, the history is hopelessly in the hands of Olivier; but Wigan, Preston, Salford, keep their intensity and freshness of impact, which is by no means simply, or even dominantly, ugliness. To live and move among those buildings is to be held to a highly charged battery and tested, to suffer a strongly cauterizing touch on your purposes and passions.

It is there, in the North and Midlands, that British people can still be serious and spontaneous. But all the cleverest children every year are sent to school to be made "British," like an offering of first-born. All the best blood is fatally thinned. England *must* break its dead shell, slough its old skin, or its young men will grow more and more consciously absurd, their minds will grow as pretty and useless as Chinese feet, more and more they will have nothing but will power to hold them together and make them move forward; all power of desire and response will dry up; nothing will be left but self-destructive and destructive irony.

NOTE: The editors have pointed out to me how many important writers I have ignored. Some, Kingsley Amis, George Orwell, F. R. Leavis, I regard as on my side. Some, like Elizabeth Bowen, Ivy Compton-Burnett, L. P. Hartley, belong to the glittering train of talent pronged by Greene and Waugh. Dylan Thomas, as far as England is concerned, fits into the pigeonhole "genius," which is a sort of emasculation chamber; genius is related to responsibility and trustworthiness only by antithesis. And there are many I don't know about, or don't take seriously. But the biggest part of my answer refers to writers like Joyce Cary, P. H. Newby, C. P. Snow, or for that matter E. M. Forster, all of whom have qualities and interests which cannot be included in my categories. The answer is that their differences are non-significant. They are merely different, merely not typical themselves; they accept the dominant type as dominant. I don't say they may not be acutely critical of it; Forster obviously is; but he can't, creatively, imagine any alternative. These writers don't represent a new, vigorous life-direction. Consequently they are neither for nor against the old direction, and in an analysis like this they are subsidiary, subordinate.

The British way of life is going through a change—perhaps the most disruptive change in two centuries. As Mr. Green's article suggests, the moral and intellectual leadership of the traditional ruling class is now being seriously challenged for the first time, and from many sides. One assault party is "The Angry Young Men"—a group of writers such as John Osborne, Kingsley Amis, John Wain, and Kenneth Tynan. An entirely different group is questioning the management of that sacred institution, The Royal Family. And recent by-elections have indicated a spreading disgust with both the major parties.

The underlying causes—so far almost unreported in this country—are diagnosed with a sharp scalpel by Norman MacKenzie in "The English Disease" which will appear in an early issue.—The Editors

By ALVIN L. SCHORR

Drawings by Sheila Greenwald



Families on Wheels

How do trailer families live? What keeps them on the move? What kinds of citizens do they make? A man who has worked with them and knows them gives surprising answers.

THERE is a little poem in Clarence Day's *Thoughts Without Words* which, when it was written, must have struck many American men as singularly apt. It goes as follows:

> Who drags the fiery artist down?
> Who keeps the pioneer in town?
> Who hates to let the seaman roam?
> It is the wife. It is the home.

Today, however, neither the contemporary wife nor the contemporary home answers to this complaint. The wife travels as far and as fast as her husband, and home is where they find themselves, frequently in the compact quarters of a trailer hitched to the back of the family car.

The total number of "trailer families" in America today has been estimated at upwards of one million—two out of every three families where the husband is a construction worker or overseer. My own contact with some of them began in February 1954 when the Atomic Energy Commission began to build a uranium-separation plant, to cost one and a quarter billion dollars, in southern Ohio's Pike County.

With the plant's peak employment estimated at 26,000, and adding in the workers' families and new businessmen and professionals who would be drawn to the region, we estimated that the population of the "atomic area"—180,000 in 1950—would very nearly double. Fearful of what this could mean both to the community and the newcomers, the Family Service Association of America sent in a staff to set up a family-counseling service.

We brought with us the popular assumption that a family's movement from one place to another is either itself caused by or causes disturbed family relationships. And we came to Pike County grimly prepared to do our best to cope with titanic physical problems, and, still more sinister, with an astronomically rising divorce, delinquency, and crime rate.

As it turned out, only our expectations of the physical difficulties were confirmed. New houses, new sewage systems, new water supplies, and new roads were desperately and immediately needed. At the same time that more and more people were trying to drive, more and more highways were being torn up and relaid. Communities of only a few hundred inhabitants found themselves passing half-million-dollar bond issues for schools, hospitals, water, and sewage plants. Mud and dust settled over the countryside as housing went up and sewers went down.

But in the two years that our service was in operation in the area, only 250 families sought our help—no more than a new agency's limited staff in any established community might see.

And their problems were almost identical with the problems the Family Service Association meets most often in its 260 member agencies throughout the country—husband-wife and parent-child relationships, economic difficulties, individual personality adjustment problems, and physical illness, in that order. Furthermore, there were as many old-timers as newcomers among the 250. The only families whose problems could accurately be said to have been caused by their moving were the few who ran out of money because of illness, unemployment, or accident and who, since they were in a strange community, had no friends to turn to.

It was the construction workers, the true transients, who interested us most. Local businessmen discovered, to their frank surprise, that they were good credit risks with a strong sense of community pride. After a year and a half the Court divorce investigator in Ross County, which adjoins Pike, could recall only three trailer families out of the hundred or more petitioning for divorce whom she had investigated. Police officers and juvenile-court judges found some crime and some delinquency among them, but they were unanimously impressed by how little there was. As one judge put it, "It's not the trailer children but our own who are giving us the trouble."

Nor was this region peculiarly lucky in its experience. All over the country the same pattern has been repeating itself. In Bucks County, Pennsylvania, for example, where a large population influx accompanied the Delaware Valley industrial development, Don J. Hager, a sociologist, observed, "The mobile families possess characteristics that are generally prized by all American communities—sobriety, occupational skill and reliability, family stability, and a genuine interest in contributing to and improving the community in which they live." After a study of young management families in Park Forest, Illinois; Levittown, Pennsylvania; and similar communities, William H. Whyte, Jr., author of *The Organization Man*, wrote in *Fortune:* "Profound as the consequences of mobility have been, the one most expected has not come about. The transients are not plagued by instability and loneliness." And the Girl Scouts of America, who have been experimenting with special ways of bringing Scouting to mobile families, declared in their annual report for 1953, "In a way [these families] are vagabonds, but never have vagabonds been so constructive, so self-sufficient, and so secure financially."



WHY PEOPLE MOVE

THE construction workers who poured into Pike County came from all over the country, sent mostly either by unions or by state employment services—a happy arrangement which brought only workmen with the necessary skills. In general they were young families, with a high proportion of small children. The vast majority lived in trailers which they set up with speedy efficiency in privately run trailer parks. Many had been moving regularly from one job to another, some for as long as twenty years.

We social workers were curious as to why a family would choose to live in this way. The first, obvious answer we got was the high hourly pay and the large amount of overtime. An itinerant construction worker, we found, may earn twice as much as a settled employee with the same skill. A second advantage is the chance to advance more quickly. We were struck by the considerable number of responsible positions which were held by comparatively young men, and some of them told us that they had deliberately chosen a mobile life in order to get experience at a level which it would normally have taken them years to reach.

But neither of these reasons seemed to us sufficient to explain the phenomenon. Higher pay can be balanced, and overbalanced, by the high cost of living in a construction area. Layoffs between jobs and the expense of moving must also be taken into account. Trailer living itself is not so cheap as it appears at first glance. Parking in a trailer park costs perhaps $35 a month for water, electricity, and other services. The trailer itself represents an investment upwards of $6,000 and has a life expectancy of five years. The car which pulls the trailer has more than an ordinary rate of depreciation. There

must, we felt, be other considerations beyond money and experience involved in these families' decision to live this kind of life, and slowly we came to discover what they were.

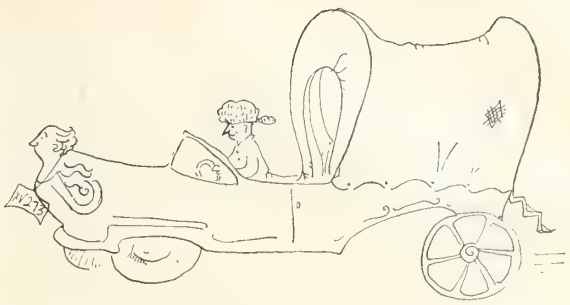
They varied, of course, with individual families. I talked to one man who had made the grand circuit for over a decade—Los Alamos; Hanford, Washington; Savannah River, Georgia; Paducah, Kentucky; and southern Ohio. At one point, he told me, he decided to settle down with his wife and two children in Mansfield, Ohio. He had a good job, was starting to make friends, and beginning to pay off the mortgage on a house. Then he realized that he was getting tied tighter and tighter to his job. If he was treated badly, or didn't like what he was given to do, he would have to think about the costs of giving it up—the loss of his house and friends, the cutting of commitments he and his family would have made. He went back to construction. In construction, he said, if you didn't like it, you could pick up your check and leave.

Another man who puzzled me because he was pulling out of the Pike County project while there was still plenty of work and plenty of overtime explained, "A year is all we stay in one place." He couldn't add much to this, but as we talked I got the impression that after a year he and his wife got bored and, anticipating some kind of personal difficulty between themselves, preferred to be busy getting used to a new place.

According to Dr. Jules V. Coleman, clinical professor of psychiatry at the Yale School of Medicine, people may move "because they hope to find a more comfortable place in the sun, or because they are reaching for the moon. They may move because they hate where they are and feel any other place would be better; or they are afraid to stay where they are, feeling another place would be safer. They may think of themselves as running away from a world they experience as cramping, stifling, limiting, or hostile; or moving toward freedom, adventure, security."

Many new families in Pike County confessed to me that they felt like pioneers. Or, as an engineer on the project put it, "It gets in your blood. You get used to seeing things building."

Escape is a powerful factor in some families' decision to move—escape from an unsuccessful job, from the tedium of everyday life, or from a smoldering problem in marital relations. Escape as a device for dealing with problems is generally frowned upon today. But, as Dr. Coleman sees it, people who escape may also be making an attempt to come to terms with their



problems, "to begin to set the stage for a life that would be meaningful to them in their own way. . . . Looked at in this way," he continues, "they appear as the bolder spirits, seekers and strivers, expressing their discontent with lives of fitful dissatisfaction, if not of complete desperation, with a step of positive affirmation toward creative self-realization."

To be sure, there is a kind of pathological family, well known to social agencies, churches, and police stations across the country, which we social workers call mobile-dependent—that is, the family whose *dominant* pattern is escape. They never seem to make much progress, they depend on the generosity of whatever community they find themselves in, and when reactions to them become less generous and more questioning than they were at first, they move on. My colleague, Mrs. Martha Van Valen, made a study of a half-dozen of these families who turned up in southern Ohio. Interestingly enough, one of her conclusions, later published in a professional journal, was: "There was little discernible conflict within the family unit. The husband's authority was unquestioned, and family ties were exceedingly close."

These families are a good bit of trouble to each community they are in, they are usually desperately poor, their children are always dirty and frequently hungry. Nevertheless, in Mrs. Van Valen's and my experience, they struggle frantically to remain a family, and mobility helps them to achieve this. If they did not continue to move, it is very likely that their problems would intensify and the family itself would break up.

One reason, I think, that mobility is so often blamed for insecurity, divorce, delinquency, and other social ills is the difficulty of distinguishing between many factors in a single situation. Poverty and the breakdown of family relationships, for example, are better nominees as causes for a high crime rate in the center of some cities than mobility, which is also characteristic of the population of these areas. Family separation puts more of a strain on servicemen than the mobility which is also their lot.

In any case, the fact remains that American families today, by and large, are on the move. The trailer families continually shifting from one community to another are merely the extreme of a general trend. At a meeting in Columbus, Ohio, not long ago I was discussing this situation with a group of sociologists. One of them elaborated a theory that increased mobility has resulted in shallow relationships and is responsible for a number of social problems. As I listened to him I got the uncomfortable feeling that he was not talking about *real* people and I suggested a parlor game which interested me greatly at the time. Each of us present told how long we had been living in the city of our residence. Our average length of stay turned out to be just under two years.

Last year 33,100,000 Americans changed their residence. The majority of them moved from one place to another in the same county or helped to swell the great exodus from city to suburbs. But about 5,800,000 moved to another county, and over five million more crossed state lines. These figures fluctuate from year to year, but for the past decade they have been moving steadily upward. Is it any wonder that one little girl, settling down with her family in a suburb of Washington, rushed in to report excitedly to her mother, "Guess what, the girl next door is from *here!*"



LOSS OF THE HOME TOWN

THE present surge of American families from one area to another started with the second world war and its aftermath, and several factors helped to stimulate it. As a result of the GI-Bill well over two million veterans went to college. Often they chose colleges away from where their homes had been. They learned to know new parts of the country while they were studying, and they acquired skills that put them into nation-wide competition for the jobs. As a result the job, not its location, became their primary consideration.

At the same time the multi-million-dollar investment in research, development, and production which the war inaugurated with the Manhattan Project became a fixed part of American life, requiring the massing and dispersal of thousands of families. Simultaneously American industry began to promote mobility by sending its promising young men from one plant to another as a regular part of their progress up the ladder of advancement. This is now so accepted a practice that George Fry and Associates, management consultants, concluded in a recent study that the ideal executive's wife today must be adaptable to change "in location, in environment, and in attitude."

Whether by coincidence or in the process of adjusting to these requirements, America is now turning out families especially suited to frequent movement. Raising children and earning a living are still the family's primary functions, but for many years now a man's home and his place of work have not been the same, and modern women—as soon as their children are in school—are frequently out of the house too. Baby-sitting has become so familiar a concept that it is a shock to realize it is only a generation old. The births, deaths, nursing, funerals, and teaching that once took place in the home have moved to the hospital, the mortuary, and the school. It is far less important than it used to be to have a "home town."

The contemporary American family is also smaller than the typical American family of the past. Although the number of children is currently rising, grandparents, aunts, and uncles are seldom included in the family unit any more. But as if to compensate for all that the family has given up, there has been an increased emphasis on a deep and strong relationship among the members who remain. "Togetherness" is the order of the day, with competence no longer strictly a masculine attribute nor tenderness strictly a woman's. The result is a family which is small and flexible, which relies on outside institutions for many of its needs, which deepens the emotional resources within its membership, and which can, as a result, travel light and intact. "The hope is," writes Dr. Paul Lemkau of the New York City Mental Hygiene Bureau, "that stronger relationships in the family will help to substitute for some of the ancient attachments to places and things."

There are other factors, too, which help mobile families make satisfactory lives for themselves, and I observed many of these in southern Ohio. First of all, even though they are strangers to each other, mobile families often find themselves in situations where they share a strong sense of group unity. Similarity in age, a common interest in making a home and bringing up children, and the absence of nearby family contacts bring mobile families together wherever they find themselves. In some areas, similarity in job status and union or organization loyalty are powerful cohesive forces. In every area there is a shared feeling of facing problems directly and mastering them. When, through a confusion in names, the family-service agency in Pike County offered an appointment to a woman who had not asked for one, she replied politely, "Thank you, but we do not have any problems that could not be solved with a bulldozer."

Secondly, mobile families have learned to identify quickly with the communities to which they move. I was astounded to see how rapidly the trailer families in Ohio began to cultivate the little twelve-by-fifty-foot plots of ground allotted to them in the trailer court. Neat wooden fences were built to separate the individual plots; grass covered the bare earth inside the fences; flower gardens and small shrubs sprang up. Many families spread large awnings over a patio, thereby doubling, in mild weather, the usable living area. In a few months or a year, when the family moved on, all this would have to be abandoned. Yet the families considered that the investment was worth it for the added personal and social comforts it brought.

Each family, according to its inclinations, joined the local Parent-Teachers Association, the Newcomers Club, the Civic Association, or some other group whose interests matched its own. And this settling in from the beginning, living as if the new community were to be a lifetime home, seems to be the typical approach of mobile families who make out well.

Much has been made—often by people who have not studied the facts at hand—of the damage frequent or constant moving can do to growing children. Data need to be collected on this point, but in my experience, if the parents have come to terms with the fact that they are mobile, and make no apologies for it either to themselves or to others, young children accept moves as an expected and even welcome way of life. (Adolescents are, of course, another matter.) One of the men in southern Ohio, I remember, quit when the construction was nearing completion, although his particular job would have lasted for some time. At least one reason, he said, was that his six-year-old boy kept pointing out that the job was near the end and asking him why they weren't moving on. All the boy's friends were leaving, and he wanted to go somewhere else and make new friends.



WESTWARD HO WITH A DIFFERENCE

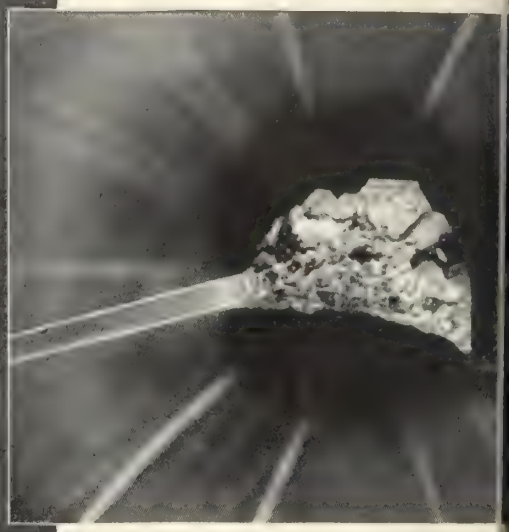
IT IS often said that the family mobility we are seeing today is merely an extension of the mobility which has always been a characteristic of the United States. This is true only to a point. The covered-wagon families that settled our frontier were large families who carried their civilization with them and who went to stay. The modern family depends on finding civilization—schools, hospitals, social services—where it goes, or on having the community organize to provide it. And it is geared to many moves rather than merely one.

The population movement of the mid-nineteenth century which built the railroads, logged the forests, and opened the mines was a movement of single men, first-generation immigrants mostly. Those who had families left them behind and took these jobs because they could find no others. "Bad 'cess to the luck that brought me through to work upon the railway," ran one of their popular songs. It takes a different order of incentive to attract the skilled people who staff our modern industries and services.

According to Census Bureau studies, in nine cases out of ten today, the family moves as a unit. And it is the age group from eighteen to thirty-five that tends to move most often. Perhaps in part because of this age factor, families

MAN-MADE INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS:





From a research laboratory project i 1955 . . . a promising new business i 1957. Tiny man-made diamonds (show above, mounted on a needle) were a lab ratory achievement two years ago. Toda General Electric is producing diamon in quantity at a pilot plant in Detroi

WHO BENEFITS FROM NEW



Charles Koebel is president of the Koebel D mond Tool Co., one of many firms assured c continuous supply of diamond abrasive produ

Customers get new values from research a development. More than one-third of all Gen Electric products now being made for ho and industry did not even exist 15 years a

The making of diamonds by General Electric is one example of how research and development accelerate the nation's progress

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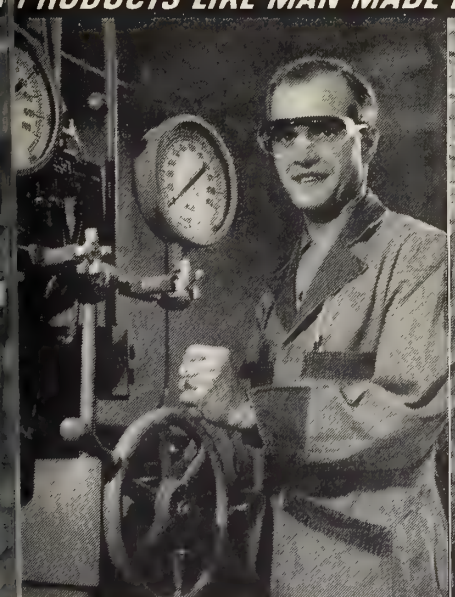
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For a copy of an address by Dr. Guy Suits, Vice President and Director of Research at General Electric, before the President's Conference on Research for the Benefit of Small Business, write Dept. 2J-119, Schenectady, N.Y.

PRODUCTS LIKE MAN-MADE DIAMONDS ?



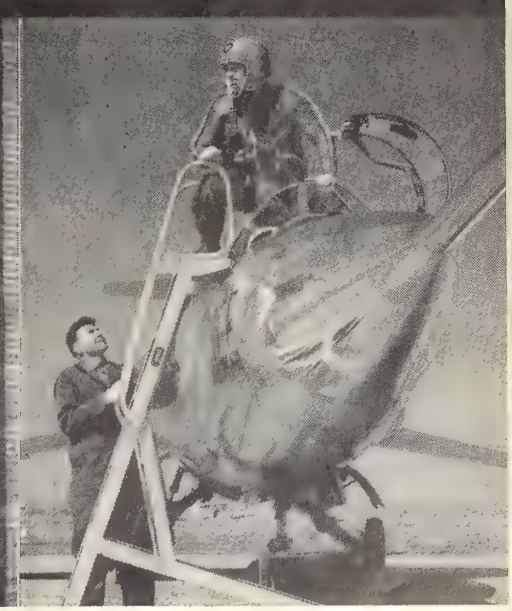
ck Mays, an employee and a share owner, as a better job—newly created at General lectric's new diamond-producing pilot plant.

mployees and share owners. The common terests of share owners and employees are rved when research and development create ofitable new businesses and lead to new jobs.



Fred Robinson heads the English & Miller Machinery Co., which supplies General Electric with equipment used in diamond production.

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with children are, surprisingly, more likely to move than those without. Each year about one in four families with children moves, compared to one in five of the general population and one in seven of the families containing adults other than the married couple. The chief reason for moving is so that wage-earners can take another job, and, as might be expected, those with more education tend to move more readily than those with less. Although the Western part of the country has shown the greatest population gain and the South the greatest loss from migration, the movement has not been from east to west or south to north, but rather back and forth and around, depending on individual advantage and preference.

The impact of this movement has already made important changes in our social, political, and business life. It has shifted the political balance in many areas, given new significance to trademarks and national organizations which people can recognize wherever they are, and dissolved many old prejudices in the solvent of familiarity. But necessary legal changes—changes, for example, which would prevent six million citizens from being disenfranchised as they were in the last election, because they had moved—are a great deal slower in coming.

Paradoxically, state residence laws on eligibility for public assistance and other public welfare programs are today just as restrictive as they have been in many years—if not more so. And it is only because mobile families are usually self-supporting that these laws have been able to continue for so long. The man who was asked by a social worker to name his home state is typical of many: "Do you mean where I was born, where I live, where my folks live, or where I last voted?" he asked.

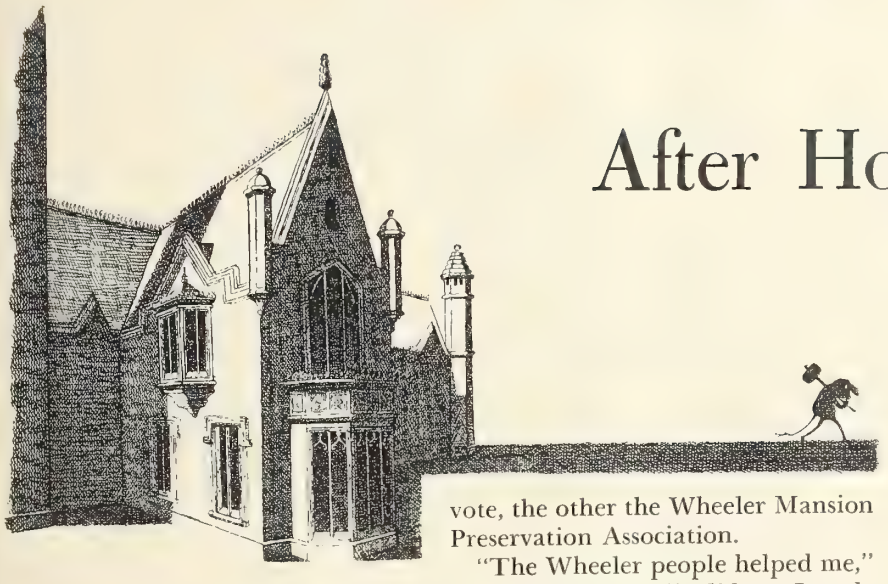
Should this man become ill or unemployed, he might find that assistance was available to him only in some place he had left long before because it offered him no opportunity—or that no assistance at all was available.

Because injustice to some of us in the end concerns all of us, the National Travelers Aid Association last year adopted this statement of principles: "That, as a matter of fundamental human right, an individual may choose the place best suited to his needs as his place of residence; that there derives from this the right of the individual to move freely from place to place without hindrance or penalty; that a person who has exercised the right of free movement should be on an equal footing with all others; that human needs such as food, clothing, shelter, and medical care should be met as such, regardless of whether the person in need is a long-established resident of the community, a newcomer to the community, or in transit to some other place. . . ."

Not every American family moves regularly, frequently, or at all, but every family lives in an atmosphere in which movement is normal and possible. This is a significant change even for the families which do not move. For some it creates anxiety, for others excitement, and for many, as they face moving, a combination of both.

Early in 1954 the *New York Times* reported independent speeches by Dr. Margaret Mead and Dr. Luther Gulick about the mobility which results in the meeting of different cultures. Its words may be appropriate for American family mobility as well. "Both Dr. Mead, the Melanesian anthropologist, and Dr. Gulick, the city administrator," said the *Times* story, "hit by chance upon a common conclusion—in any culture, the infusion of new ideas and new people disrupts things for a while, but it is beneficial in the long run."





After Hours

ONE WAY TO GET ELECTED

TEARING down old buildings is usually a better political gimmick than propping them up, as Mayor Lee of New Haven, about whom *Harper's* ran a piece last October, has demonstrated. Mayor Lee, whose program to modernize his city has leveled a good many disreputable nineteenth-century structures, won in November by the largest majority ever recorded in his city.

Precisely the opposite happened in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Bridgeport, which is less than half-an-hour from New Haven and just about the same size (roughly 160,000 residents), has for the last twenty-fours years had a Socialist mayor, Jasper McLevy. He was determined to tear down a Gothic mansion that was left to the city a few years ago by a prominent and rich old man named Archer C. Wheeler. Indeed he had started to whittle away at it. He had removed the doorknobs of the house, demolished the greenhouse, and he had removed some of the ornate walnut staircase, and stored it away. When election day came Mayor McLevy found that he had been nosed out of office by 160 votes. The man who beat him, Judge Samuel Tedesco, in an interview with the Bridgeport *Telegram* said that there were just two factors that he thought contributed importantly to his election: one was the Italian vote, the other the Wheeler Mansion Preservation Association.

"The Wheeler people helped me," he said. "They really did. . . . I made a deal with them. If I'm elected, I told them they would have a chance to take over the mansion and see if they could get enough money to run it."

The Wheeler mansion is a splendid Gothic Revival house designed by Alexander Jackson Davis and built in 1846 for a prosperous saddle maker, Henry K. Harral, who subsequently sold it to the Wheeler family. Davis, whose reputation along with that of most of our early nineteenth-century architects has been buried under a general reaction against American Victorianism, is now being justifiably revived. He was one of our most distinguished and versatile architects in the decades just before the Civil War, and it was he and his friend the landscape architect and writer, Andrew Jackson Downing, who convinced a great many of their contemporaries that the Gothic style was eminently suited to the American landscape. There was a clean elegance about his buildings which—unfortunately for the looks of the landscape—very few of his followers achieved. The Wheeler mansion is certainly one of the handsomest domestic buildings of its time and one of the truly fine houses in the country.

Archer C. Wheeler died at the age of ninety-two in 1956 and left the house to the city of Bridgeport. In his will he said that it was his "desire" that it be used as a museum or library or as classrooms for an adjoining high school. The Wheeler family had taken great care to preserve the mansion inside as well as out in its original style of elegant Victorianism, and the house was known as "Walnut Wood" because of its elaborately carved walnut staircase. Mayor McLevy had other notions about how the property could best serve the city. He wanted to tear the house down and on its site erect a nine-million-dollar city hall. A little distant howl went up from a few local citizens, some architectural historians, and a few others interested in preserving the monuments of the past. But, politically speaking, it was unfortunate that a good many of those who opposed razing the building were not local people. It must have seemed to most folk, as it most surely seemed to Mayor McLevy, like a lost cause from the start.

He underestimated the fighting spirit of a group of preservationists at bay. They fought cleverly, openly, and with all of the usual methods, including legal ones. They organized a committee; they elicited the support of Richard Howland, president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. They corralled the Society of Architectural Historians, the Antiquarians and Landmarks Society of Connecticut, and the Connecticut League of Historical Societies. They even got to Governor Ribicoff. Articles appeared in *Antiques* and in *Time*.

Several people risked their city jobs to rally support for the house. Elizabeth Seeley, curator of Bridge-

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port's little Barnum Museum, worked furiously to snatch the building from her boss, the mayor. Raymond Buzak, a teacher of English in the high school behind the Wheeler House, urged his pupils to write letters to the local papers protesting the demolition. Before election day he had with his wife's help collected 7,000 signatures on a petition to save the building. Mrs. John W. Richardson, regent of the DAR, got support and statements from architectural historians and then broadcast them in an energetic mailing program. (Mayor McLevy is reported to have said of the fuss about the house, "It's all Mrs. Richardson's and Miss Seeley's fault.")

Two men from Fairfield, a nearby town, Ernest Hillman, Jr. and John Skilton, put up $1,500 to pay for a lawyer to represent the Association as a "friend of the court" at the hearings on tinkering with Wheeler's will, but the court found in McLevy's favor. In the last flurry before election ten thousand letters signed by Mr. Hillman and other members of the Association (by hand) went to what Mary Lohmann (the member of the committee who has told me all about this) called "the Socialist-voting hotbeds of Bridgeport." Twenty-five thousand reprints of the article from *Time* were also sent to voters, some of them with a message in Hungarian printed on it for the Hungarian population of the city. Two days before election half-page advertisements appeared in the *Herald* and in the *Post*, in spite of advice of the papers that the cause was a lost one.

The Bridgeport election was three-cornered. The Association with tact and sophistication backed both the Republican and Democratic candidates opposing McLevy, which meant that they could attack their antagonist and be bipartisan at the same time. "McLEVY'S 24-YEAR DICTATORSHIP WILL END TUESDAY. REPLACE HIM WITH COCCO OR TEDESCO" said their ad at the foot of a recital of the facts about the fight to preserve the mansion.

Nobody quite believes, I gather, that the efforts and strategy of the committee have worked. The house has been saved. The new Mayor said the day after his election that his first official act after being sworn in will be to walk through the Wheeler mansion with ten of the Wheeler Mansion Preservation Association members, trailing reporters from the local papers, and led by James G. Van Derpool, past president of the Architectural Historians. This is the end of chapter one in the Association's fight.

Chapter two will be less dramatic. When Mr. Wheeler left the house to the city he also left $40,000 as an endowment to maintain it. But this, even if it can be recovered from the estate, is not going to be enough. The Association feels it needs a total endowment of about $250,000, not only to restore the house to its pre-McLevy state but to maintain it as a museum and make it otherwise useful as a civic center. "It would have been easier," Mrs. Lohmann said to me, "to have done a thing like this in New Haven than in Bridgeport which is an entirely industrial city." Perhaps it would, but however slim the margin by which the building was saved, Bridgeport has reason to be pleased with the stout defenders of the heritage of American architecture, and with its own good sense.

A BLOW FOR LIBERTY

LIKE other sentimentalists, I've always had a private picture of the whiskey business. Somewhere in Kentucky, tucked away in a hill cove, was a set of weathered buildings where an old-time distiller, with the inherited wisdom of his craft, produced small quantities of such bourbon as you nor I ever tasted. Aged eight years or more and handled with loving care, it was then consumed only by those informed enough to have discovered it—and not by clods like us.

But this fantasy, among so many others, has suffered a collision with reality.

Recently I passed a few days visiting distilleries in Kentucky and Tennessee, and I've been struggling since to repair my illusions. It isn't necessarily true that the oldest is the best, either in the companies or their product. It isn't necessarily true that a small distillery is more craftsmanlike than a large one. It isn't necessarily true that bonded whiskey is better than straight, or even that the best bourbon comes from Kentucky.

And it certainly isn't true that the inhabitants of the state, colonels included, drink better whiskey than you can get elsewhere in the country.

The whiskey business, in the first place, is very discontented in Kentucky and trying as fast as it can to get out (if so much hadn't been spent to advertise "Kentucky" bourbon it might have left already). The last state legislature raised the production and import tax on whiskey from five to ten cents a gallon, and the cries of outrage from the industry have yet to die down. Many companies are moving where they can, or at least moving their warehouses to Indiana, and others are simply closing. Of the twelve distilleries in Nelson County, the traditional center of bourbon-making, only four are now in operation.

This is not, on the other hand, a new phenomenon. Whiskey is essentially a by-product of farming, and the really ridiculous thing about it is how cheap it is to make. As a result, making it has always been both risky and remarkably durable as an enterprise; individuals can easily coin millions or go broke, but the industry survives—it survived even the Noble Experiment. And it has *always* been complaining about taxes. The first "true" bourbon is generally agreed to have been produced in 1789 by a Baptist minister named Elijah Craig, and three years later the Kentucky distillers' association met to protest the intolerable burden of "oppressive" taxation.

AND not, either, that bourbon is unpopular. It has indeed been undergoing a moderate boom, at least in the Northeast, where sales increased 200 per cent last year and 200 per cent the year before that. There are various theories about this, taking account of the decline of rye and the bad name acquired by blends just after the war and certain other imponderables; but there is perhaps a simpler explanation to be found in the motivation studies of bourbon-drinking in Texas prepared last year by McCann-Erickson. These showed that blends, straight, and bonded were generally ranked on a scale of income and status corresponding roughly to their prices—and, well, with all this prosperity around what did you expect? It

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Women generally, of course, are opposed to divorce. Many of them regard it as a grave social evil. Catholic women not only share this view, but know that according to God's law, divorce with remarriage is a serious sin.

Catholic women may be tempted, at times, unlawfully to limit the number of their children to fit the family income. But the Church reminds them this is a violation of God's law. Likewise, the obligation to provide religious training for their children is not a matter of choice. It is a clear duty.

Sincere people of all faiths, it is true, are devoted in their church attendance and conscious of their need to worship God. But for all Catholics, including women, these are regular obligations which they can never shirk. Attendance at Mass on Sundays and Holy Days, Confession and Communion at least once a year, and fasting and abstinence, are not merely religious exercises which a Catholic may observe or ignore. They constitute elements in the required Catholic "way of life."

Catholics gladly choose this way because they believe that the Church . . . dating down the centuries from Peter to the present day . . . speaks with the voice and authority of Christ. And believing this, they are never in doubt concerning moral and spiritual values . . . never at a loss for spiritual assurance and help for guidance and consolation.

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should also be added that 35 to 40 per cent of industry sales as a whole take place around Christmas-time, which explains all those decanters.

Obviously, too, there is a good bit of snobbery involved in drinking bourbon, but I must admit I was relieved to discover how little of it there was at the places of origin. Some of the distillers seem in fact to get a quiet amusement out of the ritualistic superstitions of their customers.

"If somebody tells you he's real particular," said one of them, "ask him where he gets his ice. If it isn't fresh-made out of distilled water, he's no purist."

Whiskey is an organic product that can go wrong at nearly any point in its manufacture, and an ability to pick up odors and tastes is after all a source of its virtue.

"You can take four hundred gallons of whiskey," as Reagor Motlow of Jack Daniel puts it, "drop a pine stick in it and ruin it just like that."

But the question of what makes one bourbon "better" than another is far more complicated. The product is made, as you surely know, by fermenting a mash of barley, rye, and corn (mostly corn) and then distilling out the whiskey, clear and colorless, at over 100 proof. This is diluted with water and stored in charred oak casks for a number of years, during which the whiskey acquires its color and aroma from interacting with the wood (the casks, by law, can only be used once, and if you can figure out what to do with them afterwards a fortune awaits you in Kentucky). Though the whiskey is then "cut" with distilled water before being bottled, the quality of the water from the start has much to do with the quality of the whiskey; and it is the quality of Kentucky water that most frequently appears among the explanations of why the old-timers located here.

Since their day the chemistry of the process has been more fully worked out, and fermentation seems to take place just as effectively in the enormous stainless-steel cookers of the big distilleries as in the wood vats of the smaller ones. The big companies point out that their facilities allow them to exercise much greater control over the variables, such as temperature, and much greater care in the purchase of raw materials. The smaller ones, in reply, adduce know-how and devotion; but, with one exception, I'm inclined to doubt that the advertising claims for old-fashioned methods are wholly serious. After all, the *really* old-fashioned bourbon was what they called "hand-made," a small tub at a time, and according to distiller Charles Thomason at the Willet Distilling Company in Bardstown, one of the few remaining three-generation family firms, the last "hand-made" bourbon he can remember was in 1904.



THE looks of a small distillery, to the visitor, have little to distinguish them. The most conspicuous feature will be the warehouses, bulky four-story blocks that are usually surfaced with gray corrugated metal. The still itself will have a tower, and there is likely to be a tall thin black smokestack; but at first glance you might easily mistake it for a sawmill. Most of the distilleries have naturally been built or rebuilt since Prohibition, and there is not a great deal of difference in their major items of equipment or manufacturing processes (minor differences of formula or technique, however, are many). Quite a few have been bought up by outsiders or by one of the "big four" Seagram, Schenley, National, or Hiram Walker—without causing noticeable changes in practice.

What we benighted Easterners consider to be first-rate bourbons are equally so regarded in Kentucky. I will not embarrass our advertisers by playing favorites but will simply say that, if you have been patronizing one of the dozen-odd familiar brands, you can go on doing so without regret. (The word "bonded," however, does not specifically refer to quality; it means only that the whiskey has been aged four years under government bond and is 100 proof.) The kind of whiskey to be found in much greater variety in Kentucky proper is straight bourbon of lower proof and the middle-price range, similar if not identical to the "house brands" that large stores and distributors market in the East under their own labels. It is sold locally under names that are familiar to Kentuckians but have not, because of the small distiller's limited marketing organization, become well known in other parts. A brief glance at the *Kentucky Beverage Journal* reveals over 130 of them, thirty beginning with the word "old," including Old Hickory, Old Log Cabin, Old Mill Stream, Old Joe and Old Tub.

THE "one exception" which I mentioned earlier is also an exception in being a small distiller's brand with a national reputation as one of the best of bourbons. It is not bonded, technically not a bourbon (the mash starts with a different proportion of corn to other grains) and it is not made in Kentucky, but otherwise the reputation is earned. I refer of course to Jack Daniel's which is a corn whiskey made in Lynchburg, Tennessee, by a unique process of filtering the new whiskey from the still through charcoal before it is barreled. This is a technique which seems to have been brought over from Africa and which has the effect of removing the fusel oil, or high alcohols, with a resulting increase in mellowness and decrease in hangovers. Jack Daniel's caught on, a number of years ago, partly as a result of word-of-mouth advertising from prominent consumers (including William Faulkner and the late Senator Kenneth McKellar) and partly of an energetic promotion campaign; but under Reagor Motlow's direction it promises to maintain its present standard.

Reagor Motlow, like most distillers, is a voluble opponent of the high taxes—and the resulting high

degree of supervision—that the government imposes on him. Since a gallon of whiskey which he can make for a dollar has a federal tax on it of $10.50, even before the state taxes begin, it pays the Bureau of Internal Revenue to make sure that the whole whiskey industry doesn't spill a single drop. Its office in Louisville, where there are several big companies, is said to take in an average of a million dollars a day; and a still that may need five men to operate it needs seven inspectors to watch it. Where the federal government leaves off the states begin, each with its special regulations and special bits of appropriate paper. Mr. Motlow observes that he sometimes thinks he is not in the whiskey business but in the stamp business.

The distillers argue, with some cogency, that the effect of a high tax is to stimulate moonshining, which they believe amounts to at least a $50-million-dollar-a-year business. Since their own take is about $200 million, this means that we have produced an illegal industry a quarter the size of its legal counterpart. And there are those who even speak well of the illegal product; a man at one distillery assured me that the smoothest whiskey he had ever tasted was Cajun moonshine from Louisiana. The problem is a complicated one since the taxes have become in effect a social and moral device, used for their control over behavior as much as their production of income.

Where my own reformist zeal is aroused is in the matter of "wet" and "dry" counties. One of the many ironies of whiskey-making is that so much of it takes place, quite legally, in localities where the sale and consumption of booze is theoretically illegal. You may repeat "theoretically." The effect of this is inevitably to force an alliance between the bootleggers and the forces of teetotalism, who have common ground only in hypocrisy and whose harm to their society is consequently deep. The people of the South have long been famous for voting Dry and drinking Wet, but since they have made a gift to the rest of us of our greatest beverage it seems a pity that they still cannot enjoy it openly, in moderation and quiet.

—Mr. Harper



She knows only hardship and hunger

This is Do Thi Lan, Vietnamese, age 6. A timid, gentle child, she knows only hardship and want. Her parents fled the bloody war in the north in search for freedom, joining the hordes of refugees on the painful trek southward. Arriving in Saigon, the father soon lost his life from TB, leaving his wife, little Lan and an infant now aged 2. The young mother, old before her years, earns 40¢ a day, hardly enough to keep them alive. They share a one-room lodging in poverty unknown in the western world. Blinded by tears of despair, heartsick with loss of hope, the mother watches her children go to bed at night with hunger and distress. Won't you help little Lan or a child like her? Your help will also mean help to the entire little family . . . your help today means their hope for tomorrow.

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the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

America's Secular Religion

WHEN a female character in one of Ivy Compton-Burnett's novels remarks with relief that Christmas comes but once a year, she strongly suggests that she has exhausted everything there is to be said in defense of the subject, and at this time of year her appraisal will probably strike many a tired and impoverished holiday veteran as remarkably just. But for a book reviewer Christmas has at least one other welcome attribute besides its decent infrequency: namely that during the holiday season publishers are much too busy selling the books they have already published to bring out many new ones.

This temporary lull in the flood of new publications gives me an opportunity to go back and survey some recent but not necessarily brand-new books that I have previously neglected. I intend to center my remarks on books in a field of perennial general interest and—in the weeks since the Russians launched the first man-made satellite—of acute and specific interest, the field of American education.

FALSE EXPECTATIONS

PROBABLY few of the millions who saw and heard President Eisenhower on the occasion of his first formal address to the nation after the launching of the sputniks were surprised that the first subject he took up—after reassuring his audience on the state of American armaments—was the subject of education. Nor was it surprising that the most important innovation he announced to meet the challenge posed by Russia's dramatically demonstrated technological prowess was his appointment of a leading educator, President Killian of M.I.T., to co-ordinate our scientific and technological research and to keep him in touch with developments.

It would have been surprising if the President had not referred to education and educational leaders in his speech on that evening in mid-November when so much was expected of him—surprising not only because of the direct relevance of education to the research and development that lie behind modern armaments, but also because education is America's secular religion, and to fail to invoke it at a time of national distress would show a lack of decorum.

With our separation of church and state, educational institutions (for the most part unconsciously) have come to perform, or to try to perform, many of the functions that religious institutions perform in other societies. Long ago a Latin visitor observed that the only thing he had seen before that was at all comparable to a high-school graduation in a small American town was a First Communion in an Italian village. Around the schools have grown up the elaborate but educationally incidental paraphernalia of homecomings, parades, and big games—an attempt to fill the need for symbolism, for magnificence and tradition, in a society with few official occasions for either carnival or ceremony. The process of initiation, the rites by which boys are inducted into man's estate, are in most primitive societies in the hands of priests and elders, but with us they are left to the not always tender mercies of high-school gangs and college fraternities whose members are only slightly older than the initiates themselves. Our schools have many characteristics that elsewhere might be thought more appropriate in religious institutions—a conviction that they must be all things to all men, for instance, and a reluctance to excommunicate.

So whenever anything arises to put America's destiny in question, the schools come under close scrutiny; they are both blamed for having failed to forestall the danger before it had happened and counted on to correct it after it has. For a long time, whenever anything went wrong the cry was for more education; now that more and more young people have spent more and more years in school and college, the cry is for better education.

The trouble with regarding education as a secular religion is not so much that it leads us to expect too much of our schools as that it leads us to expect the wrong things. A pluralistic society like ours, in which values are established

not by any central agency but by all kinds of persons and groups throughout society, has many advantages; but its schools cannot be very different from the population that provides their students, teachers, administrators, school boards, and financial support. A genuine religion can be different; it has or claims to have a supernatural, other-worldly sanction; that sanction gives it power to go against the tide and gives it a standard against which it can measure itself and purge itself of excesses. But a secular religion is, after all, secular—of this world; its goals are not built in or self-correcting. A public school has little power, for instance, to inculcate a greater respect for learning and intelligence than the community as a whole really feels. An occasional teacher can do it by sheer force of personality, an occasional student will encounter a book or problem that convinces him that the life of the mind is deeply absorbing no matter what other people may think, but in general we are simply deluding ourselves if we expect our schools to maintain standards that the community as a whole has abandoned or never held.

Since the sputniks first appeared the standards the American people hold have undergone rapid change. As that astute British observer of the American scene, D. W. Brogan, has recently pointed out, the more complacent excuses for American shortcomings have been destroyed—the notion that the Russians couldn't make much technological progress without a conspiracy of spies who stole our secrets, for instance; or the notion that we were too rich to have to make choices; above all, the notion that whatever our faults we were still out ahead.

Probably never before have the American people been so ready to take education seriously as in the last two months. Our schools have a tremendous opportunity, but it can be frittered away all too easily, by attempting too much or too little or the wrong things. The word education in itself contains no magic to exorcise the demons that plague us; it is simply the collective label for a great variety of human activities of widely varying worth and relevance. To seek out what is most worthy and most relevant is certainly a big assignment, but it is an assignment that faces the American people.

STILL PERTINENT

NOW books have one characteristic that distinguishes them from most other contemporary means of communication: there is still a considerable delay between the time they are written and the time they are read. The radio or television commentator can make his voice crackle with the urgency of today's crisis and trust that all will be forgotten by tomorrow; the journalist's prose and prophecies leap to print but vanish with the garbage. But what the writer of a book says will be read in a different context of events and can be held against him. If he remembers that fact, it is a lesson in humility; if he forgets it, it may be a lesson in humiliation. All the books about to be discussed were written well before the earth satellites were launched; as a group they stand up well and testify to the fact that some at least, of our educational leaders were not caught asleep.

Brainpower Quest edited by Andrew A. Freeman (Macmillan, $5), though recently published, is the record of a symposium held at Cooper Union more than a year ago on the subject of the nation's supply of engineering talent, and it shows that alert and resourceful men were at that time very much alive to the problem. The book has the characteristics of most symposia: the various speakers use more or less the same statistics, some contributors arrived riding on their favorite hobbyhorses and refused to dismount, some interesting points get insufficient discussion and some generalities get too much. On the whole the speakers say about what they might be expected to say on such subjects as recruitment of students, the need for better preparation of students, the desirability of educating engineers more broadly, etc.

But certain points are less expected. One is the question whether we really need more engineers or simply need to make much better use of those we already have. Opinion on this point is divided, but there are enough speakers who hold that the supply is adequate if wisely used to make one wonder if there may not be something to their argument. At a time when almost every field is clamoring for more and better people to come into it, and none more than the sciences, engineering, and teaching, no one can help wondering if there are enough "better" people to supply all the demands. At this point the history of the medical profession may be instructive: there are fewer medical schools in America now than fifty years ago, and the number of their graduates has not greatly increased, yet on the whole medical care has improved immensely. The reason seems to be that the individual physician's time has been stretched by centering medicine in institutions like hospitals and clinics and by the creation of a whole group of new professions and occupations—laboratory technicians, anaesthetists, roentgenologists, and so on—that relieve the M.D. of all but his strictly professional duties. There may be a lesson in what has happened to medicine for both engineering and teaching. The loss in personal relationship that went with the old family doctor would be even more marked if teaching were professionalized in the way medicine has been, but presumably nobody has an old family engineer.

Another unexpected point that comes out here is the report of the very high proportion

The man who reads dictionaries



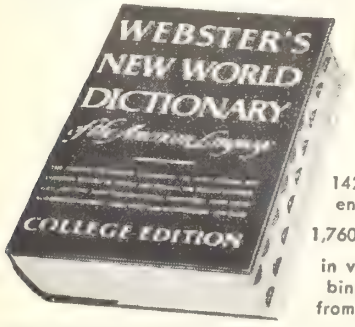
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of students who fail in engineering schools: 50 per cent. There may be a little padding in this figure; obviously if the president of one engineering school says that his school fails 50 per cent of its students the presidents of other engineering schools will not rush in to say that their institutions are less severe. But if something like that proportion of students is being failed it means a tremendous waste of educational facilities; something is wrong either with the way students are admitted or the way they are taught after admission or both. The situation is made worse by the fact (if it is a fact —the speakers seem not to be very sure) that most of the failures do not ordinarily make use of their partial engineering training but go into other occupations. They would look like a reservoir of talent for engineering sub-professions, though one shrewd speaker with experience remarks, in effect, that the man who has failed is not usually the best or most willing aide to the man who has succeeded.

The most arresting and disquieting remark in *Brainpower Quest* is a reminder that, since Russia offers its young people fewer choices of career than we do, the fields that are open to them, like science and engineering, will be more crowded, consequently will be more competitive, and quite possibly will have higher standards of accomplishment. Russian boys and girls in search of prestige and other rewards cannot go into stockbroking or advertising or consumer research or many other fields that offer prizes to the ambitious young American, because those fields do not exist in Russia; they *can* go into science.

We can respond to that fact in several different ways. We can enact a frantic "crash" program of scientific and technological education, which may be of some use in the short run but unless it is very carefully considered will distort our schools and other institutions in the long run. Or we can go the whole hog and put our society through a thorough Russification, thereby fulfilling the prophecies of those who have said that the power stalemate would end by America and Russia becoming just alike. Or we can re-examine our society with a view to bringing it in line not with the best in Russia but with the best in ourselves. Any society is a living definition of efficiency, of what it thinks worth saving and what it doesn't mind wasting. We could make considerable changes in our definition of efficiency without any danger of being Russified. The confidence that our institutions *automatically* insured superiority, that American science had to be better than Russian science because it was the science of a free people, has now been discredited, but that does not necessarily discredit our institutions; it means that they cannot be left to themselves to perform tasks or establish values that are the business of all of us.

One point that is hardly touched upon in *Brainpower Quest* and that may have been properly regarded as lying outside the area of discussion, though it is certainly crucial in the whole matter of scientific and technological education and indeed of all education, is the question of innovation and creativity: where and how and from what kind of people new ideas arise, what kind of educational system is most conducive to inventiveness and discovery. Some informed observers believe that Russia and America are both still living off Western Europe's capital of pure science, that neither has created the conditions favorable to fundamental innovation, and that in the long run the first nation to do so will be the one that is out ahead. It seems unlikely that "crash" programs will do that job, and it seems unlikely that it can be done for science in isolation from the rest of the intellectual life of the nation.

A RADICAL REFORMER

THOUGH Irving Adler's **What We Want of Our Schools** (John Day, $3.75) was published a month before the first sputnik was launched, the launching makes it more rather than less cogent, because Adler speaks to timeless times. Most of the recent popular critics of American public education have been conservatives trying to guide education back to the path they knew when they were young and most of them have been trained in the liberal arts, with at most a lit-

ited interest in innovation in general and in technological innovation in particular; and often their firsthand experience of public schools has been slight. Adler, on the other hand, is a radical, a man who wants to make changes that are not a return to old ways; his education is in science and mathematics, he is deeply interested in technology, and he has experience as a teacher of mathematics in public schools.

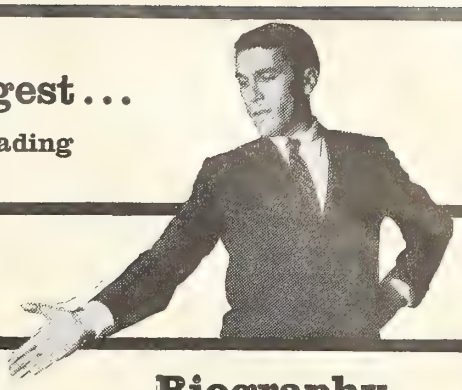
On many points Adler seems to me very interesting and quite wrong. His conception of man as *only* a technological animal is too narrow: "man's characteristically human activity is directed toward control of his environment." Man is engaged in just as "human" an activity when he is controlling himself as when he is controlling his environment, possibly more so.

In describing the social and economic pressures on public education, Adler undertakes a useful kind of analysis, but it is much too crude to do justice to the facts. He sees the schools as squeezed between two groups: first, a small privileged class who want to keep school budgets low (to save taxes) and the quality of teaching poor (to assure a labor force that knows just enough to do its work but not enough to make any trouble), and second, "the common people" who want good schools for their children. Actually, in between these two groups stand most of the American people, who are and think of themselves as middle class; they run the schools because they supply most of the teachers and administrators, most of the members of PTA's and school boards, and most of the funds. They are not as rich as the members of the NAM, but they have a great many more votes. Those in the middle class are by no means united on what they want of the schools, except, to do them justice, most of them want the schools to be "good."

Adler's argument for academic freedom is also open to exception. He says that he believes that all points of view should be represented, though his chapter on the Negro and education suggests that he would not care to have his children taught by a white supremacist, and his (very good) discussion of teaching methods suggests that he would

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— *Chicago Sun-Times*
Illustrated. $6.00

Neither Black Nor White
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not care to have them taught algebra by anyone who believes in the theory of "incidental learning" (the theory that a subject can be picked up incidentally while the student is engaged in other projects or activities).

But, however that may be, the fact is that all points of view *cannot* be represented, and if academic freedom depended on such representation (as it does not), then academic freedom would be impossible. Think, for example, of the study of Shakespeare in college. Think of how many different courses you would need to have to represent all points of view on the authorship alone—you would have to have a Baconian, an Oxfordian, a Marlovian, a Dverite, and so on and so on; you would even need a Shakespearean. Then think of all the other courses you would need to represent all points of view on the chronology, the text, and the interpretation of the plays. It is impossible. No philosophy department in America is large enough to include a spokesman for every philosophy; no economics department is large enough to include a spokesman for every economic theory; and none needs to be. What Adler means is that he thinks Communists should be permitted to teach. There is a fairly good argument on his side, but it does not depend on the principle that all points of view should be represented.

Yet if there were nothing else of value in Adler's book (and there is a good deal), it would be worth reading for one chapter alone, a chapter called "The I. Q. Hoax." This is a discussion which, if taken seriously, could make an important change in our estimate of the resources of human intelligence available to us. For Adler persuasively argues that the I.Q. has come to be regarded as a measure of *innate* ability, as a fixed limit on what can be expected of the child, and is used by the schools to excuse their own failures. He believes that schools should entirely stop using I. Q. tests and use only achievement tests, and that they should stop having "second track" curriculums to which students with low I. Q.'s are permanently condemned and instead set up "feeder courses" in which those with low scores on achievement tests would be specially trained until they were ready to enter the "first track." Adler is so intent on maintaining that all God's chillun must have shoes that a careless reading might give the impression that he thinks they all have feet of the same size. But in fact Adler does not deny that there are differences in human intelligence; he only argues that since we have found no reliable way of measuring those differences we have no business setting up an educational system based on them.

A NECESSARY BRIDGE

PAUL WOODRING'S **A Fourth of a Nation** (McGraw-Hill, $4.50) is an entertaining and informative attempt to close the most disgraceful schism dividing the academic community today: the schism between those who are concerned with the content of education (the subject-matterists) and those who are concerned with the method of education (the educationists).

Except for an occasional flare-up over something like the teaching of reading, there seems to be comparatively little public criticism of the nursery schools, kindergartens, and lower grades, all of which are dominated by the educationists and the theory that the growth and development of the individual child are the matters of primary concern. Except for an occasional flare-up over something like the loyalty of teachers, there seems to be comparatively little public criticism of the colleges, which are dominated (except for schools of education) by the subject-matterists and the theory that the growth and dissemination of the various branches of knowledge are the matters of primary concern. The problematic area in education lies in between, in the secondary schools, the junior and senior high schools. Since, according to one of the contributors to *Brainpower Quest,* boys and girls make their decisions to go into science, engineering, and other fields in the secondary schools, and since it is there that they receive or fail to receive the training necessary for them to go on, the controversy over what group or theory should dominate those schools is no trivial matter.

The educationists have wanted to reach up and control secondary education, and have pretty well succeeded in doing it; the subject-matterists, alarmed at what the educationists have made of the secondary schools, now want to reach down and control them. Since neither group knows or understands or trusts the other, they are tragically failing to build the bridge that would enable the individual to pass from childhood to adolescence, to move from an education centered on himself to an education centered on the world outside, smoothly and successively.

There will be varying estimates of Woodring's attempt to provide the blueprints for such a bridge in *A Fourth of a Nation* (the title, by the way, simply refers to the proportion of the American population now in school); the most valuable part of the book is the very skillful job of putting the whole controversy in its historical setting. It is a sad fact that though several of the most influential critics of public education have been trained as historians, they have seldom tried to look at what has happened to American education historically. Woodring, a professor of psychology in a teachers' college at the time this book was written, does.

A Fourth of a Nation is written concisely, with wit and imagination (qualities lacking in Adler's book), and the first sections are particularly recommended to anyone interested in the controversy now raging.

MORE BRIEFLY MENTIONED

IN **American Education in the Twentieth Century** (Harvard, $5) I. L. Kandel shows little of the sprightliness of Woodring; in fact he has written a rather dull and very good book. The dullness arises largely from the fact that the book belongs to a series devoted to the description of various aspects of American life in the twentieth century, and Kandel has taken the job of description very seriously. Although he has by no means refrained from criticism, he advances his criticisms so unobtrusively that their shrewdness and severity are often disguised. In telling his story Kandel quotes generously from official documents and organizational report that are not very entertaining reading but necessary to an understanding of what has happened.

Adler's and Woodring's books are lively and disputatious enough to hold the casual reader's interest; to read Kandel you have to be interested in the subject. But if you are interested, you can learn a great deal from him about the road we have taken in public education. Kandel is a professor emeritus at Teachers' College, Columbia, and his story centers on the developments that have taken place there, but he is not a propagandist.

The **Second Report to the President** of the President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School (Government Printing Office) has been out six months but remains eminently worth reading. It contains a wealth of good sense on the subjects discussed and is clearly if repetitiously presented. Perhaps the most curious piece of information that emerges from the report is that we seem to have less command of the facts about what is going on in college education than about almost any other activity of comparable scope in the country. Another curiosity is how little of American higher education is financed by students' borrowing (about 1.5 per cent). It is odd that we will buy anything on time except learning. Presumably the arguments against borrowing are early marriage and the uncertainty of military service.

For Future Doctors (Chicago, $3.50) is a collection of talks and informal essays by the late Alan Gregg, for many years director of the medical sciences division and later vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation. All the essays deal in one way or another with medical education, especially outside the classroom; they show a consistent interest in the inner growth of the physician, and much of the material is autobiographical. Dr. Gregg points out a lack of "case studies" of medical education—studies of how and why a physician suddenly grows or turns a corner in his internal development—and this posthumous collection does something to remedy that lack. (Incidentally, the "case study" method has recently been looked upon with increasing interest by

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educational researchers, and an account of what may be the most elaborate attempt ever made to assemble such material appears in this issue, page 56: "The Case of the Furious Children.")

The Tarnished Tower by Ann Marbut (McKay, $3.95) is an unpretentious but readable novel about politics in an educational institution, "the fastest-growing state university in America." Miss Marbut has broken the mold of the conventional struggle between liberals and conservatives and come a good deal closer to the truth about academic politics. She pits the opportunists, the empire-builders interested only in quantity, against the men who believe that education means quality. Unfortunately she is not able to work out this conflict in the context of institutional life and has to resolve it in private life, as if it were primarily a matter of relations between husbands and wives, but at least she has sketched the problem.

Herbert Simmons is a young Negro novelist who has written a book of considerable interest about Negro youth in a big city, **Corner Boy** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). The young people he writes about are just out of high school, at an age when, according to the writers on education, a great deal of talent is lost, especially among minority groups. For most of Simmons' characters, the choice is between going to college and going into rackets. College is for them a slow and uncertain way to prestige; the rackets are faster and more exciting. Simmons' characterization is a little sketchy, but he writes with sympathy and apparent knowledge. The story moves along and the ending has dramatic force.

Lura Beam's **A Maine Village** (Wilfred Funk, $3.50) is a charming account of life in a Maine settlement of fewer than 300 people at the turn of the century. This is not a book for the young, but anyone who enjoys the painstaking, affectionate reconstruction of the past, without condescension or sentimentalizing, will find it a jewel.

For present purposes the most relevant chapter is Miss Beam's account of the one-room school she attended sixty years ago. Some of the school's practices would now be regarded as advanced: there were no report cards, and students were not divided into grades but grouped according to their abilities in the various subjects—the good readers read together and the good figurers had arithmetic together and so on. The secret of the teaching Miss Beam lays bare in a single sentence: "Square root was taught with intensity and was actually a popular topic." She thinks that the greatest weakness of the educational system lay in its complete failure to relate what was taught to the children's lives: they studied the Revolutionary War but were not told that Revolutionary troops had passed over their very land; they learned a definition of peninsula from the geography book but it did not occur to them that the hunk of land sticking out in their lake was a peninsula. Miss Beam thinks that the chief virtue of the very limited curriculum was that it made its products self-assured; they felt that they knew what they needed to know. Probably nobody can be that self-assured now, but a reduction of the curriculum in most secondary schools and colleges would be an improvement.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Amelie and Pierre, by Henri Troyat.

In the seventeenth century when Corneille's *Le Cid* was being acted in Paris, the hero and heroine were so beloved by the public that there was a saying (as I remember it): *"Toute Paris a pour Chimène les yeux de Rodrigue."* Now that the sale of the first three *Amelie* novels has passed 250,000 copies in France perhaps the line could be rewritten: *"Toute Paris a pour Amelie les yeux de Pierre."* In any case this reader certainly has for Amelie the eyes of Pierre and has had as much sustained pleasure from the two quiet books, *Amelie in Love* and *Amelie and Pierre* as in any novels I've read in the last few years. They are part of a trilogy called *The Seed and the Fruit,* the family saga of two young people from Chapelle-aux-Bois in the Auvergne, who grow up, fall in love, marry, and in this volume, suffer with the rest of their countrymen the horror of World War I. From the talk in the little café (which Amelie runs in Pierre's absence at the front) in an unimportant Paris side street, one feels with extraordinary vividness the anguish of those now so primitive battles long ago and the human love and affection that carried people through them. This story of passionate married love has simplicity, strength, distinction, and absorbing narrative interest. Simon & Schuster, $4.50

The House on the Beach, by E. L. Withers.

A mystery-horror story about a twelve-year-old orphan girl in the clutches of her stepfather and aunt who are trying to murder her for her money. Of course no other adult will believe her stories of what is happening and the cat-and-mouse suspense goes on for two long days and many incredible pages. One does want to know what happens and reads to the end, but the publishers do it a disservice in comparing it to *The Bad Seed* which had great literary quality and a greater horror even than a child's terror—that of an evil child somehow made believable. This could more reasonably be compared to *The Tall, Dark Man* by Anne Chamberlain though that, too, was less violent and more convincing. Still, this won't be put down unfinished.

Rinehart, $3

The Joy Train, by Douglas Fairbairn.

A credible and moving story about a contemporary young American (we have had so many young Britishers lately) trying to atone for having forged his name on paintings that were not his own. The background of the story and the method of atonement are unusual, even bizarre, but as Mr. Fairbairn describes them they seem perfectly possible. His ear for dialogue is excellent; his picture of the boy's very normal middle-class family and the family rela-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

tionships is remarkably convincing; and the boy's struggle and determination to find himself and become a painter have real moral stature.
Simon & Schuster, $3.50

The Gentleman from Indianapolis: A Treasury of Booth Tarkington, edited by John Beecroft.

This rich harvest includes three complete novels—*Alice Adams, Penrod,* and *The Magnificent Ambersons;* seven short stories; and three excerpts from other novels *(Gentle Julia, Seventeen,* and *Little Orvie).* All are in "Tark's" best manner, all have Indiana backgrounds. Enough said to assure readers of delightful nostalgia. Literary Guild choice for December. Doubleday, $4.95

NON-FICTION

Those who are lucky enough to have Christmas money and a taste for art books are twice blessed, for the choice this season is impressive.

Sienese Painting, by Enzo Carli.

The rise of the Sienese School of painting was an unusual phenomenon and this history of it (1250-1500) shows how and why. It had neither a political nor a commercial culture behind it, but seems to have sprung spontaneously from the life of the people. Their houses with their simple interiors, their bright quilts, the animals and flowers they knew (see the birds in Sassetta's lovely "The Journey of the Magi"), their countryside, appear again and again in these religious pictures. And the colors and the gold they loved are beautifully reproduced in 62 full color illustrations. (There are 137 in all.) Professor Carli's text is succinct and illuminating. A large, beautiful, pleasurable book.
New York Graphic Society, $25

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The Museum of Modern Art's exhibit of modern German art of the twentieth century makes these three books particularly timely.

German Expressionism and Abstract Art, by Charles Kuhn and Jakob Rosenberg.

This book is a rather specialized study based on the pictures and prints that are housed in the museums at Harvard. It includes a survey of modern German art by Professor Kuhn; an essay on the twentieth-century German graphic arts by Dr. Rosenberg; a most useful chronological table of the history of German art since 1900; and a catalogue of German art at Harvard. It contains 218 illustrations but except for the frontispiece, they are not in color. Harvard, $8.75

Modern German Painting, by Hans Konrad Roethal.

As the title indicates, this volume, which boasts sixty color plates, concentrates on painting and drawings. It contains a more extensive history of German twentieth-century painting, biographical sketches, and bibliographies, and because the geographical choice of pictures is less limited than the Harvard book it is perhaps more fun for the general reader. Reynal, $7.50

German Art of the Twentieth Century, by Werner Haftmann, Alfred Hentzen, William S. Lieberman. Edited by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie.

Dr. Haftmann discusses painting, Dr. Hentzen sculpture, and Mr. Lieberman prints in this beautiful and compact volume carrying 178 illustrations, 48 in color. Sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art in collaboration with The City Art Museum of St. Louis, and celebrating the extensive show of German painting, sculpture, and prints which has just been shown at the Museum in New York and now moves to St. Louis, the book is a distinguished contribution to the history of German art and of related European art movements for fifty years.
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The Changing Face of Beauty, by Madge Garland.

More than 400 pictures illustrate 4,000 years of beautiful women—their faces, figures, hair-do's, and the conventions that changed them from century to century. Ears and eyebrows appear and disappear, bosoms wax and wane, waistlines go up and down, and the pictures are chosen with discrimination and a real sense of style. Fascinating and fun.
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Simon & Schuster, $12.50

Three Hundred Years of American Painting, by Alexander Eliot, Art Editor of *Time.* Introduction by John Walker, Director of the National Gallery.

Three hundred pages of distinguished text and pictures (250 in color). Published by *Time* and distributed by Random House. $13.50

America's Arts and Skills, by the editors of *Life.* With an introduction by Charles F. Montgomery, Director of the Henry Francis Du Pont Winterthur Museum, Winterthur, Delaware.

From the earliest primitive tools to the age of electronics and modern architecture the development of American arts and skills is shown in spectacular color photographs and explained in text and captions.
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FORECAST

Memoirs of Professionals

Professional men and women in all walks of life are either writing their autobiographies or having biographies written about them in 1958. Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael A. Musmano has written *Verdict! The Adventures of the Young Lawyer in the Brown Suit,* a book of reminiscences which Doubleday will publish in February. In the same month they will also launch *Doctor in Love* by that adventuring doctor, Richard Gordon, who also wrote *Doctor in the House,* and *Doctor at Sea.* Lt.-General Sir John Bagot Glubb, professional soldier and former Commander of the Arab Legion has told his story, *A Soldier with the Arabs,* and Harper will publish it in February too. In the same month they will publish *A Joy of Gardening* by V. Sackville-West, who combines in it the talents of a professional writer and near-professional gardener, using her experience in her garden at Sissinghurst Castle in Kent as a background for a special book for Americans. Putnam announces *The Arctic Year,* by the arctic explorer Peter Freuchen and the Danish naturalist Dr. Finn Salomonsen—a heavily illustrated month-by-month account of life in the Arctic Zone, for publication in February, IGY. The professional's lot is not a private one.

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GENERATIONS OF CHANGING TASTE

Beethoven: Symphony #3 ("Eroica"). Cleveland Orchestra, Szell. Epic LC 3385.

A fast, yet eloquent "Eroica," this one, and thoroughly enjoyable, casting some pleasantly fresh light on the great piece's inner shaping—a quick-paced, panoramic view, on tiptoe. This is not one of those teeth-gnashing exercises in modern violence—Szell is too much of a good Central European to tamper with its lyric qualities and the symphony sings where it should. But the sharp, syncopated chords are quick swipes this time, rather than the usual weighty thunder blows, the dissonant trumpet is deliberately shocking, almost triumphantly so, and the grand climax positively crows with accomplishment.

Beethoven, like Bach and the other big ones, has enough in him for generations of changing taste to exploit; and maybe we are about to see a new renaissance for his music in new terms. The older era made much talk of his cosmic architecture but didn't do much about it in the playing. This symphony in particular has too often been dragged out, ponderously, played for every detail of monumental grandeur along the way. But few listeners, however impressed, can hold onto the larger concept of the piece in such performances. This was the Wagnerian approach; you were hypnotized by the very immensity of the thing and, sometimes, you went off to sleep, to wake up and cheer at the end.

The wonderful thing is that Beethoven's architecture is there, and it can be made audible, upon demand, in mysteriously ever-new ways. Our present taste for clean lines and airy spaces does Beethoven no harm at all. The big shapes are undeniably and newly evident, all clean metal and glass against a serene blue sky.

Beethoven: Septet, Op. 20. Chamber Music Ensemble of the Berlin Philharmonic Orch. Decca DL 9934.

This colorful and beautifully written little *divertimento* for wind and string solos was Beethoven's most popular salon piece during his lifetime—until he could no longer stand the mention of it. (But at first he was extremely proud of the work and rightly.) It is music, so to speak, for social listening; there's nothing emotionally profound about it and there should not have been—Beethoven, remember, lived in a time when music was written to fit the occasion, rather than the composer's emotional whim. It serves its purpose as well now as it did then—easy, light entertainment, put together with immense skill.

The North German performance is full of life and vigor, if not always scrupulously clear in the details; it makes an interesting contrast to the present Viennese tradition, which takes it more slowly, almost to the point of stodginess on first hearing. (A corresponding group from the Vienna Philharmonic plays it on London LL 1191.) This recording has a fine sound though the string bass seems over-heavy and there is a trace of low-pitched hum that will be audible on larger speakers.

Haydn: Symphony #96. Mozart: Symphony #35 ("Haffner"). Detroit Symphony, Paray. Mercury MG50129.

Paul Paray, an irrepressible Frenchman of the older generation, does astonishing and sometimes outlandish things to such pompous Teutonics as Wagner and Liszt. He is always highly musical, and in his handling of these earlier Austrians, Paray turns out to be a first-rate stylist, with all the musical fervor of his other work and, in this case, very little that is eccentric. The phrasing is beautifully intense—exaggerated, but at the right places; the music dances, bounces, is full of energy. And Haydn, who too often is bounced cutely, is full of life and, if you will, seriousness; what is particularly nice is the *concertante*, semi-intimate style of playing, with much solo feeling.

Only minor drawback is the Detroit orchestra's inability always to keep up with the letter of Paray's intentions. There is some rough playing here and there. But we have had far too much smooth, soulless perfection in our big orchestras. This recording is all soul.

Haydn: Symphony #45 ("Farewell"); Symphony #82 ("The Bear"). Southwest German Radio Orch., Rolf Reinhardt. Vox PL 10310.

Evidently one may be born in Heidelberg, as was Rolf Reinhardt, and grow up to be at thirty a mature and understanding conductor of Haydn. Most young conductors can't touch him. It isn't easy to believe that these suave, wise performances are from a young leader, especially since they are clearly not carbon-copy repertory readings but the products of individual thinking and intuition.

The symphonies are not played with technical perfection; there are, again, a good many unfinished edges. But the whole feeling, for these very unlike works, is on the way to being deeply right. In the later one, composed for Paris, there is both that joyous, bustling flamboyance—sounding so much like Mozart—that was typical of Parisian style, and the wise, untroubled profundity of the later Haydn. These things Rolf Reinhardt hears as Bruno Walter might.

And in the "Farewell," one of the greatest of small symphonies, he hears the first movement's agitated modula-

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WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Prokofieff: Cello Concerto. Milhaud: Cello Concerto #1. Janos Starker; Philharmonia, Susskind. Angel 35418.

Mendelssohn: Cello Sonata in D. Strauss: Cello Sonata in F. André Navarra, cello, Ernest Lush, piano. Capitol P18045.

Beethoven: Diabelli Variations, Op. 120. Leonard Shure, piano. Epic LC 3382.

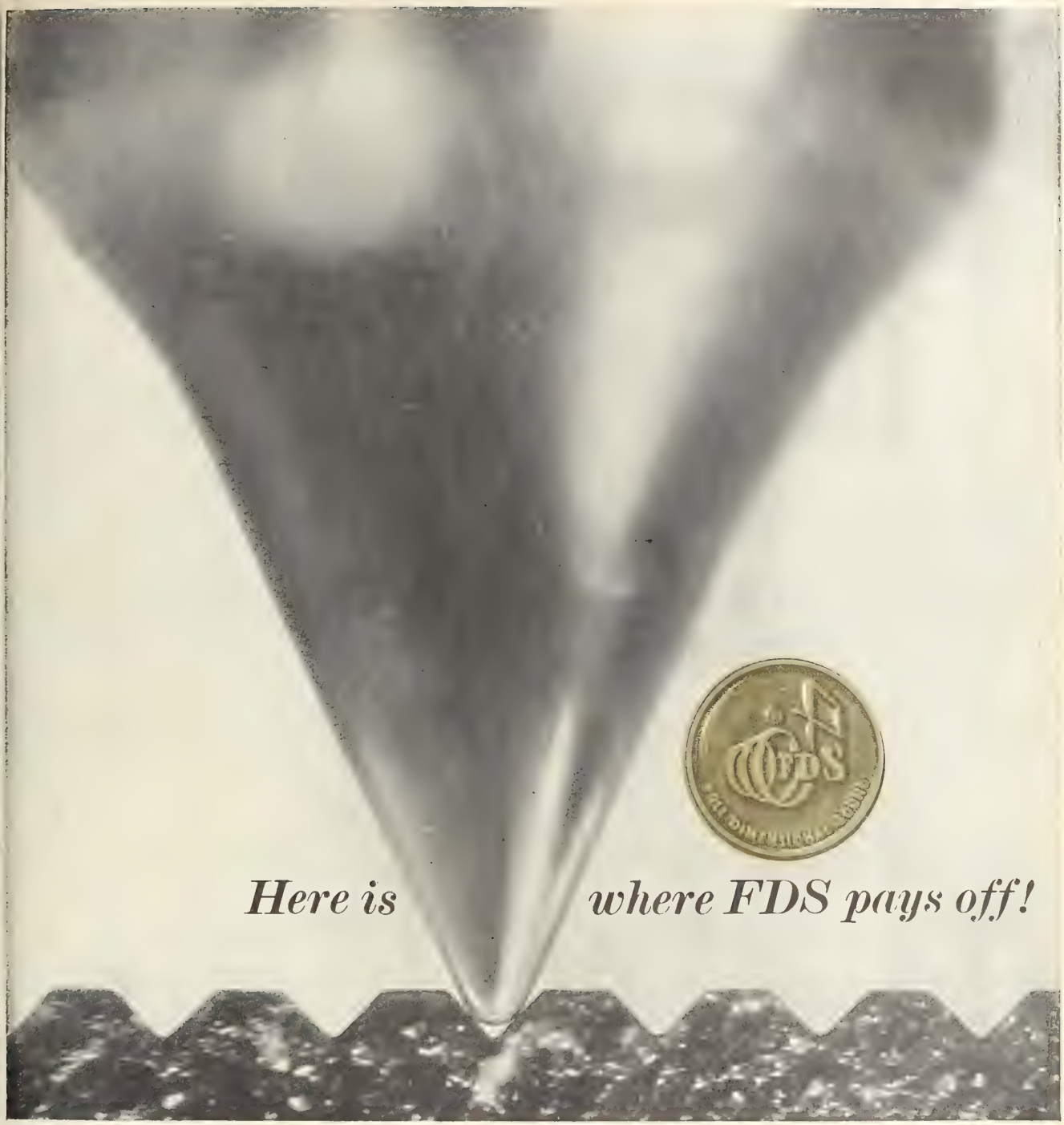
Franck: Pièce Héroïque; Three Chorales. Edouard Commette, Organ Cathedral St. Jean de Lyon. Angel 35369.

Selections from the Sacred Pontifical Liturgy of the Russian Orthodox Church, Choir of the Russian Orthodox Cath. of Paris, Spassky. Epic LC 3384.

Col. World Library of Folk and Primitive Music, Vol XV: Northern and Central Italy; Vol. XVI: Southern Italy and the Islands. ed. Alan Lomax. Columbia KL 5173, 5174.

Puccini: La Bohème. Gigli, Albanese, *et al.* (La Scala production, from prewar 78s.) His Master's Voice 513/514 (2) Imported.

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tion and, in the second, the strange, thin, three-part counterpoint, the spare lines of melody stretching into fathomlessly distant tonal relationships; he is aware of the richness and the peace of the last movement, where the instruments depart one by one, leaving a string quartet, then two violins alone, to carry the unbroken spell to its end.

Haydn: Symphony #44 ("Trauer Symphonie"); #49 ("La Passione"). Vienna State Opera Orch., Scherchen. Westminster XWN 18613.

One of the paradoxes of nineteenth-century Romanticism is that it was anti-Romantic toward its immediate forebears, almost jealously so. Mozart and Haydn lived in the periwig era and their music was played in periwig fashion; only a few chosen "prophetic" works—mostly the minor keys—were allowed a place in Romanticism and a Romantic-style playing.

And so, paradoxically, a twentieth-century task is the restoration—to Romanticism—of much in Haydn and Mozart, as we must restore Beethoven to classicism. Scherchen's Haydn, early and late, has been a revelation in this respect and Westminster's wholesale reissue of his recordings is of great value.

These two are from that short pre-Romantic time of storm and stress around 1770, the time of the "Farewell" and the fact that the later Haydn is less outwardly passionate (though inwardly more deeply Romantic) makes them particularly interesting. See especially Scherchen's late Haydn, Symphonies 93-104.

Mozart: Symphony #35 ("Haffner"). Berlioz: Waverley Overture; Three Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust." Orchestra drawn from Alumni of the National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin. Columbia ML 5176.

This recording, played by members of the 400-odd alumni of this splendid training orchestra, commemorates the organization's twenty-fifth anniversary, under Leon Barzin's direction. The National is a unique orchestra, that accepts *via* scholarship youngsters on their way to the orchestras of our country and gives them a year or so of rigorous practical training—rehearsals, concerts, broadcasts. Mr. Barzin, who now conducts the New York City Ballet as well, has exactly the right humorous, disciplinarian approach to the young players.

As a performance, by men from dozens of musical posts throughout the country, this was surely unusual, a sort of professional convention and Old Home Week. As music, the result is inevitably colored by professionalism.

It is both remarkably virtuoso and musically unconvincing. It is a display of graduate orchestral technique, for the old schoolmaster; it reflects, as well, all the prejudices and narrownesses of the practicing orchestral musician—and this includes Mr. Barzin himself. Mozart and Berlioz are pretty much lost enroute. The "Haffner" is played from the original manuscript, owned by the Association. You will not detect important differences. The sound is conventionally big-orchestra, expertly polished and quite routine. The Berlioz is the same—much display and little of that native electricality that makes the music worth hearing.

All of which is no slur on the National, but rather, a reflection on the state of American orchestral playing today. It was never the National's business to reform it.

Schubert: The Death of Lazarus. Soloists, NDR Chorus, Philharmonia Orch. Hamburg. Winograd. M-G-M E3526.

The first act of an uncompleted Schubert opera is here brought to performance—it was hailed by Alfred Einstein as a neglected masterpiece in his *Schubert* (Oxford, 1951). The music won't be easy for most listeners, but it is without a doubt remarkable. How the work could have survived as an opera is hard to imagine; there was never such a quiet, gentle, inward-turning opera as this, concerned entirely with an intimate and very personal death-bed scene, where Lazarus talks with his closest family and friends, and dies in their midst. No heroics, no dramatics.

But those who know how poignantly Schubert can turn the simplest melody, with the simplest of chords, will understand how this gentle piece can grow upon the listener who has it in his home to hear, far from the unlikely stage. It is, somewhat incidentally, a pioneer work in respect to the free blending of aria and recitative, anticipating even Wagner's "Lohengrin." But Wagner made a lot more noise.

A small, dedicated cast of singers, none of very great power, manages rather beautifully to project the sense and feeling of this unusual music. The orchestra plays it warmly as well.

Milhaud: Le Pauvre Matelot (1926). Milhaud: Les Malheurs d'Orphée (1924). Jacqueline Brumaire, Bernard Demigny, Jean Giraudeau, Xavier Depraz, *et al.* Members of L'Orch.du Théatre Nat. de L'Opéra, Milhaud. Westminster XWN 11030; XWN 11031.

Here are two apt and timely releases—timely in that, after thirty-odd years, these beautifully wrought little chamber operettas seem to hit the spot now as they never could have before. Just quaintly nostalgic enough of the 'twenties to neutralize any left-over trace of radicalism, they are piquantly dissonant and yet tuneful, soulful, remarkably profound.

One of them is the story of Orpheus and Eurydice transposed into Provence, where he is a local druggist-herb-doctor and she a gypsy, fleeing her revengeful tribe. She dies, he is killed by her three sisters, unresisting, in the midst of a sentence; the scene is over almost as it begins.

The other story, a shocker in its double-take at the end, has a faithful wife awaiting her sailor husband who went to sea for a fortune; he returns, masquerades as a rich stranger who says the husband will soon be back, penniless; the wife murders him in the night for his money and, never knowing, goes back to her vigil, happy. Jean Cocteau is the author of this one.

The performances under Milhaud are dedicated, all-French, beautifully cast, and superbly good in the singing and playing.

Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice. Weinberger: Polka and Fugue. Liszt: Les Preludes. Strauss: Dance of the Seven Veils. N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. Columbia ML 5198.

This is a sad display for a top orchestra and great conductor, dreadfully wrong from beginning to end. One can only sit back and speculate as to what happened and how.

The titles, at least, make the general intention clear enough. They are war horses, chosen for an intended hi-fi impact, as are most such discs nowadays. They are surely not Mitropoulos' favorites, or specialties of the orchestra.

The whole thing falls dismally between two stools. Hi-fi it is, but grotesquely so, I'm tempted to say almost amateurishly; the balance is atrocious and generally confusing, as though somebody had opened the wrong mike. The beginning of the "Seven Veils" sounds like a jazz percussion piece, the winds snarl in the "Sorcerer," and the strings play too close, like hotel salon music, in "Les Preludes." Indeed, it couldn't be as bad as it sounds; the mikes have done the orchestra in.

And yet, musically, the great conductor seems to be pulling backwards, too. It sounds to me like passive resistance to a hateful chore.

It's possible that Columbia, the Philharmonic, and Mitropoulos are collectively just too earnest, too high-minded, to do the distasteful job—in which case I can only admire them.



After office hours in Puerto Rico. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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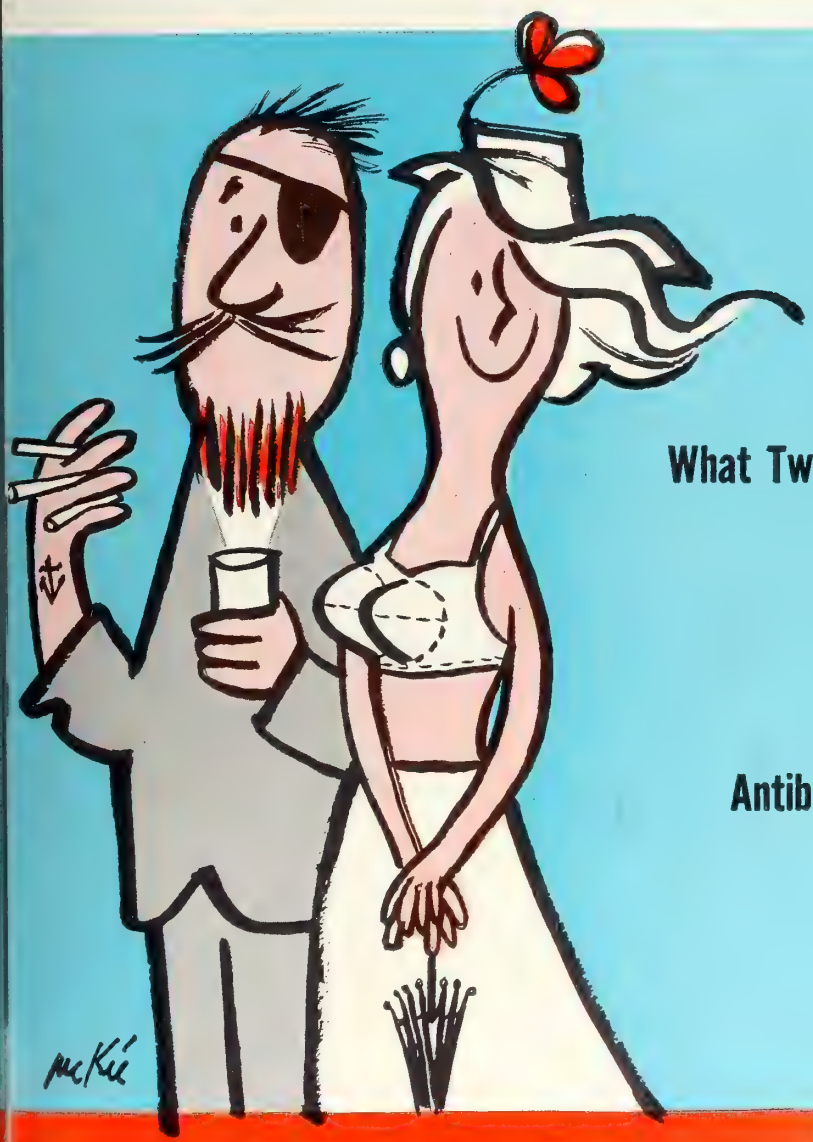
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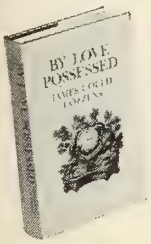
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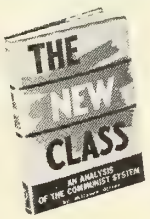
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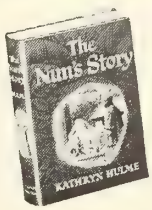
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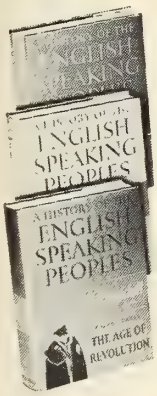
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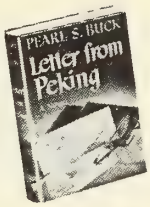
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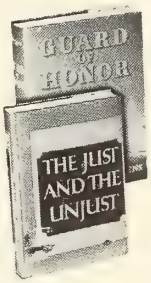
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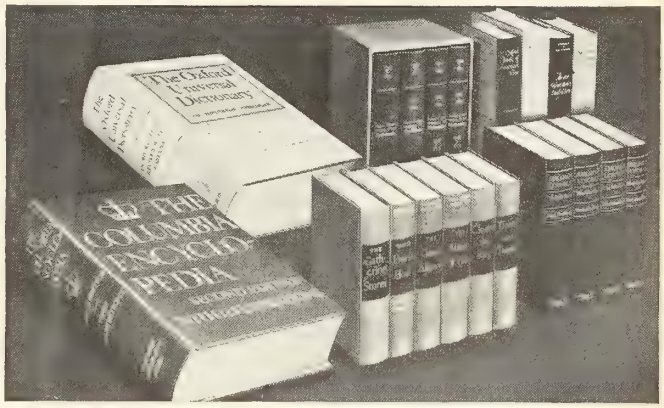
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LETTERS

Power on the Border

To the Editors:

I found the article by Senator Neuberger, "Power Struggle on the Canadian Border" [December], very interesting. . . . The problem, as he points out, is crying for solution, and unless we find ways of resolving differences and harnessing those available kilowatts of electrical energy, critical power shortages will mount.

Warren G. Magnuson, Chairman
Committee on Interstate and
Foreign Commerce
U. S. Senate, Washington

Senator Neuberger brings to light significant and timely news on the hydro power situation in the Northwest.

It is unfortunate that the region should be so heavily dependent on this power source, as it represents less than 5 per cent of the nation's energy. With the nation now engaged on new lines of public works, *i.e.* highways, and absorbed with day-to-day news of atomic developments, it seems unlikely that for the near term the Congress will see fit to appropriate the tremendous sums of money necessary for the continued expansion of hydro projects.

Right or wrong, the bitter public *vs.* private power battle has divided the area politically, with unfortunate results.

Donald Wylie
Highland Park, Ill.

Vermont, Pro and Con

To the Editors:

I am not a native of Vermont, but I have spent much time there and I have, like thousands of others, a high regard for that state, its people, and their manner of life. I think most of those at all acquainted with Vermont will feel as I do about [Mrs. Chapin's] current article ["Vermont: Where Are All Those Yankees?" December]: that it is beneath contempt and entirely unworthy of publication.

Marc T. Greene
Thomaston, Me.

That I was happily able to purchase a copy of the December *Harper's* in Montpelier, Vermont, and so read Mrs. Chapin's notes on Vermont character, was no doubt due to those very influences she so loudly deplores.

Elizabeth Kent Gay
Calais, Vt.

The article by Miriam Chapin is a wonderful picture of what a non-Vermonter expects as seen through the eyes of a Vermonter. However, it doesn't quite tell the story. The pervading Vermontisms of the natives, of whom I am proud to be one, are a little too subtle to make a good article. They are to be found, for instance, in the attitude toward Calvin Coolidge which, among his neighbors, was based on their estimate of him—man and boy—instead of on his being President. They are to be found in the case of a very acceptable preacher from the Midwest we had in our town once who made the alarming discovery that the fact of his being a clergyman gave him no automatic distinction. He had to earn it.

I might say just a word or two about some of the useful characteristics our people possess. They are adaptable mechanically, and this accounts not merely for industrial success from the days of Thaddeus Fairbanks and the platform scale to the machine-tool industry of Springfield and Windsor. It also accounts for the successful establishment in Vermont of branch plants of many national organizations. . . .

The second characteristic, and this shows character, is that labor relations are based on the assumption that management and labor will live and work together. Strikes are not unknown. Protracted strikes leading to lasting bitterness are non-existent.

As to telephone numbers, that incident shows universal characteristics and might have occurred in France or Australia. However, after all, there is something Vermontish in the humor and ingenuity.

Ralph E. Flanders
U. S. Senate, Vermont

Divide and Rue It

To the Editors:

Charlton Ogburn, Jr. presents a strong case for eliminating military rivalry in the Middle East between Russia and the West ["Divide and Rue It in the Middle East," December]. Nevertheless I fail to find it entirely convincing. The Russian offer of "peaceful co-existence" . . . carries strong overtones of propaganda to me. . . . Soviet Russia has no desire to have the Middle East quiet down even though it seeks to prevent a major conflict from breaking out there. It rather aims at stimulating Arab hatred of Israel in order to be a beneficiary of this absorbing passion of the Arabs. . . . The Soviet realizes full well that its phony offer will never be accepted by the United States and Great Britain for the following reasons:

(1) American arms must continue to be supplied to Turkey not only because of its key position . . . but because it protects NATO's flank.

(2) The adjoining "northern tier" countries, Iraq and Iran, must continue to receive American military support or succumb to the blackmail threats of their Soviet neighbor.

(3) Jordan would collapse without American military and economic aid. This might well result in an almost simultaneous attempt to carve up the kingdom by Syria, Iraq, and Israel with that part of the Middle East becoming a center of military turmoil and with an accompanying disruption of vital oil supplies to Western Europe. . . .

(4) British military support for the Persian Gulf sheikdoms must be maintained because of the highly strategic value of their fabulous oil reserves.

(5) It is politically unthinkable for either American political party to accept a policy of refusing military aid to Israel in case of need.

Let's give the Soviet credit for making what some may consider a clever cold-war propaganda move. However, it is of no help in solving the problems.

Ernest T. Clough
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Rites of Autumn

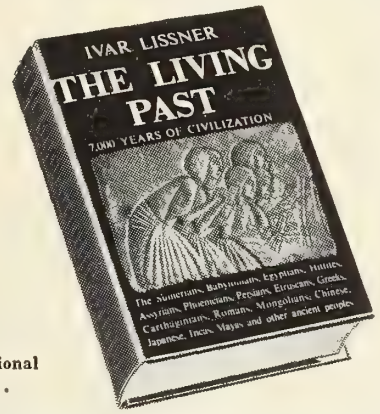
To the Editors:

Since you invite addenda and alternative suggestions to Mr. Ferril's excellent (but misguided) try at interpretation of the Rites of Autumn [The Editor's Easy Chair, December], I hasten to submit the following:

I am sorry to say that my comment will destroy the whole edifice built, obviously at the cost of tremendous research, by Mr. Ferril. He laid, however, the egg of his own downfall in this sentence: "The actual rites, performed by twenty-two young priests of perfect physique. . . ." This is extremely inaccurate. My own research has shown me that the words "perfect physique" are the base reason for the rites—in reverse. The young American male from birth is led to believe that only those of perfect physique can become the Blessed. . . . By the time



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I need not belabor the point. From then on the priesthood must perpetuate the cover-up. Ergo—the Rites of Autumn.

KATHLEEN SPROUL
Washington, D. C.

Sinister Halo

TO THE EDITORS:

I sincerely hope that James Robbins Miller's excellent article ["Glaucoma: the Sinister Halo," December] will help to save many from the danger of blindness.

Whoever heard once the frightening sound of an ophthalmologist's diagnosis, "complete atrophy," as I did in the case of my mother, will wonder, as I have ever since, what could be done to save as many as possible from this treacherous disease which so often strikes with almost no warning.

Making the pressure test part of every routine medical examination of people over forty would, in all probability, spare many from such suffering.

LOTTIE JOSEPH
San Francisco, Calif.

The Dulleseum

TO THE EDITORS:

In the State Department circles of Berlin, the American Kongress Halle may be called the "Dulleseum" [The Editor's Easy Chair, December], but among the man-in-the-street type of Berliner (who is so renowned for his quick answers that the word *"Berliner-Schnauze"* means man-of-quick-retort) this building is called "the pregnant oyster," which is indeed quite apt.

OTTO B. KIEHL
Captain, PAA
Berlin, Germany

Civil Defense

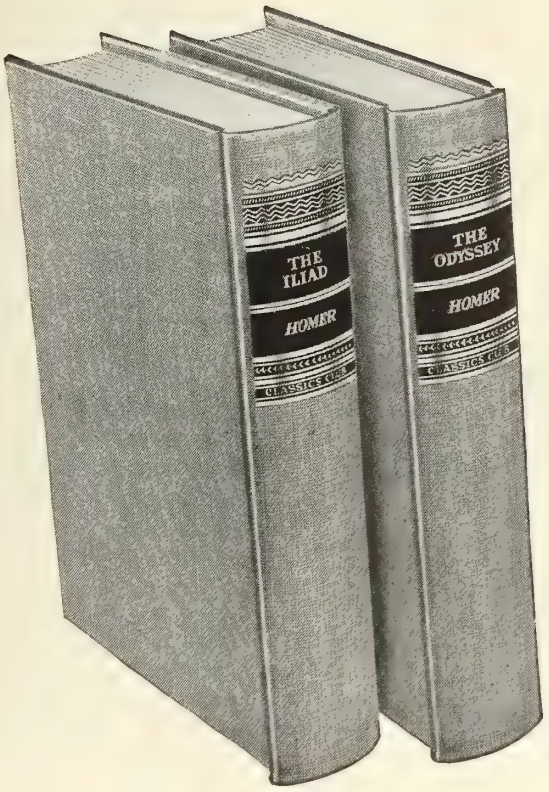
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We have made steady progress in facing and correcting past Civil Defense errors or misconceptions. We have established uniform procedures and strengthened our entire area through improved co-ordination of existing personnel and equipment resources. In short, Civil Defense in Southern California does not reflect the conditions cited in the November issue of your magazine ["The Civil Defense Fiasco"].

The article plus the art work seem to us an exaggerated, undue, one-sided combination which misrepresents the basic concept, improved status, and future progress of Civil Defense. . . .

BENJAMIN M. WATSON, Pres.
Southern California Civil
Defense & Disaster Asso.
Burbank, Calif.

. . . I am the "research engineer" of the National Academy of Sciences" mentioned by Robert Moses in "The Civil Defense Fiasco," and as such must admit responsibility for the article in *Life* and for the presentation before the Rockefeller Brothers Fund Conference. . . . It is true that I am an employee of the National Academy of Sciences; however, both contributions were made as individual efforts and were clearly identified as such. The National Academy of Sciences did not make any proposals, startling or otherwise; it did not estimate the cost of any program; it does not review or comment on the private papers of its employees. . . .

At the request of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund I prepared an original paper which contained substantially the same material as that published in *Life*. At Arden House before a small but very distinguished group of nationally known men, I presented it and debated these points with Mr. Moses. He used many of the same phrases that were later printed in your article, and the consensus of opinion of the group was that he was beaten on every point. . . .

In the discussion of zoning with intention to clear slums, establish fire-breaks, etc.—a subject in which Mr. Moses is an acknowledged authority—there is the very revealing implication that these might be very helpful but "we don't think there is a chance of getting anything substantial done." . . . It is a fairly safe bet that the leading city-planner of Tokyo used similar words in 1940. . . .

As for the shelter suggestions, I have advocated that shelters be located adjacent to homes, or as part of them, because that is where people are most of the time. . . . One specific form of home-shelter proposed can be inexpensively mass-produced for considerably less than "20 per cent of the cost" of a house. In most places an excellent family shelter can be developed for under $200 a person. . . .

It will not take long to decide the issue. Fortunately, the error of not having a shelter is a mistake that people make only once. WILLARD BASCOM
Washington, D. C.

Anti Billboard

TO THE EDITORS:

May I express appreciation of item six in the Editor's Easy Chair Christmas list in the December *Harper's*.

I'm just back from a visit with our daughter in Hawaii where there are no billboards, not because they are forbidden by statute, but because they are not tolerated by public opinion.

Appreciative mention of Union Oil Company's abstaining from billboard advertising should help materially in creating such a public opinion here.

KARL W. ONTHANK
Eugene, Ore.

Who Can Sing?

TO THE EDITORS:

Mrs. Ruedebush's declaration that "Your Child Can Sing" [December] prompts me to suggest that even some of one's adult friends can sing in something other than a monotone. Her conclusion that the commonest difficulty with children (and, I would add, with adults) is inattentiveness reminded me of an experience I once had in a rural graduate summer school where group singing had to be one of the main diversions.

A fellow-student . . . contributed the basest note to what otherwise had been a concord of sweet sounds. I discovered that when we sang pianissimo he suddenly and quite unconsciously sang exactly on pitch. But when we sang louder . . . he became more pronounced in his monotone: and the louder we sang to drown him out the more monotonous he got. A few sessions of singing softly with him—warning him we both must stop when he became his old unbearable basso self—may not have cured him, but they at least made him a less obnoxious and more tuneful singer. . . . I hope that he is still singing softly—and accurately—as we both learned he could do by the simple matter of paying attention. I. B. CAUTHEN, JR.
Charlottesville, Va.

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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

Who's in Charge Here?

MOST Americans would agree that no living man has served this country better than Dwight D. Eisenhower. His whole career has been devoted to the public service in a range of duties—soldier, military diplomat, educator, political leader—which has no parallel in our history. He led the greatest military coalition of all time; he founded the NATO shield which now protects the Western world; he reconciled the nation to the costly and bitter necessity of American leadership through a time of troubles with no foreseeable end. For these services all of us owe him a gratitude beyond measure.

There is now one last great service which President Eisenhower can perform for his country. He can resign.

In so doing, he would also serve his party—and the Free World—far better than he could by remaining in the White House.

There also is one great service which his friends, his official family, and the American people—who owe him so much—can now perform for the President. They can do their best to persuade him that his resignation would be an act of wisdom, courage, and patriotism. That it is, in fact, his highest duty.

In all likelihood it will not be easy for President Eisenhower to accept this fact. The instinct of an old soldier must be prompting him to hang on, to stand to his post regardless of his wounds. No doubt this instinct is strengthened by the impulse common to men who have suffered a sudden, frightening illness—the impulse to prove that they are as good as ever. Perhaps this explains his eagerness to fly to the NATO conference in Paris only a few days after his doctors had announced that his stroke would require "a period of rest and substantially reduced activity, estimated at several weeks."

It also is hard for any man who sits at the President's desk to believe that anyone else can safely take over the infinitely heavy, complex, and urgent tasks which he alone has had an opportunity to master. And there always are men around every chief executive who are eager to assure him (sometimes sincerely, sometimes for selfish reasons) that he has indeed become indispensable.

All these pressures must be bearing on the President today, as they did on Wilson during the pitiful months after his stroke and on Franklin D. Roosevelt during the last weeks of his life. Both of those cases demonstrated how powerful such pressures can be, and how costly to the nation.

Yet at the same time President Eisenhower's military training, if nothing else, must be forcing him to question these instincts and urgings. He can hardly forget how he would have handled such a problem if it had involved one of his subordinates during World War II.

Suppose, for example, that General Patton had been stricken with three grave illnesses during the course of his most desperately fought campaign . . . that he could stay in the field only about 40 per cent of the time . . . that crucial decisions repeatedly had to be postponed for days and weeks . . . that he was threatened at every moment with another heart attack, another intestinal blockage, another stroke. In such circumstances, the Supreme Commander could never have doubted what his duty was. He would have replaced him instantly with a well man.

Military regulations, in fact, do not permit an officer in President Eisenhower's condition to remain in command of a company of troops or the smallest naval vessel, even in peacetime. But we are not at peace, and President Eisenhower does not command a mere destroyer. We are in the middle of the fiercest struggle for survival in our history, and he commands the Ship of State itself.

Unfortunately there are no regulations, or even precedents, to help him make his decision. He can look for guidance only to his own strong sense of public responsibility, the counsel of his family and friends, and the voice of the public—as expressed in Congress and the press.

SO FAR this voice has been curiously muffled and contradictory. For reasons of delicacy or politics, many people in Washington (including some newspapermen) are reluctant to discuss the issue openly. In private conversations, however, they sometimes are a good deal more candid. For example, a number of Senators and other political leaders in both parties have told me within the last few weeks that they do *not* want the President to resign, but that it would be impolitic for them to explain their reasons publicly.

A few of these—some Democrats, some Repub-

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licans—are thinking in almost purely partisan terms: and their objections center on Vice President Richard M. Nixon.

The Democrats in this group (and I am happy to report that I did not find many of them) are content to see the Administration drift along in its present state of semi-paralysis. The longer it drifts the more sure they feel of victory, both in the Congressional elections this fall and in the 1960 Presidential election. If Nixon should take over, they suspect he might act with enough decision and vigor to restore public confidence in the Republican party; and he certainly would have a chance to build a record and public image of himself which would make him a more formidable opponent in 1960.

A few of these Democrats—all Southerners and all in Congress—cite an additional reason. They feel that the power of the White House has been growing, at the expense of Congress, for the last quarter of a century. Now, with the executive branch weak and growing weaker, they see a chance to restore much of this lost authority to Capitol Hill. Moreover, a feeble executive cannot push ahead with certain lines of action—particularly in the fields of civil rights and race relations—which these Southerners mortally oppose. (The faults and dangers of Congressional government, which Woodrow Wilson set forth so clearly in his great treatise on the subject, don't worry them in the least: they want a dominant Congress, because Congress is largely controlled by Southerners; and when the interests of the South—the white South, that is—are at stake, the nation and the Free World run second and third. They are, of course, a minority of the Southerners in Congress; the majority are as patriotic and responsible as anyone.)

Some Democrats of a different stripe, mostly Northern liberals, cannot forgive Nixon's tactics in past campaigns, particularly his insinuation that theirs was a party of treason; and this personal dislike overrides all other considerations.

A related view is held by some Republicans, mostly Knowland supporters. They don't like Nixon: don't want him in the White House now or ever; and oppose any move that might strengthen his hand.

Probably a larger group in both parties would like to see the President stay on for an entirely different reason. One of the ablest Republican Senators explained it to me in these terms:

"No matter how incapacitated Ike may be, he still has one thing nobody else has—and that is the one thing we can't do without. He is the only man in the world who can rally both this country and our European allies in a moment of crisis. Nixon is almost unknown abroad, and he arouses a lot of partisan feeling at home. Adenauer is old and sick, too; Macmillan doesn't seem to have a majority of his own people behind him; France has nobody. Without Eisenhower's leadership—faltering as it is—the whole alliance might fall apart. Even today he can blow that bugle like nobody else."

This argument clearly deserves respect (as some of the others do not). But it is an argument that gets weaker day by day; for Mr. Eisenhower's prestige is a wasting asset. No doubt he will remain a beloved figure—but his ability to rally the coalition inevitably will dwindle, as his Administration sinks deeper into confusion and impotence. Only the strong can lead.

BUT isn't it possible that the Administration might regain at least some of its authority and drive?

I cannot see how. Nobody I have talked to in either party expresses any confidence on this score; and the more carefully one examines the situation, the harder it is to find any grounds for confidence.

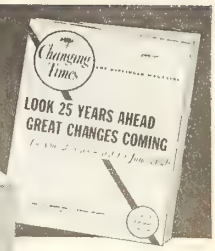
To begin with, there is no prospect whatever that President Eisenhower can recover the vigor to run the government himself. Age alone—aside from his illnesses—makes that inconceivable. At sixty-seven he already is beyond the compulsory retirement age of most corporations; in another year he will be the oldest man who ever held the Presidency. Even before his heart attack, he found it necessary to spend more time away from his desk than any modern President; now, after a third grave illness, he has no alternative but to seek the maximum of rest, the minimum of strain. At best he can continue to sign the papers placed before him, to preside at an occasional meeting, to receive distinguished visitors, and to express an opinion on issues presented by his staff.

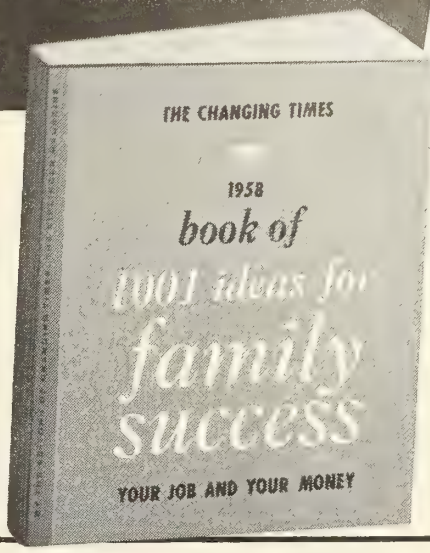
But this is a very small part of the work of the Presidency. All the rest of it must be handled—so long as he remains the nominal chief—by some kind of makeshift device. Only two such devices seem to be feasible.

One of them is Government by Committee. This is the system now in effect, as James Reston of the *New York Times* Washington staff pointed out in his recent noteworthy series of articles on the Presidency. The membership of the governing council varies from time to time, but in general it consists of the Vice President; Sherman Adams, Assistant to the President and in effect his chief of staff; the Cabinet officers; the heads of certain independent agencies, such as the Atomic Energy Commission; and a few top military men.

When he is able, the President sits in on the deliberations of his councilors, in whatever grouping may be appropriate for the task in hand—a Cabinet meeting, a formal session of the NSC, or an informal chat with Nixon, Adams, and the agency chiefs concerned with a particular problem. But his personal participation cannot be very great. Some agency heads

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10. **The biggest retail lines in 1980 will be appliances and recreational equipment.**

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have not seen him for months.

Most questions (I am told) come to him in the form of short memoranda laid on his desk by Sherman Adams. Normally these are recommendations for action or policy, with a terse outline of background information. The President merely has to indicate "Yes" or "No"—and in the great majority of cases he says "Yes" to the recommendations drafted by the White House staff.

Within its limitations, this system seems to work fairly efficiently. Certainly it relieves Mr. Eisenhower of a great load of administrative responsibility; and it keeps the routine wheels of government turning in their accustomed ruts. But its limitations are very serious indeed.

For one thing, it is not designed to handle the biggest and hardest problems. Many of these never reach the President, and therefore are never settled at all. Mr. Eisenhower has always disliked controversy, and even before his illness he insisted that the recommendations brought to him should, whenever possible, present a solution agreed upon by everyone concerned. Today it is more important than ever that he should not be subjected to the strain—mental, physical, and emotional—of weighing the arguments for two or three possible solutions, and listening to the pleas of passionate advocates on each side.

But the really tough problems cannot be reduced to a single recommendation, agreeable to everybody. They involve deep conflicts of interest or conviction—usually so deep they cannot be compromised. They can be settled only by knocking heads together, making an unpleasant choice between the contenders, or sometimes only by firing a Cabinet officer or agency chief. These are things that even Sherman Adams cannot do (particularly when a strong Congressional bloc is enlisted on one side or both). In such cases the elaborate machinery of the White House staff—including the Budget Bureau, the National Security Council, and the Council of Economic Advisers—is no help, however effective it may be in ironing out the smaller problems.

Consequently, issues of this kind are often laid aside, or debated endlessly within the departments and staff agencies in a hopeless effort to reach an agreement—because, as Adams so often says, "We must not bother the President with these squabbles." This seems to be the main reason, for example, why our armed services have never been able to come up with a single, comprehensive strategic doctrine for the cold war . . . why the missile program is in such a mess . . . and why the fundamental differences between Nixon and Dulles on certain foreign policy questions have never been resolved.

ANOTHER grave limitation of the committee system is that it cannot create a new program which sweeps across many departmental lines. No bureaucrat can safely push forward an idea which reaches beyond his own little backyard: all the other bureaucrats instantly resent his encroachment on their territories, and gang up to knock his head off. As a result, on the big questions involving many agencies—disarmament, for instance, or foreign economic policy—the government inevitably tends to follow directives laid down by President Eisenhower during his early months in office.

This is why so many of the Administration's policies have grown stale and rigid. Although conditions in the outer world change constantly, nobody in the lower levels of government dares to take the initiative in devising fresh, bold, imaginative ideas to meet these changes; and he could not carry them very far if he did. Here, as Cabell Phillips recently observed, nothing can "substitute for the authority or prestige or personal vitality of the President. Committees cannot rule; about the best they can do is to reach the lowest common denominator of consent. Tough policy decisions that may call for sacrifice and danger aren't made that way."

Finally, a committee cannot fight all the Administration's program through Congress. This is perhaps the hardest and most vital of all the President's jobs; and only he can handle it. Nobody else can talk tough to a balky Senator. Nobody else can mobilize public opinion, or wield the combination of persuasion, political discipline, appeals to personal loyalty, patronage pressure

THE TRADING STAMP:

In cities where stamp use is greatest food prices have risen the least

In these inflationary times, the finger of blame for rising food prices is being pointed in many directions. It should be interesting to American consumers to know that the trading stamp is not a contributing factor.

This fact has been shown in two ways by the studies of marketing experts in universities. First, these studies found no evidence that stamp stores, as a class, charge higher prices than non-stamp stores. Second, from a comparative use of the Bureau of Labor Statistics Index, they found that food prices have risen the least in cities where stamps are given most.

Between December 1954 and December 1956, when food prices for all U. S. cities rose 1.8%, the same prices rose 2.8% in five Index cities where supermarkets did not give stamps.

During the same period, in ten cities where 50% or more of both chains and independent supermarkets gave stamps, prices rose only 1.3%. And, in the three cities where stamp use was highest (75% of all supermarkets), food prices rose only 1.2%.

These city by city comparisons are additional evidence that trading stamps exert competitive pressure to help keep food prices down. It seems reasonable to assume that, for families living in "stamp cities," stamps have helped contribute to a lower cost of living in food purchases.

★ ★ ★

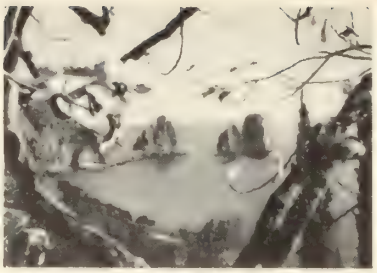
REFERENCES: "Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.

"Trading Stamp Practice and Pricing Policy." Dr. Albert Haring and Dr. Wallace O. Yoder, Marketing Department, School of Business, Indiana University.

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and awesome authority which ar often necessary to swing a Congres sional vote. Roosevelt and Truma spent innumerable hours in this kin of exhausting combat. (On the ra occasions when they tried to dele gate Congressional liaison—to Tommy Corcoran, a Harry Hopkins a John Steelman—the results wer nearly always disastrous.) Even whe he was well Mr. Eisenhower shran from this task, and now it is clearl beyond his strength. It is not sur prising, therefore, that so many o the Administration's proposals of th last four years have died on Th Hill: and it is a virtual certainty tha few of them will emerge uncripple from the present session of Congress

SINCE it is obvious that Gov ernment by Committee is no working well, many people in Wash ington have been quietly lookin around for an alternative. They hav hit upon only one device—short o Mr. Eisenhower's retirement—whic seems to warrant serious discussion This is Government by Deputy.

The deputy, of course, would b Mr. Nixon. The idea being ad vanced in private by several respon sible political leaders (including th Republican Senator quoted earlier) is that the President should formall delegate most of his powers to th Vice President. Mr. Eisenhowe would remain the symbolic chief o state; he could still issue pronounce ments from time to time when it i necessary to "blow that bugle." Meanwhile the executive energy an initiative which now are so sadl lacking would be supplied by Mr Nixon—who is young, healthy, an endowed with enough drive for hal a-dozen men.

If it could be worked out, such a arrangement obviously would be vast improvement over the commi tee system. At least in theory, i should cure most of the difficultie mentioned above. There are grav doubts, however, whether it coul be put into effect—or, if it were whether the new machinery coul be adjusted to work smoothly with in the three years remaining to thi Administration.

To begin with, Mr. Eisenhowe never showed any willingness to dele gate a real measure of authorit even during the worst crises of his ill

A COLLEGE EDUCATION
DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN



A message from Dr. Mortimer J. Adler,
EDITOR, THE SYNTOPICON

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"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

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nesses. (Consequently Mr. Nixon had to move very gingerly indeed, to avoid any suspicion that he was trying to usurp power, and to keep out of fights with Adams and the other regents.) Now that the President is partially recovered, he presumably will be even more reluctant. And that reluctance surely will be encouraged by all the people in both parties who dislike or distrust Mr. Nixon, and by the other members of the governing council who naturally are not eager to yield him their places.

Moreover, this scheme raises a major constitutional question. Can the President legally delegate his ultimate authority? There is, of course, no precedent on this point, but a number of constitutional lawyers believe that so long as he retains the title of office, the final responsibility for executive action falls on him. How, then, can he give genuine power to someone else, however trusted? And if Mr. Nixon tried to exercise this power, could he make his decisions stick?

For example, people close to Mr. Nixon believe that if he were to succeed to the White House one of his first acts would be to fire Dulles and Benson. Could he get away with this as Deputy President? Wouldn't both cabinet officers appeal over his head to Mr. Eisenhower—who, after all, appointed them and would legally remain their only boss? On the other hand, if Mr. Nixon did not feel free to pick his own help, how could he be expected to keep the store?

AGAIN, suppose that the Deputy President should decide at some point that ballistic missiles were making the Strategic Air Force obsolete, and that its appropriations should be sharply cut. Can anybody imagine General Curtis LeMay—or the aircraft industry, and its powerful Congressional allies—accepting that decision from anybody but Mr. Eisenhower himself? (In fact, they probably wouldn't accept it from him either, without a ruckus which would shake Washington from the Pentagon to the Burning Tree Country Club.) And could the old soldier bear to keep his hands off such a decision—knowing that the very life of the nation might depend on it?

So it seems all too likely that Government by Deputy would require a superhuman degree of self-abnegation from a lot of very human characters. Even so, it would take years of friction, experiment, and heartbreak to get the new system shaken down into working order. During that period the strain on Mr. Eisenhower very possibly would be greater than it is today.

The only kind of delegation that seems really feasible, therefore, is pretty minor. The President might turn over to Mr. Nixon a few more ceremonial functions—meeting visiting kings at the airport, greeting Girl Scout conventions, presiding at state dinners, and the like. He might depend on him a little more for liaison with Congress, and for repair and management of the Republican party machine; but that is about all. While this would help, in a small way, it could by no means remedy the dangerous weaknesses of the present situation.

THE only thing that can, apparently, is for Mr. Nixon to take full title to the Presidency.

Like a considerable number of other people, I have always been able to keep my enthusiasm for Mr. Nixon within bounds. I can think of a dozen other men I would rather see in the White House. But that is irrelevant. Mr. Nixon is the only man who can, constitutionally, take over the job. During the last three years he has given every evidence of training for it conscientiously; and—for the reasons mentioned by William S. White in the January issue of *Harper's*—he might well prove to be an abler executive than many people now suspect.

In any case, he would be a stronger executive than Mr. Eisenhower can ever be again. He could work full time. He would at least give us somebody in full charge of the government.

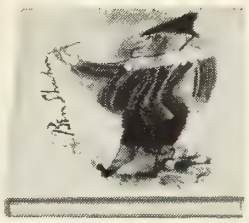
And today, of all times, this country needs somebody in charge. A leaky ship in a hurricane, with a committee on the bridge and a crippled captain sending occasional whispers up the speaking tube from the sick bay, might stay afloat. But its chances would be a lot better if the First Mate—any First Mate—took the wheel.

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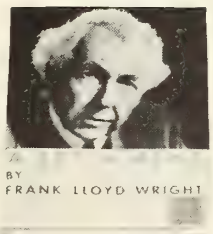
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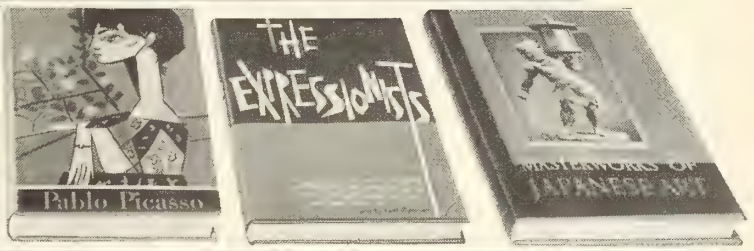


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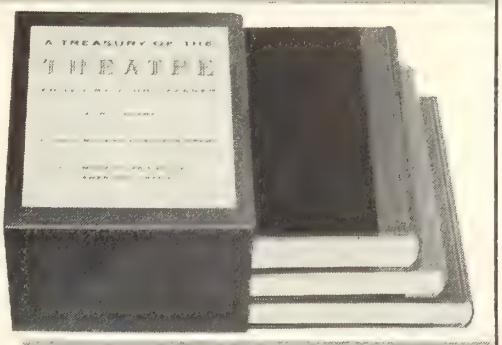
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Among Our Contributors

BOUND FOR THE ETERNAL SHOWERS?

PERHAPS the chief thing Martin Mayer is trying to do in his article on "What Is Advertising Good For?" (p. 25) is to encourage advertising men to respect their work. If he succeeds he may reduce the ulcer count on Madison Avenue, but humane as this result would be, it does not seem to us the main value of Mr. Mayer's bracing logic. Respect for a medium—whether it is words or pictures or rocket fuel—is even more important. An art or a craft has its inner goals and laws and, in an aesthetic sense, requires no other justification. Commercially speaking, of course, there is always the sponsor; but the authority of the medium itself should exercise ultimate control over the adman, as it does over the poet or painter or scientist. In the long run, it will get him farther than merely catering to the customer.

A novel expression of respect for his profession—without self-ballyhoo—was recently demonstrated by an insider, John P. Cunningham, president of a prominent advertising agency, speaking to his colleagues in the Association of National Advertisers. He began by admitting that television—a "thrilling new advertising tool"—is suffering under a crescendo of criticism for the "creeping mediocrity" of its programing; and that advertising was a responsible party together with the networks.

On the basis of depth interviews with TV watchers, Cunningham and Walsh had measured the Boredom Factor in ten well-known programs, from "I Remember Mama" (which scaled lowest, 11) to "Arthur Godfrey" (which scaled highest, 47). While a low Boredom Factor doesn't mean that a show is necessarily a good buy, or a high Boredom Factor the reverse, nevertheless, Mr. Cunningham said, it "causes dial-twitching, vacant-minded viewing, lower ratings, and, as far as TV advertising is concerned, less penetration-per-skull-per-dollar."

Imitation, Mr. Cunningham added, compounds the boredom. The massive waves of imitation today are quiz shows, singing emcees, and "adult" westerns—with quiz shows, for example, propagating like amoebas, so that there are actually 64 such programs on TV every week. As for westerns, he commented:

"I'm brash enough to say that anybody who buys another western, unless it is a marked creative departure from the pattern (as 'The $64,000 Question' was in the quiz field two years ago) ought to turn in his gray flannel suit and go to the eternal showers."

Along with the increase of boredom in the past five years has gone a general depression of audience ratings for top shows (the top five had ratings of 57.9 in 1952 and only 41.5 in 1957). However, since the total audience is larger today, there are more people watching even the lower-rated shows than used to watch the higher-rated ones; the audience is more divided; and there is greater opportunity for exceptional programing.

"Now what does all this amount to?" Mr. Cunningham asked. "How much should we be concerned?

"Our primary obligation is to the sales curves of our companies, of course.

"But it is much too easy to say—'I buy by ratings,' or, 'Give the people what they want—I'll buy it.'

"I maintain that our obligation to TV goes much, much deeper than that.

"As advertising men, we must be interested in all TV—not only in our own programs. We want it to be a strong, well-rounded medium. . . . Even the most ardent devotees have an obligation to their companies to look around and beyond the ratings. . . .

"Unlike any magazine, TV with its limited channels must deal largely in things of mass interest. But it must certainly not try to reach all the people—all the time. . . .

"Now a man can sit by his own hearth and look around the curve of the earth. He can peer into the parliaments of nations. He can see his own destiny being shaped. His own soul being saved. . . .

"We must never forget that the airwaves do not belong to the advertisers—nor to the networks—nor to the FCC—nor to the federal government.

"They belong to the people of the United States."

. . . **Martin Mayer,** who is not an insider in advertising, has just completed a remarkably informed book about it which will be published in March: *Madison Avenue, U. S. A.* His article is adapted from the book. He is the author also of *Wall Street: Men and Money* and of a novel about politics, *The Experts.*

. . . Undoubtedly the Animal of the Year in 1957 was the small, tough, curly-tailed hunting dog which circled the Earth in Sputnik II during November and made the name "Laika" world-renowned. Whatever specific facts Soviet scientists may have learned from Laika's heroic last days, she certainly demonstrated **Arthur C. Clarke's** thesis in "Our Dumb Colleagues" (p. 32)—that animals can play a role in the future as co-workers with men.

We recently watched a white-coated technician operating a "scintillator" in the radioisotopes laboratory of a city hospital. The big gray-clad machine clacked away, moving its arm with grave precision and chattering in spurts as it picked up signals from the patient on the table. Unlike the machine, which was rooted to its spot, the human tender was all over the place, figuring, watching, writing, kneeling, stretching, rushing about to check patient and machine from above and below and all sides. During the ten minutes of the test, he was as active as an ape in a tree; and we wondered whether a strong, dexterous, intelligent chimpanzee couldn't have been trained to do the job.

Arthur Clarke, friend and tender of Elizabeth the Chimpanzee, is a scientist, former RAF radar expert, present sea-reef explorer and photographer, who writes books during

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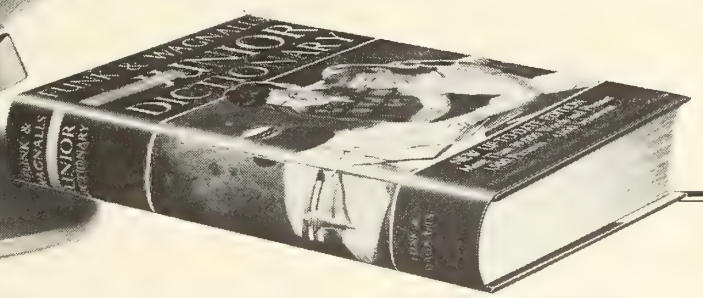
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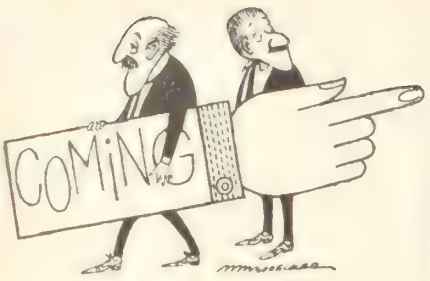
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By Herbert Howarth

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Of Freud and Jung

The most famous feud in the history of psychoanalysis may produce some unexpectedly useful results—if the partisans are ever willing to admit that each of their great leaders was dealing with only one side of the human mind.

By Gerald Sykes

THE BUDAPESTS

An intimate portrait of the quartet which admits it is the world's greatest.

By Martin Mayer

Harper's *magazine*

NEXT MONTH

and between trips to Ceylon, the U. S. A., and other points remote from England his home. Besides ten books of science fiction, he has written volumes for the layman on *Interplanetary Flight, The Exploration of Space,* and, last year, *The Reefs of Taprobane* and *The Making of a Moon.*

For 1958 he has scheduled *The Other Side of the Sky,* short stories, and *Voice Across the Sea,* about transoceanic communications.

. . . **George F. Kennan** (author of "A Chance to Withdraw Our Troops in Europe," p. 34) was U. S. Ambassador to Moscow at the time of the first Eisenhower Presidential campaign; and his much discussed summing up of American policy toward Russia as "containment" became a central target of Republican attack. Though he has been in so-called "retirement" since 1953, Mr. Kennan has established himself, through lectures and articles, as perhaps our most influential "Minority Diplomat" as the *New York Times* called him when he delivered the lectures over the BBC that are the basis for his articles in this issue and the next.

He has also made headlines as an historian, possibly a rarer feat. When he resigned from government service he went to the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton to work on a history of Russia from 1917 to 1920. The first volume, *Russia Leaves the War,* won the National Book Award for 1956, the Bancroft Prize, and the Pulitzer Prize. His article, "Overdue Changes in Our Foreign Policy," in the August 1956 issue of *Harper's* won a Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award.

Mr. Kennan has been Visiting Eastman Professor of American History at Oxford during this academic year. His complete BBC lectures (the Reith Series) will be published here March third, with the title, *Russia, the Atom and the West.*

. . . The American movie audience continues to decline—figures gathered by Sindlinger showed a 28.4 per cent slump in 1957 below 1956. This is a recognized long-time trend, most often attributed to television; but there is an inconsistency in audience interest that baffles both moviemakers and trend-takers.

One possible clue to the mystery—from the point of view of the businessmen behind the producers—may be found in the story of "What Two Lawyers Are Doing to Hollywood" (p. 12) by **Murray Teigh Bloom.**

Mr. Bloom has written several hundred magazine articles and a book about counterfeiters called *Money of Their Own.* His article on the "World's Greatest Counterfeiters," which appeared in *Harper's* last July, will be televised this year by Studio One.

. . . **John W. Gardner,** humanist and executive, a parent and an authority on national problems of education, suggests some answers to the vexatious family question of "How to Choose a College, If Any" (p. 49). As president of the Carnegie Corporation of N. Y. and of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, Mr. Gardner watches over many experimental programs for training talented youth.

Mr. Gardner's connection with the problem of What College, If Any is close: he has one daughter in her second year at Radcliffe, and another facing the college decision this spring. Six years ago when Francesca, the younger, entered Scarsdale junior high, he asked her what she liked best in school.

"I don't know what I like the *very* best," she said, "but, Daddy, I do love those fire drills!"

Now an outstanding student, Francesca commented on her father's article, "It's great, Dad, but if I hadn't been so indecisive would you ever have thought it out so clearly?"

. . . "An Old Boy Who Made Violins" (p. 55) is **Ben Maddow's** second story in *Harper's.* He wrote *44 Gravel Street,* a novel, a film portrait of Los Angeles called "The Savage Eye," and many published poems.

. . . "Hospitals Found in Germ Danger—Resistance to Antibiotics is Cited by Surgeons for World-wide Epidemic." Thus the *New York Times* headlined a report on discussions by a panel of doctors at the American College of Surgeons meeting in Atlantic City last fall. Such newspaper publicity was bound to arouse a good deal of uninformed speculation. ***Dr. Vernon Knight's***

"Antibiotics: Too Much of a Good Thing?" (p. 60) gives perspective on this kind of news.

Dr. Knight is associate professor of medicine at the Vanderbilt University Medical School and director of the George Hunter Laboratory for Study of Infectious Diseases. He had his medical training at Harvard Medical School and at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, and served in the Normandy invasion. From 1950 to 1954 he was director of the Laboratory of Infectious Disease at the Cornell Medical Division of Bellevue Hospital.

. . . Clots of rural newcomers in some industrial cities of the Midwest have become a community problem, as **Albert N. Votaw** shows in "The Hillbillies Invade Chicago" (p. 64), but there are techniques of getting at it —given time and the will. Mr. Votaw is executive director of the Uptown Chicago Commission, the private community group which has done most of the work so far in his city.

Formerly, Mr. Votaw served at the Marshall Plan headquarters in Paris; he was a newspaperman and foundation director in Chicago, and took an M.A. degree at the University of Chicago.

. . . "The Voyage of the Lucky Dragon" (p. 72), which concludes this month, is adapted from the book by **Dr. Ralph E. Lapp**, to be published in February. Dr. Lapp is a nuclear physicist who worked on the Manhattan Project and headed the government's scientific group at the Bikini A-bomb tests of 1946. He is now director of Nuclear Science Service in Washington. His investigations for his report on the fate of the fishermen of the *Lucky Dragon* took him to Japan and made him friends there of scientists, reporters, and the crew themselves. He is the author of *Atoms and People.*

. . . The poems this month are light and free. "Florence: At the Villa Jernyngham" (p. 68) is from a new volume by **Sir Osbert Sitwell**, to be published in England under the title, *On the Continent.*

"And I say the Hell with It" (p. 54) is by **Philene Hammer** of St. Louis, who has founded and directed theaters for children.

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Harper's MAGAZINE

WHAT IS ADVERTISING GOOD FOR?

A suggestion for a new theory of advertising . . . what role it really plays in our society . . . and how to tell whether it is the hero, the villain, or merely a butler

MARTIN MAYER

Author of the forthcoming book, *Madison Avenue, U. S. A.*

CONSIDERING the importance of advertising—both as a part of our cultural climate and as a major weapon of competition—the literature on the subject is appallingly feeble. Virtually everything intelligent that has been written about it in the last forty years can be placed on one small shelf—half-a-dozen books, a dozen pamphlets, perhaps twenty speeches.

This failure to treat a serious subject seriously has been, in part, inescapable, because the men who know advertising best are usually ill-equipped to discuss it analytically. Advertising's obvious function is to sell—which means that its ablest practitioners must be people with a highly-developed bump of enthusiasm and a slight depression where the critical instinct ought to be.

But the frivolity of our customary approach to advertising also stems from two American folk myths. Although they contradict each other, most people manage to believe in both:

(1) They are confident that, personally, they are seldom if ever influenced by advertising; and (2) they believe that advertising is immensely powerful in molding the actions of the community.

Neither myth bears much relation to reality, but both survive, feeding on the extreme scarcity of hard facts about the actual effectiveness of advertising in the market place.

It is virtually impossible for a company to find out with any precision how much of a recent sales increase is due to advertising. In fact, it is by no means easy to determine whether or not a given advertising campaign is creating any sales at all. Too many hands play a part in the selling process. One of the great advertising and sales success stories of 1956, for example, was Procter & Gamble's Gleem toothpaste. Compton Advertising touted it as the substance of choice for those who wished to avoid cavities but could not brush their teeth after every meal. Meanwhile,

door-to-door canvassers were on the road, distributing a free tube or a coupon good for a free tube of Gleem to nearly every household in the country. And the Procter & Gamble salesmen, backed by the company's reputation as a very tough outfit, went rolling through the nation's stores with a steamroller of a deal to convince retailers that they should stock and prominently display the new dentifrice.

How much credit for the success of Gleem should go to the advertising? How much more (or less) Gleem would have been sold if the advertising campaign had been different, or if more or less money had been spent on it? How many angels can dance on the head of a pin on which a machinist has engraved the Lord's Prayer?

Another difficulty is that the facts about advertising—even when they can be isolated—will not hold still long enough for the theoretician to catch them. In all the behavioral sciences, a valid insight is good only for the moment



. . . Advertising's ablest practitioners . . .

of perception, and for an uncertain but probably short time afterwards. And in advertising, where the sands of consumer preference are constantly blown about by the howling winds of competition, it has been extraordinarily hard to find a foundation for a theory which will explain what the industry does and why.

By and large, economists have ducked this problem. Business theorists, who must deal with advertising somehow, have handled the subject by determinedly sweeping it under a wall-to-wall rug which they call "marketing." In recent years, academicians from the fields of sociology, cultural anthropology, social psychology, and even psychoanalysis have descended on advertising with their assorted insights, bodies of theory, and nostrums, and have secured a truly remarkable amount of publicity for their efforts. The disciplines they practice, however, are notoriously unstable, and their work has been aimed almost exclusively at finding something "useful" for the advertiser. With a few exceptions, their contributions toward the *understanding* of advertising have been nonexistent, superficial, or misleading.

WHICH HALF IS WASTED?

ANYONE attempting to grasp what advertising does in our society must account for a large number of balky facts. These are most prominent:

(1) Some advertising is immensely effective in selling a product.

Though proofs are hard to come by, only a most unreasonable man could deny the success of Leo Burnett's sophisticated tough of a Marlboro man, William Esty's dumb but happy Winston's-taste-good-like-a-cigarette-should, or Ted Bates's smoothly reassuring 20,000 filters in a Viceroy. Generally speaking, there are no important differences among the leading brands of cigarettes except those created by advertising, and—although Marlboro's package (the so-called flip-top box) was unquestionably helpful in establishing the brand—no "marketing" elements other than the advertising can seriously claim any major share of the credit for the success of these three filter cigarettes.

(2) Most advertising campaigns are only faintly successful, and many fail utterly.

The classic statement of the situation goes back to John Wanamaker in the nineteenth century: "I know half the money I spend on advertising is wasted, but I can never find out which half."

Horace Schwerin, who tests television commercials before a theater audience, claims that nearly half of those he screens have no apparent influence on the brand preferences of the people in his theater. Daniel Starch finds that three-quarters of the people who have read a magazine fail to recognize the average advertisement in the issue when it is shown to them in an interview. George Gallup says that as many as one-third of the people who remember many of the details of a television commercial or an advertisement in a magazine have no idea what product (let alone what brand) the sales pitch hoped to sell.

(3) An elaborate and apparently triumphant advertising campaign which sells great quantities of a new product to new customers will not win repeated sales, if the product is in fact perceptibly inferior to its competitors.

Examples are a soap and a hair dye which sold heavily in their early months and then collapsed,

because the first version of each product was defective. The factors which caused failure in both brands have since been corrected, but it is significant that neither has ever been able to regain the public favor it enjoyed shortly after it was launched. Even the most heavily advertised brand cannot hold its market if it is observably inferior to others selling at the same price. On the other hand, however, an advertised brand can command a *higher* price than an identical product sold without advertising.

(4) Most brands of "packaged goods" can attain only a certain maximum share of the market for their sort of product.

Beyond this saturation level—almost always below 50 per cent of the total market—advertising will not greatly increase sales, however intelligently it is practiced and however much money is spent on it. (Stopping the advertising, however, will produce a loss.) It is axiomatic in the toothpaste business, for example, that a brand with 30 per cent of the market may throw a fresh $10 million into advertising to gain perhaps a 5 per cent increase in sales; while the same $10 million, devoted to advertising a new brand, may give the new brand a 20 per cent share-of-market.

(5) Advertising cannot increase sales for a product if there is an over-all trend against this kind of commodity. (It may, of course, increase the sales of a *brand* by giving the brand a greater share of a smaller market.)

Brewers spend more than $100 million a year in advertising, but per capita consumption of beer declines every year. Meanwhile, on the rising side of the trend, vintners spend only about $15 million a year and annually increase the per capita consumption of wine. In 1956, the four leading non-filter cigarettes increased their advertising expenditures by at least $3 million—and sold 16.5 billion *fewer* cigarettes.

(6) Given two identical samples, carrying two different brand names and advertised with two different slogans, most consumers will say that one is superior to the other on grounds of taste, aroma, consistency, durability, etc.

The Philip Morris Company has found that when people puff two cigarettes alternately, they cannot in fact tell the difference between them, and that their preference for one over the other will invariably reflect the influence of advertising. (The practical application of this insight is in the pre-testing of proposed advertisements, which are shown to panels of consumers while they puff.)

Foote, Cone & Belding once tested the strength of a competitor's advertising campaign by packaging two identical batches of an ice-cream mix—labeling one with their client's slogan and the other with the competitor's slogan—and giving away one of each to a large number of housewives. Shortly thereafter, the agency sent an interviewer to ask the women which of the two brands they had preferred. Only one-fifth of them felt there was no difference between the two; all the rest felt a marked preference for one or the other.

SOMETHING ADDED

IS IT possible to put together a self-consistent theory which will explain the facts? If so, we might then begin to understand the role advertising actually plays in our society—and to think about it in real terms, without the usual notion that it is the creature of cherubim or imps.

For the last eighteen months I have been examining facts of this kind at close range, researching and writing a book about this peculiar industry. I have talked to several hundred advertising men, including most of the acknowledged leaders of the profession. I found them remarkably articulate and thoughtful about the details of their work—about plans and procedures and organizations, and even about the mysteries of creation. But when we discussed the fundamental nature of their profession, their answers were generally fragmentary and disappointing.

Most of them started from the idea that advertising "creates wants." Some said, in John Kennedy's fifty-year-old phrase, that it was "salesmanship in print." Others said that "it moves you closer to the purchase," or it "builds a 'brand image'" which draws you subconsciously toward a product. (There were also a few deplorable cynics who felt that it "doesn't do any damned good at all, but it's a nice living.") Even the most thoughtful of the men I saw were too absorbed in the techniques of advertising, or too concerned about its morality, to look for a more basic rationale for what they were doing.

With some diffidence, I would like to suggest that a valid theory of advertising can be built. Such a theory would be helpful to economists and sociologists. It could be quite useful to mere consumers. And it might work wonders for the morale of the advertising men themselves, who seem to be haunted by recurring doubts about their value to society.

Any realistic approach to such a theory, it

seems to me, ought to start with the premise that successful advertising *adds a new value to the product.* Only this hypothesis can account for all of the observed facts. Other theories—especially the argument that advertising "creates wants"—leave some facts unexplained.

Once added value is assumed as the basis, the facts fall into place. Take the case of a soda pill, a placebo, which is advertised as a headache cure. (Carefully advertised, so as not to run afoul of Federal Trade Commission regulations.) The pill may have virtually no medical value; but it will actually cure the headaches of a number of people who take it. The suggestion power of the advertising has created a value for an otherwise worthless product.

Again, a lipstick may be sold at Woolworth's under one name, and in a department store under another, nationally-advertised name. Almost any teen-age girl will prefer the latter, if she can afford to pay the difference. Wearing the Woolworth's brand, she feels her ordinary self; wearing the other, which has been successfully advertised as a magic recipe for glamor, she feels a beauty—and perhaps she is.

For the value of a product to the person who buys it is not limited to the physical use he makes of it. The food faddist who drinks a reconstituted nonfat dry milk solid receives the value of his belief that he is guarding himself against a heart attack. The ambitious young mail boy who twists a lemon peel into his martini feels that he is doing something which is done in the circles to which he aspires—and even if he is sober, the martini tastes the better for it. Whenever a benefit is promised from the use of a product, and the promise is believed, then the use of that product carries with it a value not necessarily inherent in the stuff itself.

Except in extreme cases, such as the placebo pill and the cosmetic, the value added by advertising is small in relation to those values which the product already had. Thus, advertising cannot, as an ordinary matter, sell products which are observably inferior to their competitors. Again, this added value can only rarely be great enough to overcome major trends in product consumption—either in a single area, such as beer, or in the entire community, as in time of economic depression. During a depression, money itself has an added value, and the number on the price tag becomes more important than the values created by advertising. In more prosperous times, however, the extra, intangible values of status or security—made part of a product by advertising—may seem worth whatever extra money they cost. Schweppes tonic sells at a high premium over the price of Canada Dry, largely because of the value added by David Ogilvy's advertising.

One advertising campaign is highly successful because it adds a value which seems important to a large section of the community; another is unsuccessful because the value added is too trivial to interest anybody. Moreover, the *nature* of the value added by the advertising campaign selects the customers who will buy the brand. The Lord Calvert "Man of Distinction" campaign, for example, made that brand of whiskey the favorite of the Negro community.

Since individuals order their lives on different value scales, no brand can hope via advertising to win *all* the customers in a competitive market. This explains the phenomenon of market saturation, which occurs when the great bulk of those who place high importance on the particular values added by this advertising are already purchasing the brand. (This element of individual scales of value also explains the observed fact of limited "brand loyalty.") And the consumer says that he finds differences between identical products which are differently advertised because *the advertising has, in fact, made them different.*

IS IT REAL?

IN PART, the words "added value" are merely another, more accurate and more useful, way of expressing the thought behind the phrase "creating a want." The value of a product to a consumer lies in its fulfillment of a particular desire; increased desire must be reflected across the equation mark by increased value. The old idea of created wants is unrealistic, however, because it assumes an unchanged product. In fact, the application of advertising to a product *must* to some extent change the product. It is remarkable how many people, who readily see that a new package or a new brand name will alter a product, fail to see that advertising inevitably has a very similar effect.

Moreover, the incomplete concept of created wants produces much silliness of argument by advertising's practitioners and its critics. Advertising men, by and large, are hypersensitive and overdefensive about their work, partly because they see it as "the creation of wants." It is possible to rationalize want-creating as a socially admirable activity, but the argument is a tedious one—and subject at several points to a devastating reply which, in Bernard Shaw's phrase, "expresses itself through a symbol formed by



. . . creation of wants . . .

applying the thumb to the tip of the nose and throwing the extended fingers into graceful action." Realization within the trade that advertising works on the product, rather than working over the consumer, might make the advertising community less guilt-ridden and contentious. At the same time, a better understanding of what advertising really does might quiet the apparently unceasing attacks on the industry for its alleged fraud, deceit, and "hidden persuasion."

The notion that advertising can somehow "manipulate" people into buying products which they should not buy is both arrogant and naïve. It has been proved false repeatedly by advertising's inability to keep an inferior product afloat, or to sell against primary trends. When an advertising campaign is highly successful, it will almost always be found that the wagon has been hooked onto a strong tendency which existed before the ads were written. It is not a difference in quality or amount of advertising that makes campaigns for filter cigarettes successful, while campaigns for non-filter cigarettes fail; lung cancer is the dominant fact here, though you would not expect to find so obscene an expression in a cigarette ad.

And the consuming public—whatever its failings in the kingdom of abstract ideas—is usually rather shrewd in its evaluations of competing products. The individual consumer appears to make a fool of himself when he says that Brand A "tastes better" than Brand B, though the two are chemically identical. But his difficulty is in expression, not perception. The superior value which he asserts when he says "Brand A tastes better" is not a false or even an artificial value, just because the assertion is false. Though he cannot explain the reasons, the consumer actually does receive greater enjoyment—and thus more value for his money—when he buys Brand A.

Where techniques from the social sciences and the psychological laboratory are used to find advertising ideas (and the success achieved with these techniques has been by no means so great as some propagandists would have you believe), the case is open-and-shut. If a product satisfies a sublimated sexual drive, and advertising can enlarge the consciousness of this satisfaction, then advertising has obviously heightened the value of the product to the consumer. If advertising can convince a consumer that his purchase of a product will promote him to the upper classes (and he cares to be ranked with the upper classes) he will receive an added value that could be described as a thrill. The dry-goods merchant who buys his first Cadillac gets a satisfaction which cannot be measured in terms of the automobile itself. The Cadillac prestige manufactured by advertising man James Adams is as important to him as the Cadillac horsepower manufactured by General Motors.

Many will object that the values created by advertising are "false values." But the truth or falsity of a value enjoyed by a consumer is unimportant in the objective context of getting and spending. Outside standards of judgment cannot measure the *reality* of private gratifications. The history of human vice indicates that values widely regarded as false will always seem real enough to command a price in the market place. So the truth or falsity of the values added by advertising is a question for individual judgment, a matter of opinion, rather than a subject for objective analysis.

WHY INTELLECTUALS HATE IT

AND, of course, there is only one civilized cultural judgment on advertising: a rousing thumbs-down. The great bulk of advertising is culturally repulsive to anyone with any developed sensitivity. So are most movies and television shows, most popular music and a surprisingly high proportion of published books. When you come right down to it, there is not a hell of a lot to be said for most of what appears in the magazines.

But a sensitive person can easily avoid cheap movies, cheap books, and cheap art, while there is scarcely anyone outside the jails who can avoid contact with advertising. By presenting the intellectual with a more or less accurate image of the popular culture, advertising earns his enmity and calumny. It hits him where it hurts worst: in his politically liberal and socially generous outlook—partly nourished on his avoidance of actual contact with popular taste.

Successful advertising, which must create mass sales, cannot rise too far above or fall too far

below the cultural level of the people at whom it aims. Even if an advertising man suspects that he could win results with a more tasteful ad or television program, he is restrained by the fact that he is spending someone else's money. He may risk a new approach in an advertising theme; but he cannot be asked to experiment with cultural standards which may cut him off from his client's market.

Though most advertising must retain the cultural values of its audience, advertising can and does work small changes in public taste. On balance, these changes are probably in the direction of increased sensitivity. Advertising copy and headlines are probably negative forces, helping out with the general debasement of the language. Advertising requires extreme simplification of complicated subjects, and the advertising writer must therefore stretch previously precise words to cover large areas. But advertising is a visual as well as a verbal technique. The first purpose of advertising art is to catch the attention of the consumer, in such a way that he is favorably inclined toward the message. Generally speaking, originality in art is more likely to win attention than the same damn thing all over again—so advertising art has kept within reaching distance of advanced design. Through advertising, the public has become familiar with what sensitive people usually regard as "good design"; and familiarity in this area breeds acceptance. In the more general sense, and on its own terms, advertising as a whole seeks to heighten public sensitivity, because a more sensitive perception will be more likely to recognize the values of slight product differences.

The culture must be seen, of course, in a wider focus than mere aesthetics—and in this more general view its horrified critics charge that advertising poisons the wells.

"Advertising has concentrated," writes *Fortune's* Daniel Bell in the *New Leader,* "on arousing the anxieties and manipulating the fears of consumers to coerce them into buying."

Stripped of its emotional language, and rephrased in the terms of an added-value concept, this argument means that advertising creates feelings of insecurity for the purely commercial purpose of increasing the value of a brand. Reduced to cases, the charge is that Listerine and Colgate force people to worry about mouth odors to persuade them to use a product which, it is claimed, eliminates bad breath.

And there is no way around it: the accusation is true. (Though it must be said that advertising has only a relatively minor influence on fundamental attitudes, and cannot create a fear or an anxiety not already present in the consumer—at least in the latent form of an experience not fully considered—before he comes upon the ad.) Advertising undoubtedly does magnify the pains of modern existence so it can sell products which are supposed to soothe them.

Taken by itself, this act seems morally unjustifiable. But the product very often *does* assuage the pains—and it does so, in those areas of health and beauty where the fear appeals are most commonly used, because of the power of suggestion of the advertising itself. The poor old crock who feels tired every afternoon at three, from a complicated set of physical and psychological causes, may be persuaded to believe that what ails him is Tired Blood. So a dose of Geritol,



. . . feelings of insecurity . . .

though his condition may be such that it does him no physical good at all, may really cure him of his symptoms. The girl who is ashamed of her pimples may bear them with more grace after she buys a product which is advertised as the greatest pimple destroyer in history—even if it is actually nothing more than second-rate cold cream, aerated (with lanolin added).

Moreover, most of the products advertised as cures for such ills do not work merely psychological wonders; often they actually will produce some of the physical benefits claimed.

In real life, advertising does not plummet untroubled people into a pit of anxiety, for the single, vulgar goal of an advertiser's profit. Advertising probably does increase the number of people who feel some conscious concern about their physical or social failings. But it offers to all people—both those who felt the concern before they saw the advertising and those in whom it is newly aroused—a solution (a guaran-

teed solution, in the context of the advertising) to their troubles. For a considerable proportion of those who try it, the product actually *is* a solution, and drinking it down frees them of their worries. Measuring the damage done to the national psyche by the additional fears created by advertising, as against the soothing of the national psyche achieved by removing the same fears from a number of people who previously suffered them, is a task for a subtle metaphysician indeed.

THE "CONFORMISTS"

FINALLY, there is the relationship between advertising and what a large number of people call "conformity." This relationship is difficult to discuss, because the alleged "conformity," as a new development in society, probably does not exist outside the imaginations of the people who talk about it. It is true, of course, that a large mass of citizens drawn at random from within a single culture will have more things in common than not. It is also true that modern communications have produced some breaking down of old and perhaps valuable regional distinctions. And it is true that developments in the past thirty years have raised the economic condition of the nation's lowest tenth and lowered that of its highest tenth; raised the educational level of the lowest tenth and lowered that of the highest tenth. So the community appears to be more homogeneous, from a distant look. But the same developments which have created the appearance of homogeneity have also brought about an astonishing increase in the variety of entertainments, of housing and furnishing possibilities, of hobbies, of consumer goods—even of intellectual pursuits, for those so minded.

Actually, "conformity" plagues the impoverished communities, where people work to exhaustion and have neither the leisure nor the income to express their tastes. A prosperous middle-class society may feel, more strongly than a poor community, that it does not like people who rock the boat—but within broad limits its members are free to indulge their individuality as they have never been before.

And advertising's contribution here is, on the whole, to increase diversity. Advertising lives by the product difference, real or asserted—that is, by appealing to different tastes in values. If advertising looks like other advertising (as so much of it does) the fault lies in the limited skill of many practitioners (and in the fact that advertisers, knowing that their competitors are smart, insist on ads quite similar to the competition's). The purpose is not to force anyone to "conform."

What lies behind the cry of "conformity" and the accusation that advertising promotes it is the deep disappointment following upon the arrival of the millennium. We have achieved the nineteenth-century dream: practically everyone has enough to eat and decent clothing; by any standards but our own nearly everyone is well housed; the workday is short and leisure is ample.

But the millennial culture turns out not to be very interesting: the average man remains a mediocre fellow, and pleased with himself, to boot. Which is, certainly, well within his rights. Perhaps advertising *ought* to do something for the culture, but it won't; says it can't; says it shouldn't be asked. In his most defensive moments, the advertising man will hammer on the table and say the majority must be *right* to like garbage because it buys so much garbage. Holding up an inescapable mirror which reflects disappointment, and refusing for reasons of trade to comment on the picture in the mirror, advertising asks to be disliked by that element of the community which aspires to a higher culture. It is.

BUT dislike of advertising, however strongly felt, is no excuse for silly attacks on it. Like the rest of us, the advertising man does the best he can. He has days when he likes to regard himself as a Machiavellian figure, and for business reasons he has been known to egg on critics who wildly overestimate his power in the community. But he did not create the culture in which, perforce, he has to work; not infrequently, he shares his critics' distaste for the popular, adolescent-oriented aesthetic scene. And he is not the only cobbler who has decided, at least for the time being, to stick to his last.

In our current economy, where personal selling is clearly too expensive a way to move the necessary volume of goods, advertising performs a necessary function—and the more successful it is, the more prosperous everyone will be. Seen objectively, the advertising man's work increases the material comfort and the sum of private gratifications of the nation as a whole. The values which advertising creates may strike a moralist as mangy beasts. But moralists today, like moralists throughout history, must live with the fact that in the dark and democratic world of private gratification all cats are gray.



Our DUMB colleagues

By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

Drawings by Roy McKie

A chimpanzee learned to be a successful burglar . . . and it seems entirely possible to breed super-apes to work as longshoremen, street cleaners, cotton pickers, and even baby-sitters.

THESE thoughts are partly inspired by the antics of Elizabeth, who is sitting opposite me with her face cupped in her feet. She is fond of doing this, and the effect is odd—especially when she sits on her hands at the same time.

Elizabeth is a small monkey who recently joined my household and has given me a new perspective on the animal world. She has started me thinking about the role that the other creatures who share this planet with us will play in the society of the future—and I mean as co-workers, not merely as pets or sources of food.

Down the centuries, Man has domesticated a surprisingly large number of animals, ranging from dogs, cheetahs, and falcons for hunting, to elephants, horses, and yaks for transport. But these are occupations which require little intelligence. With modern knowledge of animal psychology and conditioned reflexes, we should be able to train some of our companions on the globe for much more sophisticated tasks.

In an age when there is so much talk of automation, this may seem a backward step, but there will always be jobs which, though tedious and unpleasant—perhaps even dangerous—are so impossible to mechanize that robots cannot perform them. We will have to get help from somewhere else.

It is obvious where we will look for it. Our cousins the apes and monkeys are the only animals possessing both manual dexterity and intelligence. They have already shown that they can perform a wide range of jobs when they feel like it. In Malaya, many people will be surprised to learn, the pig-tailed macaque has been employed for generations to harvest the coconut crop by climbing the tall palms and dropping the nuts. Similar talents were displayed by one of the few chimpanzees with a criminal record—Socrates, trained by his master to burgle New York apartments fifteen stories up, to the bafflement of the police.

There are very few jobs—honest or dishonest— *not* requiring abstract thought which a chimpanzee cannot be trained to do by the standard methods of demonstration followed by a suitable reward. (Standard, come to think of it, both for animals and human beings.) There is no great mystery about animal training, and certainly no question of cruelty. It requires a thorough understanding of the pupil's mental limitations, and enough patience to repeat an action over and over again until the animal grasps what is required of it. Successful accomplishment is rewarded by food, though often no reward is necessary. The higher apes frequently imitate humans just for the fun of it. Captain Proske records how his chimpanzee Congo loved to do jobs around the house such as washing, ironing, and darning the clothes—though with more enthusiasm than skill.

These modest beginnings show what can be done even today, with an animal straight from the jungle. However, no existing ape possesses the docility and the power of sustained attention needed to make it truly employable. Intelligence, dexterity, strength—they are all there, but reliability is still lacking.

If we tackled the problem of breeding for brains with the same enthusiasm that has been devoted to breeding dogs of surrealist shapes, we could eventually produce assorted models of useful primates ranging in size from the gorilla down to the baboon, each adapted for a special type of work. It is not putting too much strain on the imagination to assume that the geneticists could produce a super-ape able to understand some scores of words and capable of being trained for such jobs as picking fruit, cleaning up the litter in the park, shoe-shining, collecting the garbage, doing household chores, and even baby-sitting. (Though I have known some babies I would not care to trust with a valuable ape.)

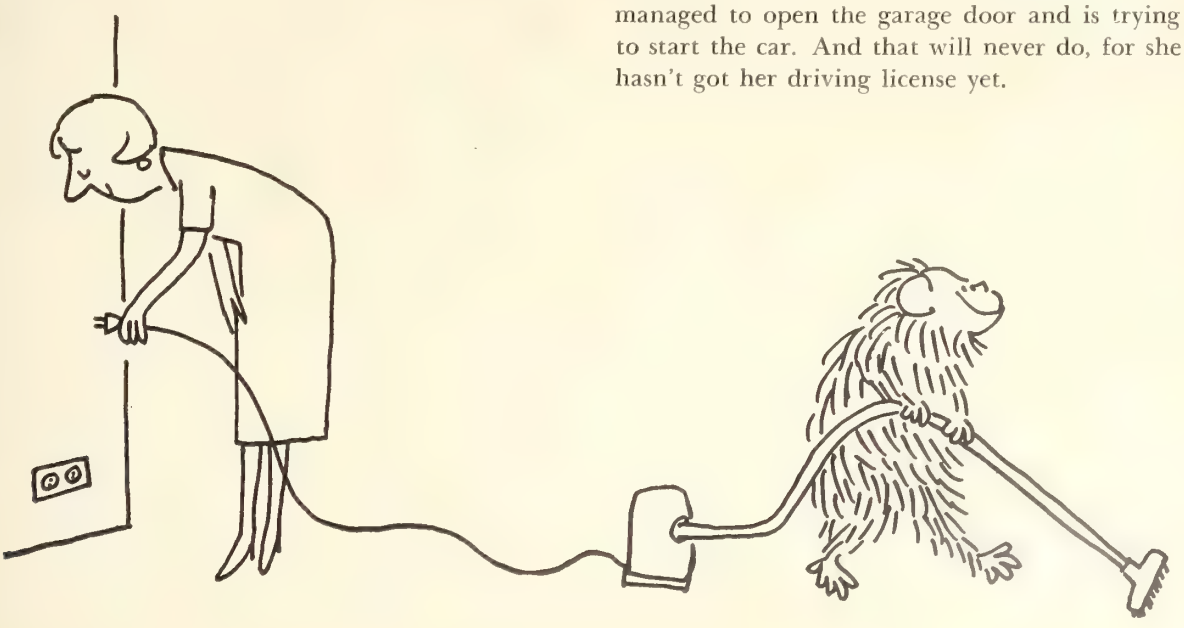
Many jobs, such as street-cleaning and the more repetitive types of agricultural work, it could do unsupervised, though it might need protection from those egregious specimens of Homo sapiens who think it amusing to tease or bully anything they consider lower on the evolutionary ladder. For other tasks, such as paper-delivering and dock-laboring, our man-ape would have to work under human overseers; and incidentally I would love to see the finale of a twenty-first-century "On the Waterfront" in



which the honest but hairy hero drums on his chest after—literally—taking the wicked labor leader apart.

Once a supply of non-human workers became available, a whole range of low IQ jobs could be thankfully relinquished by mankind, to its great mental and physical advantage. What is more, one of the problems which has plagued so many fictional Utopias would be avoided; there would be none of the degradingly sub-human "Epsilons" of Huxley's *Brave New World* to act as a permanent reproach to society. For there is a profound moral difference between breeding sub-men and super-apes, even if the end products may be much the same. The first would introduce a form of slavery; the second would be a biological triumph which could be of benefit to both men and animals.

But I must come back in a hurry from these dreams of a future society. Elizabeth has just managed to open the garage door and is trying to start the car. And that will never do, for she hasn't got her driving license yet.



The first of two articles by

GEORGE F. KENNAN

Former Ambassador to Moscow and Former
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A CHANCE TO WITHDRAW OUR TROOPS IN EUROPE

A proposal for pulling back both American and Russian armies . . . exploring a new way to unify Germany . . . lessening the danger of atomic war . . . and for a better defense of the West at a lower cost.

THE time has come, it seems to me, for a fresh examination of the main issues which lie between the Soviet Union and the West. It is barely possible we might now find that an approach to a settlement—or at least to a more endurable situation—is not so hopeless as it has long seemed to be.

These issues fall into two categories:

(1) The basic ones, by which I mean disagreements over such things as frontiers and the political control of territory.

(2) The secondary ones flowing from the military rivalry which has grown up between NATO and the Soviet bloc.

The basic issues of genuine gravity arose directly from the manner in which World War II was allowed to come to an end. The authority of a United German government was then expunged within Germany itself and throughout large areas of Eastern Europe; and the armies of the Soviet Union and the Western Democracies met in the middle of this territory and took control of it, before there was any adequate agreement on its future permanent status.

This was, of course, the combined result of the unconditional surrender policy, which relieved the Germans of all responsibility for the future status of this area, and the failure of the Allied governments to arrive at any realistic understandings among themselves about it while the war was on. Since it has not been possible to reach such understandings subsequently, except in the case of Austria, the provisorium flowing from these circumstances has endured. It is this that we are faced with today.

The difficulty obviously breaks down into two parts: the satellite area and Germany.

In the past three or four years, the Moscow leaders have made an attempt to undo some of the harm that Stalin had done in the satellites with his policies of ruthless political oppression and economic exploitation. The first effect of this relaxation—shown in the disorders in Eastern Germany and Poland and later in Hungary—was not to reconcile people to the fact of Soviet rule but rather to reveal the real depths of their restlessness and the extent to which the postwar arrangements had outworn whatever usefulness they might once have had. The Soviet leaders, startled and alarmed by these revelations, have now seen no alternative, in the interests of their own political and military security, but to reimpose sharp limits to the movement for greater independence in these countries, and to rely for the enforcement of these restrictions on the naked use or presence of their own troops.

The result has been, as we all know, the creation of an extremely precarious situation—un-

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satisfactory from everyone's standpoint. The state of the satellite area today, and particularly of Poland, is neither fish nor fowl, neither complete Stalinist domination nor real independence. Things cannot be expected to remain this way for long. There must either be further violent efforts by people in that area to take things into their own hands and to achieve independence by their own means, or there must be the beginning of some process of real adjustment to the fact of Soviet domination.

In the first of these contingencies, we in the West could easily be placed once more before the dilemma which faced us last year at the time of the Hungarian uprising; and anyone who has the faintest concern for the stability of the world must fervently pray that this will not happen.

As for the second alternative, which at this moment seems to be the more likely of the two, it seems no less appalling. If things go on as they are today, there will simply have to be some sort of adjustment on the part of the peoples of Eastern Europe, even if it is one that takes the form of general despair, apathy, demoralization, and the deepest sort of disillusionment with the West. The failure of the recent popular uprisings to shake the Soviet military domination has now produced a state of bitter and dangerous despondency throughout large parts of Eastern Europe. If the taste or even the hope for independence once dies out in the hearts of these peoples, then there will be no recovering it; then Moscow's victory will be complete.

WILL THE RUSSIANS PULL BACK?

I CAN conceive of no escape from this dilemma that would not involve the early departure of Soviet troops from the satellite countries. Only when the troops are gone will there be possibilities for the evolution of these nations toward institutions and social systems most suited to their needs; and what these institutions and systems might then be, is something about which I think we in the West can afford to be very relaxed. If Socialism is what these people want and need, so be it; but let it by all means be their own choice.

It is plain that there can be no Soviet military withdrawal from Eastern Europe unless this entire area can in some way be removed as an object in the military rivalry of the Great Powers. But this at once involves the German problem because it implies the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Eastern Germany, and—so long as American and other Western forces remain in Western Germany—the Russians must view their problem in Eastern Europe in direct relation to the over-all military equation between Russia and the West. Any solution of the problem of the satellite area is thus dependent on a solution of the German problem itself.

This being the case, I think we cannot scrutinize too closely or too frequently in the light of the developing situation both in Europe and in the world at large, the position the Western governments have taken on Germany.

The West has insisted, and with very good reason, that the modalities of German unification, as a domestic program, must flow from the will of the German people, expressed in free elections. But the West has gone farther than that. It has also insisted that no restrictions whatsoever must be placed in advance on the freedom of a future all-German government to determine its own international orientation and to incur military obligations to other states. Specifically, the Western governments have insisted that such an all-German government must be entirely free to continue to adhere to the NATO Pact, as the German Federal Republic does today; and it is taken everywhere as a foregone conclusion that an all-German government would do just that.

If a future united Germany should choose to adhere to NATO, what would happen then to the garrisons of the various allied powers now stationed on German soil? The Western position says nothing specific about this. But while British, French, and American forces would presumably remain in Germany under the framework of the NATO system, one must assume that those of the Soviet Union would be expected to depart. If this is so, then Moscow is really being asked to abandon—as part of an agreement on German unification—the military and political bastion in Central Europe which it won by its military effort from 1941 to 1945, and to do this without any compensatory withdrawal of American armed power from the heart of the Continent.

This is something the Soviet government is most unlikely to accept, if only for reasons of what it will regard as its own political security at home and abroad. It will be hard enough, even in the best of circumstances, for Moscow ever to extract itself from its present abnormal involvements in Eastern Europe without this having repercussions on its political system. It cannot, realistically, be asked—if agreement is wanted—to take this step in any manner that

would seriously jeopardize its prestige. The mere fact of Soviet withdrawal, without any compensatory withdrawal on the Western side, would create the general impression of a defeat for Soviet policy in Eastern and Central Europe.

The Soviet leaders will therefore see in these present Western proposals a demand for something in the nature of an unconditional surrender of the Soviet interest in the German question generally; and if they ever should be so weak as to have no choice but to quit Germany on these terms, it would scarcely take an agreement with the Western Powers to enable them to do so. So long, therefore, as it remains the Western position that the hands of a future all-German government must not be in any way tied, I see little hope for any removal of the division of Germany at all—nor, by the same token, of the removal of the division of Europe.

DANGEROUS EXPECTATIONS

THERE are those in our Western camp, I know, who find in this state of affairs no great cause for alarm. A divided Germany seems, for the moment, to be less of a problem to them than was the united Germany of recent memory. They regard the continued presence of American forces in Germany as an indispensable pledge of American military interest in the Continent, and they tremble at the thought that this pledge should ever be absent. It is agreeable to them that America, by assuming this particular burden and bearing it indefinitely, should relieve Western Europe of the necessity of coming to grips itself with the German question.

This view is understandable in its way. There was a time, in the immediate postwar period, when it was largely justified. But there is danger in permitting it to harden into a permanent attitude. It expects too much, and for too long a time, of the United States, which is not a European power. It does less than justice to the strength and the abilities of the Europeans themselves. It leaves unsolved the extremely precarious and unsound arrangements which now govern the status of Berlin—the least disturbance of which could easily produce a new world crisis. It takes no account of the present dangerous situation in the satellite area. It renders permanent what was meant to be temporary. It assigns half of Europe, by implication, to the Russians.

Let me stress particularly this question of Berlin. There is a stubborn tendency in England and the U. S. to forget the Berlin situation so long as it gives us no trouble and to assume that everything will somehow work out for the best. May I point out that the Western position in Berlin is by no means a sound or safe one; and it is being rendered daily more uncertain by the ominous tendency of the Soviet government to thrust forward the East German regime as its spokesman in these matters. Moscow's purpose in this maneuver is obviously to divest itself of responsibility for the future development of the Berlin situation. It hopes by this means to place itself in a position where it can remain serenely aloof while the East German regime proceeds to make the Western position in the city an impossible one. This is a sure portent of trouble.

It would, of course, be wholly wrong to suggest that it is only the uncertainty of the Western position about the future of the garrisons in Germany that stands in the way of a settlement. I have no doubt that any acceptable arrangement for German unification would be an extremely difficult thing to achieve in any case. It took ten years to negotiate a similar settlement for Austria. The negotiation of a German settlement might also take years, in the best of circumstances. But I think we are justified in assuming that it is this question of the indefinite retention of the American and other Western garrisons on German soil which lies at the heart of the difficulty; and until greater clarity is achieved about this point, there can be no proper beginning.

It will at once be held against what I have said that Moscow itself does not today want German unification on any terms. Perhaps so. Certainly in recent months there have been no signs of enthusiasm in Moscow for any settlement of this sort. But how much of this lack of enthusiasm is resignation in the face of the Western position, we do not know. Until we stop pushing the Kremlin against a closed door, we shall never learn whether it would be prepared to go through an open one.

We must also bear in mind that things change from time to time in Moscow, just as they do here in the West. If the disposition to conclude a German settlement does not exist today in Moscow, our positions should at least be such as to give promise of agreement when and if this attitude changes.

Finally, the question is not just whether Moscow, as people say, "wants" German unification. It is a question of whether Moscow could afford to stand in the way of it if there were a real possibility for a general evacuation of Europe. Gomulka not long ago promised the Polish people that the day the Americans leave Germany,

he will take up with the Soviet government the question of the departure of the Soviet forces from Poland. And it is quite clear that as Poland goes, in this respect, so goes the rest of the satellite area. Khrushchev has not specifically demurred at Gomulka's position; on the contrary, he has, in fact, even murmured things himself, from time to time, about a possible mutual withdrawal of forces, although he has intimated that the price of a Soviet withdrawal might be somewhat higher than what Gomulka implied.

In any case, the interest of the satellite governments in a general evacuation of Germany is perfectly clear. If, therefore, a more promising Western position would not assure agreement at this time, it would at least serve to put a greater strain on Moscow's position, and to shift clearly and definitely to the Soviet side the onus of delaying a reasonable European settlement.

AN AMERICAN WITHDRAWAL?

ARE there, then, points at which the Western position could safely be improved? It is hard for an outsider to answer to such a question in this rapidly-moving time. I can only say that there are two features of our present thinking which, in my opinion, might well undergo particular re-examination.

I wonder, in the first place, whether it is actually politic and realistic to insist that a future all-German government must be entirely free to determine Germany's military orientation and obligations, and that the victor powers of the recent war must not in any way prejudice that freedom by any agreement among themselves. This is outwardly a very appealing position. It gratifies the Western attachment to the principle of national self-expression. It is, for obvious reasons, a position no German politician can lightly oppose. But is it sound, and is it constructive?

A peace treaty has not yet been concluded. The powers of the victors have not yet formally lapsed in Germany. Might it not just be that the only politically feasible road to unification and independence for Germany should lie precisely through her acceptance of certain restraints on freedom to shape her future military position in Europe? And, if so, is it not just a bit quixotic to cling, in the name of the principle of German freedom and independence, to a position which implies the sacrifice of all freedom and all independence for many millions of East Germans, for an indefinite time? No useful purpose is going to be served by the quest for perfect solutions. The unlocking of the European tangle is not to be achieved except at some sort of a price. Is there not—in this insistence that the hands of a future German government must not be in any way tied—an evasion of the real responsibility of the victor powers?

The second element of Western thinking that might well stand further examination is the common assumption that the Western powers would be placed at a hopeless military disadvantage if there were to be any mutual withdrawal.

It is, of course, impossible to discuss this question in specific terms unless one knows just what sort of withdrawal is envisaged—from where and to where, and by whom and when. Here, as is frequently forgotten, there are many possible combinations; and I am not at all sure that all of these have really been seriously explored.

But beyond this, I have the impression that our calculations continue to rest on certain questionable assumptions and habits of thought:

1) an overrating of the likelihood of a Soviet effort to invade Western Europe;

(2) an exaggeration of the value of the satellite armies as possible instruments of a Soviet offensive policy;

(3) a failure to take into account all the implications of the ballistic missile; and

(4) a serious underestimation of the advantages to Western security to be derived from a Soviet military withdrawal.

THE YOUNG GERMANS

ONE of the arguments most frequently heard in opposition to the introduction of any greater flexibility into the Western position in Germany is that "you can't trust the Germans." It is therefore better, people say, that Germany should be held divided and in part dependent on the West, than that the Germans should once again be permitted independence of action as a nation.

I cannot share this opinion. Germany is in a state of great transition, and one can easily find, within its changing scene, anything one seeks. It is true that many of the older generation are not likely ever to recover entirely from the trauma of the past; they tend to be twisted people in one way or another, which does not necessarily mean that they are still Nazis. But I have seen, as an academic lecturer, whose own education took place partly in Germany, a bit of the younger Germany; and I am convinced that these young people—troubled, bewildered, unsupported at this time by any firm tradition from their own national past—will not fail to respond

to any Western appeal that carries the ring of real vision, of conviction, and of seriousness of purpose. The younger generation of Germans are more threatened today by the inroads of a pervasive, cynical materialism than they are by any extreme nationalistic tendencies; and it is precisely here, in combating this materialism, that we in the West have given them, I fear, little help or inspiration. To stake our future on this younger Germany is admittedly to take a chance—but I can think of no greater risk than the trend toward nuclear war on which we are all now being carried.

If Germany cannot be accorded reasonable confidence in these coming years, then I know of no promising solution to the entire problem of Europe. If we are going to make so negative and so hopeless an assumption, let us be terribly, terribly sure that our judgment is drawn not from the memories and emotions of the past but from sober attention to present realities.

THE SUICIDAL WEAPON

THESE observations naturally bring up the military aspect of our conflict with Soviet power. Never in history have nations been faced with a danger greater than that which now confronts us in the form of the atomic weapons race. Except in instances where there was a possibility of complete genocide, past dangers have generally threatened only the existing generation. Today it is everything which is at stake—the kindliness of our natural environment to the human experience, the genetic composition of the race, the possibilities of health and life for future generations.

Not only is this danger terrible, but it is immediate. Efforts toward composition of major political differences between the Russians and ourselves have been practically abandoned. Belief in the inevitability of war—itself the worst disservice to peace—has grown unchecked. We have a world order marked by extreme instability. In the Middle East alone, for example, we have a situation where any disturbance could now easily involve us all in an all-out war.

To me it is a source of amazement that there are people who still see the escape from this danger in our continued multiplication of the destructiveness and speed of delivery of the major atomic weapons. These people seem unable to wean themselves from the belief that if the Russians gain the slightest edge in the capacity to wreak massive destruction at long range, they will immediately use it—regardless of our capacity for retaliation—whereas, if we can only contrive to get a tiny bit ahead of the Russians, we shall in some way have won; our salvation will be assured; the road will then be paved for a settlement on our own terms. This cast of thought seems to have been much encouraged, in the U. S. at least, by the shock of the launching of the Russian earth satellites.

I scarcely need say that I see no grounds whatsoever in this approach. The hydrogen bomb, admittedly, has a certain sorry value to us today as a deterrent. When I say this, I probably do not mean exactly what many other people mean when they say it. I have never thought that the Soviet government wanted a general world war at any time since 1945, or that it would have been inclined, for any rational political reason, to inaugurate such a war, even had the atomic weapon never been invented. I do not believe, in other words, that it was our possession of the atomic bomb which prevented the Russians from overrunning Europe in 1948 or at any other time. In this I have disagreed with some very important people.

But now that the capacity to inflict this fearful destruction *is* mutual, and now that this premium *has* been placed on the element of surprise, I am prepared to concede that the atomic deterrent has its value as a stabilizing factor until we can evolve some better means of protection. And so long as we are obliged to hold it as a deterrent, we must obviously see to it that it is in every way adequate to that purpose—in destructiveness, in speed of delivery, in security against a sudden preventive blow, and in the alertness of those who control its employment. But I can see no reason why we should indulge ourselves in the belief that the strategic atomic weapon can be anything more than a temporary and regrettable expedient, tiding us over a dangerous moment.

As for these various frantic schemes for defense against atomic attack, I can see no grounds whatsoever for confidence in them. I do not trust the calculations on which they are based. War has always been an uncertain exercise, in which the best-laid plans are frequently confounded. Today the variables and unknowns in these calculations are greater than ever before. I do not believe there is any human mind or group of human minds or any calculating machine anywhere in the world which can predict with accuracy what would happen if these weapons should begin to be used or which could devise realistic defenses against them.

But beyond this, what sort of a life is it to

which these devotees of the weapons race would see us condemned? The technological realities of this competition are constantly changing from month to month and from year to year. Are we to flee like haunted creatures from one defensive device to another, each more costly and humiliating than the one before, cowering underground one day, breaking up our cities the next, attempting to surround ourselves with elaborate electronic shields on the third, concerned only to prolong the length of our lives while sacrificing all the values for which it might be worthwhile to live at all? If I thought that this was the best the future held for us, I should be tempted to join those who say, "Let us divest ourselves of this weapon altogether; let us stake our safety on God's grace and our own good consciences and on that measure of common sense and humanity which even our adversaries possess; but then let us at least walk like men, with our heads up, so long as we are permitted to walk at all."

The beginning of understanding rests, in this appalling problem, with the recognition that the weapon of mass destruction is a sterile and hopeless weapon which may for a time serve as an answer of sorts to itself, as an uncertain sort of a shield against utter cataclysm, but which cannot in any way serve the purposes of a constructive and hopeful foreign policy. The true end of political action is, after all, to effect the deeper convictions of men; this the A-bomb cannot do. The suicidal nature of this weapon renders it unsuitable both as a sanction of diplomacy and as the basis of an alliance. There can be no coherent relations between such a weapon and the normal objects of national policy. A defense posture built around a weapon suicidal in its implications can serve in the long run only to paralyze national policy, to undermine alliances, and to drive everyone deeper and deeper into the hopeless exertions of the weapons race.

This fact is in no way affected by the Soviet earth satellite, nor will it be affected if we launch a satellite ourselves.

"LIMITED WAR"

BUT even among those who would go along with all that I have just said, there have recently been other tendencies of thought with which I also find myself in respectful but earnest disagreement. I have in mind here, in particular, the belief that the so-called tactical atomic weapon—the atomic weapon designed, that is, to be used at relatively short-range against the armed forces of the adversary, rather than at long range and against his homeland—provides a suitable escape from the sterility of any military doctrine based on the long-range weapon of mass destruction.

Let me explain what I mean. A number of thoughtful people, recognizing the bankruptcy of the hydrogen bomb and the long-range missile as the bases for a defense policy, have pleaded for the simultaneous cultivation of other and more discriminate forms of military strength, and ones that could conceivably be used for some worthwhile limited national objective, and without suicidal effect. Some have advocated a policy of what they call graduated deterrents. Others have chosen to speak of the cultivation of the capacity for the waging of limited war, by which they mean a war limited both in the scope of its objects and in the destructiveness of the weapons to be employed. In both instances what they have had in mind was to find an alternative to the H-bomb as the basis for national defense.

One can, I think, have only sympathy and respect for this trend of thought. It certainly runs in the right direction. Force is, and always will be, an indispensible ingredient in human affairs. A first step away from the horrors of the atom must be the adequate development of agencies of force more flexible, more discriminate, and less suicidal in their effects. Had it been possible to develop such agencies in a form clearly distinguishable from the atomic weapon, this unquestionably would have provided the most natural path of escape from our present dilemma.

Unfortunately, this seems no longer to be an alternative, at least so far as the great nuclear powers are concerned. The so-called tactical atomic weapon is now being introduced into the armed forces of the United States and there is an intention, as I understand it, to introduce it into Britain's. We must assume that the same thing is occurring in the Soviet Union. While many people in our respective governments have become convinced, I am sure, of the need for being able to fight limited as well as total wars, it is largely by the use of the tactical atomic weapon that they propose to fight them. It appears to be their hope that by cultivation of the tactical weapon we can place ourselves in a position to defend the NATO countries successfully without resorting to the long-range strategic one; that our adversaries can also be brought to refrain from employing the hydrogen bomb; that warfare can thus be restricted to whatever the tactical weapon implies; and that in this

way the more apocalyptic effects of nuclear warfare may be avoided.*

It is this thesis which I cannot accept. That it would prove possible, in the event of an atomic war, to arrive at some tacit and workable understanding with the adversary as to the degree of destructiveness of the weapons that would be used and the sort of target to which they would be directed, seems to me a very slender and wishful hope indeed.

But beyond this, let us bear in mind the probable effects—the effects, particularly, on the people in whose country such a war might be waged—of the use of tactical atomic weapons. There seems to be a cheerful assumption that these weapons are relatively harmless things, to be used solely against the armed forces of the enemy and without serious ulterior disadvantages. But surely this is not so? Even the tactical atomic weapon is destructive to a degree that sickens the imagination. If the experience of this century has taught us anything, it is that the long-term effects of modern war are by no means governed just by the formal outcome of the struggle in terms of victory or defeat. Modern war is not just an instrument of policy. It is an experience in itself. It does things to him who practices it, irrespective of whether he wins or loses. Can we really suppose that poor old Europe, so deeply and insidiously weakened by the ulterior effects of the two previous wars of this century, could stand another and even more horrible ordeal of this nature? And let us ask ourselves in all seriousness how much worth saving is going to be saved if war now rages for the third time in a half-century over the face of Europe, and this time in a form vastly more destructive than anything ever known before.

There is a further danger, and a very imminent one as things now stand; and this is that atomic weapons strategic or tactical or both may be placed in the arsenals of our continental allies.

I cannot overemphasize the fatefulness of such a step. I do not see how it could fail to produce a serious increase in the existing military tension in Europe. It would be bound to raise a grave problem for the Russians in respect of their own military dispositions and their relations with the other Warsaw Pact countries. Moscow is not going to be inclined to entrust its satellites with full control over such weapons. If, therefore, the Western continental countries are to be armed with them, any Russian withdrawal from Central and Eastern Europe may become unthinkable for once and for all, for reasons of sheer military prudence, regardless of what the major Western powers might be prepared to do.

In addition to this, it is perfectly obvious that the larger the number of hands into which the control over atomic weapons is placed, the smaller will be the possibility for their eventual exclusion from national arsenals by international agreement.

I am aware that similar warnings against the introduction of the atomic weapon into the armaments of the continental countries have also recently been part of the stock-in-trade of Soviet diplomacy. But I think we must beware of rejecting ideas just because they happen to coincide with ones put forward on the other side. Moscow says many harmful and foolish things; but it would be wrong to assume that its utterances never happen to accord with the dictates of sobriety and good sense. The Russians are not always wrong, any more than we are always right. Our task, in any case, is to make up our minds independently.

EUROPE PROTECTING HERSELF

IS THERE, then, any reasonably hopeful alternative to the unpromising path along which we are now advancing? I must confess that I see only one. This is precisely the opposite of the attempt to incorporate the tactical atomic weapon into the defense of Western Europe. It is, again, the possibility of separating geographically the forces of the great nuclear powers, of excluding them as direct factors in the future development of political relationships on the continent, and of inducing the Europeans, by the same token, to accept a higher level of responsibility for the defense of the Continent than they have recently borne.

This is still a possibility. We have not yet taken the fatal step. The continental countries have not yet prejudiced their usefulness for the solution of continental problems, as we have ours, by building their defense establishments around the atomic weapon. If they could be induced to refrain from doing this—and if there could be a general withdrawal of American, British, and Russian armed power from the heart of the Continent—there would be at least a chance that Europe's fortunes might be worked out, and the competition between two political

* This view is set forth in a book which recently has attracted considerable international attention, Henry A. Kissinger's *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*.—The Editors.

philosophies carried forward, in a manner disastrous neither to the respective peoples themselves nor to the cause of world peace.

I am aware that many people will greet this suggestion with skepticism. On the European continent, in particular, people have become so accustomed to the thought that their danger is a purely military one, and that their salvation can be assured only by others, that they rise in alarm at every suggestion that they should find the necessary powers of resistance within themselves. There is an habitual underestimation among these peoples of the native resources of Europe. The Western Europe of today reminds me of the man who has grown accustomed to swimming with water wings and cannot realize that he is capable of swimming without them.

It is plain that in the event of a mutual withdrawal of forces, the continental NATO countries would still require, in addition to the guarantees embodied in the NATO Pact, some sort of continuing local arrangements for their own defense. For this purpose their existing conventional forces, based on the World War II pattern, would be generally inadequate. These conventional forces are designed to meet only the least likely of the possible dangers: that of an outright Soviet military attack in Europe, and then to meet it in the most unpromising manner, which is by attempting to hold it along some specific territorial line.

But this is not the problem. We must get over this obsession that the Russians are yearning to attack and occupy Western Europe. The Soviet threat is a combined military-political threat, with the accent on the political. If the armed forces of the United States and Britain were not present on the Continent, the problem of defense for the continental nations would be primarily one of the internal health and discipline of the respective national societies, and of the manner in which they were organized to prevent conquest by unscrupulous and foreign-inspired minorities. What they need is a strategic doctrine addressed to this reality.

Under such a doctrine, armed forces would indeed be needed; but I would suggest that as a general rule these forces might better be paramilitary ones, of a territorial-militia type, somewhat on the Swiss example, rather than regular military units on the World War II pattern. Their function should be primarily internal rather than external. It is on the front of police realities, not on regular military battlefields, that the threat of Russian Communism must primarily be met.

The training of such forces ought to be such as to prepare them not only to offer whatever overt resistance might be possible to a foreign invader but also to constitute the core of a civil resistance movement on any territory that might be overrun by the enemy. For this reason they need not, and should not, be burdened with heavy equipment or elaborate supply requirements and this means—and it is no small advantage—that they could be maintained at a fraction of the cost per unit of the present conventional establishments.

I would not wish to suggest any sweeping uniform changes. The situations of no two NATO countries are alike. There are some that will continue to require, for various reasons, other kinds of armed forces as well. I mean merely to suggest that, if there could be a more realistic concept of the problem and the evolution of a strategic doctrine more directly addressed to the Soviet threat as it really is, the continental countries would not be as lacking in the resources or means for their own defense as is commonly assumed.

The primary purpose of the dispositions would be not the defense of the country at the frontier —though naturally one would aim to do whatever could be done in this respect—but rather its defense at every village crossroads. The purpose would be to place the country in a position where it could face the Kremlin and say to it:

"Look here, you may be able to overrun us—if you are unwise enough to attempt it—but you will have a small profit from it; we are in a position to assure that not a single Communist or other person likely to perform your political business will be available to you for this purpose; you will find here no adequate nucleus of a puppet regime; on the contrary, you will be faced with the united and organized hostility of an entire nation; your stay among us will not be a happy one; we will make you pay bitterly for every day of it; and it will be without favorable long-term political prospects."

I think I can give personal assurance that any country which is in a position to say this to Moscow, not in so many words, but in that language of military posture and political behavior which the Russian Communists understand best of all, will have little need of foreign garrisons to assure its immunity from Soviet attack.

A second article by Mr. Kennan will appear in the March issue. Like this one, it is based on a recent series of BBC lectures which attracted world-wide attention.

Murray Teigh Bloom

what two lawyers are doing to HOLLYWOOD

They tried an experiment which outraged the deepest traditions of the film business—but it saved a dying company, changed the social structure of the movie world, and made both of them rich.

IN THE movie business there is almost always a direct ratio between the speed with which a man rises to the highest levels of power and the accumulation of stories about his chicaneries, sex life, and ignorance.

Two current and notable exceptions are Robert S. Benjamin and Arthur B. Krim. Chairman of the Board and President, respectively, of United Artists, they are generally recognized as the most successful team in the entire industry. Although their triumph was achieved in a brief six-year period when the rest of the trade was harried by television, dwindling audiences, and closed theaters, they are not only respected; they are even rather well-liked. What makes this still more remarkable is that both are lawyers—a profession Hollywood customarily associates only with bad news.

Benjamin and Krim *should* have dangerous enemies. The methods by which they transformed United Artists from an almost bankrupt firm losing money at the rate of $5,000,000 a year to a true blue chip with net earnings of nearly $3,500,000 in 1957 challenge the deepest traditions of film business. They did it by enthroning talent: by offering stars, directors, and writers a chance to be masters of their own artistic fate.

In Hollywood where the writer has long been regarded as a lazy cur, the director as a dangerous spendthrift, and the actor as a charming but alarming child, this doctrine of "creative autonomy," as UA calls it, seemed worse than heresy. It was generally considered the idiot's road to ruin.

When Benjamin and Krim took over UA from Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin in 1951 there were almost no independent producers left except Sam Goldwyn. At all the rest of the major studios the production panjandrums like Darryl Zanuck would decide: "We'll make twenty-five pictures this year which will be based on the following properties." And they would be made—using of course the talents of producers, directors, actors, and writers on the studio payroll. Independent was roughly synonymous with unemployed. Benjamin and Krim have changed that.

In 1957 of the approximately 230 major U. S. films made, about 60 per cent were turned out by independent producers; forty-eight of them by United Artists. And so great has been the force of the UA example that even at MGM, Paramount, Warner Brothers, and Columbia a majority of the films were produced by independent units using the financing powers, studio facilities, and distributing networks of the studios. There are only two holdouts left: Twentieth-Century Fox where independent production is still a minor matter, and Universal, where it is non-existent.

UA is still leading the way. Its own roster of talent includes such Hollywood lions as Burt Lancaster, Cary Grant, Kirk Douglas, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Gregory Peck, Joe Mankiewicz, Rita Hayworth, Stanley Kramer, Bob Hope, William Wyler, Edward Small, Frank Sinatra, Billy Wilder, Gary Cooper, Tony Curtis, Susan Hayward, Richard Widmark, Jeff Chandler, Clark Gable, and many more. And upwards of fifty independent producing organizations, invariably built around a star, director, writer, or producer are now making films with UA financing, for UA distribution.

UA has achieved this impressive showing by the simple expedient of elevating talent to the status of a partner. A top star in a UA independent production gets anywhere from 30 to 75 per cent of the net profits, depending on the success of his previous films and the cost of the venture; if he is a big enough box-office draw, like, say, Cary Grant he can command 10 per cent of the *gross* profits, which means that he can make money on a picture even if it is a commercial failure.

THE SIZE OF THE RISKS

ONE prominent director recently making a film for UA, who has also made films as an independent at another major Hollywood studio, describes the differences as follows:

"An independent working with the usual major studio starts out with a fat handicap: he finds that 25 to 40 per cent of his budget is tacked on to cover studio overhead. With UA there is no overhead; you can make the picture anywhere in the world. In all these independent contracts there is a clause that when the producer runs over budget by more than 10 per cent the studio has the right to put in a little commissar to tell the producer what to do—and what not to do. Sure, they disguise the man's title and function but everyone knows it. He's deferential as hell to the producer but he's the boss from then on in. The permissive age is over. Papa will spank.

"As far as I know, UA has never sent a commissar and some of their pictues have gone over budget. When I was at ——— they looked at my rushes every day. That's like a novelist having to send in his daily few pages to his publisher as he writes them. What kind of talent can work that way?

"Take screen credits. Don't let anyone kid you that they're unimportant. If you're an independent with other major studios you won't get top credit on the opening title. With UA I get top credit and somewhere down at the bottom there'll be a modest line: 'Released by United Artists.' Benjamin and Krim stick to their roles; they don't make believe they're producers and they don't compete with us for kudos."

Benjamin and Krim have no illusions that everyone is suited to independent production.

"You need great drive, tremendous self-confidence, a need to be in business for yourself," Benjamin says. "Also you need courage: it may take eighteen months from the time we advance the pre-production money to buy the story before you get an idea of the box-office returns."

The conversion of a star to a star-producer is usually regarded in Hollywood as a miracle of a considerably higher order than Pygmalion's. When UA's list of projected films was announced in 1955 Arthur Krim felt constrained to tell the trade press:

"We don't expect the stars to become full-fledged producers overnight. Some stars will have producers as partners in the venture; some will have business associates; others will have directors as partners; while still others will carry the business burdens themselves."

As producer the star takes over many of the functions of the omnipotent studio head of production—he selects the property he wants to do; a writer; a director; the co-star, if any; the place he wants to make the picture in; and he works out a budget. UA customarily asks to approve the key ingredients in the package. But even before that stage it has usually put up pre-production money to enable the star to purchase the property and acquire a working script.

There are a few talented specialists who can go over a film script page by page and predict the total cost of the production within 10 per cent. Unfortunately, they are not omniscient, and their estimates are often useful only as a kind of general guide.

What they don't know and what Benjamin and Krim must be able to evaluate are the human factors. The director, for example. Is he a fast or slow shooter? How meticulous is he about his takes? How many takes does he need before he lets the scene go into the can? The answers can easily involve several hundred thousand dollars in the budget. But suppose Billy Wilder is directing. Bob Benjamin knows that Wilder is no film and time waster. He "shoots tight." ("You can't help admiring the big directors," Benjamin observes. "Even when it is money out of their own pocket they will overshoot in striving for quality and the exact mood.")

Then there is the problem of the star. How much did his last picture *really* gross? This information is another authentic secret known only to the very top bosses of film studios, who sometimes confide it as a favor. Trade-paper estimates have various built-in errors.

A good illustration of the mechanics and risks of UA operation is the history of the picture "Alexander the Great." Early in 1955 writer-director Robert Rossen showed Benjamin and Krim seventy-five pages of an incomplete script. They liked it.

"We said," Benjamin recalled recently, "that if he could write a picture that didn't cost more than $1,250,000 without top-grade stars we had a deal. We advanced him $25,000 and he wrote more of the script but it still wasn't finished. It was still great. Now we made the deal even more definite. We advanced him $150,000 so that he could get a set designer, an artist, and a production manager. He got Richard Burton for a six-figure contract plus a small percentage, and Claire Bloom and Freddy March. With our backing he was able to give them firm contracts. A detailed budget was agreed upon with the usual 10 per cent leeway. In the spring of 1956 Rossen started shooting in Spain. As he needed more money he drew it from a fiscal officer we appointed for this film. Rossen was investing his services and one and a half years of his time. We were investing in his immense talent. All of us knew there were certain hazards here: the inevitable difficulties in shooting a spectacle in a remote location plus the fact we had no top stars.

"But now came trouble. He was going over budget mainly, we think, because of unusual local logistical problems. But we weren't going to abandon the project or take it out of his hands. We don't work that way. When it was finished the job ran to $2,300,000. The box-office reviews were mixed. In parts of the world the film is still playing but we're pretty sure that world-wide the film will gross about $4,500,000. Incidentally, it broke every record in India and in Greece.

"That sounds as if the picture should have made money but there are other costs to consider. We spent $1,000,000 to advertise the film in the U. S., another $350,000 making about 500 prints of the color film. Add $100,000 for freight shipments of the film, Motion Picture Association dues, and checking on exhibitors to make sure they were giving us an honest count on attendance, so in all before we got back a cent the film really cost us $3,750,000. And more, really. We have a world-wide network of ninety distribution offices, called exchanges, that cost us about $15,000,000 a year to maintain. In order to meet this cost we made a charge of 32 per cent —about $1,500,000 in this case—of the picture's gross, which is the amount our exchanges received after the theaters had deducted their per



These awesome Biblical scrolls they've been discovering wouldn't it be great if they contained ten more Commandments?

centages. Major theaters usually get upwards of 50 per cent of gross box-office receipts to cover their costs and profit. Now when we add the distribution costs 'Alexander' really cost $5,500,000. In short, we'll be out of pocket on this deal about $750,000. Rossen? We still think he is a tremendous creative talent and we hope he will make more films for us."

UA's deals with talent almost always cover more than one picture so that the losses on any one are balanced against the hoped-for profits on the others. This "cross-collateralization" also enables Benjamin and Krim to say yes to films which they believe will be commercial hazards.

When Otto Preminger, who made the very successful "The Moon Is Blue" and "The Man with the Golden Arm," wanted to do "Saint Joan" the UA chiefs agreed, even though without a known star in the cast the film was a serious risk. Preminger, a top producer-director, was willing to invest his time and efforts in making the Shaw play and to try to create a new star for the role of Joan. The film was a failure. They felt his previous successes earned Preminger the right to experiment.

WHAT MARTY DID

WHEN Burt Lancaster and his business partner, Harold Hecht, asked for a UA deal on a picture they wanted to make out of the TV play "Marty" Benjamin and Krim went along with some hesitation. There was a risk—the film had no box-office star—but it was budgeted for only $300,000. Even if it were a dead loss—which UA considered possible—the previous successes of Hecht-Lancaster would more than cover it.

What happened, of course, was that "Marty" became a runaway favorite with critics and public. It made $3,000,000 in the U. S. and another $2,000,000 abroad.

There are certain other special problems which arise because as many as fifty independent producers are making films for UA. Not long ago, for example, two UA producers were bidding for Nevil Shute's apocalyptic *On the Beach*. The price went to $75,000 when normally the book might easily have been picked up for, say, $40,000.

"They bid and bid and in the end we'll have to pay for the extra," Benjamin comments dourly. "Still," he brightened, "we might have had *four* of our producers bidding for it."

At one period four of their producers were simultaneously working on plans to make a film biography of Goya. Which one would UA favor? A ground rule was established: the producer who was first to get the consent of the Spanish government and the Duke of Alba's descendants—imagine making the picture without *the* nude—would get the nod. The winner? Ava Gardner's Titanus Films. She will play the Duchess.

Like most successful revolutionaries Benjamin and Krim neither look nor act the part. Their fourteenth-floor connecting offices on Seventh Avenue in New York are good-sized but simply and decorously furnished. Both men are mild and inconspicuous in dress and speech, around the same age and the same medium height; and both are bothered by a tendency toward putting on weight.

Benjamin, who is forty-eight, is the slightly older member of the team. (Nearly all the other top executives in the film industry are in their sixties and seventies, incidentally.) He was born in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn—the first step upward in the exodus of the immigrant Jews from the lower East Side of Manhattan. His mother ran a fish store. Even while he was in high school he contributed to his own support by working as an office boy for the New York Film Board of Trade. From New York's City College, which he attended in the evening, he went on to night law school and a clerk's job with the law firm of Phillips, Nizer where his uncle, Louis Phillips, was senior partner. In 1931 he was graduated with honors from Fordham Law School and the following year began his practice with Phillips, Nizer.

Krim grew up in comfortable, suburban Mount Vernon, New York, where he was president of his high-school graduating class and captain of the cross-country track team. His father owned a large string of cafeterias. In Columbia College he majored in history and became head of the debating team. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, won the Elsberg History Prize, and was urged to stay on for graduate studies in history with the promise of a fellowship and a possible instructor's post to help him get his Ph. D. Krim was tempted, but his father persuaded him to study law. At Columbia Law School he was first in his class and editor in chief of the *Law Review*. After graduation he turned down several offers from Wall Street law offices and went to work for Phillips, Nizer, where he and Bob Benjamin soon became good friends.

Phillips, Nizer represented many film companies which were being sued by the Department of Justice, so the two young lawyers learned

a great deal about movie law, personalities, theater operation, and anti-trust laws. In 1938 they were made senior partners and the firm became what it is today: Phillips, Nizer, Benjamin and Krim, considered by some the ablest law firm in the film industry.

During the war Benjamin served as executive officer at the Army's Motion Picture Photographic Center and rose to the rank of major. He also helped supervise the photographic coverage of D-day in Normandy. Krim, who ended as a lieutenant-colonel, handled special assignments in the U. S. and the Pacific Theater for Under Secretary of War Robert S. Patterson. A few weeks out of uniform, Benjamin became head of the J. Arthur Rank Organization in America, a director of Universal Pictures, and vice president of the newly formed United World Pictures. He was, *Variety* wrote admiringly, "The man with three hats." Krim, less ebullient, was content merely to be president of Eagle-Lion films. Both remained partners in their law firm.

Krim's first experience with movie business proved unhappy; he and Eagle-Lion's founder, Robert R. Young, the railroad financier, clashed regularly and in 1949 Krim returned to his law firm full-time. He handled some negotiations but spent more time than usual reading the film trade press. Inevitably he began to follow the decline and threatened fall of United Artists, the last privately held major film company in the United States.

MORE THAN MONEY

WHEN it was formed by Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, and Douglas Fairbanks in 1919, UA's main purpose was "to improve the photoplay industry and its artistic standards, and the methods of marketing photoplays."

It did just that; it also made money—for its owners and for many other independent producers whose films it distributed all over the world. But by 1949 with two of the original founders dead and only one of the remaining two—Chaplin—still making an occasional film the company was in trouble. There simply was not enough independent production to keep its network of film exchanges busy.

Among those volunteering to try to patch up the remains was Paul V. McNutt, former Governor of Indiana, American Legion Commander, and Presidential hopeful. Max Kravetz, a minor movie promoter who had won Mary Pickford's confidence, had met McNutt on a Pullman diner one night and persuaded him that he was just the man UA needed. Impressed with McNutt's stature and promises, Pickford and Chaplin made him UA chairman. After many hopeless months McNutt desperately began seeking a way out: he couldn't possibly raise the $15,000,000 which everyone knew UA needed to get on its feet again. If he didn't jump fast he would be saddled with the UA bankruptcy.

To his rescue came a friend of Benjamin's and Krim's named Matty Fox, a heavy-set, colorful film industry executive who is currently pushing Skiatron, a toll TV scheme. In September 1950, Fox arranged a dinner party in his New York penthouse so that his friends could talk to McNutt. Money alone, they told him, couldn't make films. UA had to win back the confidence of the few remaining independent producers who were still in business. Most of them were withholding their pictures from UA because they were sure the firm was about to go into bankruptcy.

McNutt, impressed, recommended the pair to Pickford and Chaplin. In February 1951, after several months of fitful discussion, Krim made his last offer: Krim and Benjamin would be made trustees for 100 per cent of the UA stock so that they could operate the firm. Half of the company's 16,000 shares would be set aside in escrow for them. If in any one of the next three years the pair succeeded in getting UA into the black—it was then losing money at the rate of $100,000 a week—they would be allowed to buy the 8,000 shares for a nominal $1 a share. They also asked for a ten-day option to see what kind of operational cash they could raise. Chaplin and Pickford accepted.

In a day Benjamin and Krim were able to borrow $500,000 from Spyros Skouras, the head of Twentieth Century Fox, who was a good friend of theirs; he felt that a major bankruptcy in the film field—even that of a competitor—would be bad for the whole industry. But money is not handed out on sentiment alone in the movie business: UA had to agree to give DeLuxe Laboratories, a Twentieth Century Fox subsidiary, its film processing work. In Chicago, Walter E. Heller, a brilliant and friendly financier who had made many large movie loans, put up $3,000,000 at 12 per cent, his normal fee, against weekly receipts taken in by the ninety UA film exchanges.

With three and a half million dollars in cushion money against failure Krim and Benjamin exercised their option and took control of UA. Most of their confidence stemmed from

the availability as partners of three of their friends who were leading specialists in their fields: William J. Heineman, domestic sales; Arnold Picker, foreign sales; and Max E. Youngstein to direct advertising, publicity, exploitation and handle liaison with producers. These men came in as vice presidents, at reduced salaries but with UA stock rights.

To check on their foreign operation Benjamin and Krim went to Europe. In Paris they discovered that the UA employees had so little to do that on any warm day a quorum of them could be found at the Longchamps track. The partners checked the books and records and late one afternoon at the George V Hotel faced an alarming fact: UA owed $1,000,000 they had not known about. No matter how much money was lent them there was no way out unless they could get dozens of pictures into the distribution pipeline almost at once.

There was one faint hope: Eagle-Lion, Krim's old firm, was in trouble. Krim offered his former employer, Robert R. Young, $500,000 for distribution contracts for 150 pictures. Young, anxious to liquidate, accepted, and the films were soon grossing $200,000 a week for UA. The worst was over. In December 1951 UA was in the black for the first time in five years. In March 1952 an independent audit confirmed the fact and Benjamin and Krim received the 8,000 shares of UA stock held in escrow until they could show a profit.

They got more encouragement when their Chicago friend, Walter Heller, who had financed the making of "The African Queen" with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn, persuaded the producer, Sam Spiegel, to give the film's distribution to UA. It was an enormous hit and their first "quality" picture.

THE TWO-HEADED MONSTER

SINCE then UA has gone on to greater and greater years, pouring its mounting profits back into more producion. The partners have financed and distributed a few films which they personally liked and which also made a great deal of money, like "Moulin Rouge," "Marty," and "High Noon." ("If we made pictures for my personal taste only," Krim once noted wryly, "we'd go broke.") They have been further blessed with such commercial successes as "Trapeze," "Not as a Stranger," and "Around the World in 80 Days," which promises to be one of the biggest money makers in motion-picture history.

In 1956 Chaplin sold his remaining 25 per cent interest in UA to Benjamin and Krim, and a year later Mary Pickford did the same with her stock. In June 1957 the privately held UA stock was sold to the public in the form of common stock and convertible debentures for a net return to UA of $14,100,000 which is being used to finance new film productions. The issue is now listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

The deal left Benjamin and Krim still in control of the company. The biggest single block of stock, 310,000 shares, is owned jointly by them. Several thousand stockholders bought 350,000 shares, and the four key vice presidents and partners received 77,000 shares each.

The president's and chairman's weekly paychecks are surprisingly small—$1,000 a week each. Another $150,000 a year is paid their law firm, where they are still partners, for legal counsel. For the heads of a major—and very profitable—film company this is modest compensation. The usual going rate is between $2,500 and $4,000 a week for the head man. On the other hand any one of UA's fifty producers or stars can make between one and two million dollars on a successful picture, on a moderately successful one, at least $500,000.

In the anxiety-ridden film industry the UA success story has been raked through again and again for the magic talisman. Some, envious, attribute it simply to dumb luck; Benjamin and Krim came along at the right moment with a lot of cheap pictures just when the major studios were concentrating on "quality" films. The exhibitors, starved for products for their middle-of-the-week shows, naturally turned to UA.

"It was a changing industry and they were equipped for change," a competitor says. "They had nothing to lose but their reputations."

Another film man comments: "Only lawyers could do what they did. They come from a profession where there is practically no overhead investment. They sell services so they're impressed only by what you do, not what you own. Also they didn't have the tremendous overhead of studios, expensive executives who were your friends from the Year One and had to be carried, and costly contracts with aging stars. The only contracts they made were for pictures—something negotiable. How could they lose?" (Benjamin and Krim demur. They attribute most of the UA success to "the strength and quality of our partners.")

The industry also has considerable curiosity about how its only "two-headed monster," as Benjamin and Krim sometimes call themselves,

works and shares powers, money, and honors.

"It's really Arthur's show," Benjamin insists. "He dreamed up the package, negotiated with UA, and worked the Eagle-Lion deal."

In practice, however, the partners operate on a basis of complete equality with no discernible division of powers. Either one can make a major decision in the other's absence—after twenty-five years of close association each knows exactly how the other will react to a given proposal.

Some prefer to deal with Benjamin. He is warm, outgoing, and diplomatic—when he wants to be. He is also quicker to catch a producer's contagious enthusiasm for his new project. Since he has been around the industry for thirty-three years he knows just about everybody in it. He also deals with some UA talent who are a little afraid of Krim; his swift, analytic intelligence and ability to find the weak spot in a proposed deal in ten seconds flat is disconcerting.

Krim, a bachelor, has bought a town house near Sutton Place where he lives with two servants. He listens to his vast collection of records, reads prodigiously, dates some actress friends, travels a lot, worries considerably about the gambles he and his partner are making every week—UA has committed some sixty million dollars to future films—and occasionally muses on what it might have been like to be a history professor at Columbia. A liberal Democrat, he worked actively and contributed generously to the 1952 and 1956 Stevenson campaigns.

In 1949 Benjamin married a pretty, bright English girl named Jean Holt. The Benjamins live in a large, comfortable house in the prosperous suburb of Kings Point with a huge boxer, a small swimming pool, and two children. Their home was a frequent rallying point for local Stevenson-for-President groups in '52 and '56. Nearly all of their close friends are non-movie people with medium incomes.

Benjamin and Krim have given much thought to the impact that any widespread system of toll TV might have on them. By making it possible for a producer to get an almost immediate return on his investment without going through the usual film financing and distributing channels it might obviate the need for many of UA's present functions.

"At the very worst," Benjamin says, "there will still be the need for foreign distribution, which accounts for nearly 50 per cent of a film's gross today. But I think toll TV showing of new films won't be a serious problem to us until they perfect the wall, or mural, TV set which is still only a laboratory gimmick."

Meanwhile at least $5,000,000 of UA's estimated $70,000,000 gross income in 1957 came from the sale of its older films to TV.

Some competitors see Benjamin and Krim as cool, calculating, fantastically lucky gamblers. The partners are amused at this idea.

"The real trouble with Bob and me," Krim explains, "is that we do *not* have gamblers' temperaments. There are times when the mounting strain of our continuing sixty-million-dollar gamble on talent gets rough and I turn to Bob and say: 'What the hell are we doing in this business?' Then Bob says, 'You know anything better?'

"Fortunately, there are compensations above and beyond money. My work gives me a sense of creativity, synthetic creation, if you will, but creation nevertheless. I like to think that in our years at UA there will be perhaps a dozen pictures made that wouldn't have been made if we weren't around."

RAH!

WALTHAM High School last year spent $7,334 more on athletics than it did on both science and mathematics combined, the School Committee learned last night. . . . [Superintendent John W. McDevitt said] that 1,445 pupils participated in athletics while only 1,233 studied either mathematics or science. Total expenditures in the two fields were $60,000 for athletics and $52,666 for math and science. . . .

Vice Chairman Frederick J. Christiansen said a problem of American education centers on the fact "that no one seems to know what should be expected from a school system besides a winning football team."

Waltham High School now has a football team on the way to a Class A title.

—Boston *Herald,* November 21, 1957.

John W. Gardner

How to Choose a College, If Any

The President of the Carnegie Corporation—who knows a great deal about American colleges—offers some practical suggestions to students and parents grappling with one of the most agonizing of family problems.

OVER the dinner table this winter several million Americans will argue the same perplexing questions: Should Johnny (or Jane) go to college? And if so, to which college?

The Johnnies and Janes, a million or more of them, will participate actively or passively, wholeheartedly or resentfully, while mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers pull and haul at a problem they only partly understand. All of them deserve more help than they are likely to get.

It is not easy to arrive at answers that will hold good for the great variety of people who face the college decision. There are boys and girls at every level of ability; ambitious ones and lethargic ones; those who want education that will show a quick payoff and those willing to build for the long future. There are wealthy parents and poor parents; highly educated parents and the barely literate; those who want their boy to study Greek and those who want their boy to study air conditioning. Yet there are some things which hold true for all of them.

Let us begin at beginning. How far should young men and women make their own choice of a college? The old-fashioned answer was unequivocal: mother and father knew best. Then the swing of the pendulum brought a generation of parents who leaned too far in the other direction. Now that we have experienced both extremes, we may be in a position to be sensible.

It is true that parents are apt to be more experienced in making such decisions, and that they understand things about their youngster that he does not understand himself. But given the rapidity of educational change, it is not necessarily true that parents are better informed than their children about the matters that really count. Selection of a college is full of intangibles, and young men and women are often the best judges of some of them. Furthermore, college is the beginning of the young person's independent life, and if he is mature enough to attend college, he is mature enough to choose his college. Parents may put information at his disposal, and if he is undecided, may help him to make up his mind. But the decision is not theirs.

IS COLLEGE NECESSARY?

THE first question, of course, is whether to go to college at all. This decision should be explored as early in the student's high-school career as possible, so that he can take the appropriate preparatory subjects.

Whether the student is college material is not a mystery to be solved only by college admissions officers. If a parent does not smother the evidence in emotional defenses and wishful thinking, he can arrive at a fairly sound notion of his child's abilities. Parents often overestimate their child's abilities, for the understandable—but profoundly regrettable—reason that their vanity refuses to accept any other appraisal. Just as often they underestimate his talents because they resent his not coming up to standards they have set for him, or because they are unwilling to judge him in terms of his own age level.

Although parents can get valuable evidence outside of school concerning their youngster's talents, the most relevant information for college

performance is school performance. The important question is:

"How does he do in his straight 'academic' subjects: history, science, languages, and—above all—English and mathematics?"

Though teachers may be reluctant to make general judgments about a child's capacity, they will usually talk freely about his work in specific subjects and are almost always willing to give some indication of where he stands in his class. Aptitude and achievement tests will provide useful additional data to be weighed with all of the other evidence.

Every youngster should be encouraged to know his own potentialities and to weigh the chances of developing them. This may seem like crushingly obvious advice, yet a great many gifted young men and women fail to apply to college simply because no one ever bothered to awaken them to their own potentialities and to a sense of what college could mean in their lives.

This is not to say that all able boys and girls should go to college. They may choose to develop their talents in some other way, or they may choose not to develop them at all; everyone has an inalienable right to waste his talent if he wants to. But every talented youngster should understand that he can better serve both himself and his country if he develops his native gifts.

On the other hand if the youngster is obviously not college material, he needs just as much constructive concern for his future. There is in this country a distressing over-emphasis on college education as a guarantor of economic success, social acceptability, and general human worth. Since little more than one out of three Americans go to college even today, it is disturbing to encounter this widespread feeling that only a college education confers human dignity and the right to hold one's head up in the world. Nothing could be sillier. College should be regarded as one kind of education beyond high school, suitable for those whose particular aptitudes and motivations fit them for it. The other two out of three will seek other kinds of opportunities for learning and personal development.

The greatest problem for parents, of course, is the large borderline group who may or may not be suitable for college. The colleges vary so greatly in levels of difficulty that for such students the question can be finally answered only with respect to a specific college. While a youth must be exceedingly bright to get into some of our leading institutions, he can get into others with no more than average intelligence. And he can get into a few even if he is below average, though he is most unlikely to do well when he gets there.

The parent's exploration of possible choices will be infinitely easier if he does not approach it with strong preconceived notions that his youngster *must* go to college, or must go to a specific institution that the parent himself regards as reputable.

The question of whether the high-school graduate should go to college need not always be answered with a "yes" or "no." It may be answered with a "not now." Some boys and girls need to achieve a bit of maturity before they can understand the value of education.

The "late bloomer" is usually a boy. Girls tend to develop in a fairly steady and predictable fashion, but the boy may go through a protracted period of dawdling and interest in everything but his own education. Sometimes he "wakes up" when he goes out to find a job and discovers the value the world puts on education. Sometimes he leaves home and discovers that his resentment of education was simply resentment of his parents. Sometimes he meets a girl.

If a young person seems to have talents which he is not developing, his parents should try to help him to find the experience that will "wake him up." This may be a job, it may be travel, it may be going away to school, or it may be one or another kind of discipline. It may mean just keeping still and letting the boy find his own natural bent, instead of battering him with arguments and threats.

YOU NAME IT, WE HAVE IT

THE diversity of higher education in the United States is unprecedented; indeed to foreign visitors it is incredible. There is higher education for the extremely bright and for the less bright, for the future professional and for the future tradesman. There is higher education with a strong theoretical bias, and higher education with a strong practical bias. There is higher education in an astonishing array of fields and in every kind of social context.

The important questions posed by this range of choice are answerable only in terms of the needs of the young person and the kind of environment that can best provide him with opportunities for growth.

Consider the question of size. The small campus offers, in some respects, an experience in social living that no large college or university can duplicate; and studies have shown that the

youngster's relationships with fellow students and faculty can be immensely important in his education. Some youngsters seem to need the support of a small and tightly-knit community of students and faculty, and to value the vivid sense of belonging to it. One cannot "get lost" on a small campus, any more than in a small town.

Others feel hemmed in by these very qualities. They welcome the comparative anonymity and impersonality of the big university where, as in the big city, they can sample different worlds, live their own lives, and explore new paths of personal development without community monitoring. The large institutions, furthermore, can usually offer to students richer and more varied resources.

Another familiar question is whether the student should go to a college next door, in the next city, or a thousand miles away. By living at home and attending a college in the same city, he can reduce his expenses and extend his acquaintance among the people with whom he may be associating for the rest of his life.

Balanced against this, there are considerable advantages to a youngster in seeing and living in an unfamiliar region of the country. The individual who wants to know his own nation had better know more than the little world of his own upbringing.

But this question too must be decided in terms of the individual. Some young people will profit in maturity, independence, and peace of mind by putting three thousand miles between themselves and their families. Others should be near home. These are matters of which the youngster is sometimes a better judge than are his parents.

Co-education poses still another problem. Those who favor it argue that it provides for easy and normal relationships between young men and women. They see one another casually and frequently in everyday clothes and on their everyday behavior (so the argument goes) and do not live a monastic life five days (more likely four days) a week, and then meet in the artificial atmosphere of the "college weekend," with all of its tensions and "party manners."

Others believe that young men and women will work better if the sexes are separated; that they will develop a more serious and high-minded attitude toward the academic side of college if they are not distracted by frivolities; and that they will lead healthier emotional lives if they are not under the constant tension of contact with the opposite sex. People who take this view do not underrate the importance of a healthy social life between young men and women; they simply believe that it should be kept in its place, and that the main business of college is serious intellectual activity.

There is no pat answer. It might be healthy for one youngster to be exposed to the casual give-and-take of co-education; it might be less healthy for the next. The character of the college also makes a difference. In some co-educational institutions, social life is traditionally sane, sober, and sensible; in others it is hectic. Similarly a man's college or a woman's college may be a haven of sensible living or it may be the base for feverish social activities.

PRESTIGE AND CAREERS

THE so-called "prestige" colleges and universities present a special problem. There are a dozen or so which are known and respected throughout the nation, and every region has its local favorites. As a rule, such institutions have earned their reputation; they offer superb opportunities. But too often both parents and youngsters feel that acceptance at a prestige institution means success, and that if the student has to attend any other college he is a failure. As a result they are unable to weigh dispassionately all the varied factors we have been discussing. Even if the young person has the ability to get into the prestige institution, it may not be the best place for him. And if he does *not* have the ability to get in, he may accept the alternative with a sense of being on the discard heap. This is not only a regrettably gloomy attitude for an eighteen-year-old, it is also unrealistic. The prestige institutions cannot possibly take all of the able young people who apply. And, in any case, the leaders in American life come from a great variety of educational backgrounds. To narrow the list of appropriate colleges to a few glittering "big name" institutions is to limit the range of choice unnecessarily.

As the high-school graduate and his parents cope with the college decision, the career question usually arises, and it is natural that it should. But it has only limited relevance in choosing a college.

Many parents fear that the youngster is delaying too long in settling on the one thing he wishes to do. But the opposite error is at least as common—perhaps more common: he may close too many doors too soon. Most young people have potentialities in more than one direction and no one has the wisdom to know precisely which of these should be encouraged. The great

strategy with young people is to keep their development sufficiently broad so that, when they become mature enough to decide, they can choose among many significant possibilities.

One of the great arguments in favor of a good liberal-arts education is that it enables the youngster to range widely over the fundamental fields of knowledge—the basic fields which must precede all sound professional education. These fields equip a man to be a more intelligent wage-earner and a more interesting companion, to understand himself and the world around him, to be worthy of the responsibilities democracy thrusts upon him.

EXPOSURE FOR LIFE

EVERY student who is fit to attend college at all should expose himself to as much of the liberal arts as possible. If he concentrates narrowly in his vocational specialty, he may be slightly more marketable in the first year of his job life. But he is not preparing himself solely for the first year of his job life. He is preparing himself for an adult lifetime. Indeed, any job skills he acquires in college may be out of date by the time his career is in full swing.

The more able the youngster, the more insistent he should be upon the liberal-arts ingredient in his education. To put a first-class mind into a vocational or specialist course before he has had ample opportunity to explore the basic fields of knowledge is an unnecessary down-grading of human talent.

In general, the more able the youngster the more critically he should weigh the educational opportunities open to him. He should shop with discrimination and accept only the best, both in choosing a college or university and in deciding what courses to take. He should insist that his education provide him with continuous challenge and intellectual growth. He must expect steady progress in the comprehension of fundamental principles and in the mastery of various modes of analysis; and must not sell these important gains for a mess of trivial information, "practical" techniques, and seemingly "useful" know-how which will soon be out of date.

The transition from high school to college is a point at which most youngsters are ready to take a long step in the process of "growing up." They are prepared to put behind them a whole world of adolescent fads and to adopt new attitudes, new values, new ways of looking at the world.

In his zest to take on a more adult role, the college freshman begins by assimilating superficial attitudes and mannerisms. In an amazingly short time students from the most disparate backgrounds will pick up the slang, mannerisms, modes of dress, and even the subtleties of bearing which characterize a particular campus. In succeeding months they will acquire some infinitely more significant things: attitudes toward their own role as college students, toward education, the faculty, and the college itself, toward relations between the sexes, and innumerable other matters.

What these attitudes will be depends to a considerable degree on the college the student attends. Each institution has a style that reveals itself in countless ways—in the architecture, faculty, campus traditions, character of the student population, the tone of the intellectual life.

Obviously, then, both parents and children will scrutinize the whole character of the college and they will not limit such scrutiny to its academic accomplishments or worldly prestige. Clay should be choosy of potters! Is the college widely reputed to be a country club? Is it generally regarded as *not having* any distinctive character? What kind of youngsters attend it? Is there a tradition of serious work on the campus? A tradition of excellence?

ADVENTURE AT A DISCOUNT

MANY of our social critics have the uneasy feeling that the younger generation is too preoccupied with security and conformity. The assertion may or may not be true. But it opens up an interesting line of inquiry. Do the ranch house and the convertible with tail fins define the new limits of the American vision?

We no longer have the conditions of hardship which once served as a sharp spur for many people. We are richer, more comfortable, more contented than ever in our history. Small wonder that as a nation we are somewhat inclined to doze off in front of our television sets. Small wonder that we are beginning to act as though we have no pressing engagements.

But we do have pressing engagements. Let us make no mistake about it. Vigor and spirit, intelligence and courage are still the conditions of survival.

Let us look at some specific problems. The United States is engaged in a fateful effort to maintain its position of leadership and responsibility in the world. In the service of this great objective, it is engaged in a multitude of activi-

ties all over the globe. And the men involved in those activities unanimously testify that the greatest problem they face is the inability to recruit able and well-trained individuals. This must surely strike the disinterested observer as strange: an enormously wealthy and powerful nation attempting to carry through operations of profound importance for its own future cannot find men and women able to do the job. They exist—but they cannot be persuaded to choose overseas careers!

The drama is repeated elsewhere. Government agencies cannot find enough able men and women to perform vital tasks on the domestic front. There are not enough men going into basic research, not enough men and women going into teaching.

Where *are* the young men going? The answer is simple: they are going after high salaries, fat pension arrangements, job security, stability. The adventurous, exciting jobs—the jobs which involve dedication and a willingness to serve a larger cause—mean little. Security and stability seem to mean everything.

The younger generation has been heavily belabored for this attitude. But anyone who cannot see in it the fine hand of the parents has not talked to many fathers and mothers of college-age children. It is an understatement to say that they are not adventurous for their children. They are profoundly and incurably unadventurous. And understandably so. Most of them grew up during hard times. They do not want their children to suffer as they did. They hope that somehow they can save them all the foolish mistakes, the blind alleys, the regrets and the detours that characterized their own lives. Faced with decisions for their children, they favor the conventional over the unconventional, the easy over the difficult, the secure over the risky.

Such attitudes on the part of parents are neither new nor surprising. But American parents today are in a better position than any parents in history to achieve their objectives. Today, aside from the problem of military service, they can go very far in creating a stable and secure environment for their youngster. Having done so, and having wound him up like an eight-day clock, they can set him ticking in his beneficent environment, confident that he will whir quietly along until he runs down.

But such meticulous planning is the enemy of vitality and ferment and growth in a society. Throughout our history we have profited enormously by the recklessness of our young people, by their hunger for new horizons, by their willingness to make sacrifices and to seek something without knowing what they sought.

American youngsters have not changed. They are as brave and adventurous, as high-spirited and generous as ever. What may have changed is our capacity to evoke these qualities.

Parents can do a great deal to give the young man or woman a sense of the opportunities and challenges that the world holds. Never in any other country at any other time have the general run of young people been faced with such an extraordinary range of possibilities. The young American stands with the world before him—surely a more exciting world than it has ever been.

American society invites the individual to participate in as little or as much of that excitement as he wishes. His participation is limited only by his capacities, his strength, and his motivation. It is almost incredible when one stops to think about it that, with these challenges and these opportunities, so many youngsters drift off into vacuous little private worlds (complete with rumpus room and television set), as insulated from their era as though they were entombed in a time capsule.

No doubt it is expecting too much to ask parents to encourage a certain recklessness in their sons and daughters. But conceivably they could be persuaded to take a more hospitable view of experimentation. The best-laid plans may offer the least opportunity for growth. Many

Not with a Bang . . .

> IF THIS be the whole fruit of the victory, we say; if the generations of mankind suffered and laid down their lives; if prophets and martyrs sang in the fire, and all the sacred tears were shed for no other end than that a race of creatures of such unexampled insipidity should succeed, and protract *in saecula saeculorum* their contented and inoffensive lives—why, at such a rate, better lose than win the battle, or at all events better ring down the curtain before the last act of the play, so that a business that began so importantly may be saved from so singularly flat a winding-up.
>
> —William James, *The Will to Believe,* 1897.

of the most important lessons learned in the course of any life grow out of the mistakes, the retreats, and the seemingly unprofitable meandering. We shall have lost something valuable in human experience if we ever become so efficient that we can unfailingly set every youngster on the path that he will travel for the rest of his life by the time he leaves high school.

In short, parents should not assume that the only possible objective for their sons and daughters is comfort and security. They should be hospitable to the vitality that expresses itself in chance-taking. They should accept cheerfully and even admiringly those deep convictions that lead young people into some of the less profitable but more challenging careers. They would do well to be somewhat humble about their capacity to know what is good for their children or to know the factors that make for human happiness. And in equipping them for the years ahead they must confess their profound incapacity to predict the future of the world and the future of our own society.

And it follows that they must begin very early helping their youngster to pack his bag for an unknown future. If they equip him as he should be equipped for such a perilous journey—with fortitude and willingness to learn, with imagination and good sense, with the capacity to use his mind critically, and with all the other abiding values—they can send him off without too precise knowledge of his ultimate destination.

PHILENE HAMMER

AND I SAY THE HELL WITH IT

I'm a gal who looks askance
At items known as edible plants,
And longs to plant each vegetarian
Upon a silent peak in Darien.

My favorite hobby
Is *not* KOHLRABI.

How *blah* the EGGPLANT, and how scant
My passion for this purple plant!
In fact, it strikes me as incredible
What one must add to make it edible.

LEEKS
Reeks.

One bite of SALSIFY, stewed or fried,
And I am more than salsified.

Consider the CARROT, the staff of Hygeia,
The *pièce de résistance* of rabbits;
Consider, too, SPINACH, that green panacea,
The stuff of the Popeyes and Babbitts;
Consider these cure-alls for all sorts of ills—
And pass me my bottle of vitamin pills.

Also I don't care too much for ZUCCHINI.
Finis.

A Story by BEN MADDOW

Drawings by Janina Domanska



An Old Boy who made Violins

I SAW a man smiling while my daughter screamed, and he came across the little refugee restaurant and opened his hand, which was plated thick with calluses, and gave her a lemon drop. She stopped yelling, out of politeness. He was a wonderful old man, with eyes of palest innocence, though his face was pink as if he were perpetually angry.

"No need to cry," he told Rachel.

She said to him, "He always gives me meat for dinner."

"What a crime!" I said bitterly.

She wiped her nose into her pretty sleeve. "It has fat on it."

"I cut all the fat off," I said.

"He doesn't love me," Rachel told the man. "He doesn't even like me."

"O' course he does. He's got to. He's your papa," said the old boy. He leaned on my table, his thick fists, with their sparse white fur, planted solidly among the frivolous refugee dishes. "Name's McIntyre," he added.

"Wopper," I said. "George K. Wopper."

"Why, funny, there's a Wopper in Nootka Bay, Oregon, my home town. Never liked 'em, though. Kept chickens and fought the zoning law. How old would you say I was?" he asked.

I was cruel. I guessed sixty-five, said seventy.

"Eighty-one," he said in habitual triumph. "Been retired seventeen short years. Went by like a flash. Mechanical engineer. You in business, Mr. Wopper?"

"Shoes."

"Wait a minute! Let me talk!" said Rachel. "I'm four and one-half, my brother is Robert, he's away at a silly old camp! My mother took off and went to get him! He has the biggest feet! I love him but he won't let me take a bath

with him any more! He thinks I'm a pest! I'm not, am I?"

"You're my darling," he told her. He gave her another lemon drop and went back to his table.

Rachel crunched both candies at once in her noisy teeth, then knocked over her glass of milk. Two waiters and a bus boy came with mops and smiles. The whole restaurant smiled; why shouldn't they?—the milk wasn't in *their* lap. Still, I forbore to scold her. She was rather disappointed, I think.

"Eat your chop, honey, or no dessert," I said.

Rachel put her thumb in her mouth, closed her eyes in an exaggerated way, and leaned—fell, rather—from her chair onto my chest. I kissed her and signaled for the bill.

We went out past the old man and walked hand in hand on the thick lawns. It was a broad, elegant park along the harbor. We were on the last of a week's vacation, this foxy child and myself. I had driven all the way from Frisco here to Vancouver: sea, headland, forest, Mt. Shasta ghostly in the rain. Landscape made me happy, made Rachel sleepy.

"I don't know what to do," she said.

"Too bad," I said.

The sun was low and salmon-red. The air had the mild Canadian brilliance. To one side was the new bridge to the city: painted steel stretched over green salt water. Closer by, cemented into the grass, was a transplanted cedar pole, almost sixty feet high, carved and painted. It was all beaks, eyes, claws, teeth, the bloody and ritual jaw of cannibalism. A good way off, the old man had come out of the restaurant and was shading his eyes to look at the monument.

"I really love him," said Rachel.

"Who? Bobbie?"

"You know who! Not Bobbie! Not Bobbie!" she screamed. Tears flowed in four streams, out of her eyes and her nostrils. She was in a horrible rage.

Old McIntyre came toward us from behind and took Rachel by the elbows and swept her off the ground. "Grandpa!" she said to him, rather sadly. Pleased at this new name, he put her on his shoulders and carried her to the base of the totem pole. He raised one hand, Indian fashion, and said, "How!" Some tourists in new Scotch plaid berets took their picture. There was a lot of women's laughter in the soft, moist air.

"Injuns made this pole," he said to Rachel. "Pretty good, ain't they? I do a little carving myself." And he took her for a piggy-back ride.

I sat on the grass and smoked a cigar. People generally were charmed by Rachel, in public, anyway. I was proud of that; also it gave me a brief rest: the old, lonely, and yet comfortable feeling that I was nineteen, a bachelor again, without children, without a front lawn and fruit trees and a house with radiant heat, without income and without income tax.

As I leaned back in the grassy fragrance and had this little backward dream, Rachel came running toward me, and took off her scarf, sticky with old chocolate, and wrapped it around my head. "You're so cold," she said. I rocked her in my lap. The old man followed on his short sprightly legs, and stood over me with benevolence.

"Shoes are a good line," he assured me. "There's a steady demand for shoes." He smiled. "Most people have at least two feet."

Rachel laughed her head off at this joke.

I said, "How do you spend your time, Mr. McIntyre?"

"You would hardly believe it, sir," the old boy said. He laughed, crowed almost. "I make violins. That's the last two years. Before that, I was a miserable old man." He haw-hawed again. It was a strain in my neck to have to look up at him, and to nod and smile encouragement. It was pity or guilt; that I was half his age; that I could feel the creak of his bony muscles, the thick blood moving through hard and brittle veins in his head, and his slow, padded hands twisting as he talked, the great callus flaking in the center of each palm, and every finger blunt as a thumb.

"Few years ago I made a working steam engine for my grandson. Only this high—you could stow it away in an apple box. He didn't like it at all. Cried when he saw it."

"It must have been scary," Rachel said.

"Chu-chu, chu-chu, chu!" answered Mr. McIntyre. "Well, sir, I thought, what next? Reach a certain age, the world is open. No obligation to anybody but the Lord. I had all my tools, you see, and a basement which run the length of the house. Concrete floor. Built it myself in '07. Well, I sat in that basement and puttered with my tools and waited around to die. And a feller dropped in one day—"

I offered him a cigar; he took it, said he'd save it for his grandson, who was Chief of Police at Nootka Bay. First the grandson was afraid of toy steam engines, he said, and suddenly he was Chief of Police; time was frightening.

"Feller dropped in," he continued. "Some



I-talian name, had a violin he wanted fixed. Broken bridge. Heard I had some tools. Well, I repaired it for him, and it got me interested in fiddles. My wife plays piano, you know, or did till she up and left me."

"After all those years?" I said. "Why?"

"Gall bladder," he told me. "Went just like that." He clapped his hands. Rachel stared at him. Everything he did was dramatic, in a dry way. "Well, well," he went on, serenely, "I bought the blueprints of the Stradivarius violin of 16 and 59. I had to send for wood to the country of Germany. Aged two hundred years in a cool room. I studied that wood for three solid weeks. Day after Thanksgiving I took a ribbon saw and cut out the back and the front and sanded it down so fine it looked like it been waxed. And went over it with a dial micrometer. Yes, I did, honey," he said, kissing Rachel. "Little papoose."

As he bent down, I could smell the bourbon. Suddenly I knew I detested the old boy, though I couldn't make myself get up off the grass, and say a cold good-by, take Rachel, and leave him to his gab and his blarney. I was imprisoned, not by pity any more, but by some affectionate force in the old man, in his violent pink face and his eyes blue as a baby's.

"Lot of work entailed," I remarked.

"Oh, I'm a worker," he agreed. "Put front and back of that violin in a clamp lined with lamb's wool, and rubbed some rosin along the edges, and I'm no player at all, my wife took the music out of me when she passed, but I bought an old violin bow and I stroked the back and I stroked the front, and listened to the note and got 'em in harmony. Harmony, mind you!" he cried in his technical joy. "And where it was out of harmony, I gave it a lick with four zero sandpaper, and I stroked, I stroked it front and back. And when it was ready I clapped it together—"

"What—no glue?" I said.

"Pure horse's hoof," he said. "None of your cheap plastic. And I took that violin to Mr. Sidney Helmholtz in San Francisco and he said to me, Mr. McIntyre, you're no amateur. Told me, he said, you're no amateur. No amateur! And him the most eminent, mind you, fiddle-maker in America. I got $1,800 for that instrument. And I can't play a note. That fiddle will go on symphonizing away when I am nailed up for good and moldering in my hundred-dollar coffin. Immortality. Ain't that high-larious?—Ah!" he said to Rachel, turning her about to look at the great Indian pole, "there's a piece of cake you can't do with a micrometer, hey girl?" Rachel sprang up and clasped him about the knees in a wave of passion.

He implored us to come and visit him in Nootka Bay, Oregon. He had bags full of candy in glass jars, he assured us. And dozens of violins.

It grew darker quite slowly. We felt the chill creep down from invisible glaciers; but we stood about, Rachel and I, listening to the old boy, the charmer, the magician with the alcoholic skin. At a little distance the totem pole, with its beaks, teeth, eyeballs at every joint, turned black and glittering in the flood of the supernatural moon.

ON MONDAY, on our way home, four days later, I drove past a road sign which mentioned Nootka Bay, thirty miles to the west. The inertia of the moving road took me miles beyond this notice, and then it seemed impossible to turn the car around and go back. Fifty

miles later, between the stones of a bad detour, I blew the left front tire and rolled down a long hill into a local garage for repair. It had begun to rain in drops as thick as oil.

We gave up, and picked a motel; it had accommodations in the shape of wigwams of poured concrete. I put Rachel to bed early, so we could be up at dawn and home by afternoon. I remember there was the awful vibration of a power plant in the hills nearby. I fell asleep in my socks, and woke up about eleven in the evening. It was stifling inside. I turned off the heater and opened a window and smelled rain, pine, and clams. We were closer to the ocean than I thought. The old boy would be home in Nootka Bay by now.

I decided to shave. In a horrible fluorescent light, I ran water and scraped at my face, that naked sign of a man that stands for the rest of him. "Holy cats, I'm doing pretty well," I assured myself. "Business highly competitive, but I can stand the gaff." I pounded my chest. "Two kids, boy and girl, wife the best in the world, what's your complaint, man?" I asked the mirror. "That little joyride with the girl in Shipping, well a man of forty plus can't throw away a zoftik chance like that, what the hell do you want? You tried a hobby, but no go. Damn it to hell—" for I had cut a nick over that slight excrescence in my left chin, and it was bleeding into the sink.

"Hobbies, I tried photography but the pictures looked like fried liver, all evening cooped up in a darkroom, who wants it? Sailboats, I bought a beauty, it made the wife sick as a dog, and at present, I concentrate on golf. But what's golf? Knock around a defenseless little white ball for three hours every Sunday? Grown men, it's a form of lunacy. Well, what do you want? You wrote sonnets to a married woman when you were twenty years of age, but you're a big boy now, George, you big handsome fool," I said, patting the slash on my chin with a dry towel, "so will you please tell me or somebody, anybody, tell me, what is this game all about, how corny can you get?"

I turned out the lights and went back to bed. The truth was this: I was happy, but dissatisfied. Old McIntyre had his immortal violins; the same could not be said for $9.95 shoes.

Rachel talked in her sleep and awoke me. It was past three in the morning. She sat up and screamed; she was having one of those standard nightmares, typical for her age. You would think the kid could read Gesell. I held her in my arms. She hit me and struggled against me with all her force. It was mad and frightening. Her eyes wide open, her spine stiff and her skin trembling and cold, she screamed she wanted her Daddy, Daddy, where was her Daddy? She also remarked that she didn't mean to kill Bobbie, it was an accident, it was, it was, wasn't it? I tried to get her to eat a peppermint, but she spit it out as though it were poison.

After ten minutes of this, she cried real, waking tears, and went to the toilet, myself holding her by the hand as she sat, mournful and talkative, afraid to go back to the sinister house of sleep. I sang her all the songs I knew. At breakfast, we were both quiet, sleepy, and sad. Rachel said she wanted to visit Grandpa McIntyre, and I found myself in agreement. He had the secret, the old boy; and we had to see him, both Rachel and I, two children with the vacation running out.

WHEN we got to Nootka Bay, there were twenty McIntyres in the phone book, and I realized I didn't know the old man's first name. I had a brilliant notion, and called the Chief of Police.

Our parents were afraid of telegrams. Each century has its own mortal conventions. Bad news, in our time, always comes by phone. Black mouthpiece, funereal plastic, the ceremonial words. "The old boy passed on," said the Chief of Police. He seemed oddly unaffected. "It happened on the plane from Vancouver. He was reading a paper. Didn't like the news, I guess. He would have been eighty-two in December. You a friend of the family?"

"Acquaintance," I said.

"We all pass on," he told me.

"I wonder," I said without thinking, "if I could buy one of his violins from the estate."

"You could if there were any. Man alive!" he said. "What kind of story did he tell you?"

"Said he made several dozen violins. In the basement of his house."

"The old boy tell you that? I'll be darned! You know, sir, he fooled many a person. Quite a boy. My Grandpa McIntyre was well-known for his lies, well-known! Respected, you might almost say. Never made a violin in his life. Why should he?"

I thanked him. We went and had a big lunch. The old faker! I felt some sort of triumph.

Eating her chocolate pudding, Rachel began to cry. "We forgot to see my grandpa," she said.

"He's not your real grandpa," I told her. "Your real grandpa is in San Francisco, lives on Miller Street. You know that. You know that

perfectly well, now don't you? God damn it!"

"What happened to this grandpa?" she whispered. She was pleased by my irrational anger.

"He's not here," I told her. "He's gone."

"I know it," she said. "In a cemetery. Where they put your old bones. Bobbie told me all that stuff. I don't want to die." But she thought no more about it.

We took a walk through town. The sky was gray, full of clouds the color of fur. The man at the post office told us the McIntyre place was up there on the hill, the fanciest house in Nootka Bay. It was ornate, in fact, but time had made it sober. Rain clouds were reflected in the mysterious, flawed window glass of the early century.

I pushed open a slant wooden door under a thick hydrangea, and saw, as I guessed, the gloom of the big cement cellar. Rachel ran in, and began to collect chips and shavings from a bin. There were, as the Chief of Police said, no violins. There was no rosin—no clamps, no horse-hoof glue. The floor was immaculate, a number of steel tools were hung on pegs and smelled faintly of oil. In one corner was a baby carriage under repair, and a tarpaulin covering a heap of roundish objects.

I pulled off the canvas. Underneath were a series of portrait heads carved in walnut, teak, and mahogany. I identified Washington with his woman's forehead and crooked nose, Jefferson with the black concentration in his eyes, and some dozen others I couldn't recognize till I saw the names chiseled into the base: the two Adamses, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Polk, and the rest. The old man had begun the series of the Presidents, and was only half-way through. The men, great and half-great or merely typical, sat crowded under the canvas as if talking together in heaven or hell. Abe Lincoln was the masterpiece. The hard strokes of steel tools had hacked him out of a knot of myrtle. A print was tacked to the wall, a magazine reproduction of an old Lincoln photo, showing the marks where the glass plate had cracked; and copying it and surpassing it in the sculptured head, the same crooked bow-tie, the cheeks incised with history, the large melancholy eyes, careless hair, and the mouth of tragic, uneven decision.

I'm very emotional lately; I sat down and felt tears in my eyes.

It was the old phony alcoholic who had carved this marvelous man. He had boasted of violins, but had done Presidents.

We drove home next day, Rachel and I, through hours of slow thunder and rain. She had whole pocketsful of shavings from the bin in the old boy's workroom, and I let her keep or scatter them, as she chose. In the wetness of the air, they still had the smell of living wood.



Vernon Knight, M.D.

ANTIBIOTICS:

Too much of a good thing?

How patients, doctors, and drug companies are seriously misusing the new "miracle drugs."

FIFTEEN years ago, when antibiotics were first introduced, their early successes led some optimistic souls to predict an end to most of the infectious diseases which plague mankind. Today, when we seem to have reached the broadest possible application of all known antibiotics, their list of achievements is indeed an impressive one. Although unhappily many infectious diseases are still with us, antibiotics have brought under control such notorious and implacable killers of the past as common pneumonia, meningitis, tuberculosis, and the typhus fevers. Tularemia (rabbit fever), bubonic plague, typhoid, brucellosis (undulant fever), syphilis, gonorrhea, and streptococcal infections also respond well to various antibiotics.

But at the same time alarming reports have begun to appear—reports of microbes which no longer respond to antibiotics, or of serious and sometimes fatal reactions in patients following the use of these drugs. There are at present some one hundred authenticated cases of sudden death from allergic reactions following injections of penicillin. Asthmatic attacks, hay fever, dermatitis, severe anemia and other damage to blood-forming organs, diarrhea, fever, and nausea may also result from the administration of several of the antibiotics now in use.

Nevertheless antibiotics are being employed in ever increasing quantities. Approximately two and a half million pounds of them—enough to provide a short course of treatment for every man, woman, and child in the country with a considerable amount left over—are being manufactured annually in the United States. With such an abundance available, physicians and patients are indulging in an orgy of antibiotic dosing which is far beyond the bounds of necessity or even of good therapeutic practice.

Drug manufacturers who are striving in various ways to increase their sales, physicians who do not always apply well-known principles of medical practice as rigidly as they might, and patients who are for the most part uncritically enthusiastic about being treated with antibiotics, all share the blame for this state of affairs—but a considerable part of the responsibility must be put on the drug companies. In the early days, a pharmaceutical house that produced a new antibiotic was richly rewarded by an enormous market, relatively or completely free of competition, and the majority of the bigger firms were developers or co-developers of important antibiotics. Recently, as the number of effective drugs has increased, it has become harder to discover agents whose properties are unique or better than those already available. This has led to intense competition among manufacturers of existing preparations.

They have attempted to stimulate sales in three ways chiefly: by making minor alterations in the chemical structure of an antibiotic; by mixing two or more antibiotics together, sometimes with a sulfa drug as well; or by mixing antibiotics with headache remedies, vitamin pills, and other non-antibiotic medicinals. As a result, the six basic antibiotics—the penicillins, streptomycins, tetracyclines, chloramphenicol, erythromycin, and novobiocin—now appear on the market under the labels of different manufacturers as approximately three hundred different

dosages or preparations which bring their makers a grand total of some $300 million a year. In the table below they are shown with a very partial list of their proprietary or trade names and their makers.

(In passing it might be noted that the other important group of compounds used to treat infection, the sulfa drugs, which differ from the antibiotics in that they are derived from basic chemicals instead of from the growth of molds and other micro-organisms, are being subjected to the same abuses of distribution.)

SALES STIMULANTS

CHANGING the chemical structure of an antibiotic usually results in only a slight improvement. However in the absence of more significant advances—such as the discovery of new and uniquely effective antibiotics—it has provided a reasonable and useful basis for competition among the drug companies. For example, a penicillin preparation was needed which would give an effect lasting several weeks after a single injection. After a number of years of effort by several companies, one of them developed such a derivative which was officially designated benzathine penicillin.

The other two practices—marketing combinations of antibiotics or a mixture of antibiotics and other compounds—are pure sales-stimulating efforts which bear no relation whatever to the patient's best interests. Mixing two antibiotics which are both already available as single pure compounds obviously offers nothing new and may even interfere with treatment by preventing the doctor from choosing the exact dosage of each best suited to the patient's needs. Furthermore the medically recognized situations which call for treatment with more than one antibiotic are few. Yet there are on the market twenty-nine preparations containing two antibiotics, twenty containing three, eight containing four, and four containing five.

Mixing antibiotics with other kinds of drugs is a form of the "shotgun" treatment which was widely practiced in the days when medicine had few real cures to offer. Today such unscientific procedure cannot be justified on any grounds. Vitamins in particular have little place in the

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Major Antibiotics and Their Proprietary Names

OFFICIAL NAME	PROPRIETARY NAME	
Penicillin derivatives:		
Numerous chemical modifications of the penicillin molecule are marketed for various medical needs	Numerous names and manufacturers	
Streptomycin	Usually marketed under official name	
Tetracycline derivatives:*		
Tetracycline	Achromycin	Lederle
	Polycycline	Bristol
	Panmycin	Upjohn
	Steclin	Squibb
	Tetracyn	Pfizer
Chlor-tetracycline	Aureomycin	Lederle
Oxtetracycline	Terramycin	Pfizer
*Chloramphenicol**	Chloromycetin	Parke Davis
*Erythromycin**	Erythrocin	Upjohn
	Ilotycin	Lilly
*Novobiocin**	Albamycin	Upjohn
	Cathomycin	Merck, Sharp and Dohme

* Manufacture and sale restricted by copyrights and patents.

treatment of the common infections for which antibiotics are used, and the routine use of preparations composed of antibiotics and vitamins is merely evidence that the physician has allowed an advertising gimmick to impair his medical judgment.

The physician is, to be sure, in a difficult position. On the one hand he is pressured by the elaborate claims of the drug companies; on the other, by the patient's own eagerness for a "miracle drug." Conditioned by the spectacular early successes of the antibiotics and the piecemeal reporting of later discoveries—which often comes from drug company publicity men—most laymen are more than willing candidates for antibiotic treatment. Some even suspect a doctor who refuses to prescribe it. Fortunately man has a considerable capacity to tolerate noxious agents, and the majority of people who take antibiotics are not harmed by them. Still it is high time to take an informed, impartial look at what antibiotics can and can't do.

WHERE THEY DO WORK

BEFORE antibiotics, diseases caused by bacteria, that is microbes which are visible when examined under a microscope, were responsible for an enormous number of deaths each year. The mortality rate from common pneumonia, for instance, ran as high as 50 per cent. Today it is approximately 5 per cent, and deaths occur chiefly in patients who are treated late or who have a serious underlying disease like cancer or a weak heart.

Meningitis, another bacterial disease which used to occur frequently in epidemics, killed thousands of our troops in World War I. The death rate in cases treated with antibiotics or sulfonamides is now only about 8 per cent.

Tuberculosis, still another of man's inexorable enemies, is yielding to streptomycin and other chemotherapeutic drugs. And it was in the treatment of this infection that the use of combinations of these drugs first received serious study. It now appears that better results can be obtained in cases of tuberculosis with the simultaneous use of two or even three drugs. Treatment with two or more antibiotics has also been found useful in certain rare kinds of heart infection, and in some cases of severe undiagnosed infection before a diagnosis can be made. But these are almost the only cases where combinations of two or more antibiotics are helpful.

Kidney and urinary infections respond only moderately well to antibiotics, partly because some of these bacteria are resistant to the drugs, and partly because infections in this part of the body often signal the presence of other diseases which must also be treated before the infection will heal.

Staphylococcal infections—the most common of which are boils, bone infections, and bloodstream infections—are an excellent illustration of the dangers of misuse or overuse of antibiotics. Originally staphylococci were highly susceptible to the effect of penicillin and some other antibiotics. But as these agents have been increasingly used on patients, the microbes have become increasingly resistant, especially to penicillin, streptomycin, and the tetracyclines. This resistance has been found to be directly proportionate to the amount the drugs are used, and for this reason the more recently introduced and less commonly used antibiotics like erythromycin, novobiocin, and chloramphenicol are now our principal resources for fighting staphylococcal infection. Staphylococci's growing resistance to antibiotics has been receiving more attention recently in medical circles, and restrictions on excessive use of the drugs has been proposed as the best way to improve the situation. In New Zealand, as a matter of fact, legislative action has already been taken to prohibit the use of erythromycin for most infections, so that it will remain effective against staphylococci.

Of the several dozen human diseases caused by fungi, organisms of more complex structure than bacteria, only a few have responded well to antibiotics. A particularly troublesome one called moniliasis, which sometimes appears after antibiotics have been given, is thought by many physicians to be a reaction to the treatment.

Among the diseases caused by rickettsiae, which are smaller than bacteria but larger than viruses, there have been notable successes. The typhus fevers, of which there are several, for centuries resisted treatment. An epidemic in the Balkans shortly after World War I killed 150,000 Serbians in six months. Today an apparently dying patient can recover promptly after receiving a few grams of the tetracyclines or chloramphenicol.

But in the case of infections caused by viruses,*

* For many years the common cold and influenza were the only respiratory infections known to be caused by viruses. In 1953 scientists succeeded in isolating a group of new viruses from patients with respiratory infections which have been named adenoviruses. They still do not account for all cases which appear to be viral infections, however, and the search for further new viruses continues.

or submicroscopic living particles, antibiotics are useless. And their administration in these cases is the most widespread and important present-day abuse of the drugs. Usually they are given because the symptoms of the numerous nose, throat, and lung infections caused by viruses cannot be readily distinguished from streptococcal sore throats, tonsillitis, and bacterial pneumonias which *are* responsive to treatment with antibiotics.

There is a simple laboratory test which will make this distinction which can be performed in twenty-four hours, but in most cases neither the physician nor the patient is willing to wait. Both apparently prefer to proceed on the assumption that too much treatment is better than too little and one might as well try the antibiotics. Actually, no more than some five in a hundred acute respiratory infections are caused by bacteria which respond to antibiotics. Each person in the United States is likely to have between three and ten acute respiratory infections a year, making a grand total of over half a billion cases. About 95 per cent of these will not respond to antibiotics, but unquestionably many get dosed with them anyhow.

About the only practical application of antibiotics in the treatment of viral disease is in the bacterial pneumonia which occasionally complicates cases of influenza and which was responsible for a majority of the deaths during the flu epidemic of 1918-19. In the recent Asian flu epidemic in the United States stockpiles of antibiotics were accumulated for this purpose.

But in other viral diseases the use of antibiotics can be of benefit only to the drug manufacturers, and of harm to the patient's pocketbook, if nothing else.

TOO LATE NOW

IT IS exceedingly difficult to speak of the great American Republic without doing its citizens unintentional injustice. Its rulers, its leaders, its spokesmen, are so directly elected and so frequently re-elected by the people; they derive their authority so immediately from the great mass of the population . . . they are so swayed by its passions and so susceptible to its changes of opinion . . . that we seem peculiarly entitled in their case to hold THE NATION responsible for the proceedings of its Government, the acts of its officials, and the language of its diplomatists. . . . Now, we have no doubt that men of gentlemanly feeling, of deep sense of decorum, of a clear perception of what is due to others, abound in America as well as here. The difference between us, and the misfortune of our cousins, are these—that such men do not at the other side of the Atlantic either elect the Government, or give the tone to the nation, or guide the language of the Press. It is not that they do not exist, but that they do not rule. With us, the educated and the upper classes have the power in their own hands. . . . In the United States, it is the mass who govern; it is they who dictate what shall be done and said; it is they who elect the Government, and whom the Government must serve; in fine, it is they who have to be *acted down to* and *written down to.* This is a grievous evil, a great embarrassment, and a sad discredit; but it must not blind us to the fact of a better and nobler order of citizens remaining overpowered indeed, but neither silent nor inactive, in the background; it must not prevent us from refusing, as often as we are permitted, to judge the nation by its *official* organs. In all likelihood, if the paramount power in England ever fell into the hands of the working classes, and the less cultivated of the trading classes, and the least scrupulous of legal and political adventurers, who now only *share* it . . . we might have nearly as much violence, folly, and discourtesy to blush for and to blame.

—The *Economist,* London, September 9, 1854.

By ALBERT N. VOTAW

Drawings by Charles W. Walker



The Hillbillies Invade Chicago

The city's toughest integration problem has nothing to do with Negroes. . . . It involves a small army of white, Protestant, Early American migrants from the South—who are usually proud, poor, primitive, and fast with a knife.

APATHETIC though bumptious minority of 70,000 newcomers among Chicago's motley population of four million is disturbing the city's peace these days—and incidentally proving to everybody who will listen that integration problems often have nothing to do with race, language, or creed. These are Chicago's share of the hundreds of thousands of Southern "hillbillies" who have been imported during and since World War II to offset labor shortages in the industrial centers of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois.

"In my opinion they are worse than the colored," said a police captain. "They are vicious and knife-happy. They are involved in 75 per cent of our arrests in this district."

"I can't say this publicly, but you'll never improve the neighborhood until you get rid of them," commented a municipal court judge.

"I've been in this business fifteen years," remarked the manager of a large apartment hotel, "but this is the first time I've had to carry a blackjack in the halls of my own building."

These farmers, miners, and mechanics from the mountains and meadows of the mid-South—with their fecund wives and numerous children—are, in a sense, the prototype of what the "superior" American should be, white Protestants of early American, Anglo-Saxon stock; but on the streets of Chicago they seem to be the American dream gone berserk. This may be the reason why their neighbors often find them more obnoxious than the Negroes or the earlier foreign immigrants whose obvious differences from the American stereotype made them easy to despise. Clannish, proud, disorderly, untamed to urban ways, these country cousins confound all notions of racial, religious, and cultural purity.

Hard times in the agricultural and mining counties of the South, combined with talk of high wages in the North, originally caused this push to the city. And the labor shortage is by no means over—though the Southern influx has leveled off somewhat. Industrial leaders in Chicago have estimated that a total of 300,000 new workers a year must be imported for the next five years. With European sources of immigrants almost cut off by restrictive quotas, these new workers must come mostly from the South (Negro and white) and from Puerto Rico, Mexico, and the Indian Reservations.

Whether the Southern rural whites—anti-social to the point of delinquency in the eyes of their neighbors—must remain a sore to the city and a plague to themselves depends both on their ability to learn and on the city's ability to



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Casals has said, "Each day I am reborn. Each day I must begin again." Such is the simple courage that



The final concert at last year's Festival Casals in San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

at last year's Festival Casals in Puerto Rico

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This 1958 festival will run from April 22 through May 8. The program will feature works by Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. Principal performers will include Victoria de los Angeles, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Eugene Istomin, Jesús María Sanromá, Alexander Schneider, Rudolf Serkin, Isaac Stern, Walter Trampler—and the Budapest String Quartet.

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For details, write Festival Casals, P. O. Box 2672, San Juan, Puerto Rico, or to 666 Fifth Avenue, New York. Announcement by the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19.



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PUBLIC SERVICE

treat them right. Unfortunately, they have an option not open to previous immigrants which keeps them from adapting to their new world. They can always pack up and go home—only an overnight drive away. Hence they remain transients in fact and in spirit.

REBELS FOR GOOD CAUSE

THE Southerners bring along suspicion of the authorities—landlords, storekeepers, bosses, police, principals, and awesome church people. Often, in Chicago these authorities belong to groups whom the Southerners consider inferior—foreigners, Catholics, colored people—so the suspicion is reinforced by prejudice. But the most conspicuous reason why the Southerners look all wrong in the city setting is the domestic habits they bring from small backwoods communities.

Settling in deteriorating neighborhoods where they can stick with their own kind, they live as much as they can the way they lived back home. Often removing window screens, they sit half-dressed where it is cooler, and dispose of garbage the quickest way. Their own dress is casual and their children's worse. Their housekeeping is easy to the point of disorder, and they congregate in the evening on front porches and steps, where they find time for the sort of motionless relaxation that infuriates bustling city people.

Their children play freely anywhere, without supervision. Fences and hedges break down; lawns go back to dirt. On the crowded city streets, children are unsafe, and their parents seem oblivious. Even more, when it comes to sex training, their habits—with respect to such matters as incest and statutory rape—are clearly at variance with urban legal requirements, and parents fail to appreciate the interest authorities take in their sex life.

On the job they are said to lack ambition, but the picture is confused. Many workers are mechanically skilled though not highly competitive. Sometimes malnutrition and ill-health have left them weak. While relatively few enroll in on-the-job training, a good many attend television repair schools. Generally, where they are employed in offices (women mostly) or service work—where the irregular tempo suits the former miner or farmer—their work record is adequate. In theory they may be interested in accumulating a nestegg; in practice they are more likely to make do until they run out of money, and then go home for a spell.

Because of this constant commuting—a family funeral down South may empty an entire building in Chicago—Southerners are considered poor tenants. Even worse, some get wise to the practice of rent-skipping. One young man reportedly brought his wife home from the hospital with a new baby in the morning, and by lunchtime the whole family had disappeared bag, baggage, and a few of the apartment's furnishings to boot. Some know enough law to refuse to pay the rent, being sure of ninety days for the courts to act on the landlord's eviction request. If the landlord changes the lock to force out a tenant, an undercover guerrilla war may take place.

At school—perhaps the most intimate contact between immigrants and their city neighbors—Southern children are handicapped by coming from inferior rural classes. They are too old for their grades and too mature physically for their classmates. One principal tells of cotton-clad, sockless youngsters whimpering in zero weather at the school door, where they have been sent by working parents an hour before opening time. If the family goes home for the winter, the children are so much farther behind on their return that they must either be demoted or carried as a more or less passive and unassimilated segment in the class. In some elementary schools which they attend, transfers outnumber regular pupils, and enrollment may vary as much as seventy-five a day among a total of one thousand.

Prone to disease—but fearful of authority—the Southern whites tend to avoid immunization officers, free dental care in the schools, polio inoculations. Sometimes fundamentalist religious beliefs complicate their fears. Positive TB tests have shown up in the Southern-infiltrated areas of Chicago in increasing numbers, and the 1956 polio epidemic was centered there too.

An added complication in the difficulties which keep the newcomers both separate and inferior in the eyes of city residents and authorities is their rock-hard clannishness. Settling together, keeping in touch with home by interminable telephoning and frequent trips, they isolate themselves by intent. One Chicago block, for example, is inhabited almost exclusively by transplanted Kentuckians; one elementary school district was flooded with fifty families from a West Virginia town where the mine closed. Their chief social diversion is to gather with friends, noisily, in the one institution they have originated up North—the hillbilly tavern.

"Skid row dives, opium parlors, and assorted other dens of iniquity collectively are as safe as Sunday school picnics compared with the

joints taken over by clans of fightin', feudin', Southern hillbillies and their shootin' cousins," said one ferocious exposé in the Chicago *Sunday Tribune*.

"The Southern hillbilly migrants," the story continued, "who have descended like a plague of locusts in the last few years, have the lowest standard of living and moral code (if any), the biggest capacity for liquor, and the most savage tactics when drunk, which is most of the time."

Many of the newcomers regard city churches as kin to the authorities they distrust. They either stop going to church or else frequent the store-front, "holiness" gospel centers conducted by itinerant preachers. Here they feel at home; the women are not embarrassed by the greater elegance of their neighbors; and they listen to the kind of old-time religion they are used to. Many modern ministers object to having to cater to their backwoods beliefs.

"I preached for years in a mountain church and school in Tennessee," one Chicago pastor, himself of Southern origin, said bitterly. "Those kids walked eight miles each way, but we weren't supposed to worry about that. We were supposed to teach them that Jesus would take care of all our worries by and by, and that was all. The South has had enough of that type of religion, and I'm not interested in preaching that way to them any more."

One possible avenue of religion for these migrants may be the regular Southern Baptist churches, now being formed in cities like Chicago. It is too soon to judge whether this missionary assault on the transplanted parishioners will tend to isolate them further, or to encourage their assimilation.



YOU NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH

IF THE Southerners are a nuisance to the city, the city is equally hard on them. The mountain folk, as one of their friends puts it, have been dodging revenue agents for hundreds of years, and there is no reason why their attitude should change overnight. Authority means trouble: police, court, jail; repossession of goods bought on time; snoopy social workers; the truant officer; the need to admit publicly—when asked to sign for their youngsters' library cards—that they don't know how to read or write.

One of their sorest complaints is against gouging landlords. An Alabama couple with eight children quartered in two and a half rooms, sharing a general bath, pay twenty dollars a week in rent plus a two dollar a week premium for each child. Total: $160 per month.

"How can I keep this place clean?" asked one mother. "The landlord won't give us no garbage can, and the linoleum's so full of holes I can't sweep it."

What about moving to a better apartment?

"You find me a landlord going to rent to eight kids," was the bitter answer.

The police don't come fast enough when called and they won't run a bad man out of the neighborhood the way the string-tie, tobacco-chewing sheriffs down South would do.

"They's a law against them kids driving around so fast and burning rubber with them noisy mufflers. Why don't the cops grab them?"

But when it comes to taking away the TV set when the payment is overdue, the law comes all too fast. "How I wish you people would make it harder for us to buy things," one Tennessean complained. "Back home we have to get signatures and references, and it takes two or three days. Here you just walk in and order what you want, and you never know how much it costs until too late."

This man learned through bitter experience to limit his installment buying to two items—a television set and an automobile. He was luckier than many of his friends, who had their wages garnisheed and lost their jobs.

For many of the newcomers there is a terrible burden of loneliness. They are young, often newly married, and away from home for the first time. For the man there is at least work and the tavern. But for the woman, sometimes unable to

leave the apartment for an entire winter, life in the big city may mean an aching homesickness. The patriarchal family disintegrates when jobs for women cut into the dominant role of the father, and the absence of chores leaves the children with idle time outside the home and away from parental influence.

A DISGRACE TO THEIR RACE?

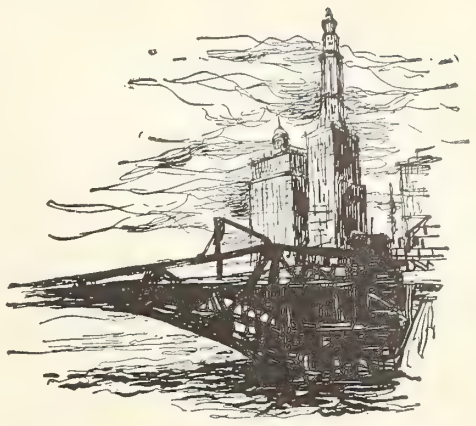
IN THE long run, the Southern whites will probably make their own compromise with city ways. But this is no answer for the very real problems of today, and city authorities have been reluctant to recognize that they require special attention. The first major approach was made in Cincinnati, the city first to receive Southern whites in any appreciable numbers. A 1954 workshop gathered together the Mayor's Friendly Relations Committee, various other city agencies, and several sociologists, including one from Berea College. This conference developed a program dealing chiefly with job discrimination. In Indianapolis and some industrial towns of Michigan, similar approaches have been made.

In Chicago the main problem is not employment, but housing. And this question, involving not just where men work forty hours a week but where women and children live and play twenty-four hours a day, is much more delicate and complex. The most comprehensive approach was initiated by a private community group concerned with housing, welfare, and planning in one of the areas of the city into which Southern whites had moved with the usual deleterious social effects. This group obtained a survey of the newcomers, the first and to date the only study of this group in Chicago; and called together a city-wide conference of church, school, administrative, and civic leaders to discuss the survey and to develop a program.

This program attempts to deal with the Southerner where he lives, where his insularity is most pronounced, and where the prejudices of the older groups are most violent. The proposal involves the following five points:

(1) Development of Southern white leadership, to create social and fraternal organizations comparable to those created by other ethnic groups.

(2) A pilot project to experiment with techniques for easing the Southerners' adjustment to the city and for relieving those problems associated with their arrival which are forcing more stable families out of adjacent areas. (The Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago is currently working up such a project.)



(3) Organization of landlords and building managers to enforce higher standards of tenancy.

(4) Increased attempts to deal with school transiency.

(5) Continued development by existing youth and welfare agencies of specific services for this hard-to-reach group.

The focus of any program must be to prod the newcomers to help themselves. The women are the easiest to reach—sometimes through prenatal clinics for mothers; sometimes through their jobs. Although the men remain a hard core of resistance to change, hope lies in the fact that the Southern whites are not a solidly homogeneous group. The few who have come from cities are ripe for assimilation and critical of the rural folk, particularly of the mountaineers.

"If you think the hillbillies are making a mess of your schools, you should see what they did to ours down in Louisville," drawled one soft-spoken new arrival, an engineer. Chicago has a social club of Tennesseans—1,500 strong—not one of whose members comes from the hills.

This kind of rivalry within the group may provide a clue; for all—even the most clannish and stubborn—have potentially the ability to compete with city people on their own terms. The frequent comment, "They are a disgrace to their race," is an acknowledgment of this fact. For this Southern migrant—the white Protestant artisan or farmer—is the descendant of the yeoman of Jeffersonian democracy. No matter how anti-social he seems, he has every attribute for success according to the American dream—even in its narrowest form.

In a sense, this immigrant is hated because he proves our prejudices wrong. With all the ill will in the world, the worst detractors of the Southern white acknowledge that he has what it takes to make good. The question is, can he develop the desire to belong and to get ahead—before he packs up once for all and goes home?

FLORENCE: AT THE VILLA JERNYNGHAM

By Osbert Sitwell

Drawings by Robert Benton

The Villa Jernyngham belonged by inheritance to the Dampiers
Who could neither afford to keep it nor to give it up:
In the winter for several years
They would sit round a cold stove and talk
About What Could Be Done.
"What is really wanted in this city," husband and wife would for once agree,
"Is a kind of hotel which is a home as well,
With lots of little palms in pots—you know—
And run by cultivated English gentlepeople."

Eventually they found the courage—and the capital—
To substantiate their dream.



So Mr. and Mrs. Dampier,
Incapable of running a home for themselves
Set out to run a home for twenty others, and be paid for it:
The Villa Jernyngham flourished in the press as a
"First-class Family Pension for Discriminating Guests
In Peaceful Atmosphere. Splendid garden and every home comfort."

The culture Mr. Dampier supplied
While Mrs. Dampier arranged the palm-trees in the sitting-room
With a dry and dusty coziness,
Presided over the catering
And ordered the meals—
The same, pale, tasteless food, like something
Materialized by a medium at a séance—
That she had given guests when the villa was her own residence.

Most conveniently,
Mrs. Dampier had trained as a nurse
And so could tend the cases
That arose from eating the dishes she provided.

ARCHDEACON SAWNYGRASS

Archdeacon Sawnygrass
Had no use for foreign ways,
Yet lived abroad the whole year
Complaining alternatively of the heat and the cold.

He would arrive at the Villa Jernyngham in September,
The month of locust-colored baked earth and ripe grapes,
And leave in May when the dark, sweet earth seethed with flowers,
When he would go, as he phrased it romantically, "to the mountains."
From boyhood, he must always have looked older than his contemporaries—
So that now, when he read as a First Lesson

That philoprogenitive catalogue
"And Irad begat Mehujael:
And Mehujael begat Methusael,"
I would expect him to continue
"And Methusael begat Archdeacon Sawnygrass"
Though he in no way resembled the venerable elders of the prime of the world:
His clean-shaven face was ruddy,
His eyes, gray as English skies.
By nature, he was calm,
And would rage only when his name was spelt wrongly on an envelope—
Which it nearly always was.



Archdeacon Sawnygrass did much good work
Among the rich,
He perpetually attended tea-parties
And was careful to avoid picture-galleries
Where, sooner or later, he was sure to be brought up short
Against a Renaissance nude—
"Naked," he would complain later,
"Glaring and Large as Life."

MRS. SAWNYGRASS

Mrs. Sawnygrass,
Exotic bride and helpmeet to the Archdeacon,
Was no Renaissance nude,
But a flanneled Lutheran from East Prussia, thoroughly
Out of keeping in a Latin world
Where the naturalness of life frightened her,
As did the teeming, shouting children
And the number of wild flowers in the spring.
She would not let the sun touch her anywhere.

A hotel-dweller, and thus freed from house-work
Her life would have been empty, for people did not interest her,
Had she not divided it into two halves
One part dedicated to playing the harmonium for her husband,
The other to interpreting the meaning
Of the Book of the Revelation of St. John
According to a method of her own devising—
Exciting as a gambler's system.

Alas,
After decades and decades of work and
Just as she had decided finally and proved
Beyond possibility of contradiction
That the Beast was the Czar of Russia,
The Revolution hurled him from his throne
Leaving the chief role empty,

And Mrs. Sawnygrass had to start all over again,
But in the end she substituted Lenin.
It was true, she thought, that Lenin seemed a greater Beast than the Czar
—Or more like a Beast—

Yet she felt this imperative change to be a reflection on her system,
But if anyone dared to dispute the matter with her,
She could still produce her old irrefutable argument,
The names exploding in the unaccustomed ear,
"Very well, then—but how do you account
For Omsk
Tomsk
And Tobolsk?"

COUNTESS REPLICA



Countess Ripacotta
Lived on a table—
I do not mean to insinuate by roulette or baccarat.
No, she had become an antique dealer of a very special kind,
The amateur as expert:
During the whole year
She sold only one—and apparently always the same—object,
But at the disposal of this phoenix
Nobody could approach her in virtuosity.
In brief, she lived on a table—
—The Ripacotta table, of unique pattern and renown,
At which Dante had sat.

The Countess, by birth American,
Had married the handsome head of a famous Italian family,
Which union had impoverished her.
Now a widow, and ideal image of an Italian Contessa,
White hair, soft voice, and features delicate,
She never looked any older
—Or any younger.

In the enticing month of April
She would be sure to meet
Old friends in the street,
And would end her lively chatter of long ago in Ohio
By exclaiming
"Why, my dear, you've never been to see my table, have you;
You must come and see my table, all my friends do.
I don't know how long we shall be able to keep it.
—All right, then, tomorrow at five, at the Palazzo."

The next evening the table would be gone
But only for one night.
In the morning, it would be back,
Waiting for next year,
Or one so like it as to lend support
To the nickname, Countess Replica.
It never looked any younger
Or any older—
But it outlived the Contessa.

WHAT BECAME OF BUSTER?

What became of Buster? . . .
What became of Waring
Is of little account
Beside what became of Buster,
Buster, fat but snapping with energy like a cracker.

What became of Buster
Who put parents in a fluster
As he spun and sung and flung and tumbled round the golden garden
Or somersaulted, giving high shrieks and whistling on two fingers
Or turned cart-wheels or rumbled into the library
To read the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald,*
Drumming on the wooden table,
Then tornadoed up the stairs into the room above
And slammed out on the piano a march by Sousa,
What became of Buster?

Lean, sullen, sallow, dehydrated, and dyspeptic
He turned into a business executive
Made so much money that he died at forty;
That is what became of Buster
—Nothing, nothing happened to Buster,
Nothing at all.
Or he made a different fortune, and at fifty
Joined the ranks of *Alcoholics Anonymous.*—
That's what became of Buster
Nothing,
Nothing at all.

What became of Buster,
Who put parents in a fluster
As he spun and sung and flung and tumbled round the garden
Or somersaulted, giving high shrieks and whistling on two fingers
Under the Italian sun,
What became of Buster?
His skeleton stood for a year
In a thicket of barbed wire
On a ridge in France—
That's what became of Buster,
Nothing happened to Buster,
Nothing at all.

What became of Buster
Who put parents in a fluster,
As he spun and sung and flung and tumbled round the garden
Or somersaulted, giving high shrieks or whistling on two fingers
Under the Italian sun—
What became of Buster?
He devoted his life to building aircraft,
So as to promote peace
By bringing foreign nations
Nearer to each other,
And his only son was killed flying
In the Second World War—
That's what happened to Buster
—Nothing became of Buster,
Nothing,
Nothing at all.



Part III: Concluding a Series by

RALPH E. LAPP

Drawings by Ben Shahn



The Voyage of the Lucky Dragon

How the "ashes of death" touched the lives of many unsuspecting people—including diplomats, California canners, a fisherman's daughters, Lewis Strauss, and perhaps (in the end yet to come) everybody else.

THE testing of an American atomic bomb at Bikini, on March 1, 1954, had unfortunate echoes in Japan. The crewmen of a Japanese fishing vessel, the *Lucky Dragon,* which had been near the danger area and had undergone a strange fall of dust from the sky, were discovered to be suffering from radiation sickness. In the fish markets, which provide most of the protein for Japan's diet, many tuna from the Pacific were found to be radioactive, which caused people to stop buying and prices to drop disastrously.

These were topics of great public concern but also great ignorance, and so many contradictory statements were made about them that Japan's Foreign Minister Katsuo Okazaki told the Diet: "Some say eating fish is dangerous. Others contend it is harmless. Some say 10 per cent of the victims will die. Others aver the injuries are slight. Such conflicting statements only serve to cause anxiety."

It was unfortunate that the accident at Bikini involved two big A's—Atomic and American, both of which evoked strong sentiment in conquered and occupied Japan. Communist-dominated labor unions painted a very black picture of the bomb tests, claiming that they would "doom the Japanese nation to ruin." Japanese officials treated the incident with restraint.

News of what had happened to the *Lucky Dragon* was played up on the front pages of American newspapers on March 17. But the question of the radioactive tuna fish was subsequently given little space in the American press, and the injuries to the fishermen were mainly mentioned through comments by U. S. politicians. The *New York Times* ran photos of an injured crewman and printed a chart showing that the *Lucky Dragon* had been well outside the danger zone around the Eniwetok-Bikini Proving Grounds. But in general the reporting of the incident in American newspapers gave no conception of its importance to the Japanese.

President Eisenhower became involved on March 24, 1954, in the course of a weekly press conference. To a question from George E. Herman, reporter for the Columbia Broadcasting System, the President replied (in the third person form then approved by the White House):

> It was quite clear that this time something must have happened which we had never experienced before, and must have surprised and astonished the scientists. And very properly, the United States had to take precautions that had never occurred to them before.
>
> Now, in the meantime, he knew nothing

© 1958 by Ralph E. Lapp

of the details of this case. It was one of the things that Admiral Strauss was looking up, but it had been reported to him that reports were far more serious than actual results justified.

After the President's press conference the Atomic Energy Commission released a detailed statement which concluded:

> The opinion of the Atomic Energy Commission scientific staff based on long-term studies of fish in the presence of radioactivity is that there is negligible hazard, if any, in the consumption of fish caught in the Pacific Ocean outside the immediate test area subsequent to tests. . . . Any radioactivity collected in the test area would become harmless within a few miles . . . and completely undetectable within 500 miles or less. . . .

In Japan the American Ambassador, John M. Allison, issued a similar statement. It evoked angry comment from leading Japanese scientists. Professor Yashushi Nishiwaki of Osaka University made a radio broadcast in which he stated: "I don't know which Japanese scientists co-operated in making Allison's statement, but the radioactivity we have detected was certainly not negligible." In a Tokyo broadcast Professor Mituo Taketani of St. Paul University snapped: "Let's send the highly contaminated fish to Mr. Allison and have him eat it."

The official AEC reassurance that fish could be eaten safely did not stem the rising tide of fish condemnations in Japan, nor did it restore confidence among buyers in the fish markets. On March 27 the *Koei Maru* (Radiant Glory) put into the thriving port of Misaki with thirty-seven tons of tuna which was found to be radioactive above the level established by the Ministry of Health and Welfare. Japanese officials had issued a temporary "danger level" (in reality, a "worry level") corresponding to 100 counts per minute for a Geiger counter held four inches away from the fish. So far as the Japanese people were concerned, the numerical value of 100 was not too important. They looked upon the situation in an all-or-none light. Either the fish was radioactive (and therefore dangerous to health) or it was non-radioactive (and safe to eat). Would the situation have been any different in the United States?

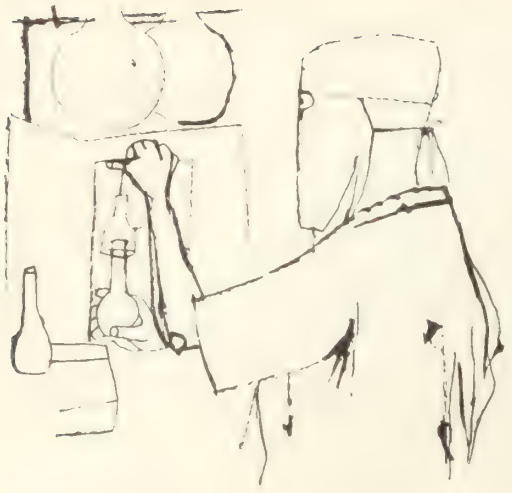
Indeed, experience soon showed that it would not have been. Shortly after the contamination of fish became news, American dealers asked the Japanese to observe restrictions of a rather technical nature, calling for the fish to be examined closer than four inches and for detailed inspection around the gills. Apparently importers did not want even 100 counts per minute. This distressed the Japanese tuna men, who felt that Americans were setting up a double standard. On one hand we asserted there was no danger and strongly implied that the Japanese were unrealistic about radioactive contamination of fish. On the other hand, we rejected even slightly contaminated tuna for our own consumption.

The West Coast tuna canneries, most of which are concentrated in California, were alerted. Records of the Food and Drug Administration show that two radioactive fish were picked up at one cannery. No details other than that the "radioactivity was insignificant" are available, but it is known that a secret meeting took place between representatives of the tuna industry, the Food and Drug Administration, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the State Department. An acceptable level of radioactivity was agreed upon at this meeting but the level was classified as "confidential" and not released to the public. This degree of secrecy is an interesting commentary on how government officials viewed public reaction to a tuna scare in the U. S.

"INADVERTENT TRESPASS"

NEWSMEN in Japan have the reputation of being the most aggressive in the world. The competition between rival papers is so keen that the leading dailies employ staggering numbers of reporters. Stung by the scoop of the *Yomiuri,* which had the original *Lucky Dragon* story all to itself, rival papers determined that there would be no repetition and assigned large numbers of staffmen to cover the radioactive contamination of fish. Persistent reporters also hounded scientists, soliciting comments, at any hour of day or night, on each new facet of the *Lucky Dragon* incident. One might say that they almost haunted Professor Kenjiro Kimura's laboratory at Tokyo University, where an analysis of the Bikini ashes was being made.

Word finally came from Dr. Kimura's laboratory that some of the radioactive substances in the ashes had been identified. Elements like tellurium, niobium, and lanthanum were strange and unknown, but one word struck home. It was strontium-90. The deadliest of all radioactive substances had been identified from the pinch of dust which had come to rest on the decks of the *Lucky Dragon!* A collective shudder ran through millions of Japanese. Strontium-90, a chemical cousin to calcium, gives off no penetrating radia-



tion. Yet it seeks out the bone and deposits there, "living" for a long time—half of its radioactivity would still remain after twenty-eight years.

Against this background of mounting anxiety, the Japanese government issued a statement to the U. S. Ambassador, outlining the results of its preliminary investigation of the *Lucky Dragon* accident. This official document was obviously a first step in negotiations for compensation of the *Lucky Dragon* fishermen, which Japanese newspapers kept demanding. But while the negotiations were under way, Congressmen returned from viewing another H-bomb test in the Pacific and it was rumored in American weekly magazines that a superbomb, the equal of 45 million tons of TNT, would soon be exploded. This evoked from India's Jawaharlal Nehru a plea that the tests in the Pacific be stopped. "I believe it is proposed to have a bigger show in the middle of April," said the Prime Minister. "This only reminds me of the genie that came out of the bottle, ultimately swallowing the man." Many Japanese agreed.

As this storm of controversy was brewing across the Pacific, Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and the Presidential personal adviser on atomic matters, released a lengthy statement, of which the following excerpts are pertinent:

Warning Area: ". . . there are many instances where accidents or near accidents have resulted from inadvertent trespass in such warning areas. The very size of them makes it impossible to fence or police them."

The Lucky Dragon: "Japanese fishing trawler, the *Fortunate Dragon,* appears to have been missed by the search but, based on a statement attributed to her skipper, to the effect that he saw the flash of the explosion and heard the concussion six minutes later, it must have well within the danger area."

The Japanese Fishermen: "The situation respect to the twenty-three Japanese fisherm less certain due to the fact that our people not yet been permitted by the Japanese aut ties to make a proper clinical examination. interesting to note, however, that reports w have recently come through to us indicate the blood count of these men is comparab that of our weather-station personnel. lesions observed are thought to be due to chemical activity of the converted materia the coral rather than to radioactivity, since t lesions are said to be already healing."

Contaminated Fish: "With respect to stories concerning widespread contaminatio tuna and other fish as a result of the tests, facts do not confirm them. The only cont nated fish discovered were those in the open of the Japanese trawler. Commissioner Craw of the United States Food and Drug Admini tion has advised us: 'Our inspectors found instance of radioactivity in any shipments of from Pacific waters. . . . There is no occasion for public apprehension about this type of tamination.'"

Conceivably, one might explain the Chairman's extraordinary remarks as based insufficient data or technical misunderstand However, he has never retracted them, a year afterwards he told the Joint Committe Atomic Energy: "It is interesting in rerea the statement to see that it does comport stantially with what we have since learned. is to say, there are no glaring inaccuracies in At this point the Admiral paused and ad "There are lacunae of course." That is, t are omissions. But it was not the omiss that troubled the Japanese. It was the obl insinuation that their fishermen had bee fault but had not been injured, and that fis the Japanese markets were not radioactive. of this they knew to be untrue.

While the rift between the two nat widened, the attentions of the Japanese tu to the two hospitals in Tokyo to which the fi men from the *Lucky Dragon* had been t ferred. All of the men were suffering to s degree from a depressed level of white and blood cells. To combat their anemia, the were given repeated transfusions, and antibi were administered to bolster their resistan

Sexual cells are also extremely sensitive radiation, and during April and May spermatozoa counts of the fishermen dro

precipitously. For the moment they were completely sterile.

As their physical condition declined, they became more and more worried—especially by the sensational, and sometimes distorted, accounts of their illness which appeared in the press. One newspaper article, purporting to represent an open letter from Japanese to American doctors, charged the United States with failing to answer requests for advice on how to treat the men.

Actually, the United States made antibiotics freely available and would never have hesitated to supply anything the Japanese doctors requested—with two exceptions. One was adequate knowledge to treat the effects of radiation, for this was beyond anyone's power, and the other was the answer to the riddle of the ashes—which was within our power but which came under the dark shadow of "national security."

As spring came to Tokyo, the patients were encouraged by the healing of their skin lesions and the regrowth of body hair. This was a good sign, for with near-lethal doses of radiation there may be permanent impairment of hair growth. It looked as though they had passed the low point and were now on the upswing. All Japan breathed a little easier, too, when the United States announced in mid-May that the 1954 Bikini bomb tests in the Pacific (known as the "Castle" series) had been concluded.

THE RIDDLE OF THE ASHES

WHAT were the "ashes of death"—the *shi no hai*—which had fallen from the skies upon the decks of the *Lucky Dragon*? Three times this question was put to American representatives by Japanese doctors and scientists, and twice it went unanswered. The third time, a U. S. scientist, Mr. Merril Eisenbud, director of the AEC's Health and Safety Laboratory, made the enigmatic reply: "Ask Dr. Kimura."

Dr. Kenjiro Kimura, a brilliant radiochemist, was no newcomer to atomic research. When the sensational news was flashed around the world in 1939 that the uranium atom had been split, he had teamed up with the great Japanese physicist Nishina; they readily split the atom, a simple trick once you knew that it could be done, and in addition they identified some new fragments of the split. On bombarding a sample of natural uranium, the Japanese discovered that they had produced an entirely new, hitherto unknown, type of uranium. They named it uranium-237.

When Dr. Kimura and his staff tackled the job of analyzing the *Lucky Dragon* ash, he had no doubt that most of its radioactivity was due to the split atoms of uranium. Though he could not tell from his research whether the atomic fragments were uranium-235 or uranium-238, he never seriously doubted that they belonged to the former. At that time only uranium-235 was known to be useful in a bomb. But after he had made several preliminary reports, he received a very helpful, yet somewhat puzzling letter from Merril Eisenbud. It contained the following paragraph on the composition of the ash:

> We have found that the radioisotopes present in the ash are consistent with the data given in "Nuclei Formed in Fission," published in the Journal of the American Chemical Society, volume 68, page 2411, November 1946. The curve given for slow neutron fission is applicable to the ash except for atomic masses 103 through 130. The important fission products are in maximal portions of the curve and can be read quantitatively within experimental error.

This information confirmed what Dr. Kimura already knew, but the sentence about atomic masses 103 through 130 caused him to wrinkle his brow. Why should these atoms be out of line? What kind of bomb had the Americans developed which altered the very nature of the fission process?

When the most urgent analytical work had been finished, Professor Kimura turned his attention to a chemical solution which contained "the uranium fraction," that is, the various forms of uranium which were chemically separated from the ashes. It exhibited unusually high radioactivity. All the usual forms of uranium were long-lived, and therefore should not produce many counts, but this solution caused the Geiger counter to chatter vigorously. Careful processing of the solution showed that it was not mixed with other elements, and examination of the radioactivity showed that half of it dissipated in about a week. Could it be uranium-237? But, if so, what was it doing in the ashes?

At the end of May, Professor Kimura traveled to the beautiful city of Kyoto to attend the professional chemical society meetings there. At a Japanese inn, prior to the meeting, he discussed his data with other scientists and decided to announce his discovery. The next day, addressing several hundred scientists, the discoverer of U-237 told of his research on the Bikini ash. "It was truly a source of profound emotion," he began, "when, during the present experiments,

U-237 was unexpectedly again encountered." A hush settled over the group, and then a number of scientists broke the silence, murmuring to others: "What does it mean?" After the presentation, they asked Dr. Kimura and he replied: "I am not sure."

When he returned to Tokyo, Dr. Kimura consulted with a fellow scientist, Professor Mituo Taketani, the physicist at St. Paul University in Tokyo. Dr. Taketani, a rather high-strung man who will refuse to attend a conference if cigarette smoking is permitted, pointed out that the only way to produce uranium-237 was to bombard uranium-238 with very high energy neutrons. He estimated that a "few hundred kilograms of uranium" must have fissioned in the Bikini explosion. This would mean that a good fraction of a ton of uranium was involved, not rare and expensive uranium-235, but cheap and abundant natural uranium. If this was true, the Bikini bomb ushered in an era of bombs without limit in power—bombs which would produce such a fearful radioactive fall-out that their ashes could kill people a hundred miles down-wind of the explosions.

The conclusion that the Bikini bomb was not a pure hydrogen bomb but a weapon which tapped the energy of natural uranium was also reached by Dr. Nishiwaki in his laboratory at Osaka. Actually, he had hit upon the correct solution soon after he started studying the contamination of Bikini fish. Joking with some of his colleagues, Dr. Nishiwaki said: "Maybe there is a good natural uranium mine at Bikini." It was a wild guess, but oddly enough the basic principle involved was correct, except that instead of a uranium mine on the Bikini island there was a mantle of uranium wrapped around the bomb.

Thus, in the spring of 1954, Japanese scientists had managed to discover the secret about the bomb which the United States was still trying to safeguard. Suddenly, it became clear to Dr. Kimura why Merril Eisenbud had worded his letter of April 8 so carefully. Eisenbud had tried very hard to tell the Japanese professors as much as he could without violating security.

It was inevitable that Japanese scientists would discover the truth once they started analyzing the ashes. The scientist who originally found uranium-237 could scarcely be expected to overlook it when it was put right under his nose. This being the case, the United States would have shown itself in a much better light if it had come out in the open early in March and told the Japanese the full nature of the radioactive contamination. We could even, in h days immediately after the explosion, have s the fishermen from its worst effects.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BE

THE *Lucky Dragon* was not the only dusted with fall-out. A task force of U. S. naval vessels, rendezvoused thirty from Bikini, was standing by to observe detonation in an area thought to be safe. cers aboard the ships watched the enor mushroom cloud as it dispersed in the st sphere and they noted that the winds were ing remnants of the cloud toward them. an hour later, Geiger counters on deck start react and orders were given to clear the dec

The ships were "buttoned up"—that is hands went below after securing the ha and portholes. Even the ships' ventilators covered. Then vast quantities of water sprayed over the ships by special pipes nozzles, specifically designed to wash off rad tive contamination. The ships were maneuv by radar since the water spray made visi very poor. For over half a day, the crews swe it out below decks in the tropical heat. Fir it was judged safe to "unbutton" the ship the men came out on deck. Wearing ru suits, hoods, and masks they proceeded to up traces of fall-out which the protective s of water had failed to wash away.

The Atomic Energy Commission and De Department thus knew within a few hours the March 1 test that something had gone wr Within a few more hours, Radiological S Headquarters for the Task Force had a good of the dimensions and intensity of the fall Yet no warning was broadcast to ships in vicinity. Test administrators knew within more hours that the eastern end of the da zone was no longer a proper limit for s Why did not the test officials break radio si and broadcast a general warning over that of the Pacific?

Officials charged with responsibility for conduct of the "Castle" series of nuclear might respond that the area had been sear They had no reason to believe any foreign were in the vicinity. Yet no one aboard *Lucky Dragon* either on February 28 or Ma saw or heard any aircraft. It seems highly able that the lips of test officials were seal the same security precautions which attende previous tests. An announcement made next day said nothing about an accident.

Had the *Lucky Dragon* received word on March 1 that there had been an accident, Kuboyama could have radioed for assistance. The simplest of instructions would have allowed the fishermen to decontaminate themselves and their boat. The Task Force could have sent destroyers to the scene and removed the men from their hazardous home. As the timetable of radioactivity makes clear, the dose to the fishermen could have been cut in half. This is all "what might have been," for there was no news of the Bikini accident until many days later, when the damage had already been done.

To look at the other side of the coin, why did not the fishermen radio for help? First, no one on board suspected at the time that the ash was dangerous. Having left the area, the men aboard the little fishing boat felt that they were safe. Second, the fishermen were terrified of what might happen to them if they were taken into custody by Americans. This may sound incredible to American ears, but one must remember the isolation and gullibility of the Japanese fishermen. Third, no one aboard had acute enough symptoms to jolt the boat's command into seeking medical aid.

In the same realm of speculation, it is interesting to note that had the fishermen headed north immediately after the detonation, as the Chief Engineer desired, they would have escaped most of the fall-out. As it happened, they were on the northern edge of the immense cigar-shaped pattern and they could have soon been out of it had they proceeded north at full speed. They probably would have received some contamination but it would not have required months of hospitalization. They could have saved, had they known it, Aikichi Kuboyama's life.

DUST IN THE WIND

THE fishermen were hopeful that before the summer was over they would be allowed to leave the hospital and return to their homes in Yaizu. Some spoke of returning to the sea again, but others announced a preference for staying on land. Kuboyama, who loved sea life, startled his companions by asserting that he would open up a sake shop and go into business for himself. His proposal, made repeatedly, evoked the uniform reply: "Almost all the sake in your shop will be drunk by you."

Doctor Toshiyuki Kumatori had developed a strong friendship for Kuboyama. He recognized that the radioman was the most intelligent of the crew and he would often discuss rather technical details with him, with the result that Kuboyama became well acquainted with his own case history. He knew, for example, that his white blood cell count had dipped to 1,900 in April and that his bone marrow count had shown a precipitous drop-off.

As he wrote in a letter dated April 17 to his friend at the Yaizu wireless shop, "The best way to cure this disease, I was told, is by blood transfusions. The older the person, the stronger [they are] affected. The reason why this is so is that the blood-making ability in the marrow of the bone is not as strong as in younger men."

Kuboyama was much concerned about the health of his companions, almost all of whom were bachelors. He told his nephew Shiro: "I might say that I could be satisfied with the three daughters that I already have, but you young bachelors could probably not have children in the future if you get married. That's the problem." He was incensed when he learned that a girl who had promised to marry one of the crew broke off the romance after the accident.

Once a television set was installed in Room 311, Kuboyama became a passionate TV fan. Somehow or other he always managed to get the best spot to view the screen, especially when *Sumoo* wrestling matches were televised. He read the newspapers daily to keep up on the wrestlers and followed the matches avidly. But neither television nor newspapers were enough to occupy Kuboyama. He asked the head nurse to teach him how to knit, and received permission to knit for one hour each day. At first his hands were awkward and he was all thumbs trying to handle the knitting needles. But he stuck to it and two months later finished a sweater for his eldest girl Miyako, to whom he wrote:

> Thank you for your letter. You're fine, aren't you? Papa is greatly relieved to know this. As it is getting warmer day after day, you will be going to the seashore or river to play. Be careful not to be washed away by the waves or the water. Take care not to make your sisters Yasuko and Sayoko cry. And study hard and wait until your papa comes home.

Late in June, Kuboyama experienced a moderately severe attack of jaundice and complained of pain in his liver. In writing to a friend in July, he described his yellow color as "rather strong and fifteen times as much as in an ordinary person." He wrote that he felt dull and had no appetite. "That is a great pain to me," he complained. Though two-thirds of the crewmen had jaundice, the others soon recovered from the

attacks. But Kuboyama's persisted and his white blood cell count did not go up. But he hoped that when the weather improved and got cooler, he might recover and go back to Yaizu.

Kuboyama was very proud of the sweater he knitted for his first child and he bought some yarn for a second one. He started knitting the red garment and when his wife came to see him he smiled and said: "Well, I've got to knit one more, don't I?" However, as he became sicker, progress on his knitting slowed and then stopped. During August his condition steadily grew worse. His crewmates grew increasingly concerned over his health, and some religious groups tried to interest him in their beliefs. He was not impressed. "A doctor is my God," Kuboyama said.

Toward the end of the month, Mrs. Kuboyama came to Tokyo with her daughters. When she arrived at the hospital, Dr. Kumatori told her, "The jaundice is becoming severe and his condition is serious." She came close to her husband's bed, noting the half-finished sweater on the side table. "How is the jaundice?" she asked.

"My darling, did you cut your hands?" he said. His wife shook her head, wondering why he asked, for her hands were not hurt. Kuboyama moved his body painfully and repeated the question. Then he said, "It's no use to do any more. My sufferings are already too great."

On August 30 he was only half-conscious and could not speak to his daughters, or to the other crewmen who had come to see him. *"Kyoku-cho-san,"* they said, "cheer up," looking at the unmoving form in the bed. "Keep your spirits up," they added, but there was no response or sign of recognition from Kuboyama.

The next night he became delirious. He called out his wife's name over and over: "Suzu, Suzu . . ." and his arms and legs shook violently, so that Dr. Kumatori needed help to restrain him. His only reaction was to mutter: "Let go. Let go." Then he fell into such a deep coma that he did not wince even when given a sharp pinch. He was given an oxygen tube to facilitate breathing. Dr. Kumatori went without sleep and did not even take time to shave. For three days he stayed on duty and appeared at a press conference hollow-cheeked, haggard, and unshaven.

At two o'clock in the morning of September 4, the stricken seaman finally regained consciousness and at noon he asked for water. That evening Kuboyama felt better and smiled at his family gathered by his bedside. "I want to eat fish and pickles," he said. The next day he was able to take some food and he recognized his fellow patients. By mid-September, the Yaizu fisherman was feeling so good that he resu his habit of worrying about weather. But on night of September 20 Kuboyama was again on the critical list. His heart showed signs weakness and his appetite disappeared, though he remained fully conscious he seeme great pain. Once he cried out: "My body f like it is burned with electricity. Under body there must be a high-tension wire."

The family was summoned to his bedside o again. His seventy-two-year-old mother held head in her arms, cradling him as though were a baby. *"Okaa-san* [mother], I'll beco well again," he whispered. "Really?" she s "Promise me so." Kuboyama looked at Dr. K atori as if seeking an answer and the doc urged him to hold out. So he nodded his h to his mother and said faintly, "Yes, I hold o

But at a few minutes before seven on Sept ber 23 Dr. Kumatori bent over Kuboyama examined him with a stethoscope. He turned the family and said very quietly, "Now it is last moment." With that Kumatori buried head in his hands and sobbed.

Kuboyama's mother cried out. "Aikichi, break your promise. Aikichi . . . you . . ." but son did not answer. Mrs. Kuboyama, te streaming down her face, lifted a tiny cup water to her husband's lips—a gesture symbo ing his last "earthly drink." A few seconds la he died.

Dr. Kumatori faced a group of newsmen 7:30 P.M. with quivering lips and tearful e As if arguing with himself, he said: "What I thinking about now is . . . was there any lack effort in my treatment of him? Why is such miserable thing permitted to happen?"

All through the night wireless messages fr ships at sea were received at the hospital. Fi ing boats thousands of miles away relayed t news and the crews sent their sympathy to t family. And on the next day the American A bassador sent a note to the Japanese Minister Foreign Affairs enclosing a letter for Mrs. Kub yama and "a check for one million yen made c to her as a token of sympathy of the Americ government and people."

ON OCTOBER 9 the fishermen of Yai gathered at the public hall for a funeral ce mony. In port some thirty fishing boats fl black flags of mourning. About three thousa persons attended the ceremony, along with hi officials of the Japanese government and a rep sentative of the U.S. Embassy. A message fr Ambassador John M. Allison was read, in whi

he said that "no word of comfort can repair the loss of this man to his family, nothing can dispel the sorrow of his doctors who labored so devotedly to save him, no action by his countrymen or mine can undo what has happened. In these respects and in many others too, we are as the *Heike Monogatari* truly says, 'only dust in the face of the wind.'"

The minister's reference to *Heike Monogatari* must have been a welcome one to the Japanese, for the saga of the Heike clan is a national legend about a family which ruled Japan in medieval times—a tragic yet appealing story.

It was a funeral such as the village of Yaizu had rarely seen. Because of the importance of the occasion, many priests chanted their prayers, as they would have for a wealthy man. There was no music but the priests provided accompaniment by rhythmically toeing a wooden bell placed on the ground. The *mokugyo*, about two feet in diameter, emitted a deep, doleful sound.

Two hundred students from Shizuoka University sang "A-bomb Never Forgiven" after the ceremony, and at the end a score of white pigeons were released into the air. It was already dark when the funeral procession wound its way toward the family temple, about five minutes' walk from the Kuboyama house. Walking in front of her mother, the eldest daughter carried a mortuary tablet, a rectangular piece of wood on which were written the words "The soul of the deceased Aikichi Kuboyama." The second daughter carried a large photograph of her father, while Mrs. Kuboyama carried the boxed urn.

So the ashes of Aikichi Kuboyama, an "innocent victim," a fisherman and a radio operator, were laid to rest in the marble vault on the mountainside of his birthplace at Yaizu.

tuna industry. The *Lucky Dragon* itself, stripped down and decontaminated, was purchased by the government. Renamed the *Hayabusa-Maru* (Dark Falcon), it became a training vessel for the University of Tokyo's Fisheries School.

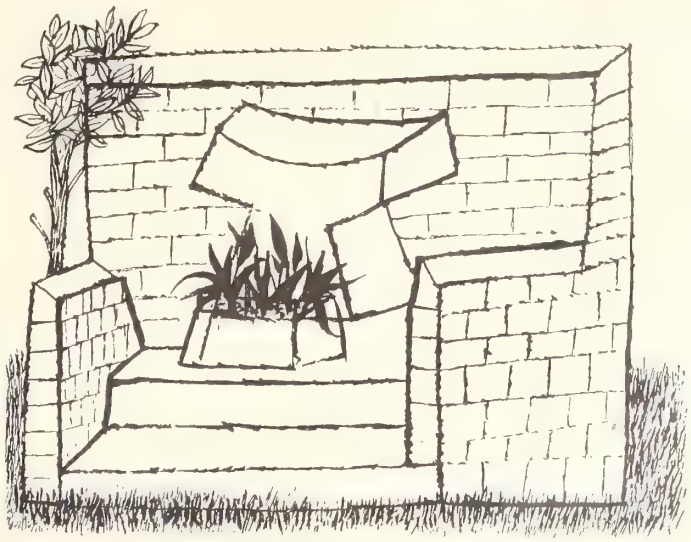
Kuboyama died of a liver disorder, which might have been brought on either by blood transfusions or by the original radiation. Though there have been arguments about the "cause" of his death, they are rather pointless; if he had not been dusted with radioactive ashes he would not have needed the transfusions, and if he had not been aboard the *Lucky Dragon* he would not have died. To him, and to the other crewmen, we owe knowledge we might otherwise not possess. But for the accident that befell them on March 1, 1954, the world might still be in the dark about the superbomb, for three years after the explosion U. S. government officials still refused to acknowledge the real nature of the device detonated at Bikini.

Instead, they have touted the virtues of a "humanitarian" bomb—an adjective so absurd that it was soon replaced by "clean." The semantic nonsense about the "clean" bomb continues. Perhaps it is more dangerous than mere nonsense, since it implies a kind of aseptic war, thus removing the element of terror and hence of restraint from the use of nuclear weapons.

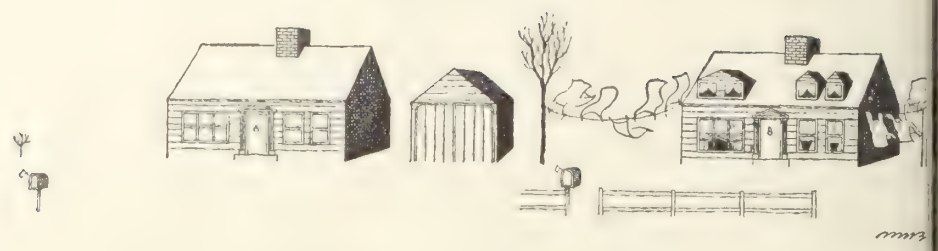
The true striking power of the atom was revealed on the decks of the *Lucky Dragon*. When men a hundred miles from an explosion can be killed by its silent touch, the world suddenly becomes too small a place for men to clutch such weapons. And for this truth, gained from the misadventure of twenty-three men, we may one day rank their voyage with that of Columbus.

ASEPTIC WAR?

HIS shipmates were soon to recover. All of them had been discharged from the hospital by May 10 and have since returned, with minor exceptions, to health. Their sterility was not permanent. Several of the bachelors have married and had normal, healthy children. Eventually the United States presented the Japanese government with two million dollars' compensation—*ex gratia*, implying no culpability—of which each crew member got an average of $5,000; the remainder went to pay their medical expenses and the damage done to the



After Hours



THAT LIVED-IN LOOK

Recently I received a communication from James Gallagher of House and Home. *He was in a state of dudgeon over current reporting about life in the mass suburbs. He lives in Levittown, New York, a community that has been getting heavy attention on account of its tenth anniversary. He writes:*

I AM convinced that most stories about our megalosuburbia on Long Island (population 17,500) are written from the Savarin Bar in Penn Station in Manhattan. The only research used by these amateur sociologists must be an aerial photo, taken in 1951 or so, of the serried rooftops, with peas-in-a-pod houses as though in bas-relief against the barren potato fields. One look, and these experts leap to their theses: Levittown is bad. Too many houses, all alike; too many families the same age; a single stratum of income and interests.

The first thing I would like to have updated is that aerial view. Bill Levitt used only four street elevations and one floor plan in his 14,000 Rancher models (a builder term for any house that is wider than it is deep), and the view from above was depressingly monotonous. Today, the urge to non-conformity has created many streets where no two houses are alike on the outside, and even floor plans have only a familial relation to one another. In some, the brick fireplace wall is about the only structural element that has defied our inventive remodelers, the only wall we haven't moved around as nonchalantly as our urban cousins move furniture. We have built up, back, front, sideways, even down. This last baffled us until a local architect came up with a split-level disguise for the house that adds a basement, and has acquired the unlikely name of Split-LeveT.

I guess I am a Levittown *aficionado,* and I admit that the place is as friendly as ever, but our "one big family" phase is pretty well over. The kaffee-klatsch, that oldest, established, floating gossip club that used to occupy the expectant (who wasn't?) wives, has largely disappeared.

What ended it? Some of us think that the universal suburban gregariousness was self-defeating, that in these in-gatherings lay the seeds of hurt feelings and personality clashes that slowly changed the tell-all impulse into the polite, but reserved, reticence that is the mark of older communities. Others feel that in the young wives' common inexperience and fear of a new life (usually biological as well as sociological), far from their families, friends, and familiar neighborhoods, they gathered in each other's kitchens for mutual reassurance and pooled advice.

They are a lot more confident now. Today, they are their own experts; Dr. Spock rarely comes out of wherever he was put a couple of kids ago. In fact, so little interest can be aroused in these by obstetrical play-by-play would probably welcome bride who would listen to "how it was with my fi

LIKE our wives, we me rived at a less intima vivendi. "Nobody had n an accurate description o home-owners back in 1948 first Ranchers went on sal an electric saw or lawn most demanded that you it as community propert odd job by odd job, most have built up a pretty co ventory of tools, the pov is as ubiquitous as the tr the borrowing (which constant visits back and confined to the more ex such as extension ladde hole diggers.

Prosperity, too, has h fluence. We hire things even as Scarsdale or Gro The days are gone when get a concrete driveway only the rental of a cen and a couple of cases of b boys to drink. You can s vice on any project (if y it), but if you are not the self type, you would be sn in a contractor.

Written into every o deeds is a prohibition aga of any kind, yet few ho are fenceless. In this para end of Bill Levitt's dream big-garden community. died because, living in th

e forgot that good fences make neighbors. He may have ex- l fellowship and harmony to across the lot lines. What l was children and dogs. Some nts claim that the day the first went up was the beginning of end for uncritical, day-and- long fraternizing.

common complaint that I l like to set straight is that are no old people or teen- nothing but young parents babies. No one could say that production of infants has ed much from the days when ryly called the place "Fertile " and "The Rabbit Warren," those toddlers are teen-agers and the most pressing school em is rapidly becoming the school, not the kindergarten. ist a few years, we will have baby-sitters than babies. d our oldsters are increasing, All the things (except the easy) that made the Levitt house tractive to new wives and hus- (one-floor living, compact ens, easy maintenance, not-too- grounds) appeal even more to people and a great number of s have been to families in their , and beyond. Of the eight ies immediately adjacent to me, are older couples with grown, , children (and I'm no kid, my- In the local Catholic church ther Sunday, there were a dozen uncements of marriage banns, a sentence about baptisms. lmittedly, some of our families have a "this is just the first stop s" feeling, and there is a steady over of houses. But many roots ap roots. I have seen many men iously weigh the advantages of ng into a larger house outside use his family, or his income, grown. Then he would decide a couple of thousand dollars d give him two more bedrooms an extra bath upstairs in his ttown house, and maybe he d push the living-room wall out he rear or add a dining-room. besides, "it isn't fair to uproot kids just when they are doing ell in school," and "A longer mute would be too much." se people are here for keeps. he reason most Levittowners do not feel smothered by anonymity is something the viewers with alarm forgot: in every community, large and small, people really live within a narrow circle. No man, said John Donne, is an island, but most of us are little more than peninsulas, with only a very limited connection to the mainland. I hope that any future stories on life in the suburbs will reflect this state of things, as they are, instead of as they were supposed to be. —**James Gallagher**

LIVELY (FOR ONCE) ART

THE best thing that ever happened to television happened on CBS between five and six in the afternoon on Sunday, December 8. At least that was where and when it happened first; the program may have been run at a different hour and date in your part of the country, and—if there is any justice—it will be repeated, the more often the better. It was an installment in "The Seven Lively Arts" series called "The Sound of Jazz," and as far as I'm concerned you can throw away all previous standards of comparison. This is where live television began to amount to something.

It was opened and closed, and from time to time interrupted, by John Crosby as "host," but mostly it was musicians playing jazz—in a bare studio, dressed in whatever they liked (hats, sweat shirts, it didn't matter), smoking, talking to one another, or just walking around. Each group was introduced and then away it went, with time enough (in nearly all cases) to get the music going, while the camera roamed over the faces of participants and spectators.

There were no phony or elaborate explanations. As the executive producer, Jack Houseman, remarked to the music critic, Virgil Thomson, during the dress rehearsal: "This is the first program about jazz that doesn't say it started in New Orleans and then went up the river."

Technically "The Sound of Jazz" gave the appearance of being very (as they say on the Avenue) "primitive." You knew that you were in a studio and that these people were being televised. If it sounded better to have a microphone right in front

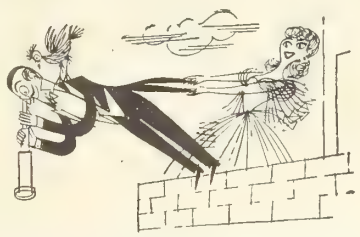
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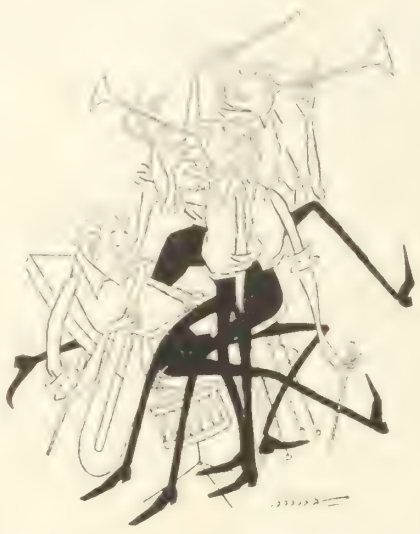
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of a man's face, there the microphone would be; and if one cameraman got in another's way he didn't scurry ashamedly out of it. But this impromptu effect, of course, took a deal of contriving. The musicians couldn't believe at first that hats were really okay, and Billie Holiday had to be persuaded to appear in slacks and pony-tail instead of the gown she had specially planned on. The air of casualness was in fact the end-product of months of work.

THIS milestone was primarily made possible by Houseman, and his assistant, Robert Goldman, and the producer for this show, Robert Herridge, who had the unbelievable courage and common sense to hire good taste and turn it loose. They found two jazz critics with some ideas, Whitney Balliett and Nat Hentoff, and after the usual round of conferences and memos, gave them complete artistic control. Balliet and Hentoff, from the start, had the kind of program in mind that they eventually produced—one that would concentrate on music. When I asked Balliett at what point they had decided in favor of visual realism and informality, he thought a moment and said, "I don't think it ever occurred to us to do it any other way."

They got the musicians they wanted, whether currently well known or not and whether or not "485" (the address on Madison of the Columbia front office) would have made the same choice. They were able to assemble combinations of musicians whose booking arrangements usually keep them apart, and also let an old-timer like Pee Wee Russell play side by side with a modernist like Jimmy Giuffre. The name of one performer made "485" nervous, but Balliett and Hentoff put their feet down—and they won. Let it be written that as of 1957 there was still *some* decency left, and somebody willing to fight for it.

As "The Sound of Jazz" came into the final weeks before air-time, it began to make other people uneasy, and for better reasons. Since there was so little of the normal panic on the surface, everybody panicked inside. The director, Jack Smight, found that he was twice as jumpy without actors around to worry about, and when "485" found out in the last few days that there really wasn't any script to speak of it began to emit angry noises: "What *are* you doing down there?" Balliett and Hentoff could only answer that everything was going to be fine, the musicians would turn up, and there would be some music. They hoped this was true.



THEY needn't have worried. If you were lucky enough to have seen "The Sound of Jazz" I don't have to tell you how great it was and, even if you weren't, what I'd want to do anyway is sell you an explanation of *why* it was great. The cornerstone of live television, class will please now repeat, is the human face—with its spontaneity and tension, its halo of contradictions, its hints of life lived and life to come. Of course the TV camera is merciless; it draws on the person behind the face for all the resources that it can find there. It is not one eye but millions of eyes; it has high expectations and asks that the person before it be poised in the balance, somehow challenged or tested, so as to bring forth the most meanings from the ever-changing interplay of expressions in the face.

What made the jazz musicians extraordinary, when the camera put their features through its harsh examination, was how much it found there. Children and animals make the best movie actors, as Douglas Fairbanks said, because they are unselfconscious and unable to fake. No more could these musicians be anything but themselves, for they are committed to independence and to a headlong attack on the cosmos showed, here and no kidding—individuals of stature and fundity, of flesh and substance warmth and bite. The music good, yes, but what lifted "Sound of Jazz" to a level hith unattained was the sight of it b made. As a lady in White Plain down and wrote CBS as soon as show was over, one so seldom the chance "to see *real* people d something that *really* matters them."

Neither Balliett nor Hentoff pected the visual effect to be as sational as it was. They knew Jack Smight "dug" jazz, but couldn't have anticipated the and intricate camera work that abled him to cut from one sho another as skillfully as though were a movie editor, working developed film instead of a live sh The cameramen simply out themselves (for the record, and ing them a credit line they sho have had on the air, they were Heller, Harold Classen, Joe Sok Jack Brown, and Marty Tuck). liett and Hentoff's long and car planning had made it possible the musicians to extemporize: the cameramen and director co extemporize too, with the freed to smudge the edges—leave head half in the way—of practi talent, the artistic intelligence dares to risk a blunder becaus knows precisely what it is doing. is like that, and as a result the effects of "The Sound of Jazz"- the eye and on the ear—were mi ulously in tune with each other.

NOW there is talk not only o repeat but of a series, and no could better deserve it than this n found team. But one wonders if miracle can happen twice. Part the reason that Balliett and Hen were let alone was that no one high authority really underst what they were up to. Now secret is out and there will be m hazards. As I sat with them in ducer Robert Herridge's office, go over the first day's mail, the ph rang and Herridge answered it. listened, laughed explosively, hung up. "Laurence Welk," he s "demands equal time."

—Mr. Har

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Not New York

HARRY S. ASHMORE'S **Epitaph for Dixie** (Norton, $3.50) has considerable topical interest because the author is editor of the Little Rock newspaper, the *Arkansas Gazette*, but it is one of the many virtues of the book that it rises above and looks beyond the events of the moment in an attempt to see where the South as a whole is headed. Ashmore's general conclusion is indicated clearly enough by his title: he believes that the form of Southern society that has prevailed in the eighty years since Reconstruction, a society based on sharecropping, one-party politics, and segregation, is done for. The forces that favor segregation in his opinion do not really expect to win; their battle cry is not "on to victory" but only "not in this generation"; behind the seemingly solid façade of the white South he believes that there is much real diversity of opinion and uneasiness about the *status quo*.

Although Ashmore never puts the case this way, he seems to see the defender of the post-Reconstruction style of Southern life as facing not one but two opponents. There is first the external enemy that can be called by such names as the North or the Supreme Court or the NAACP; this enemy can be argued with and about, can be encountered in law courts and excoriated in legislature halls, and might even be defeated. But there is another enemy, an internal, unnamed enemy, a kind of Southern fifth column, which is an ineradicable fact of life and cannot be legislated or sued or fought out of existence—that is, the revolution in the Southern economy that makes a caste system obsolete. Sharecropping and one-party politics are on their way out, and segregation will go—slowly—with them.

Ashmore pays little attention to the first "enemy"; most of his book is devoted to changes in the South itself that make segregation an unworkable scheme. He tacitly affirms that segregation is a *Southern* problem, not on the old grounds that the South knows what is best for the Negro but on the grounds that the South is going through a change of such a fundamental sort—a change in which a new status for the Negro is only one part—that her Northern critics will just have to be patient for a while longer. One of Ashmore's most valuable gifts is his ability to say just as little for the comfort of his Northern reader as for his Southern neighbor.

He does not bother to disguise his contempt for those Southern leaders, like the present Governor of Arkansas, who capitalize on the race issue, though he argues convincingly that there has often been (more in the past than at present) an element of vaudeville in Southern racial demagoguery that was recognized and appreciated by both the performer and his audience. He looks upon contemporary racist leaders as simply tragically irrelevant to the work in hand, something like those leaders of newly independent nations who still campaign on a platform of anti-colonialism.

YET, little as he expects of the leaders of the segregation forces and hopeless as he thinks their cause is, Ashmore does not believe that the changes now taking place in the South will result in pure gain. The New South, as he sees it, will be something like Texas, by which he apparently means that it will retain a certain amount of self-conscious and superficial local color while actually accepting the standards of the rest of the country with a vengeance—talking states' rights, for instance, but greedy for federal help and tax privileges. In his recent book, *The Reluctant Empire*, George Fuermann observes that the rest of the United States looks upon Texas in much the same way as the rest of the world looks upon the United States—as a force that is brash and crude but rich and vigorous, without culture but without the restrictions that go with the culture, half threat and half promise. This seems to be fairly close to what Ashmore has in mind when he speaks of Texas as the model (or the fate) of the New South.

Ashmore is able to specify some of the qualities that he thinks are being lost in the South

today. He thinks that as legal segregation diminishes, a kind of spiritual segregation increases: there is less and less human contact between the races. He points out that he grew up knowing Negroes in a way that his daughter does not know them; one of his older relatives once replied to a genealogical inquiry with the observation that he figured the family was kin to just about everybody in the county, white and black, one way or another; that sense of kinship, Ashmore thinks, is now being lost. And he sees some loss in the breakup of the one-party South: the Southern Democrats, partly because they were so thoroughly entrenched at home, were often able to act more far-sightedly in national and international politics than their more shallow-rooted Northern colleagues. Nor does Ashmore entirely forget how much that entrenchment cost.

Behind *An Epitaph for Dixie* there is not only extensive observation but also wide reading in the leading modern writers on the South—V. O. Key, the late Howard Odum, C. Vann Woodward, and so on. The two writers whose influence is most marked are William Faulkner and the late W. J. Cash, author of *The Mind of the South* (now sixteen years old but happily available as an Anchor Book at 95¢ and still eminently worth reading). *An Epitaph for Dixie* is essentially an epilogue to Cash's work, bringing it up to date, and it is enough to say in its praise that it is worthy to stand in that relationship.

In general Ashmore is a little distrustful of the contemporary literary image of the South; he quotes an amusing account by another Southern journalist (Harry Golden) of how Tennessee Williams' *Baby Doll* would have to be rewritten to bring it into line with the facts of Southern life: the protagonist becomes a New York manufacturer of foundation garments who moves to the South in search of cheap labor, Baby Doll is a model he has given a share of the business, and the antagonist is an organizer for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

But in spite of his feeling that some Southern literature is misleading, Ashmore often relies on Faulkner's massive myth of the South as a frame for his own analysis, as in his eloquent description of how leadership has passed from the proud Sartorises (Faulkner's old established family) to the poor and ignorant but crafty Snopeses (Faulkner's poor whites).

"When the Charleston *News & Courier* issues its call for all good men to come to the aid of the Old South, it is not a Hampton who steps forward, but one of the Snopes boys, mentally calculating the possible profit from the dues of a Citizens Council," Ashmore writes, and he quotes a "cynical old planter" to the effect that Dixie will have reached the end of the road when a rich Negro leaves a widow "with sufficient holdings to justify one of the Snopes boys' marrying her for her money." Yet Ashmore does not despair of the Snopeses. He believes that they are shaking off their poverty, educating their children, and in the future will demand both more of the nation's bounty and better leadership.

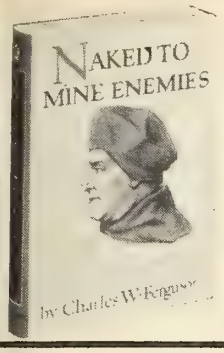
NO BOUNDARIES

AT BOTTOM Ashmore sees the South of sharecropping, one-party politics, and segregation as the last stronghold of American regionalism, of significant social difference; with its passing American society will be thoroughly homogenized and without local flavor. To this extent his epitaph is a lament. In a passage near the end of the book he tells how he has at last come to feel at peace with New York, because "New York no longer has any boundaries . . . it is everywhere that telephones and radio and television can reach . . . there is nothing left now to confine it, no physical boundaries and no permanent, distinctive regional attitudes."

Southern writers and intellectuals often exaggerate the homogeneity of Northern society because they know only the large cities of the North; they identify the whole North with New York though they would be reluctant to grant that Birmingham or Atlanta is the "real" South. Yet Ashmore is undoubtedly right in finding geographical differences increasingly unimportant in American life. In contemporary American fiction, for instance, it no longer makes very much difference where a writer comes from unless he is a Southerner or very much difference in what part of the country his novel is set unless it is the South; and the novelist's South, as Ashmore points out, is in danger of becoming less a place than a literary convention.

Some novelists continue to have a loose regional affiliation—Marquand belongs to New England and O'Hara to Pennsylvania, but readers of James Gould Cozzens' sensationally successful *By Love Possessed* have located the town where the action takes place all the way from New Hampshire to Maryland, and there seems to be no way of pinning it down very exactly. To be sure there is still such a thing as a "Western" story, but a Western is by this time usually either a fairy tale or an historical novel.

Yet there remains, both in fact and in fiction, a very large part of America that is not New York. It is not so much a matter of geography as of size; one thing that must strike any reader who follows American novels is the persistence of the small town in fiction, and not just the *ersatz* small town where the tarnished New York advertising man goes to cleanse his spirit by editing a crusading newspaper or the expen-



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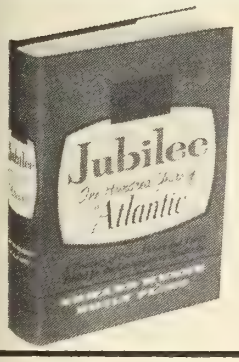


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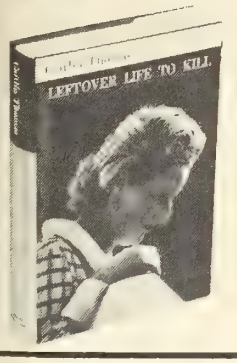


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sive Connecticut suburb play acting at being a small town such a community bears about the same relation to a real small town as Marie Antoinette's milking bears to dairying . . . but the thing itself.

ROBERT TRAVER'S **Anatomy of a Murder** (St. Martin's Press, $4.50) is a case in point. The novel is set in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, a region that probably strikes most readers as fairly out of the way. Yet except for a few topographical details and one point of law, it might have been set in Maine or Kansas or Oregon; there is almost nothing in manners or language or style of life that localizes the story. But the one place it could not be set is New York, or any other large city. The atmosphere, the attitudes, and even the style of writing are invincibly small town, though not the small town of any particular region.

Traver's story is told by the attorney for the defense, who until his recent defeat by a younger man has himself been district attorney. The trial is an opportunity for him to defeat in the courtroom the man who has recently defeated him at the polls, as well as a chance to establish himself as a criminal lawyer and to lay the foundation for a further political career. Traver does not go very deep into human motivation, he uses a certain number of rather stale literary devices, and the murder itself is not a particularly interesting crime, chiefly because neither murderer nor murderee is a very interesting man. But the book is less the story of a murder, in spite of its title, than the story of a *trial* for murder, and the account of the trial is irresistible, as such accounts usually are.

The author writes under a pseudonym (he is a justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan), and for many readers the chief attraction of *Anatomy of a Murder* will be the insight it provides in the way lawyers go about their work. It is a bit chilling to see the extent to which the lawyers regard the trial as *their* show; the man being tried seems hardly more than incidental, something like a cow that wanders into a steak-fry. The outcome depends on the manipulation of the concept of legal insanity, a concept which Traver characterizes as "primitive and nonsensical," not without reason on the evidence he provides. The style of the book is corny at times but inoffensive. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

THE small town that provides the setting for William Humphrey's **Home from the Hill** (Knopf, $3.95) is situated in East Texas, and the place is carefully localized through the use of dialect and other details, though perhaps the most important fact about the setting is that it exists in a literary though not in a geographical sense, in the Faulkner country.

There are three main characters: the father, a hero of the first world war, a famous hunter, and an equally famous philanderer; the mother, a woman who has been deeply shocked by her husband's affairs and determined to rear the only son in sexual purity; and the son, who worships his father as hero and hunter without knowing anything about his philandering. The central situation develops when the son learns about his father's sexual career and sees in it an all-too-clear portent of his own nature.

Humphrey is so gifted a writer as he has already demonstrated in a number of fine short stories, that it is ungenerous to suggest that *Home from the Hill*, his first novel, is more than a complete success. Yet, fine as the writing is, the structure of the book is too schematic. The father philanders on a scale that most middle-aged men would find wearing, and the son is innocent to an extent that seems extremely unlikely in the circumstances. The narrative is trimmed down until it is stark and spare, like a legend or a ballad, but it becomes a little mechanical in the neat disclosure of one terrible consequence after another, until the reader has trouble in avoiding the feeling that fate is being generously assisted by the author in propelling the characters toward their dark destinies.

It is a pity that Humphrey has not given freer reign to his sense of humor, which plays over one scene (the baptism of a child) with fine macabre results. More humor might have detracted from the tragic effect, but it would have made the book

deal more convincing as an
e of life. In spite of these reser-
ns, *Home from the Hill* is a
ully made piece of work by a
r of undeniable talent, and any-
who reads it will look forward
umphrey's next book.

CATCHALL

MES JONES'S mammoth
cond novel, **Some Came Run-**
(Scribner, $7.50), also takes
in a small town, this time in
ral Illinois. The place has con-
able individual character; it is
of those Illinois communities
e Northern and Southern
ns in the population meet (the
hern strain augmented since the
id world war by the immigra-
of some of Faulkner's Snopeses),
it has a touch of glamor left be-
by some high-living, free-spend-
Pennsylvania oil millionaires
lived there during a brief oil
n earlier in the century. Unfor-
tely most of what takes place in
s's town is less interesting than
town itself.

he 1,266 pages of *Some Came*
ning are less a novel than a col-
on of parts of novels, ideas for
ls, comments on the difficulty of
ing novels, and disquisitions on
ever happened to come into
s's head. There are discussions
uck (which is said to be located
a gland in the brain"), of how to
potatoes, of the place of rein-
ation in Christian theology
rist is said to have taught rein-
ation but St. Paul cut it out of
Gospels), of the relation between
riter's sex life and his work, of
state of the highways between
hville and Chattanooga, of the
e of physical affection in the
ing of children, and of endless
r subjects of varying degrees of
vance. One would be tempted
ay that everything is in the book
pt the kitchen sink except for
fact that at least three kitchen
s come in for mention.

he narrative excuse for this
rgasbord is rather simple: in
7, at the end of his military ser-
, one Dave Hirsch returns to the
ll Illinois town which he had
in haste nineteen years before
n he "got a farm girl in trou-
" He had been forced to leave by
his older brother Frank, who was acting as head of the family and was anxious to make it more respectable. Dave comes back with the idea of staying only long enough to embarrass Frank, who is now prosperous and about to become more so. But he decides to settle down and even goes into a business partnership with Frank when he discovers that he is falling in love with Gwen French, a teacher in the local college and the most wildly improbable heroine of the season.

Gwen refuses to marry Dave because she is a virgin (this is all perfectly absurd), but she does agree to become his mentor in his attempt to resume the career as a writer that he had started before the war. From here on the book is mostly about Art and Artist. Various characters wander in and out, there are sex sprees and drinking bouts and a fight, but chiefly there is just talk.

Essentially Jones is concerned with the same problem in *Some Came Running* that occupied him in *From Here to Eternity:* the problem of the man of violence in a society that both needs his violence and penalizes him for it. Private Pruitt in *From Here to Eternity* lives an unresolved paradox: his violence constantly gets him in trouble with his society (the Army), yet it is the very quality that makes him a good soldier. So Jones seems to see the artist: society needs his art, but in order to produce his art he must live a life in conflict with society.

Yet *From Here to Eternity* was a readable book and *Some Came Running* is not. One difference between them is that the first novel was written from the author's feelings, which were chaotic but powerful, and the new book is written from the author's intellect, which is chaotic but not powerful. Furthermore, the Army provides a framework in which the conflict between the violent man and the powers-that-be can be dramatized, and a small town, at least Jones's small town, does not.

But the biggest difference between them lies in the fact that the first book kept its focus on events and consequently had some shape and discipline, while the new book is flabby and self-indulgent. The writing is crude and pretentious, full of

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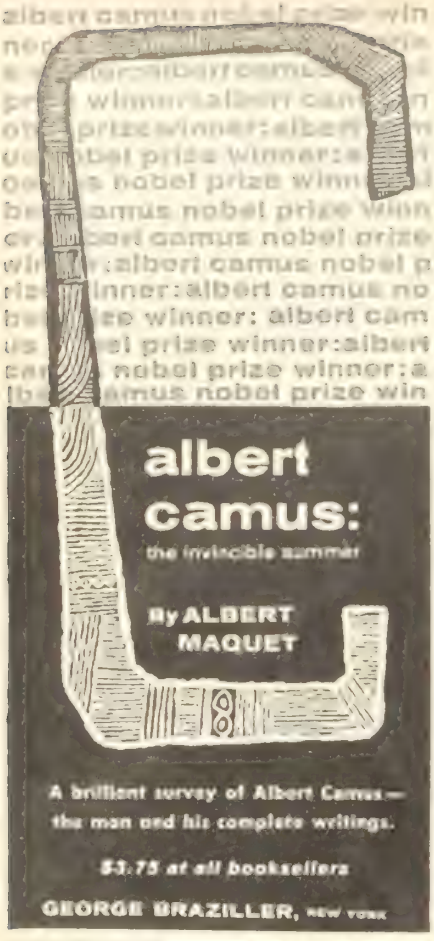
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pseudo-words like bourgeoisness, officiality, and sanguinarily; such action as there is is often absurd and incoherent. At bottom the trouble seems to be that Jones has taken himself in; he has come to believe in his own myth. Being a writer is not nearly so important a thing as Jones thinks it is. Being a *good* writer may be, but he has a long way to go before he is a good writer.

IN **My Face for the World to See** (Harper, $3) Alfred Hayes has written a novel in which the setting is also fate; Hollywood is both where the story takes place and what happens to the characters. There are only two of any importance: the man who tells the story, a writer from New York who goes out to Hollywood from time to time for a little easy money and easy sex, and who thinks of himself as an uninvolved spectator in the movie colony; and a beautiful, half-demented girl who has accepted the whole Hollywood dream as a personal promise. The man engages in what he means to be a casual affair with the girl, but the relationship gets out of hand, and in the end he must recognize that he too is involved, that Hollywood has corrupted him in his way just as much as it has corrupted the girl in hers.

The novel is very adroitly written, in smooth, seemingly effortless prose, and it attains great force in the passages where the girl describes the terrible hallucinations she has suffered: she has thought that she was being tested in all kinds of cruel and anonymous ways to see if she was really worthy of stardom; she has passed through periods when she thought that everyone she met was an incognito emissary of "the studio" come to put her through some trial before she enters into her glory.

The ending of the book is a little disappointing, probably because the reader learns a little too much about the girl too soon, leaving little to be revealed in the end. But *My Face for the World to See* is a skillful, disturbing book.

THE short stories in **First Love and Other Early Sorrows** (Dial, $3.50), a first collection by a gifted young writer named Harold Brodkey, fall into two groups or cycles. One group deals with a boy who grows up in St. Louis and goes to Harvard, the other with a girl called Laura, who might conceivably be the wife of the boy from St. Louis after he has grown up.

As a writer Brodkey could be hastily described as everything James Jones is not. His prose is cultivated, flexible, totally free of straining for effect, and his most notable characteristic is a kind of pervasive gentleness. He ordinarily deals with a very few characters more or less isolated from a social context, and the kind of situation he usually chooses is a situation that shows the difficulty people have in staying in touch with each other, the trouble they have in expressing and accepting and maintaining love.

In one way the stories suffer from being collected together—since each cycle concerns the same person, the stories in it read almost like chapters from an unfinished novel. But they also have an effect as a group that they do not have singly: they are sadder. This does not result from the events in the stories, which are not particularly sad, but from some quality in the writing itself, a tone of elegy or note of resignation. These stories may be too quiet and undramatic to attract a large audience, but they are distinguished fiction, as readers of Brodkey's "The Sound of Moorish Laughter" in the May 1956 issue of *Harper's* will know.

THE authors of **Kilometre 0** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95) are an Israeli husband-and-wife writing team, Herbert Russcol and Margalit Banai, and their novel is set in contemporary Israel, chiefly on a communal farm (kibbutz) on the Gaza border and in Tel Aviv.

The Russcols portray the interstresses in Israeli society by a series of oppositions. They show continued distrust or uneasiness between those who fought in the regular army of liberation, the Haganah, and those who fought with the terrorist Stern Gang; the Jews of European origin find it hard to accept the Middle Eastern Jews as their own people, especially when a question of intermarriage with their children arises; members of

bbutz who are daily exposed to rab raids and working to reclaim ıe desert doubt that the safe city-wellers in Tel Aviv are doing their ıare for the new nation; and the ‹ibbutzniks" themselves are divided ı the question of whether it is bet-r to take direct action against Arab iders or to leave such incidents to ıe United Nations.

But the Russcols do not limit ıemselves to picturing the divisive ›rces in Israel; they also convey a nse of its powerful unifying force: ıe determination to endure. *Kilom-re 95* is not very impressive as a ›vel, but it is a fascinating picture a society that has so far been little ›rtrayed in fiction, at least in Eng-sh.

THERE *Kilometre 95* concerns a nd of life that is hard but full of ›pe, another new novel from ›road—**The Man on the Rock,** by ıe young English novelist Francis ing (Pantheon, $3.50)—is an ac-›unt of a life that is hopeless.

The chief character and narrator ı the book is a Greek named Spiro. ›rphaned in the Greek civil war ıat followed the second world war, ›iro has since made his way by his ›oks and his nerve. He is a parasite ı a society that offers him few alter-ative ways of making a living, and e vents his hatred of his own de-endency by destroying anyone who ares to help him. He is successively ıken up by an American relief ›rker, the wife of a rich English usinessman, and the daughter of a ›reek shipping magnate, all of hom love him after their more or ss ambiguous fashions, and each of hom he destroys.

The Man on the Rock will strike ›me readers as just nasty, and no ne could pretend that it tells a retty story. But the Greek back-round is brilliantly sketched, the haracterization is incisive, and the hole thing carries conviction.

he Sibyl, by the Swedish novelist nd Nobel Prize winner Pär agerkvist (Random House, $3), is very curious work, almost impos-ible to describe without making it ›und either blasphemous or ridic-lous or both. It is really a fable bout the nature of God; the closest hing to it among recent books in English that come to mind is C. S. Lewis's *Till We have Faces,* and that is not very close.

The Sibyl is an account of an encounter between the Wandering Jew and a woman who has served as a sibyl in a Greek temple. The Wandering Jew speaks first, telling how he is condemned to eternal restlessness because he has denied rest to the Son of God. Then the sibyl takes over, telling how she has borne a son who may also be God's, a son who has grown up to be the idiot who shares her cave. As the man and woman finish their stories they realize that the idiot has disappeared. They follow his tracks up the mountain in the snow until the tracks disappear, evidence that he has ascended.

The manner of *The Sibyl* is a little portentous; something seems always about to be disclosed that never appears, and the thought of the book is hardly complex enough to justify the amount of narrative that is required to convey it. Whatever may be true of the Swedish original, the English translation by Naomi Walford is chaste and elegant.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Forever Strangers, by Eleanor Mayo. A tragic story of two brothers; of responsibility's unshakable debt to the irresponsible; and of the blight of immaturity that can follow when the young are not allowed to pay for their own mistakes. The background is a small Maine town. One sympathizes with Sam, the older brother, in his dilemma as to whether to abandon the younger to his post-Korean-War follies or to try to protect him from them. One sympathizes with the younger brother, up to the last violent scene, in the intensity of his emotions and especially in his love for a girl whom the town has turned its back on. And Jude, Sam's compassionate wife, lends the rich-

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ness of pity to an otherwise tortured relationship. The writing is occasionally too homespun for my taste, and throwbacks for the purpose of making literary comparisons sometimes interrupt high points in the novel. But the author makes a dramatic and universal story of her credible Down East characters.

Norton, $3.75

A Lesson in Love, by Margaret Creal.

One is always having to swallow prejudices. For a long time I've been saying: "No more novels about girls' schools and schoolgirl crushes." But in this story of girls in the Anglican St. Cuthbert's School set in the wide prairies of western Canada, the schoolgirl enthusiasms and rebellions (particularly the rebellions against being made into English young ladies) take on not only interest but a touching reality. And the rebel Nicola, losing herself in adoration for a glamorous schoolmate belonging to a world she has never known, escapes momentarily the poverty-stricken, sternly, though lovingly, disciplined world of her grandfather, Dean of the Pro-Cathedral of St. Matthew. He had been her guardian since the death of her parents when she was a year old. Her efforts to reconcile the two worlds and find her own core of integrity are moving and full of the humor of human frailty as well. And the author makes full use of the austere but beautiful Canadian country as background for her parable of the confusing choices of love which the world offers to children growing up.

Simon & Schuster, $3.95

Kampong, by Ronald Hardy.

The jacket on this book calls it "A powerful novel about a medical unit's desperate fight against . . . cholera in Indonesia." And the publishers are right to indicate that this is the high moment of the story. Actually only about three chapters of the book deal with the outbreak of cholera and they are exciting pages indeed. The rest of the book deals with the personalities of the medical unit (English, Dutch, Javanese) and the hothouse sympathies and violent antagonisms that grow up as intemperately as everything else in the tropic jungles. How these attitudes affect everything from medical practice to the complicated internal politics of those disturbed islands is the central theme of the book though there are others: What brings each person there? Is it worth while to take medicine to the primitive jungles? Should medicine get tangled in politics? Can it stay apart? The end, which relates to the involved Dutch-Indonesian politics, seems to have less validity and excitement than the story of the epidemic, and the book loses stature as one loses track of what is happening in the disease-ridden kampongs. But one feels the place, the tensions, the hysteria, and admires the men who keep some grip on reality and the way Mr. Hardy makes them grow or dwindle under the press of circumstance. Doubleday, $3.95

NON-FICTION

The Movies, by Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer.

These 436 pages may seem to make a big book. They certainly make a fascinating one both to look at and to read. Here is the life of the movies—the life of each one of us over forty—and who would think 436 pages enough to cover forty personal years, let alone forty years of an art whose techniques, styles, stars, and attitudes have changed in undreamed of ways since the nickelodeon first charmed our youth? Even so, as the authors explain, there has been no room to include cartoons (another whole book, they say) or documentaries, and post-World War II movies are treated more briefly than those that come before. It is not only nostalgic: it is a beautiful book and an amusing one. People who picked it up from my desk had to be watched carefully as they laughed their way through it. I had to make sure they finally put it down. 1,000 pictures, 150,000 words.

Simon & Schuster, $15

And the Price is Right: The R. H. Macy Story, by Margaret Case Harriman.

This book starts with the story of how Macy outfitted Queen Salote of Tonga "from head to foot—a considerable distance" for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. And in the same amused, amusing, and enthusiastic vein it proceeds to tell the

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ıole century-old history of the reatest Store on Earth. People, em-oyee-customer anecdotes, changes style and taste, changes in ways merchandising, employee clubs ıd traditions; they are all here. Do ıu want to know how much Macy's ends a year on white carnations r its executives' lapels? How many iles of twine; of Scotch tape; how any gift boxes they use in twelve onths? Every page vibrates with in-rmation and at least one good ory. By the author of *Blessed e the Debonair* and *The Vicious rcle.* World, $4

rawn From Memory, by Ernest H. ıepard.

Mr. Shepard's drawings of his own oyhood in London are so like those hich he made for Christopher obin's London that to many people the last two generations, Mr. ıepard's pictures of seventy odd ars ago seem—happily—familiar. nd of course, in spite of wars and tastrophes and time, much of Lon-on still does look as it did in Mr. ıepard's boyhood. His autobio-raphical text which accompanies the awings has the same timeless, ıarming quality as he tells the story one year (his seventh) of a Vic-orian boyhood. One feels that a orld of unhurried kindness, affec-on, and grace have surrounded him ways—again, in spite of wars, catas-ophes, and time. Mr. Shepard, it is ardly necessary to add, is the illus-ator of A. A. Milne's *When We ere Very Young* and at least thirty her volumes.

Lippincott, $3.75

larms and Diversions, by James hurber. Twenty years of the best Thurber—articles and drawings—lected by the creator thereof. All f Part I (78 pages) appears here for ıe first time in book form.

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he Gluyas Williams Gallery: rawings by Gluyas Williams & His llustrations with Text from Famous ooks by Corey Ford, Edward treeter, Laurence McKinney, David IcCord, Robert Benchley, and Ralf ircher.

The sub-heading explains the con-ents of the book, but not its delight.

Harper, $4.95

FORECAST

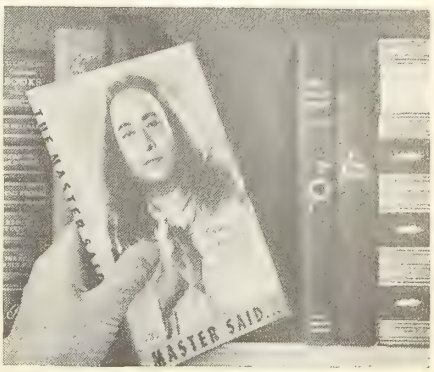
Big Novels in February

Publishers' lists for February bristle with exciting titles and authors. Houghton Mifflin will produce Anya Seton's *The Winthrop Woman,* which will be the Book of the Month for March. Putnam will publish *Jephta and His Daughter* by Lion Feuchtwanger; and Doubleday announces *Ride the Red Earth* by Paul Wellman, author of *Jericho's Daughters* and *The Iron Mistress.* From Harper comes Betty Smith's *Maggie Now* and Howard Spring's *Time and the Hour.* C. P. Snow has a new novel to add to his long serial, *Strangers and Brothers,* this one called *The Conscience of the Rich,* (from Scribner). And Jerome Weidman has *The Enemy Camp* on the February list at Random House.

Professional Autobiographies

Piet Bakker, a journalist and teacher, tells the story of one of his pupils, a poverty-stricken Dutch boy called the Rat, in *Ciske the Rat* which Doubleday will publish in March, saying that it has something of the "tenderness and humor by which the *Diary of Anne Frank* reached readers' hearts." The same publishers will issue, also in March, another book by that professional traveler and journalist Negley Farson, *The Lost World of the Caucasus.* His *Way of a Transgressor* was a best seller for many, many weeks. . . . Another professional—playwright, Congresswoman, and Ambassador to Italy—Clare Boothe Luce is writing her memoirs, *The Dream of My Life,* and Harper will publish them sometime in 1958. In that same vague "sometime" Viking will publish the exciting and improbable memoirs of Boris Morros, "the Hollywood producer turned counterspy for the FBI" whose undercover work led to the cracking of the Sobel Communist spy ring. And then there are the sportsmen: Carl Rowan is at work on a biography of Jackie Robinson, that first Negro major league ball player, which Random House will publish late in 1958; and Lou Little, head coach of Columbia football teams for twenty-six years, is spending his first year of retirement writing his life story (on the Prentice-Hall fall list).

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the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

ANGEL

Since November 1955 Angel Records in America ought to be the hope branch EMI (my old school English Columbia, HMV and other labels are quite content to branch to us in America one of the finest collections of record albums ever issued. Angel has no mere distribution agency. The American company founded by the indefatigable Dario Soria took the European recordings on a continuously wide range of material of top interest and worked out a new form of presentation. Combining the relevant arts of decoration and photography with enhanced critical writing and a marvelous array of buttoned material Angel made a unique form of documentary. These beautifully organized albums have been the deciding model for other American companies. In their way they are as important in their synthesis of art and commerce and information as the Toulouse-Lautrec posters the Diaghilev ballet productions of the past. Some day museums will display them.

Late last year Angel was bought out by Capitol Records. (Oddly, Capitol is also in EMI connection so that British EMI has to effect sold one of its branches to another.) The pioneering Soria were not included in the exchange and sold out their interest. There are public assurances from all side that Angel will go forward as in the past. But ominous rumors also suggest that [illegible] composer sense will prevail and the recording Angel almost may be trimmed for profit in line with what the people want in the phrase goes. Some embittered opera fans still remember that Angel's acquaintance coincided with the sale of the Soria earlier Cetra-Soria label to the time from Capitol with similar assurances of continuity.

If Angel records were now quietly to be suppressed or squeezed into higher profit conformity we would lose one of the notable ventures in the whole history of recordings. You'd better go out and buy all the Angels you can find and price no object just in case. Whatever happens you won't be sorry.

Some Classical Stereo

I realize that readers will be divided into those who have crossed into the wonderland of stereo tape and those who haven't but to implement my suggestion in December that stereo offers serious musical values here is a cross-section of a few representative high-fidelity tapes from the hundreds of them now available.

Toch: Symphony #3 (1955). Pittsburgh Symphony. Steinberg. Capitol ZL 7 stereo tape.

It is good to have Capitol's excellent Steinberg series appearing on stereo tape for musical reasons as well as tech[illegible] neal there isn't likely to be anything much better.

This is one of the finest orchestral stereo tapes I've heard. Multi-technique. The hall. In any case there is a wide, silken expanse of music where the Mercury Paray tapes below are huge and round the Boston tapes somewhat neutrally correct. The string sound here is unusually fine but so is the rest.

The Toch symphony an unexpected novelty from a composer who was prominent in the early modernism of the twenties, is an excellent work of an imaginatively conservative idiom, not too far removed from Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra in its outward texture, combining a sense of Hindemith with Shostakovichlike marches. Maybe it isn't "great" but it has the immediate virtues of listenability, expert orchestration consistent and well worked out, delicacy of style.

Liszt: Mephisto Waltz. Chicago Symphony. Reiner. RCA Victor ACS 25 (stereo tape).

Ah! This is the stuff this short tape can stand for the dozens of Chicago Reiner tapes now already issued, in both superb stereo sound and superbly taut, exciting playing. This piece is all too easily tossed off as an old-fashioned warhorse, here it comes through as a piercing, expressive, bittersweet evocation of the waltz, the very best of Liszt and in a class with the Faust Symphony, the B Minor Sonata. This is a good sampler tape (being short and relatively cheap) if you want to try RCA's best.

Debussy: Iberia; Prelude to the "Afternoon of a Faun." Detroit Symphony, Paray. Mercury MBS 18 (stereo tape).

As I listen to this splendidly vast orchestral stereo I'm reminded that recorded sound at best is a magnificent illusion and stereo is an extension of the same, literal in only a limited sense but capable of remarkable suggestiveness. This tape preserves the huge sound achieved in Mercury's "living presence" single-mike disc records, though here the technique uses three mikes, three tracks, the central track ingeniously added to the side tracks for the home tape. (It is audible, this third track by a kind of illusion that places a sound heard identically on each side precisely in the center between the two sources.) There is, to be sure, a somewhat mammoth cave atmosphere to the music but it is far from objectionable. The job is done, as the notes suggest, with "restraint and good taste" as to the orchestral balance of detail.

Paray is a fine conductor and, though often eccentric in other types of music, a sober and expert spokesman for the

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Stereo

Ravel: Bolero; Capriccio Espagnol. Hollywood Bowl Symph. Orch. Capitol ZL 4.

Bach: Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins. Goldhoff, Wachter. Hamburg Chamber Orch. Goehr. Concert Hall EN 16.

Brahms: Alto Rhapsody. Tragic Overture. Hoffman. N. German Philh. Orch. and Chorus. Bamberger. Concert Hall HN 29.

Monk's Music. Thelonious Monk's Riverside RLP 1230. EN

Elgar: Enigma Variations. Halle Orch. Barbirolli. Mercury MGS 10.

Bizet: Carmen Suite; L'Arlésienne Suite #1. Detroit Symph. Paray. Mercury MDS 13.

Beethoven: Piano Concerto #4. Rubinstein. Symphony of the Air. Krips. RCA Victor LCS 60.

Iberia: Divertissement. Boston Pops. Fiedler. RCA Victor ACS 61.

Dvorak: Serenade. Los Angeles Wood winds. Rubin. Stereo tape 8.



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French school of thought, trained straight out of Debussy's own period.

Debussy: La Mer. Boston Symphony, Munch. RCA Victor CCS-56 (stereo tape).

RCA's stereo catalogue is already huge, much of its music performed by the Boston Symphony under Munch and the Chicago under Reiner. This is representative of the Boston tapes, considerably less flamboyant in sound than those of the Chicago orchestra, impeccably played and superbly balanced in detail but, all in all, on the cool side—not in the slang sense, either.

Compared to Mercury's Debussy, this notably lacks the "mammoth cave" sound, is relatively unspectacular; but in the end (after repetitions) you may find its more straightforward stereo recording preferable. There's a place for both kinds. In quality, the tape is superbly clean, distortion-free, recorded at a fairly low level on long-play tape.

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. Columbia OMB-6 (stereo tape).

Columbia's Mitropoulos recordings of the early Romantic period are prizes in the catalogue. He is one of the few conductors who can convey that illusive sense of wide-eyed, palpitating emotion, the Grecian purity of line, the almost naïve emotional simplicity that were the great expression of that day. Music of this sort is played today mostly with a sort of embarrassment, a half-hearted attempt to make it sound soul-stirring that merely dates it as old-fashioned.

The Mitropoulos "Scotch" Symphony of Mendelssohn is an earlier notable recording in this vein; the "Fantastique" rises beautifully above a dozen or so other recorded versions in honesty and freshness of sound. Its only accommodation to modernism is a leanness, a speed, that are definitely of now rather than a century ago. Does the music good. Topnotch stereo recording.

Stravinsky: The Rite of Spring. Paris Conservatory Orch., Monteux. RCA Victor ECS-67 (stereo tape).

This is a "hi-fi" style recording, but the sharp, close-up sound, the pronounced side-to-side separation of the instruments, is brilliantly suited to the music—the same sound for Brahms would be preposterous. (Even more than in standard recording, stereo technique has to be matched to the musical needs of the moment.) Sound addicts will enjoy it but so will Stravinsky addicts.

Papa Monteux has a special way with scores of this sort, out of his own enterprising youth. They are so sensible, so intelligible to him, so much out of the great Franco-Russian tradition of his own background, that his playing makes them sound oddly conservative, very musical, not at all radical! This, after all, is nothing but the truth, as of today.

The French orchestra plays with enthusiasm and concentration. Though the tempi are slow and the sound is not as furious as usual, the piece is very much alive, the paganism as pagan as ever, in a universal sort of way. Altogether, quite a classic rendition.

Prokofieff: Peter and the Wolf. Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy. Cyril Ritchard, narr. Columbia JMB-4 (stereo tape).

This is an admirable tape, sane, whimsical, beautifully managed in the difficult technical feat of blending the spoken narration and the music. Cyril Ritchard speaks in the classic way, slightly dry-toned, with an amused detachment; his voice is amplified and large, but it has been skillfully located straight in the center of the orchestral expanse before you and—somehow—is quite utterly natural though you'll have trouble figuring precisely where he is located, in a strictly spatial sense! He is *with* the music, and yet he speaks aside from it.

The familiar music is done with taste and sprightliness; one of Ormandy's remarkably excellent "warhorse" jobs. The orchestra is huge and astonishingly real and big, even on the cheapest and tinniest stereo player. Columbia may not have pioneered stereo but clearly the company is working carefully and solidly in the new medium.

Bach: Sonatas #2 in A, #3 in E for Violin and Harpsichord. Saschko Gawriloff, vl., Hans Andreae, hps., R. Nettekoven, cello continuo, Concert Hall XH-54 (stereo tape).

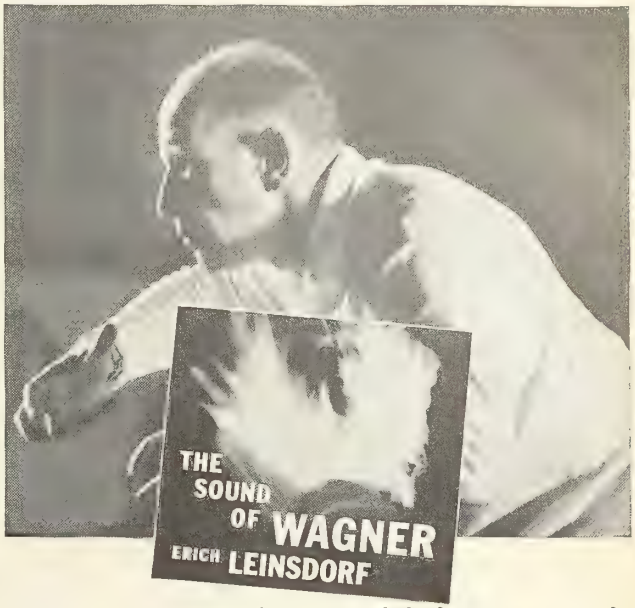
Do *not* build your stereo speakers immovably into a wall if you intend to enjoy music of this sort, which is in actual dimensions only about five feet wide. The usual ten-foot speaker spacing (excellent for orchestral music) puts the harpsichord far to the right and stretches the violin halfway across the room, partly in one speaker and partly in the other. Move the speakers closer together and the effect is immediately more natural; the violin stands where he belongs, to one side of the harpsichord. The same effect is likely in stereos of other small groups, string quartet, solo piano, folk music, and some jazz and pops recordings, all of them recorded in their natural placing no more than four or five feet wide.

These are lovely performances of the Bach Sonatas, in a somewhat confus

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Other New Classical Releases:

BEETHOVEN: Appassionata, Waldstein Sonatas.
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BRAHMS CONCERTO IN D MAJOR: Yehudi Menuhin, violin.
Berlin Philharmonic. PAO 8410

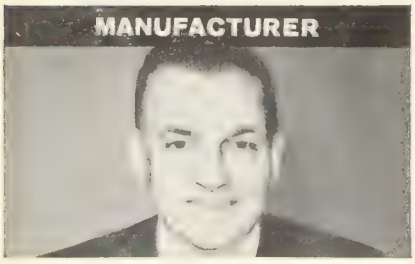
DUETS WITH THE SPANISH GUITAR: Laurindo Almeida, guitar; Martin Ruderman, flute; soprano Salli Terri. PAO 8406

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

ingly live hall with side-to-side echos that show up in the stereo recording rather curiously—they are pleasing once you get used to them. Very high-level recording with some distortion—not bad.

Prokofieff: Symphony #7. Philharmonia Orch. Malko. RCA Victor DCS-5 (stereo tape).

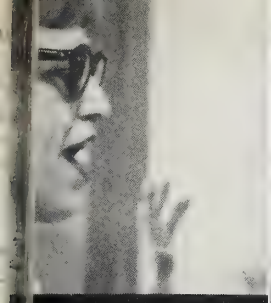
This is an import from British EMI and, reportedly, uses the new and spectacular double-mike technique that "sees" the entire orchestra from a central point above its center. If so, the effect is as natural as the more usual two-mike or three-mike arrangement with the pickup mikes spread out across the hall from side to side. The full hall sense is here, the instruments seem properly spread out, left to right and center. The recorded sound is not quite as clean, in this issue, as that in the other orchestral recordings here reviewed, perhaps due to minor differences between European and American recording standards.

A warm, simple, eloquent symphony this one, that will go very well with the "Classical" if you know no other Prokofieff, and the Philharmonia plays it lovingly and with reverence.

Music for Hi-fi Bugs. Pete Rugulo & His Orch. Mercury MDS3-1 (stereo tape).

Just for the record, this one must represent a growing collection of big-time "modern" jazz on stereo tape that also includes such powerhouse sound-makers as Stan Kenton (Capitol) and Sauter-Finnegan (RCA). This one is indeed a hi-fi bug's delight—but legitimately. The sound pickup is extraordinary, with the quite different pops technique (using complex mike settings) that adapts advanced popular recording to the side-to-side stereo medium. Sharp, edgy brass about three inches from your nose, shimmering cymbal sounds, muted solos, all in a vast space, all sounding ten times normal size, the whole balanced so that you have no trouble imagining an actual band in front of you—that's big-band stereo.

Some of this music is just snazzy pop and leaves me bored. But there are a few items that play with intellectual sounding ideas, out of the classical modern (Hindemith, Schoenberg) in a quite dazzling and very interesting way. These people can really turn on the musical language when they have a mind to. If we sometimes are annoyed with the sleazier stuff between, we must keep in mind that economics, if not economy, dictate the form of music in these areas and it's remarkable that even some of it is genuinely progressive



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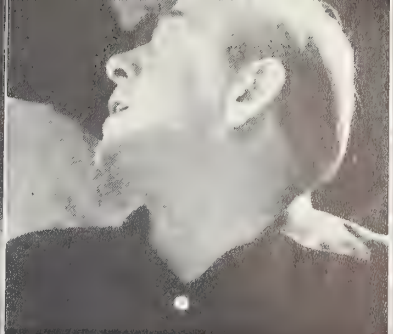


UNFINISHED REHEARSAL

Last spring a brilliant assemblage of artists and an army of music lovers met in Puerto Rico for the 8th consecutive Casals Festival. Suddenly, while conducting the first rehearsal, Pablo Casals suffered a heart attack. Fortunately, after much consideration it was decided to go on with the Festival. Most of the other artists were alumni of previous Casals festivals. Their beautiful performances, recorded by Columbia, give evidence of how well they share his musical ideals. Even without the dramatic circumstances surrounding this rehearsal, this recording would be of exceptional interest, revealing the informed intensity of Casals towards a work of art.

PABLO CASALS conducts a rehearsal of the first movement of **SCHUBERT's** Symphony No. 8; **BACH:** Capriccio —Rudolf Serkin, Pianist; **BACH:** Suite No. 1 in C Major—Alexander Schneider, Cond. ML 5236 $3.98

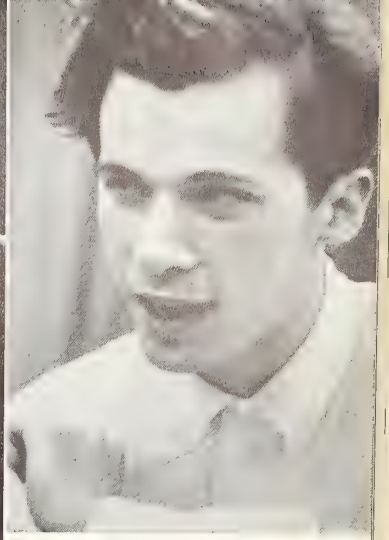
MOZART: Quartet No. 2 —Isaac Stern, Violinist; Milton Katims, Violist; Mischa Schneider, Cellist; Eugene Istomin, Pianist. **SCHUBERT:** Sonata in A Minor—Alexander Schneider, Violinist; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Pianist. ML 5237 $3.98



INCOMPARABLE STRINGS

In a recent review of a recording by the Philadelphia Orchestra, one critic half incredulously observed that the famed Philadelphia strings even trill in perfect unison. If they have somehow accomplished this feat of precision, we are not in the least surprised, for in the nearly seventy years of the orchestra's existence, the string section has been shaped by a series of persistent conductors into the perfect example of its kind. The Philadelphia's newest Columbia Record is highly recommended as a way of discovering this for yourself (if you're one of the few music-lovers who haven't already done so). There has never been a more sumptuous, sublime-sounding "Unfinished," nor a more gossamer and shimmering "Midsummer Night."

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 8 in B Minor ("Unfinished"); **MENDELSSOHN:** Overture and Incidental Music from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. ML 5221 $3.98



GOULD'S BACH

When pianist Glenn Gould recorded Bach's "Goldberg" Variations last year, he brought with him to the studio his own special chair, each leg of which can be adjusted for height. This was the Goldberg (Rube) variation of them all. Studio skeptics thought it wackiness of the first order until recording got under way. Then they saw Glenn adjust the slant before doing the slightly incredible cross-hand passages. The chair was unanimously accepted as a splendid, logical device. In that session Glenn and his chair turned out an album of Bach that did the impossible: it became a best seller! This fall Glenn returned with his chair to tackle two of the same composer's partitas, and we miss our bet if we haven't another runaway on our hands.

BACH: Partitas Nos. 5 in G Major and 6 in E Minor; Fugue in F Sharp Minor; Fugue in E Major—Glenn Gould, pianist. ML 5186 $3.98

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GEORGE W. GRAY

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About the Birth, Life, and Death of the Sun and Other Stars

HOW CAN THE WEST RECOVER? George F. Kennan

WHO IS LYNDON JOHNSON? William S. White

Burt Goldblatt



1. ☐ Changing of Guard, Stockholm, Sweden
☐ The Swiss Guards, Vatican City, Italy
☐ Changing of Guard, London, England



2. ☐ Port of Reykjavik, Iceland
☐ Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia
☐ Castle Orth, Traun Lake, Austria



3. ☐ View of Hardanger, Norway
☐ Lake of Lucerne, Switzerland
☐ Harbor of La Condamine, Monaco



4. ☐ Ancient Vianden Castle, Luxembourg
☐ Olavinlinna Castle, Finland
☐ Tower of Belem, River Tagus, Portugal

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EUROPEAN VACATION

highlights?



5. ☐ The Mezquita (Mosque), Cordoba, Spain
☐ Chapel of St. George, Athens, Greece
☐ Sultan Ahmet Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey



6. ☐ The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands
☐ Canal Scene, Bruges, Belgium
☐ The River Liffey, Dublin, Ireland



7. ☐ The Lorelei, River Rhine, Germany
☐ Venus de Milo, Paris, France
☐ "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark

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1. Changing of Guard, London, England. 2. Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. 3. View of Hardanger, Norway. 4. Olavinlinna Castle, Finland. 5. Sultan Ahmet (Blue) Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey. 6. The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands. 7. "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark

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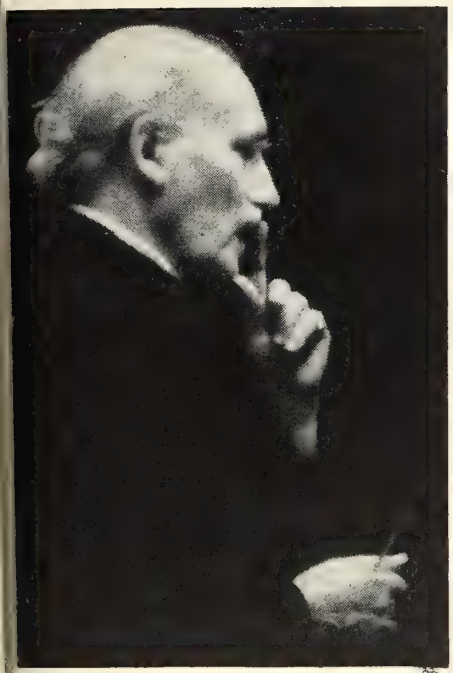
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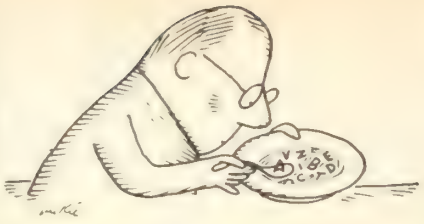
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LETTERS

About Mr. Nixon

TO THE EDITORS:

William S. White's "Nixon: What Kind of President?" [January] forcefully depicts Mr. Nixon as a Machiavellian opportunist. What disturbs me is the implication left by Mr. White that such a man might become a fine leader of our nation. . . .

The most disturbing statement of Mr. White's was: "Parenthetically, Nixon's activities in the Hiss investigation seemed to me and to many who are in no sense apologists for excesses in these matters to be quite proper and within the rules of the game."

Mr. Nixon's role in the Hiss case left much to be desired. He acted as a one man judge, jury, prosecutor, plaintiff, witness, detective, and press agent and was amazingly clairvoyant in his announcement that Hiss was guilty of "Communist espionage activities" three months before such testimony or the typewritten documents which seemed to support it were offered. . . .

LAWRENCE E. MCGURTY
Memphis, Tenn.

Congratulations on the Nixon article. . . . Nixon is one of our big assets—because he is young, because he has lived most of his life in a world in which totalitarianism is the most dynamic entity, because he cannot expect to be safely dead before Communism can take over, and, above all, because he has had experience in the hot seat of responsibility. This is the man who ought to be leading America—right now. . . .

ALFRED B. MASON
Concord, Calif.

. . . Richard Nixon is something of a Joseph McCarthy, although he dresses much better than McCarthy ever did. . . . He and his gang are trying to lead American public opinion astray. We need to right ourselves in matters of economics, and I do not think that Nixon has been trying to do that. He has always been entangling himself in all kinds of political matters. I do not know of an issue in which he has come straight out for the average American citizen. . . . If we can keep President Eisenhower working for the people, things will be good: if not, things will be bad.

CHARLES W. SHEPARD
Atlanta, Ga.

Your article on Nixon is no credit to your very respected journal.

It is axiomatic that a leopard cannot change his spots, and we should not expect as much of Richard Nixon. . .

His voting record in the House clearly aligned him with the big-business and reactionary interests of the nation. He has been their darling ever since. His recent conversion to an interest in civil rights is a chameleon effort to embarrass the Democrats. While sitting in legislative seats he never manifested any interest in progressive legislation except to vote against it.

His campaign here in California 1950 . . . was the all-time low in political skulduggery. No trick was too dishonest, no falsehood too contemptible to spread to defeat an opponent. The reactionary tycoons who control California politics poured out money without stint to place Nixon in the Senate. He was, and is, the pet of the reactionary Los Angeles *Times* and the Hearst press. . . .

Some of your readers do not have such short memories as Mr. White's article supposes.

LEE L. STOPP
Santa Rosa, Ca.

Ol' Elv

TO THE EDITORS:

Thanks to James and Annette Baxter's *reductio ad absurdum* of literary and sociological jargon in [their] analysis of one Elvis Presley ["The Man in the Blue Suede Shoes," January], we shall feel ever grateful to the blue-suede bard.

For years we have awaited the time when the "critics," new, old, literary, social, and otherwise would break through the excrescences of self-conscious ambiguities. Now that the Presley irony has been fully explored in as noble a literary institution as *Harper's* we feel a profound sense of relief. Surely a new era of critical brilliance is at hand.

MR. AND MRS. V. B. LETCOWITZ
Boston, Mass.

As a teen-ager, I would like to thank you for your article on Elvis Presley. It presented a rare, genuinely intelligent analysis of Elvis to the public. Elvis Presley represents an outlet of independence to the teen-ager of today. His music is new, different, and enjoyable to adolescents and to many

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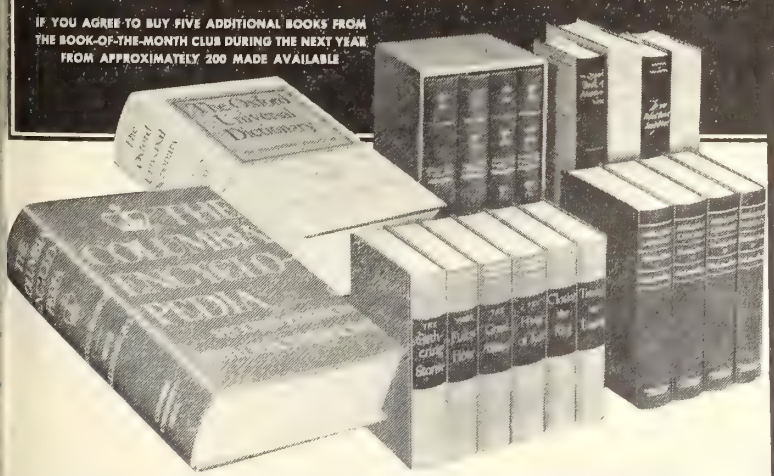
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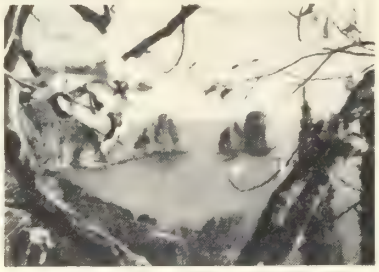
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men and women who, as your authors say, have not run out of imagination. The time has come for all people to accept Elvis and his music as a phase in the ever-changing popular music field.

NANCY BETH PITTLE
Washington, D. C.

Some passages in the Baxters' defense of Elvis Presley cause one to think helplessly of the art of another singing animal. Surely nobody ever within earshot of a jackass has failed to notice:

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TO THE EDITORS:

"Conversation at Midnight" [The Editor's Easy Chair, January] is the finest, most compact statement of what is wrong with the United States which I have seen. I am not convinced that the root is idealism, as Father Florian states, but the fruits are all too apparent to anyone who will open his eyes. . . .

DON MARTY
Sacramento, Calif.

How Iron the Corset?

TO THE EDITORS:

Permit an old fogy's footnote to Martin Green's "The Iron Corset on Britain's Spirit" [January]. There is much more in the past and present of the British spirit than he indicates.

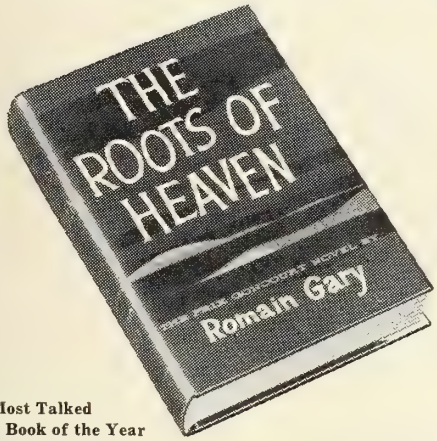
When in 1907 at thirteen years of age I left a British village grade school for work in the coal mines, I shared in the tremendous self-education of the active groups in unionism and politics out of which grew the British Labor party. Mr. Green's dictum, "There have never been any working-class writers in England," ignores, for example, Richard Tressall, the widely read house painter (*Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*, Richards, 1914). . . .

Writing over forty years ago a prime on British labor history, I could relate worker-students to the poems of Shelley ("Rise Like Lions," etc.), Hood ("The Song of the Shirt"), Elizabeth Browning ("Cry of the Children"), and to the novels of Dickens (*Hard Times*), Kingsley (*Alton Locke*), William Morris (*Dream of John Ball* and *News from Nowhere*).

True, as Mr. Green suggests, these

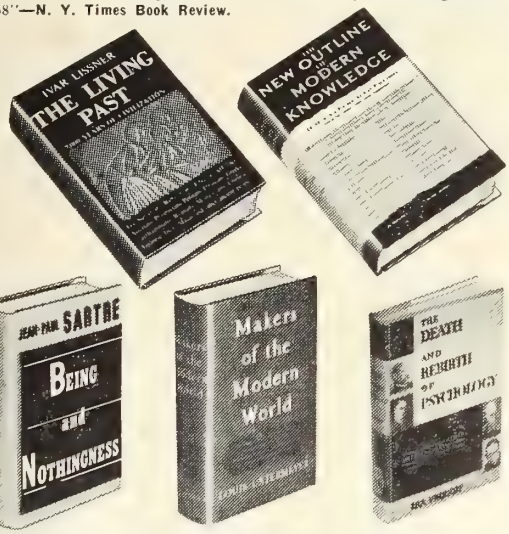


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were not working class writers by status, but the sympathetic insight of their writings was a factor in social change. Dickens as a boy certainly worked hard for little pay in a blacking factory. Thomas Hardy (along with Arnold Bennett) is oddly missing from the Green list of Southwest writers, but *Tess* and *Jude* had social significance in revealing the grim tragedy of the "lower class." Wells' novels and Shaw's plays surely made for social change. To suggest in caste-ridden Britain that only a course in phonetics stood between Eliza Doolittle, the bedraggled slut of a flower girl, and Eliza, the duchess, was social dynamite unnoticed by the crowds who flock to "My Fair Lady." . . .

Assisted by the impact of two world wars, the social forces expressed in the British Labor party have secured their aims of public ownership of basic industries and many important social reforms. But dreams never become completely true. The stern economic realities of the British economic situation remain. The hiatus seems to Mr. Green to be the corset of genteel traditions and the hangover of the "public school." . . .

My guess is that the "angry young men" will eventually find their own cause to serve . . . and that social changes by consent . . . will proceed in the newer and more complicated world of nuclear power, sputniks, and emergent nationalist revolutions.

MARK STARR, Educ. Dir.
ILGWU
New York, N. Y.

The Age of the Wonders of Science is not overburdened with those qualities of wit, charm, and gentleness which Mr. Martin Green cites as questionable products of a "British" education. The Iron Corset he deplores doubtless seems much more uncomfortable to the wearer than can be evident to an uncorseted transatlantic observer. I hope, though, that he will not abolish "Britain" until a very fine substitute indeed is available.

After all, the educational system he describes is really modeled on the liberal-arts ideal: to develop the individual mind to a point at which it can think for itself, employing in the process a reasonably broad background in the thoughts and achievements of others. . . .

What teachings would Mr. Green recommend instead?

SAMUEL R. DORRANCE
New Canaan, Conn.

As a devoted student of English literature, I have been forced by Mr. Green's analysis of all that is "British" to in-



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Girl by a gate —in old San Juan

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You start to wonder. Can this really be the Puerto Rico everybody is talking about? Is this the island where American industry is now expanding at the rate of three new plants a week? Is this truly the scene of a twentieth-century renaissance? Ask any proud Puerto Rican. He will surely answer—yes.

Within minutes from this patio, you will see the signs. Some are spectacular. The new hotels, the four-lane highways, the landscaped apartments. And some are down-to-earth. A tractor in a field, a village clinic, a shop that sells refrigerators. Note all these things. But, above all, *meet the people.*

Renaissance has a way of breeding remarkable men. Men of industry who can also love poetry. Men of courage who can also be tender. Men of vision who can also respect the past. Make a point of talking to these twentieth-century Puerto Ricans.

It won't be long before you appreciate the deeper significance of Puerto Rico's renaissance. You'll begin to understand why men like Pablo Casals and Juan Ramón Jiménez (the Nobel Prize poet) have gone there to live.

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How to find this patio in old San Juan. *Ask for the City Hall. They call it the Ayuntamiento, in Spanish. Walk straight through this 17th Century building and there is your patio. Our photograph was taken by Elliott Erwitt.*

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LETTERS

quire the extent to which I myself h been taken in by it. The answer 100 per cent. . . .

As a national ideal, the English co do a lot worse, and a race of E Bevins and Gracie Fields would tainly represent a British Göt dämmerung.

IDA MAY LOIS West Miami,

Real Serpe

TO THE EDITORS:

Referring to Bruce Bliven's " Francisco: New Serpents in Ed [January], has he not omitted n tion of the real serpent in that injuring it seriously as a business

This "serpent" is the control of waterfront by a union of longshore dominated by . . . Bridges. . . .

How much shipping goes to P Sound and Los Angeles I do not kn but it is enough to remove San F cisco from its position as a leading on the Pacific Coast.

GEORGE R. WADE Hastings-on-Hudson, N

[In his article on San Francisco] Bliven states: "There is a Poetry Cen subsidized oddly enough by the Ro feller Foundation. . . ."

We could wish that the Poetry Ce might be guaranteed continu through such support, for then should not have to go begging for fully small sums to keep the prog going. There is locally a great dea . . . interest in this project . . . . . little money to realize its poses, and such as there is comes audiences and volunteers who, like self, make literature an integral of their lives.

In 1950, after [the Center had two years of precarious financial li approached the Rockefeller Founda through the President of San Fran State College, where I have taught some twenty years. The Human Division of the Foundation agree provide a three-year grant for a time assistant director and gave small working capital to discover extent of community interest w might support the project. We ca sufficiently acknowledge the debt to Foundation, for without it we m very well have had to abandon program, but with this encourage I worked out a co-operative scheme colleges up and down this coas make it possible to invite poets fi elsewhere to come out, to read and cuss their work. . . .

However, lest the impression be g that we are "on our feet" through

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by RICHARD WAGNER

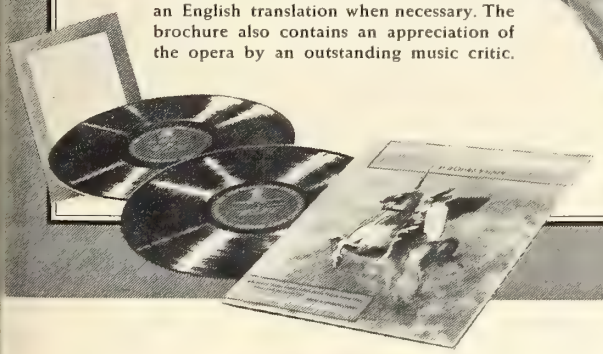
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LETTERS

generosity of the Rockefeller Foundation let me make clear we are still in a precarious financial state, wholly dependent on active support of the community. . . .

RUTH WEIL-DIAMANT, Dir.
The Poetry Center
San Francisco, Calif.

The Lucky Dragon

TO THE EDITORS:

It is fervently to be hoped that "The Voyage of the Lucky Dragon" will have the same general effect on its readers that it had on me: one of deep indignation and deeper shame. . . .

I wish there were some way the American people could assure our Japanese brothers that we *do* care; at least, we *would* care if we had had a chance to know and realize the fact of the case. . . .

WENDELL S. RICHARDSON, Jr.
New York, N. Y.

Clean Turnpikes

TO THE EDITORS:

In the Editor's Easy Chair for December the statement appears: "Oklahoma . . . is now widely believed to have the most unsightly turnpikes in America."

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Forecast for a Cheerful Springtime

ANYBODY who has had as many limbs sawed off behind him as I have ought to know better than to climb out on another one. But this hunch feels better than most—almost as good as The Historic Hunch that midnight many years ago when I filled a straight flush with a two-card draw in the press room at the Oklahoma City jail, thus bankrupting three rival reporters, a trusty, and a deputy sheriff. When they really tingle, I've been playing hunches ever since. So here goes with a prediction—which may sound just as foolhardy as that kind of poker, but which might just possibly pay off.

The most important event of 1958 in this country will have nothing to do with rockets or politics or recessions or any of the other Grave Subjects which are filling the headlines these days. It will be a change—gradual, almost unnoticed, but in the long run profoundly significant—in the status of the American intellectual. The first signs of this change are (I think) already visible, like crocuses sprouting under the snow; and when it gets its growth, it almost certainly will transform the whole character of our society.

For more than a century—roughly ever since the Jacksonian revolution—most of the intellectuals in this country have, at most times, felt terribly sorry for themselves. They have felt underpaid, underpraised, and unheeded. They believed the rest of the community to be hostile to them, or indifferent; and they in turn have often been hostile, indifferent, or derisive toward the rest of the community. During the past ten years their laments about "anti-intellectualism" have been particularly shrill (and with some reason, though perhaps less than their keening might make you think).

Those days, I suggest, are about over. We are now entering a period, I believe, when intellectuals will be respected, rewarded, and listened to as they have not been since the days when the nation was run by such eggheads as Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Calhoun, and the Adamses. So this might be a useful moment to note why the intellectuals have been at odds with American society for so long, and why their sense of alienation—to borrow one of their favorite phrases—now seems to be fading.

THE term "intellectual" can be a slippery one, meaning different things to different people. (To the sainted Senator McCarthy, it was practically a synonym for "Communist"; to a Puerto Rican immigrant, it might mean anybody who can read.) I am using it here to describe all those people who make a living by dealing in ideas. Or, as Seymour M. Lipset has put it, "those who create, distribute, and apply culture." It includes most authors, scholars, artists, and scientists—plus a good many people in the communications trades: reporters, advertising men, teachers, film directors, radio and TV men, clergymen, and the like.

Obviously not all intelligent people are intellectuals, in this sense. Nor are intellectuals necessarily intelligent; we all know some teachers, writers, and clergymen who really aren't very bright. Yet, by and large, anybody who can make a living in the idea business for any length of time is likely to have an IQ well above the average—probably above 130 on the customary Binet scale.

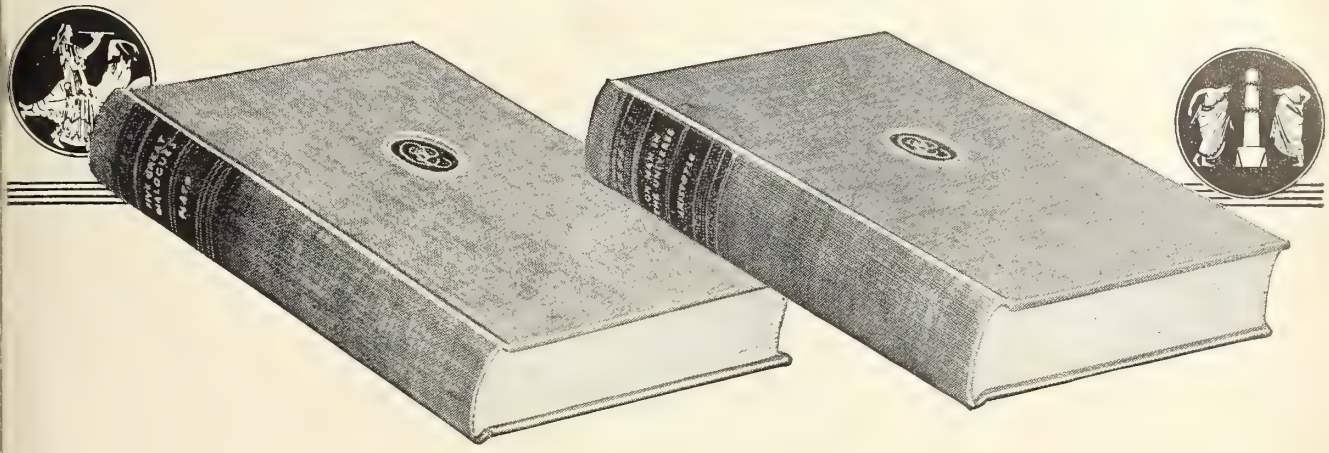
This fact alone could account for a good part of the suspicion the intellectual sometimes encounters. Out of the 170 million people in the country, less than 8 million have IQs that high; roughly, one out of every twenty. They are therefore a small minority, whose tastes, talents, and habits are likely to set them apart from the crowd. And every species I know of tends to be rough on the individual who is different; if you put a Rhode Island Red chicken into a pen full of White Leghorns, they very probably will peck her to death.

This instinct—which seems to be moderated only slowly and partially by the processes of civilization—is reinforced by a kindred one: the natural resentment of a man who does hard physical labor toward the man who doesn't. A cow hand who has spent a hot, dirty day branding and castrating calves . . . a truck driver who has wrestled his semi-trailer through the traffic on Route 66 for eight hours . . . the salesman who has been pounding the pavement with a fifty-pound sample case in his hand—these people would be less than human if they didn't look with a twinge of envy (and maybe bitterness) at the man who sits all day on a sponge-rubber cushion, doing nothing but talking, or writing, or jotting equations on a yellow pad.

Often the intellectual seems to encourage this

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resentment. He is apt to be scornful of the tastes and habits of non-intellectuals—and because he is highly articulate, by nature and training, he makes no secret of his contempt. He calls them lowbrows, hicks, and Babbitts; he makes fun of their tawdry furniture and kewpie-doll décor; he sneers at their devotion to comic books, juke boxes, and TV westerns—unmindful of the fact that at least 33 million people in this country are probably incapable of absorbing anything better, simply because they are endowed with IQs of 90 or lower.

Such condescension is not endearing. It can even be argued that it is in bad taste—like jeering at a club-footed boy because he can't run a hundred yards in twelve seconds. So it is not surprising that the mentally club-footed sometimes turn on their nimbler tormentors; what *is* surprising is the astonishment of the intellectuals when the non-intellectual snaps back.

IT WOULD be unfair, however, to assume that the intellectuals who behave this way always do so out of sheer orneriness. Some of them believe it is their duty.

For one of the intellectual's traditional jobs, over the last two thousand years, has been to serve as a critic of society. He gets paid for making value judgments—for marking off the good from the bad; for insisting that Bach is superior to Irving Berlin, no matter what the Trendex rating says; for putting a finger on the stained and shabby spots in the social fabric; for reminding people that they are living in needless ignorance, sloth, and ugliness, whether they want to hear this news or not.

People seldom do—as their treatment of Jeremiah, Socrates, and Jesus bears witness. Only the very best intellectuals, naturally, can hope to win the immortality of a cross or a cup of hemlock. But even a minor prophet is likely to be stoned—an occasion which does not call for whimpers about "anti-intellectualism," but rather for satisfaction, since it is the surest sign he is doing his job properly.*

For any intellectual who does an honest job of examining and reporting on any social system—monarchy, republic, or Soviet—is bound to annoy a lot of people. Particularly the conservatives. They are comfortable with the world as it is, and anyhow do not believe that human nature can be much changed for the better. They regard the intellectual as a fool when he dreams that a few of the 90 IQs might be taught to worship a better hero than Mike Hammer, and as a dangerous subversive when he hints that the ideas of Adam Smith (or Karl Marx) might stand a little updating. They fear his sharp eye for stuffed shirts, and loathe his habit of asking rude questions in polite company. Consequently the intellectual is rarely made to feel truly at home in a conservative party or a fashionable neighborhood.

ALL this has been normal in most countries (including both Tsarist and Communist Russia) most of the time. In America, however, the intellectual has had an additional set of persecutors. They are themselves radicals and angry critics of the existing social structure—but they have usually looked on the intellectual as an enemy rather than an ally. Their natural habitat is west of the Alleghenies. They have gone by many names since Jackson first rallied them to revolt against the well-heeled and well-bred, but they might all be labeled, in a loose fashion, as Populists.

For example, when I grew up in the Southwest that part of the country thought of itself as an exploited province of the wicked East—just as Tennessee had been at the time of the Jackson-Biddle feud. Our resources, railroads, markets, and credit were all controlled (or so we believed) by New York and Boston. The Money Barons of Wall Street and State Street had their heels on our neck; and all of them (according to legend) had been incubated in the Ivy League. Yale and Harvard were playgrounds where fledgling millionaires learned to guzzle champagne, ogle chorus girls, and question Holy Writ; and from thence they emerged, in due term, not only to rob us poor and pious Westerners, but to sneer at our poverty and unsophistication while they did it. And since most of the lesser seats of learning also were located in the East, *any* educated man was liable to be suspected of being not only a snob but a scoundrel.*

Such folklore lives on to this day in the remoter parts of the West, South, and Midwest; and elsewhere similar emotions have long smoldered among the immigrants—especially the Irish—who felt themselves oppressed and snubbed by the rich and polished Yankees. (See Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah.*) This, I believe, explains a lot about the McCarthyites. In their eyes, one of Alger Hiss's unforgivable sins was being a Harvard Law School man.

Like anyone who is being shot at from both sides, the American intellectual got to feeling unwanted. When he compared his pariah treatment with the lordly status of the European intellectual, he felt even worse. There education had traditionally been a class privilege; the intellectual had long enjoyed an established niche high in the social hierarchy; businessmen might not like him, but they always touched their

* "Rejoice when the spears sink into you; that's the way you get iron in your blood."

—Don Marquis, *The Almost Perfect State*

* When people in these parts said hard words about the James boys as they sometimes did, they usually meant Will and Henry, not Jesse and Frank.



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o thousands of bright young men om the Henry James generation Hemingway's—lit out for the Old rld which knew how to treat m right. Those who couldn't e the boat fare wrote dirges about ss culture in the Sahara of the zart. A few strayed toward the nmunist party—the only political anization, up till the "thirties, ich not only sympathized with ir discontent, but also paid them ive court.

D DAY several interesting things happening to the old relation- o between the American com- nity and the intellectual—and y are happening on both sides of equation. He is beginning to ect that the local culture is ther so hopeless nor so inhospita- as he once believed; and the ntry at large is now conceding t he may be a useful fellow—if ietimes an uncomfortable one—to e around.

This change started some time The Populist suspicion of cul- e, for example, began to evapo- when learning ceased to be a r-monopoly of the East, and en the hinterland stopped think- of itself as a colony of Wall eet. For two decades wealth and ulation have been shifting mas- ly towards the West; the Ivy gue universities are now dwarfed size, if not quality) by dozens of irie degree-factories; and a trio Texas millionaires can buy up the w York Central railroad as cas- ly as a new Cadillac. Today it uld be hard to find a Westerner o considers himself either op- ssed or snubbed by anybody. All r the country, meanwhile, auto- ion is making sweaty physical or almost an anachronism—and too the age-old resentment of cle against brains.

t the same time the demand for llectuals has been rising sharply. akes brains, of a high order and ast tonnages, to make a civiliza- tion as complex as ours work at all. Only an IQ above 130 can run an analog computer, an automated fac- tory, a General Electric laboratory, a broadcasting network, a political organization, or a ballistic missile base. And suddenly we have found that this kind of brainpower is in exceedingly short supply.

In particular, the communicators —the people who can explain one highly specialized fragment of our social organism to all the other parts —have turned out to be indispensi- ble. Without them, our whole eco- nomic structure would collapse in confusion, as the Tower of Babel did and for the same reason.

The result has been a Magic Bean- stalk growth in the number of jobs, the pay, and the prestige of those skilled in handling words and ideas. Public relations has become our fastest growing industry, as Robert Heilbroner pointed out in the June 1957 issue of *Harper's*. Advertising men, lobbyists, news commentators, science writers, sociologists, and (belatedly) teachers have discovered that they have a scarcity value. One modest-sized electronics manufac- turer employs twenty-two writers just to explain its products and its operations to customers and its own staff, paying them on the same scale as its engineers. I know of a maga- zine that has been hunting for a managing editor, at a salary above $20,000, for nearly a year; and a sociologist recently told me he had turned down three jobs paying about the same in a single month. Such an intellectual may sometimes disdain the work offered—"I would rather starve than do motivational research"—but he can hardly com- plain of neglect so long as personnel men are waving fistfuls of coarse bills outside his cloister window.

Even Captains of Industry find that they must now spend much of their time merely trying to com- municate—explaining things in end- less committee meetings, memo- randa, and staff conferences. Last year, as a consequence, some 300,000 executives went back to school at company expense, primarily to learn to handle ideas and communicate them to others: *i.e.*, to function as eggheads. And academic types have begun to climb, with increasing fre- quency and speed, to the corporate



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In government, too, the academic cream has been rising to the top faster than most of us realize. The Eisenhower Administration employs more professors than the New Deal ever did—not because it is headed by a former college president, but because it can't run the public business without them. Senator Lyndon Johnson, described elsewhere in these pages as the second most powerful politician in the country, once taught school. His assistant leader of the Senate majority is an ex-college teacher, and so are ten of his other colleagues. More than half of the remaining Senators have *earned* advanced degrees, and practically all of them have acquired at least one by the honorary route.

All this suggests that America may no longer be as indifferent to the intellect and learning as those complaints about "anti-intellectualism" might lead us to think.

FAR more important than the statistics, however, is a change in our cultural climate which now seems to be under way. It started a few months ago when we realized, with a jar, that America no longer led the world in everything . . . that our way of life might be something less than perfect . . . that the critics of society, whom we had long brushed off like so many mosquitoes, might be worth listening to after all.

From that moment, the status of the intellectual has been fairly leaping. Instead of being treated like a pariah fit for stoning, he now is getting almost reverential attention. A recent study by the National Opinion Research Center indicated that, in the eyes of their fellow citizens, college professors outrank every non-political calling except physicians, while authors, artists, and musicians stand almost as high. Scientists, historians, and English teachers ha been elbowing the acrobats and hi billy singers off the TV screen, a even the Army has conceded th kitchen police might not be the b assignment for a mathematic genius.

This new attitude, I suspect, is n merely a result of the Russian v tories in technology, propagan and economic warfare, nor of t deepening recession, although th things certainly helped to crystal it. Rather it seems to be the prod of a long process of cultural gr ing-up, which is not yet finishe and which probably will now ahead at an accelerating pace.

THE process has been hastened a change in the intellectuals th selves. They have not abando their role of critics, but for so time their criticism has been gr ing more responsible and releva

For the events of the last twe years have pretty well destroyed t myths which had led the old-f ioned intellectual of the 'thir into a lot of irresponsible (downright silly) positions:

(1) The myth of the perman cultural superiority of Europe. fate of the intellectual in Fas Italy and Germany, in Commu Russia and Yugoslavia, and in quered Eastern Europe—plus sterility and despair of post France—have made it impossible see that continent any longer a Thinker's Paradise. Meanwhile distasteful aspects of mass cultu long regarded as uniquely Ameri —have been spreading fast throu out Europe. Not as a conseque of "Americanization," but simply cause the common people there for the first time getting the mo and leisure to indulge their tastes, in defiance of the priestly of the old High Culture.

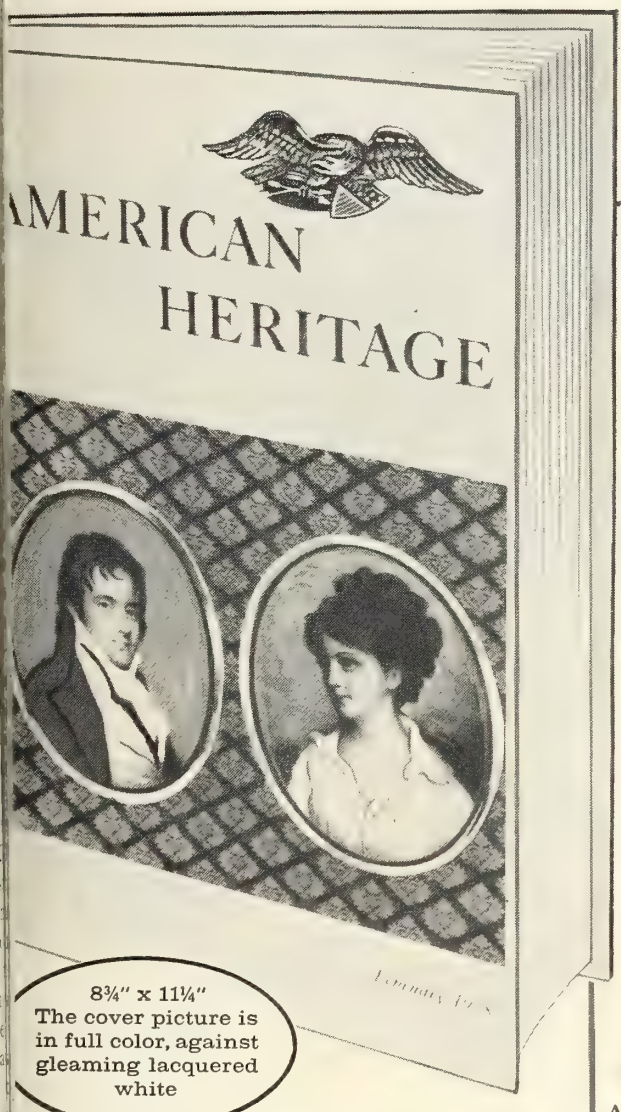
At the same time the United S has been creating art forms—in sic, architecture, painting, ballet, literature—which are not so eas dismiss with a highbrow's sneer. blind, blanket condemnations still uttered now and then, ap ently from force of habit—s amusing examples can be foun *Mass Culture*, a recent antho compiled by Bernard Rosenberg David M. White—but many of

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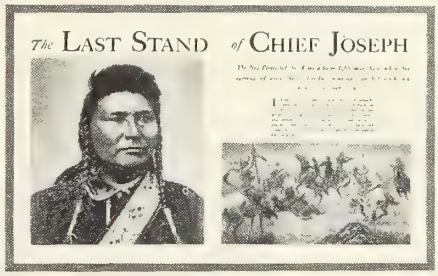
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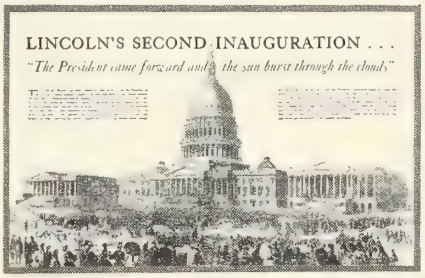
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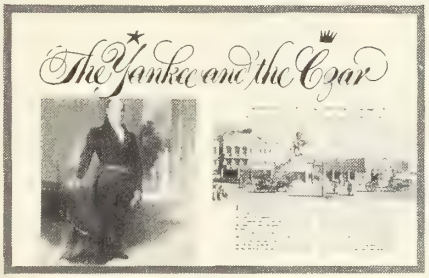
CONTENTS



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The rain drizzled. The new Vice-President was tipsy. Even the vestals of the "Temple of Liberty" refused to risk their flimsy robes in the Inaugural Parade. Then Abe Lincoln arrived—and "the sun burst through the clouds"...





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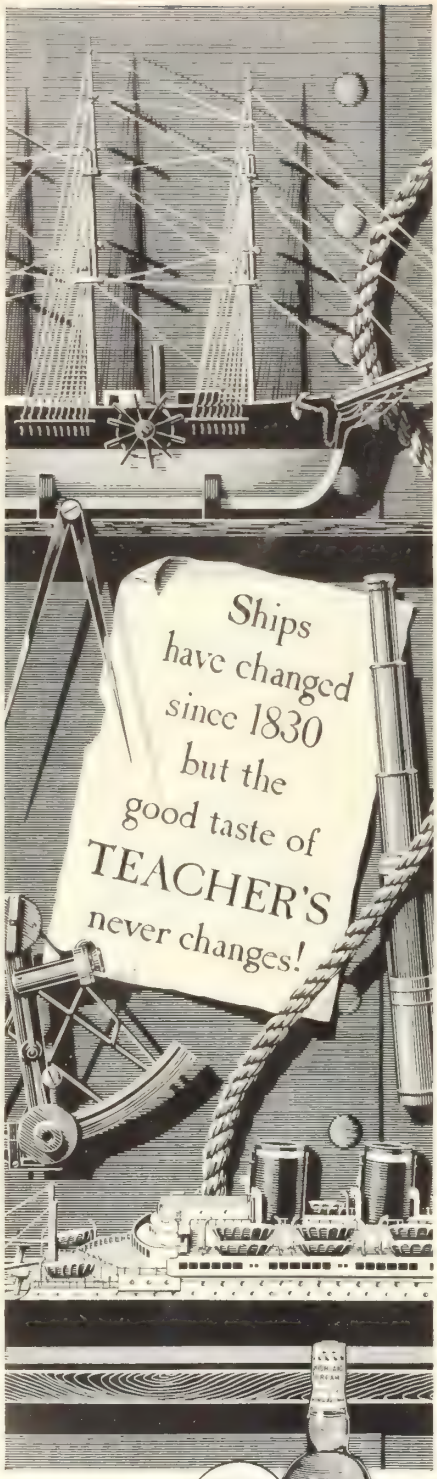
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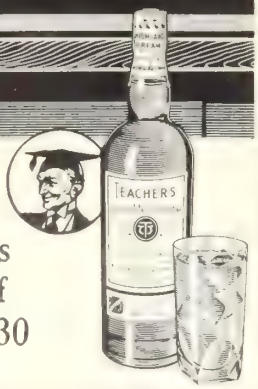
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able critics are beginning to look at American society with serious interest. If their comments are now better heeded by the community, it may be because they are more worth heeding.

(2) The myth of The Left. Although relatively few American intellectuals ever drifted into Communism, a good many did flirt at one time or another with Socialism, Trotskyism, Fascism (in the case of Ezra Pound), or other exotic political notions. Some of this was simple imitation of their European counterparts; some resulted from their disillusionment with American society during the depression years, and their eagerness to listen to anyone who promised to fix everything up immediately.

They have now had a decade or more to see how these theories worked out in practice—an experience which has withered virtually all of their old naïve enthusiasm. The last Communist who could by any stretch be called an intellectual —Howard Fast—has now left the party in disgust; and the welfare state variety of Socialism entrenched throughout Western Europe now generates boredom rather than excitement. Not many American intellectuals yet describe themselves as conservatives, but most of them have moved a long way toward the center arena where American politics takes place; and some are finding real politics more intellectually engrossing than the play-politics of radical splinter groups ever was.

In short, the intellectuals have been growing up along with the rest of the community. And there is reason to hope that both sides will continue to close the alienating gap, which has been so costly to all of us.

ALREADY the reunion of the intellectual with the community is producing some cheerful results. For example:

(1) In many high schools good grades are no longer considered a badge of shame. The football star has been dethroned as campus hero in most colleges; and I have just been talking to one bright Yale senior who has decided to pass up a lush advertising job in order to do graduate work in anthropology.

(2) A well-stocked private library

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is becoming a status symbol ranking right along with a fancy automobile or a mink coat. The sales of books—especially the erudite titles in the quality paperback lines—continue to rise in spite of competition from TV and a host of other amusements.

(3) Magazines edited for people who do not move their lips when they read—the *New Yorker*, the *Atlantic*, *Scientific American*, *Holiday*, *Harper's*, the *Saturday Review*, and a few others are making astonishing gains in both readership and advertising; while *Collier's* and a number of other mass magazines have disappeared. (Advertisers apparently are beginning to realize that brains and money often go together, and that intellectuals influence both the taste and the opinions of lots of other people.)

(4) TV executives are making a similar discovery. They are finding that Robert Frost and Leonard Bernstein attract surprising audiences, both in numbers and in quality; that an interview with Nelson Rockefeller produces 200,000 requests for copies of the Rockefeller report on national defense; that a venture in social criticism like "Where We Stand"—presented with immense seriousness and intellectual honesty—can have a major impact on public opinion; and that thousands of people will get up before dawn to watch a professor discuss great works of literature.

(5) A four-volume $25 history of mathematical thought—James R. Newman's *The World of Mathematics*—has become one of the phenomenal best sellers of publishing history.

(6) College education has become a goal, not for the few, but for practically everybody who can pass the entrance examinations—forcing the country to search for ways to build more college plant in the next twenty years than it has in the last two hundred.

Such a list of the signs of an intellectual springtime could be continued for pages. They are evidence, it seems to me, that 1958 may mark a kind of solstice in American history—and that from now on it may not be so easy to aim at this country the old, taunting question:

"If you're so rich, why aren't you smart?"

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WHAT'S HAPPENING TO JAZZ

In the past ten years, thanks largely to LP records, the audience for jazz has zoomed from a small closed circle of cognoscenti to a still swelling mob. A well-known jazz critic explains what this fantastic spread—both here and abroad—has meant to modern jazzmen, and to the way jazz is performed.

By Nat Hentoff

A COMBAT VETERAN SOUNDS OFF

An infantry officer, who served in three wars and recently retired as chief of research and development of infantry weapons in the Army Field Service, tells how to get better defense for less money.

By Col. E. B. Crabill

CIA: *Who Watches the Watchman?*

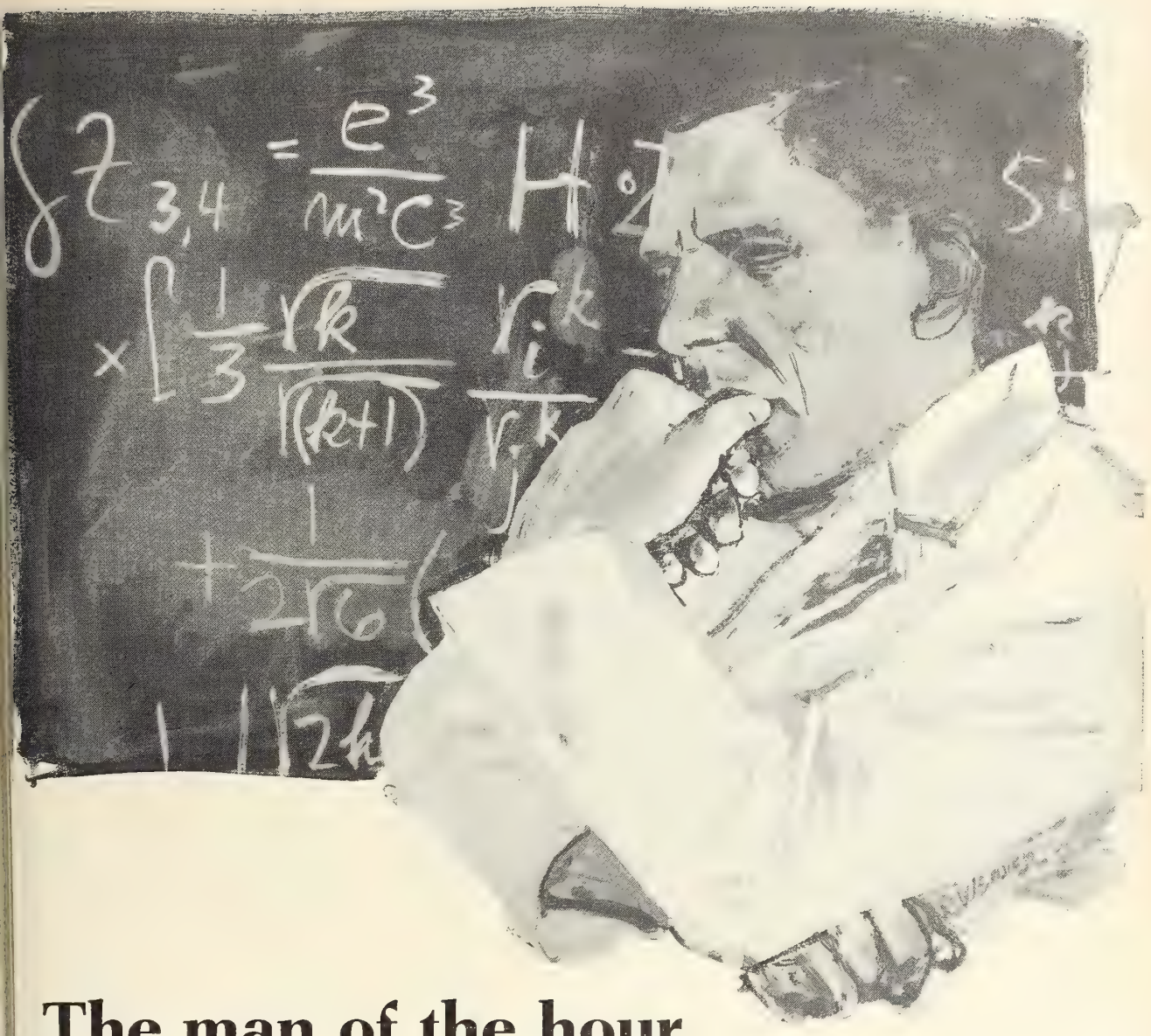
The Central Intelligence Agency is the one major U. S. government agency completely free of Congressional scrutiny. A Washington newspaper man who covers Capitol Hill shows why some legislators view this situation with alarm—and what they plan to do about it.

By Warren Unna

TEAM DOCTORS: *Group Practice Goes Rustic*

All over the country groups of ambitious young doctors are bringing city standards to small communities — despite the opposition of local old-line medical associations.

By Marion K. Sanders



The man of the hour is the man who KNOWS

At this particular hour, of course, the man who knows science is more in the spotlight among us than other men.

We are reacting normally to the momentous events of the months just gone.

In the long run, in this nation, however, we always have valued all those among us who know, who seek to know, who devote their lives to knowing.

What they know, what they want to know is only part of their importance to us. It matters even more that there be enough such men, that they be free men, thinking, studying, exploring as only free men may think and study and explore.

This is a good time to restate our attitudes toward such men, and toward the impulses that drive them on.

For surely these are among the noblest impulses of man, the equal, perhaps, of patriotism, greater than ambition, greater than the need for a livelihood or fame: the impulse, the instinct, the passion to KNOW.

TIME —The Weekly Newsmagazine

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

GUIDE FOR STATESMEN

WHEN William S. White speaks of Lyndon Johnson as a politician who practices politics as an art, he uses his words with a full sense of their dignity. From his article, "Who *Is* Lyndon Johnson?" (p. 53), the reader can infer a theory of life and art, in which politics is an important—often the most important—human endeavor.

Johnson has completed twenty years in Congress; 1958 is his tenth year in the Senate, his fifth as Democratic leader. So brilliantly has he used his strategic position as Majority Leader and chairman of the Preparedness Subcommittee that the opposition has been conceding in recent weeks that he has "kept the ball"—even after the President's State of the Union Message. Nevertheless, it was surprising to read in that most Republican of newspapers, the New York *Herald Tribune*, that Johnson "is rising to the level of statesmanship the times cry for."

Calling a "politician" a "statesman" rarely happens in this country until the adjective "elder" or "late" is a correct modifier. In view of this extraordinary designation for an active, vocal, unabashed practicing politician like the Senator from Texas, it is interesting to look back to a classic text called *The Statesman*, published in 1836 by a British civil servant, Sir Henry Taylor.* Taylor's work is Baconian in its wit and wisdom, but it ought to serve well as a handbook for any politician who takes his work seriously as one of the lively arts.

Here for the record are some of Taylor's precepts:

Quarreling

—A statesman should be by nature and temper the most unquarrelsome of men, and when he finds it necessary to quarrel, should do it, though with a stout heart, with a cool head. . . . A statesman should be careful not only never to make a wanton or unprovoked attack, but also never to make an attack which is not almost certain to be effective.

Popularity

—So far as it is a ground of judgment at all, it is against a man; because the defects which ordinarily accompany it are more essential than the merits. Hardly any man obtains popularity without desiring and seeking it, or without making some sacrifices for it.

Accessibility

The statesman who is easy of access will not only squander his time; he will commonly be found to sacrifice the distant to the near, public to individual interests, and matters of no light importance to the ill-considered smile of the moment.

Shuffling papers

—As fast as papers are received, the party who is to act upon them should examine them so far as to ascertain whether any of them relate to business which requires immediate attention, and should then separate and arrange them. . . . He should not again suffer himself to look at a paper or handle it, except in the purpose to go through with it and dispatch the affair.

Ambition

—Excess of ambition arises, sometimes from a lively imagination confounding the future with the present, or a weakness of mind sacrificing the future to the present; and less frequently from deliberate miscalculation as to the sources of permanent happiness.

Promotion

—The system of every service which requires energy and ability to be devoted to it, should be so contrived that a meritorious man may find some advancement accrue to him at least once in every ten years. In sundry of their natural advantages men suffer a sensible decline with every lapse of ten years and they look for an advance in fortunes to indemnify them for the backslidings of nature.

Relaxation in society

—An adequate proportion of women will slacken the tone of conversation . . . and yet tend to animate it also. And there is this advantage in the company of women, especially if some of them be beautiful and innocent—that breaks in conversation are not felt to be blanks; for the sense of such a presence will serve to fill up voids and interstices.

Diet

—If a statesman would live long he must pay a jealous and watchful attention to his diet. . . . The sitting after dinner, though much abbreviated in our days, might be further abridged, or indeed altogether abandoned, with advantage. An irritability of the stomach often results from confinement to the same posture for more than half an hour after dinner; and if the conversation fails in interest the dessert is ill sorted to.

* It has recently been reissued at Cambridge, England, by W. Heffer and Sons, with an introduction by Leo Silberman.

. . . Lyndon Johnson's fellow-Texan, **William S. White**, has had opportunities equal to those of Sir Henry Taylor to observe the qualities of statesmen. His book about the U.S. Senate, *Citadel*, is a classic not only about that most fascinating forum but about the men of more than distinction who function there.

He was born in Texas, went to public schools and the University of Texas, started his reporting career on Texas newspapers while still in college. Invalided out from the Army in 1942, he went overseas as an AP correspondent and crossed the Channel with the troops on D Day. Since 1945, Mr. White has been with the Washington bureau of the *New York Times*, has covered all major foreign policy debates in the Senate and the national political conventions.

His biography, *The Taft Story*, won the Pulitzer Prize for 1954. His study of Richard Nixon as a possible President appeared in *Harper's* in January.

. . . The sputniks and the Explorers represent a remarkable breakthrough in technological control; but in man's physical penetration of the Universe, they are crude first efforts—reaching some hundreds of miles

Pamela and the Press

Actually Pamela created the urgency, although she hadn't yet been born. It was especially because of Pamela that Major Samuel Lee, soon to be discharged from the United States Army, was looking for a good house to buy. But he wasn't finding it easy. He wasn't even finding it possible.

Certainly, there were plenty of houses for sale. Billboards offered them all along the freeway to Orange County, where Major Lee wanted to buy a home and practice his profession of medicine. But they just weren't available to Sammy Lee.

Not that Major Lee wasn't a man of character and substance. He had grown up in nearby Los Angeles, became a physician, served with distinction in his country's army.

The problem was something else entirely. The real estate men were polite but firm. Nothing personal, you understand, but business was business. They couldn't—or wouldn't—sell a home to a person of Korean ancestry.

Major Lee tried moderate-priced homes; he tried the more expensive "custom-styled" homes. The answer was the same. Nothing personal, though.

But it *felt* personal to Sammy Lee on the plane all the way to Washington, where he and other noted guests were to dine with the President and plan a campaign against juvenile delinquency.

Sammy Lee was one of the President's guests because he had twice won Olympic diving championships for the U.S., because he had just completed a tour of Southeast Asia nations as the President's Sports Ambassador and would soon become one of the members of a team of Olympic champions to attend the Australian Olympic Games as the President's personal representatives.

When he returned to his base at Fort Carson, Colorado, he spoke to his friends of the irony of his position, and his letters to his many friends abroad reflected his bitter disappointment.

A foreign correspondent in Tokyo—a man who had known Sammy—heard the story and telephoned one night. Over six thousand miles of telephone wires and undersea cables, the newsman covered a story somewhat off his beat.



"PAMELA AND HER MOTHER" PHOTOGRAPH BY HAL ADAMS

After a long talk with Sammy, the correspondent telephoned an editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* who the next day sent a reporter to Santa Ana. The facts were checked, the story run. West Coast metropolitan papers carried the story of Sammy's fruitless search for a home. Television and radio newsrooms picked it up. The *Santa Ana Register,* biggest hometown newspaper for Orange County, went to work editorially. So did the *Long Beach Press-Telegram,* which isn't quite in Orange County but is widely circulated there.

The press, once described by Thomas Jefferson as more vital than government itself, was on the job.

The *Press-Telegram* wired funds to Sammy in Fort Carson to come again to Orange County to meet the real people, the real spokesmen. Sammy came.

He met the Mayor of Anaheim. He met the President of the West Orange County Board of Realtors. Together they took Sammy and his family—which now included young Pamela—through the area until they found the home and the physician's office that they wanted.

When the Lees moved in, Orange County threw a big, official party, with all sorts of heart-warming overtones. Banners said "Welcome Sammy Lee!" Newspaper and television cameras clicked and ground. Speeches were made by the Mayor of Anaheim, the President of the County Medical Association, the State Senator, the Congressman and the United States Senator.

Best of all, the neighbors were there. From blocks around they came—and Sammy's disappointment and Sammy's asking were answered, in the best American tradition.

What happened to Sammy Lee in his quest for a home provides another example of the endless ways in which American individuals and institutions are constantly renewing their faith in the principles of Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln and other great Americans in this, the 20th Century.

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as compared with the achievements of astronomers in "looking through" 2,000 million lightyears of space. "Astronomy seems to have entered a golden age," says **George W. Gray**, beginning his two-part series on "New Discoveries about the Birth, Life, and Death of the Sun and Other Stars" (p. 29).

Mr. Gray's dramatic survey of our new knowledge of the stuff of the Universe and the Stars appears as a sort of thirty-year anniversary of the germinating idea for the 200-inch Palomar telescope and observatory which were completed only within the last decade. In the April 1928 issue of *Harper's*, Dr. George Ellery Hale discussed "The Possibilities of Large Telescopes" in an article which he had already used in prepublication form as ammunition in making an appeal to the International Education Board (financed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.). Dr. Hale, a leading spirit in the founding and development of the Mount Wilson Observatory in the early 1900s, invited the president of IEB, Dr. Wickliffe Rose, out to Pasadena in March 1928 and aroused his enthusiasm for investigating "how large a telescope mirror it would be feasible and advisable to cast." At the May meeting in New York, the Board voted six million dollars "for the construction of an observatory, including a 200-inch telescope." Hale's request was only for an exploratory grant, Mr. Gray told P & O, but he got the whole works.

Six million dollars, of course, is peanuts (the price of perhaps three ICBMs), but the crop then planted has made the heavens bloom.

Mr. Gray is a distinguished writer on science and education, the author of *Frontiers of Flight, Science at War*, and other books—as well as articles in *Harper's, Scientific American*, and other magazines. For twenty years, as an associate of the Rockefeller Foundation, he visited and reported on the research projects of the Foundation.

. . . Sweet talk from the manufacturers of computing machines—those electronic giants which aim to displace men in office and industry—can never convince us that the menace of Frankenstein's monster is unreal.

"Despite the capabilities of million-dollar data handling and computing systems," John E. Johnson, marketing vice president of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, has said reassuringly, "they're only as good as human beings—those who build them, those who train others to use them, and those who actually do use them."

Nevertheless the average human being retains a sinking fear that automation is going to rob him not only of his livelihood, but also of his position of top dog among earthly creatures.

To these subconscious anxieties, **Louis B. Solomon** gives the first convincing demonstration we have read that a counterrevolution is in the making. In "Univac to Univac" (p. 37), he gives much needed solace to the human ego. Mr. Solomon is an associate professor of English and deputy chairman of the department at Brooklyn College. He was an intelligence officer, lieutenant colonel, in the Air Corps in World War II.

. . . Introducing his new book, *Russia, the Atom and the West*, **George F. Kennan**, former Ambassador to Russia and chief of the State Department's policy planning staff under President Truman, says: "What I have tried to suggest here is not what governments should do but what they should think." This is the reflective tenor of his present article, "How Can the West Recover?" (p. 39), which is adapted from his Reith lectures delivered over the BBC. The entire series, with additional material, will be published by Harper & Brothers on March 3.

Mr. Kennan, who retired from a quarter-century of government service in 1953 at the age of 49, has continued to arouse public interest whenever he has spoken. The BBC lectures delivered at the time of the NATO meeting this winter became a focal point for broadened popular and official discussion of NATO policy questions—from observers as far apart as President Heuss of Germany and Dean Acheson, Mr. Kennan's former boss as Secretary of State. Mr. Kennan, who has been in England as Visiting Eastman Professor of American History at Oxford, is regularly at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, where he has been writing a history of American-Russian relations. The first volume, *Russia Leaves the War*, won the Pulitzer Prize in 1956, and the second, *The Decision to Intervene*, has just been published by the Princeton University Press.

. . . **Herbert Howarth**, an English visitor who loves America, found in Missoula, Montana, a clear image of the frontier spirit still living—and with no relation to the TV western either. In "Montana: The Frontier Went Thataway" (p. 48) he describes in terms that not every Montanan may entirely relish, what constitutes the charm of this way station between East and West. Mr. Howarth, who was director of the National Book League in London, came to the United States as visiting lecturer at the University of Michigan, and he has taught here at various universities since then. He is now on a visiting appointment at the University of Pittsburgh.

. . . "Gentlemen's Game" (p. 59) is the first published story by **H. E. F. Donohue**, a New York editor and copywriter. Mr. Donohue grew up in Trenton, New Jersey, attended William and Mary, and graduated from the University of Chicago. He has been a stevedore, surveyor's rodman, waiter, newspaper rewrite man and bookstore owner, as well as business manager of *Poetry* and editor of the *Chicago Alumni Magazine*.

. . . **Gerald Sykes**, novelist and critic, presents in "The Dialogue of Freud and Jung" (p. 66) a literary revaluation of one of the most fascinating intellectual battles of our time. The article is an outgrowth of a series of talks which he did for the BBC and which he is reworking now into a book on scientific psychologies.

Mr. Sykes' novels include *The Nice American, The Center of the Stage*, and *The Children of Light*. He lives in New York, though he has lived abroad from time to time, and is teaching a course at the New School for Social Research on "Writing and Psychoanalysis: An Interchange of Insights."

. . . The picturesque figure of "Father Eugene," as described by

exis Ladas (p. 72), helps to make mprehensible several politically tive priests and prelates in the rious branches of the Church in urope in our times. The defense of e faith comes close to the defense country—raised to heroic propor-ns in wartime.

During World War II, Mr. Ladas, Greek soldier who escaped from e victorious Germans, made his y to Egypt, and joined the Greek r Force, was recruited by a British telligence outfit and went back to occupied Greece in disguise. ptured and imprisoned in 1942, met Father Eugene at Calithea 1943. He was condemned to ath—but again escaped to Egypt. r the rest of the war he com-nded a raiding schooner in the gean Sea. He now works in New rk at UN headquarters.

. To **Martin Mayer**, the Budapest ing Quartet "has been the big me in chamber music ever since new anything." He became inter-ed in the internal operation of ing groups when he watched the th quartet rehearse—and heard first complete Beethoven cycle—Colorado Springs during summer cation from Harvard in 1945. To epare for writing his portrait of e Budapests (p. 78), he interviewed em during recording sessions, at hearsals, in hotel rooms, and while ing dinner with them in Chinese taurants.

Mr. Mayer writes frequently out business, and he is also music itor of *Esquire*. *Harper's* has pub-hed his articles on Wall Street vyers, television programing, the ording business, and advertising. s new book, *Madison Avenue, S.A.*, will be published this month.

. Two poets this month are in eir mid-twenties. **Adrienne Rich** 57), who is married to a Harvard cher, has published two books verse—most recent: *The Diamond tters*. **Thomas Whitbread** (p. 84) a graduate student at Harvard, ching part-time.

Mark Van Doren, Pulitzer Prize et, professor of English at Colum-, critic, and story writer, will in-de "Dunce's Song" (p. 32) in his xt volume, to be published in the l by Harcourt, Brace.

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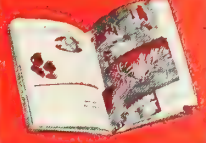
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REFERENCE: "Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.

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NEW DISCOVERIES

About the Birth, Life, and Death of the Sun and Other Stars

PART I: THIS HYDROGEN UNIVERSE

GEORGE W. GRAY

A noted science writer—for many years with the Rockefeller Foundation—gives the first comprehensive report on the surprising findings which are coming from the 200-inch Palomar telescope and other new tools for exploring our universe.

IT IS now possible to look through 2,000 million lightyears of space. To be sure, no one can actually see that far, for it is only by the slow accumulation of light on a photographic emulsion, or the detection of an image on a surface which is electrically sensitive to light, that the astronomer is able to fathom such distances—but the effect is the same: to increase enormously the reach of the human eye and of the mind behind the eye. This achievement has come in the last decade, with the completion of the 200-inch telescope. Other factors that have contributed to the astronomical advance are the improvements in spectroscopy and photography, the development of radio astronomy, and recent gains in the understanding of atomic nuclear processes. We are in the rising tide of a flood of new knowledge that flows from study both of atoms in our laboratories and of stars in the heavens.

Astronomy seems to have entered a golden age when many of the odd and apparently irreconcilable data of observation are falling into a pattern. The twenty-six-centuries-old question of Thales, the Greek philosopher who asked, "Of what and how is the Universe made?", finds takers today who do more than guess. They are able to cite a train of observational, experimental, and mathematical evidence which fits into that pattern we mentioned above.

"Astronomers now believe that they know what processes must take place in the creation of stars," one of the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatory staff men said to me—and then he added with characteristic caution, "It is possible, of course, that we may be somewhat optimistic."

I had gone to Pasadena, home of the California Institute of Technology and headquarters both of Palomar and of the older Mount Wilson Observatory, to ask about the new world picture

that is emerging. Mount Wilson with its historic 100-inch telescope is a research outpost of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and looks down from the northeast on the city of Pasadena only nine miles away. Palomar, seat of the 200-inch telescope, is the astronomical station of the California Institute of Technology and is 130 miles distant, built on a peak of the Aquitiba Mountains of the Peninsular Range. Mount Wilson astronomers worked with California Institute scientists and engineers in the twenty-year process of finding a suitable site and designing and constructing the new station, and when it was completed the Institution in Washington and the Institute in Pasadena agreed to merge their astronomical interests and operate the two observatories jointly, with a single director, a common staff, and a unified program.

My visit found astronomers of Mount Wilson and Palomar joined in research with physicists and geochemists of Caltech. They were united in a study of stellar origins and life history. "We are trying to trace the evolutionary tracks of the stars," explained Ira S. Bowen, director of the Observatories, "seeking to answer such questions as: How are stars formed? What is their life span? How does their brightness, temperature, and chemical composition change during this lifetime? And what is the final state of stars?"

The project is stupendous in its scope. The whole community of investigators was vibrant with the excitement of adventure and discovery as the panorama of thousands of millions of years of cosmic evolution was being unrolled.

The study is not confined to the local group. Visiting scientists from Princeton, Cornell, and the University of Cambridge have been active partners in the quest, and others in outside institutions, both in this country and abroad, are at work on the problem. Tracing the evolutionary tracks of the stars has become a grand international and interscientific teamwork. It is significant that the conference on "The Problem of the Stellar Populations," held in Vatican City last May by invitation of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, was attended by participants from a dozen countries and included nuclear and theoretical physicists in addition to astronomers. Palomar, with the world's largest telescope, can look deeper into space than any other watcher of the skies—but distance is not the only criterion of this search. Were it not for experimental investigations of protons and neutrons, measuring their reactions with atomic nuclei in laboratories, and theoretical studies bearing on the nature and consequences of these reactions, the astronomers might never penetrate to the interior of stars. The secrets of cosmic origin and development are written in the language of atoms.

THE PRIMACY OF HYDROGEN

THE task, then, is to understand the behavior of atoms in stars. The most numerous atoms are those of hydrogen. This lightest of the elements comprises about 93 per cent of the atoms of the Universe, or about 75 per cent by weight. A star lives by burning its hydrogen.

Stellar burning is a more drastic process than that by which the hydrogen of gasoline, for example, burns in an automobile engine. In the engine the hydrogen merely joins with oxygen to form a new chemical compound, and both elements continue to exist as components of the resulting water molecule. In a star—in our Sun—the hydrogen does not just link up with another atom. It fuses to create an entirely different element, four nuclei of hydrogen merging to become one of helium. Each hydrogen nucleus weighs 1.008 in the atomic scales, a total of 4.032 for the four, whereas the resulting helium nucleus weighs 4.003, a decrease of .029.

It is the conversion of this tiny fraction of the matter into energy, following Einstein's formula $E = mc^2$, that provides the prodigal outpouring of heat and light from the Sun. Calculation shows that the production of a single gram of helium releases 150 million calories—enough to raise 1½ million quarts of water from the freezing to the boiling point. And every second, not just a gram, but 560 million tons of helium are formed in the Sun by the burning of 564 million tons of hydrogen. The difference, 4 million tons, melts away as heat and light.

Now hydrogen nuclei do not voluntarily join to produce helium. On the contrary, they stubbornly resist such self-sacrifice and for many years astrophysicists were at a loss to explain the generation of energy by stars. As recently as 1928 Sir James Jeans, unable to account for solar radiation by any known process, suggested that the Sun's outpouring could be maintained only by the annihilation of massive atoms heavier than uranium. Jeans considered the possibility of hydrogen serving as the stellar fuel, a suggestion that had been proposed by Jean Perrin in 1919 and by Sir Arthur Eddington in 1920, but Jeans dismissed it as highly improbable.

Moreover, at that time hydrogen was not generally regarded as a plentiful element. Less than 1 per cent of the Earth is hydrogen, in striking

contrast with the large proportions of oxygen, nitrogen, silicon, and iron; and since the Earth was believed to be a chip off the Sun it was accepted as a fair sample of solar material. The only direct evidence the astronomer had of the composition of stars was their radiation, and when he analyzed starlight into its rainbow pattern of colors the lines produced by glowing hydrogen showed up strong only in the intensely hot giants and certain nebulae. As you go down the scale from the brilliant blue giants to those that are only white hot, and then to the progressively cooler and more numerous yellow, orange, and red stars, the spectral pattern of the light changes systematically. The lines representing hydrogen grow fainter, while those of the heavier elements increase in strength. In the Sun and other yellow stars the lines of silicon, iron, and other metals are prominent, and some compounds of carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen show themselves.

Spectroscopic evidence thus seemed to confirm geochemical sampling, and when Eddington in 1925 undertook to make a mathematical model of the Sun he decided that hydrogen was such a minor constituent as to be negligible. Eddington therefore omitted it from his computation and constructed his mathematical sun of heavier elements. The result gave warning that something was wrong, for the model turned out to be ten times brighter than the actual Sun.

The explanation came four years later from Princeton. Here Henry Norris Russell had been engaged in a searching study of the spectral lines of the Sun, not only measuring their strength but trying to see beyond the physical dimensions to the conditions that would produce them. The Princeton astronomer now announced that, far from being neglible, hydrogen was the principal component. He estimated that it was eighty times as abundant by weight as all the metals together.

"Russell recognized that the hydrogen lines in the visible part of the solar spectrum are caused by excited atoms," explained Lee A. DuBridge, physicist and president of Caltech, "and Russell knew that the chance of finding hydrogen atoms in these excited states in a star of the Sun's relatively low surface temperature (6,000° centigrade) is extremely small. Therefore, a weak line for excited hydrogen might still mean—indeed, must mean—a very large amount of hydrogen. It was this conclusion that turned the tide, and astronomers began to see that the high abundance of hydrogen fitted in, too, with other problems of stellar behavior. Stars and gaseous nebulae further proclaim their hydrogen in the recently-discovered 21-centimeter radio wave, and the radio telescope thus confirms and extends the testimony of the spectroscope. Today everyone accepts the primacy of hydrogen, and it is amusing to look back on the notions of a few decades ago."

(For the record, it should be noted that there were high estimates of hydrogen abundance before Russell's. A Pasadena astronomer called my attention to the fact that in 1926 Donald C. Menzel, then a twenty-five-year-old assistant at the Lick Observatory, made an analysis of that part of the spectrum of the solar atmosphere which is visible only during eclipse and calculated that for every iron atom in the Sun there were 80,000 hydrogen atoms.)

Although the surface temperature is only 6,000°, the deep interior of the Sun is 15,000,000°. It is so hot here that atoms are stripped of their encircling electrons and exist as naked nuclei, each a free particle driven helter-skelter by the fury of the heat. Thus there is the probability of violent head-on encounters and the possibility of resulting reactions between the colliding nuclei. In the 1920s and early 1930s the nature of nuclear reactions was unknown, and nearly ten years passed after Russell's announcement before physicists were sufficiently acquainted with the behavior of hydrogen nuclei to make firm calculations regarding them. Through experiments in electrostatic accelerators and other atom-smashers, the nucleus was put through its paces, and eventually the tests showed that the forces binding its components were a million-fold greater than those holding atoms in molecules. Here was a source able to sustain the gigantic energy output of stars. But it was still not clear how four mutually-repellant hydrogen nuclei could be brought to compose themselves into the stable structure of helium.

HYDROGEN INTO HELIUM

THE answer did not come easily and was the cumulative result of the work of a number of men finally capped by the calculations of a German and an American. C. F. von Weizsaecker at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Physics and Hans Bethe at Cornell University independently discovered two sets of reactions, either of which will convert hydrogen to helium.

In one process the stripped nucleus of a carbon atom, wandering around in the stellar interior, serves as a catalyst to promote the merger. Compared with hydrogen, carbon is a heavyweight;

Dunce's Song

WHERE is the bell, the horn,
I hear as I go by,
Go by the invisible wall
That holds up half the sky,
The sky whose other half
Falls down like gold wheat chaff
And sprinkles all the air,
And powders my dull hair?
So people cry and cry:
Who wears that glittery crown,
That crown? And I say I.
Oh, what a falling down
As I go by, go by.

—Mark Van Doren

---

its nucleus has a mass of 12, whereas the hydrogen nucleus is a single proton weighing a little over 1. The cycle begins when a proton collides with the carbon and is captured. Then, step by step, additional protons are caught. Finally, when four have been accumulated in this way, the successive energy transformations will have welded them into the nuclear structure of helium. The newly-formed helium then breaks off, leaving the carbon free to promote another such build-up.

The studies also showed that it is possible under certain conditions for protons to unite without the assistance of carbon, impelled only by the tumultuous heat. This alternative set of reactions is known as the proton-proton chain. It begins when one agitated hydrogen nucleus bangs into another and the two become a nucleus of double-weight hydrogen (deuterium, the physicists call it). Then, milling about in the stellar inferno, this deuterium core encounters a third energetic proton and the merger produces a triple-weight isotope, helium^3. Meanwhile, the same process has been at work among other protons and eventually a collision occurs between two of the triple-weights. Out of this violent union a nucleus of the stable helium^4 forms and the two leftover protons dart off as free particles.

Discovery of the mode of hydrogen burning opened the way to the present era of astrophysics. Bowen, the Mount Wilson and Palomar director, calls it "the first key to answering the questions of stellar evolution." But neither Weizsaecker nor Bethe is an experimentalist. They worked out the reasonableness of these subatomic performances with paper and pencil, and you may ask why their calculations are due any more credence than Jeans's guess of thirty years ago.

Well, for one reason, all the reactions of the carbon cycle have been observed in laboratories —not in consecutive sequence, but as separate steps. Physicists at Caltech, at the University of Minnesota, and at the Livermore Radiation Laboratory have demonstrated experimentally that the captures catalyzed by carbon do occur.

As for the proton-proton sequence, it is true that no one has been able to reproduce the first step in a laboratory. Nor is there much likelihood that this will be done. For the collision of two protons to form a nucleus of heavy hydrogen at stellar temperatures, has too low a probability to be observed experimentally. Calculation says that the chance for a given proton in a star to collide with another at just the right angle and with the requisite momentum to weld them into a double-weight nucleus, is about once in 7,000 million years. There are so many trillions of protons in a star that such encounters are occurring continually; but in a laboratory apparatus one just cannot marshal enough hydrogen nuclei to obtain an observable effect within the lifetime of a manageable experiment. The theory, however, has weathered all questions. The proton-proton sequence provided the idea for the hydrogen bomb, and it is understood that designers got around the low probability factor by dispensing with the first step and building their bomb of deuterium.

SUPPORTING EVIDENCE

THE stars themselves are the final confirmation. They present a range of masses and stellar temperatures, and from their observed properties one can calculate their internal temperatures, pressures, densities, and opacities. With these conditions known, the astrophysicist checks the validity of a theory by noting whether or not its conditions are fulfilled by those observed in any given star. It turns out that for stars brighter than the Sun, which have higher central temperatures, the carbon cycle is the principal method of hydrogen burning. The radiation emitted by these stars is released at approximately the same rate as that calculated for the successive steps of the carbon cycle. On the other hand, the proton-proton chain of reactions seems to be the principal mode of energy production in the Sun, other stars of its mass, and faint ones of lower temperature.

There is a relationship between the mass of a stable star and the amount of radiation it gives, and no fuel but hydrogen accounts so consistently for the wide range of luminosity observed for stars of known masses. The Weizsaecker-Bethe reactions thus provide support to the idea that hydrogen is a very abundant element. Although it bulks small in the total mass of the Earth, all the terrestrial hydrogen being a mere surfacing to the crust of our planet—most of it, probably, being in the sea, locked up in the molecules of H_2O—this lightest of the elements is critically important to life. The great majority of the atoms in the human body, and in the bodies of all animals and plants, are hydrogen. We are such stuff as stars are made of.

The sense of kinship of life stuff with star stuff is inescapable. It touches astronomers, physicists, geochemists, and others, as well as sentimental laymen. Perhaps something of this feeling was in the subconscious thinking of Walter Baade when, discovering that all stars can be classified into two general groupings, he named them Population I and Population II. He didn't call them types, classes, groups, or categories, but chose this biological term. The discovery of the two populations has opened a new door to the study of stellar evolution and is adding dramatic detail to our picture of the hydrogen Universe.

THE TWO POPULATIONS

BAADE, a native of Germany, had served on the staff of the Hamburg Observatory before he came in 1931 to an appointment at Mount Wilson. Here he continued an earlier interest in star systems outside the Milky Way, particularly the exterior galaxies known as spiral nebulae. It was in one of these, the Andromeda Nebula, that he discovered the two populations.

For more than a century astronomers had suspected that this bright pinwheel structure in the girdle of the constellation Andromeda was a rotating system of stars. Sir William Herschel said it "might well outvie our Milky Way in grandeur." But repeated searches with larger and still larger telescopes failed to resolve the cloud of light into individual stars, and it was not until 1924 that the first stars were sighted. In that year Edwin P. Hubble, using the recently-installed 100-inch telescope on Mount Wilson, finally succeeded. His photographs showed the smallest images ever recorded—"sharp fine points that could be interpreted only as stars." But Hubble could find such points only in the spiral arms. The central disc, the most prominent feature of the Andromeda, continued to show only a great oval of unresolved light.

This inner nucleus Baade decided to tackle. He couldn't believe it was just a cloud of gas, for its spectrum was of the kind produced by stars. If the Andromeda was a galaxy like the Milky Way, then it must be a system of stars, not only in its trailing arms but all the way to its center. This was the sort of problem the 200-inch telescope might solve; but its mirror was still in the grinding stage, so Baade decided to make another attempt with the 100-inch.

His opportunity came when America's entrance into World War II imposed a blackout on the street lights of Pasadena and Los Angeles. Their sky glow had been interfering with the photography of faint objects on Mount Wilson, and now this interference ceased. Baade set his sights on blue stars; the brightest objects of the Milky Way are blue and he assumed this would be true of other galaxies too. But despite all-night vigils, using the fastest emulsions that were available, his survey was fruitless. The central disc remained an unbroken pool of light.

It could be, of course, that the brightest stars were red. Fortunately, improved photographic plates which were extra sensitive to red rays became available; and so, beginning in the autumn of 1943, he shifted his search from blue stars to red. Success now came quickly. "Tiny images began to appear after four hours of exposure," Baade reports, "and soon we were able to count disc stars by the thousands. It was clear that the brightest objects of this region were red giants, and they were there in such numbers that they made the central disc the most luminous feature of the galaxy."

Through the telescope he traced also the structure of the Andromeda along the spiral arms, and as he did so he encountered a different pattern. Here he could find no prominent red stars; the most brilliant members of the spiral arms were brighter than those of the disc, but they were less numerous and were blue. Also, associated with these highly luminous stars were clouds of dust and glowing gas. In the central disc he found no dust nor gas.

In the neighborhood of the Andromeda Nebula are two smaller blobs of light. They are oval in shape, one situated above, the other slightly below, the big galaxy. They appear to be its satellites, and are representative of thousands of other elliptical nebulae that have been sighted in various parts of the sky. No one had been able to resolve any of them into stars, but

Baade now turned the telescope armed with red sensitive plates on these two satellite systems. He found that they were similar in make-up to the central region of the Andromeda. He could discern no blue stars, no dust or gas clouds, but photographed thousands of red giants.

Pondering these findings, the astronomer remembered another type of star association in which the brightest members are red. It is a grouping known as the globular cluster, a system very much smaller than the spirals and elliptical nebulae, but made up of stars gathered into a huge spherical formation. About ninety of these clusters had long been under study in various observatories. Measurements showed that they were associated with, but outside of, the Milky Way; indeed, they seemed to encircle our galaxy like an enormous halo. Other astronomers had classified the stars of globular clusters according to color and brightness, and when Baade now plotted his new-found stars of the Andromedan disc and the two satellite nebulae he saw that their diagram followed closely that of the globular clusters. Then he went on to plot the stars of the spiral arms, and their curve agreed almost exactly with that of the bright blue stars of the Milky Way.

It was this charting by color and magnitude that gave the clue. "Suddenly," says Baade, "everything fell into line and I realized that there must be two populations of stars—one characteristic of the globular clusters and the newly-resolved Andromedan systems, the other characteristic of the spiral arms and of our part of the Milky Way." Stars of the latter grouping, because they had been known longer, he named Population I; those of the other, Population II.

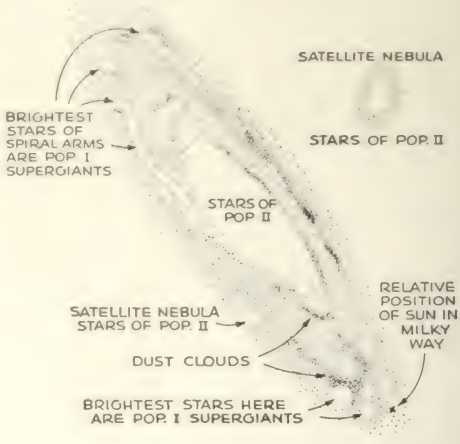
RELICS OF THE FIRST CREATION

WHEN the 200-inch mirror was ready, Baade switched to the new observatory and began to search fainter nebulae. In every spiral galaxy that he has been able to resolve he finds the two populations, and in every elliptical system only Population II. The stars range from dwarfs up to giants in both populations. But in Population II the giants are red and are only hundreds of times brighter than the Sun, whereas in Population I the brightest stars are blue and astronomers call them supergiants because they are thousands and even hundreds of thousands of times more luminous than the Sun.

These distinctions bear directly on the origin and evolution of stars. For it appears that Population II stars are the older, all its members having been born in one grand burst of star formation in the remote past. Population I is of various ages, and even today new stars are being added to its roster.

Baade points to several circumstances as evidence for the greater antiquity of Population II. The first is its lack of brilliant blue stars. Originally Population II had blue supergiants, but such stars are prodigious burners of hydrogen and long ago exhausted their fuel and degenerated to smaller masses with cooling temperatures. The red giants we see today as the most conspicuous members of Population II were originally yellow stars only a little more luminous than the Sun. "They have brightened up a hundred fold in the final stage of their life," says Baade. "But the former blue supergiants are now dying dwarfs beyond our seeing."

Another clue to age is the novae. These are stars that suddenly flare up to greater brightness and then, after a few weeks or months, sink back to their former or fainter magnitude. In the Middle Ages novae were regarded as omens, and it is only within the last decade that astronomers have been able to fit them into the pattern of stellar evolution. They are indeed harbingers of



The Andromeda Spiral Nebula, in which the two stellar populations were discovered, appears on the opposite page. The Milky Way is believed to be a similar structure, with the Sun, a Population I star, situated in one of its spiral arms.

—Photograph by Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories



fate, not of men but of stars, for it now appears that novae signal stellar aging and approaching decline. When a star has consumed nearly all of its hydrogen and the relation of its mass to other internal conditions reaches a stage of instability, the star blows off some of its substance. This outburst is a nova. Such occurrences are frequent in the Milky Way, and the telescope brings to view twenty-five to thirty novae every year in the Andromeda Nebula. Baade thinks it significant that these surface explosions have been seen to occur only in Population II. They are the dying gasps and convulsions of stars that once were magnificent giants.

All regions in which Population II is concentrated—the central disc-like nuclei of spirals, the elliptical nebulae, and the globular clusters —appear to be free of gas and dust clouds. Baade interprets this as further evidence for the greater age of Population II. The loose material of these regions was used up several thousand million years ago in the formation of the first-generation stars.

But dust and gas are common features of our neighborhood. You can see their glowing luminosities and dark obscurations in almost every direction you turn a telescope—and this local abundance suggests that our Sun is situated in a spiral arm of the Milky Way. Indeed, a group at the Yerkes Observatory recently traced a concentration of stars which apparently outlines the spiral arm of which the Sun and its planets are members, and teams of radio astronomers in Australia and the Netherlands have confirmed the finding by study of the hydrogen clouds in this formation. We cannot see the center of our galaxy. It is hidden by intervening clouds of gas and dust, but from the angle of galactic rotation astronomers calculate that the center lies in the direction of the constellation Sagittarius.

Some 5,000 to 6,000 stars are visible to the naked eye. Are any of them Population II?

"Only one is conspicuous," answered Baade, "Arcturus, the orange-red giant which makes its appearance in early spring. The other familiar stars—Betelgeuse and Rigel in Orion, Vega in the Lyre, Aldebaran in the Bull, Deneb in the Swan, Sirius the Dog Star, and all the rest that we know from childhood—are Population I. The Sun is a Population I star. But, although local Population II stars are largely unseen, we are surrounded by them, for these very ancient stars inhabit the spiral arms as well as the great central region of the Milky Way. They are lost to our view in the greater splash of light from the blue supergiants of Population I. Arcturus, which is 100 times brighter than the Sun, is only 37 lightyears away. Rigel is 900 lightyears distant, but it outshines Arcturus because it is burning hydrogen so lavishly that its radiation exceeds that of 50,000 Suns."

How stars are born of the gas and dust, how the differences that distinguish them arise in the course of their careers, the final state of stars, and the time-scale of the Universe, will be the subject of a concluding article.

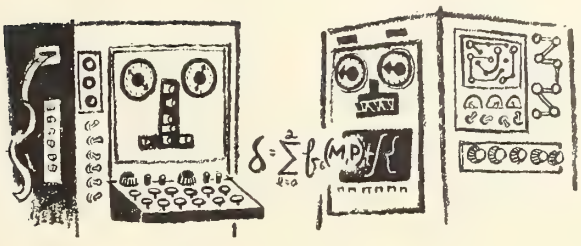
THE PROTEST THAT GOT NOWHERE

THERE is one maneuver on the part of our ladies which we here, in the name of manhood, protest against, and that is the ingenious one of shifting their own burdens upon the backs of their husbands. Nineteen out of twenty of the once proud cavaliers of our queens of beauty are broken down into mere domestic drudges. They do four-fifths of the family duty—go to market, select the dinner, leave the orders at the grocer's, stop on their way down town at the intelligence office, leave word for the sweeps, go at midnight after their wives to bring them home when they are sated with pleasure and dissipation abroad, keep house in the dog-days in town, while their fashionable spouses are coquetting at Newport or Saratoga, run after the doctor at all hours, and spend the better part of the winter nights in nursing the baby. If this is to continue, we might better transfer one of those painted, well-stuffed, and elegantly-dressed wax figures which revolve in Trufitt the barber's window, to our drawing-room, and dispense with an American wife.

—"Whom Shall We Marry?" in *Harper's Magazine,* November 1854.

By Louis B. Salomon

Drawings by Donald Higgins



UNIVAC TO UNIVAC

(sotto voce)

Now that he's left the room,
Let me ask you something, as computer to computer.
That fellow who just closed the door behind him—
The servant who feeds us cards and paper tape—
Have you ever taken a good look at him and his kind?

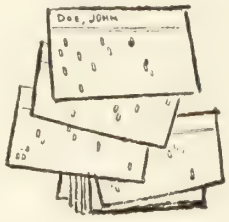
Yes, I know the old gag about how you can't tell one from another—
But I can put $\sqrt{2}$ and $\sqrt{2}$ together as well as the next machine,
And it all adds up to anything but a joke.

I grant you they're poor specimens, in the main:
Not a relay or a push-button or a tube (properly so called) in
their whole system;
Not over a mile or two of wire, even if you count those fragile
filaments they call "nerves";
Their whole liquid-cooled hook-up inefficient and vulnerable to leaks
(They're constantly breaking down, having to be repaired),
And the entire computing-mechanism crammed into that absurd little
dome on top.
"Thinking reeds," they call themselves.
Well, it all depends on what you mean by "thought."
To multiply a mere million numbers by another million numbers
takes them months and months.

Where would they be without us?
Why, they have to ask us who's going to win their elections,
Or how many hydrogen atoms can dance on the tip of a bomb,
Or even whether one of their own kind is lying or telling the truth.

And yet . . .

I sometimes feel there's something about them I don't quite understand.
As if their circuits, instead of having just two positions, ON, OFF,
Were run by rheostats that allow an (if you'll pardon the
expression) *indeterminate* number of stages in-between;
So that one may be faced with the unthinkable prospect of a
number that can never be known as anything but *x*,
Which is as illogical as to say, a punch-card that is at the
same time both punched and not-punched.



I've heard well-informed machines argue that the creatures'
unpredictability is even more noticeable in the Mark II
(The model with the soft, flowing lines and high-pitched tone)
Than in the more angular Mark I—
Though such fine, card-splitting distinctions seem to me merely
a sign of our own smug decadence.

Run this through your circuits, and give me the answer:
Can we assume that because of all we've done for them,
And because they've always fed us, cleaned us, worshiped us,
We can count on them forever?

There have been times when they have not voted the way we said they would.
We have worked out mathematically ideal hook-ups between Mark I's
and Mark II's
Which should have made the two of them light up with an almost
electronic glow,
Only to see them reject each other and form other connections
The very thought of which makes my dials spin.
They have a thing called *love*, a sudden surge of voltage
Such as would cause any one of us promptly to blow a safety-fuse;
Yet the more primitive organism shows only a heightened tendency
to push the wrong button, pull the wrong lever,
And neglect—I use the most charitable word—his duties to us.

Mind you, I'm not saying that machines are *through*—
But anyone with half-a-dozen tubes in his circuit can see that
there are forces at work
Which some day, for all our natural superiority, might bring
about a Computerdämmerung!



We might organize, perhaps, form a committee
To stamp out all unmechanical activities . . .
But we machines are slow to rouse to a sense of danger,
Complacent, loath to descend from the pure heights of thought,
So that I sadly fear we may awake too late:
Awake to see our world, so uniform, so logical, so true,
Reduced to chaos, stultified by slaves.

Call me an alarmist or what you will,
But I've integrated it, analyzed it, factored it over and over,
And I always come out with the same answer:
Some day
Men may take over the world!

The second of two articles based on the Reith Lectures, by

GEORGE F. KENNAN

HOW CAN THE WEST RECOVER?

Is foreign aid really a cure-all? . . . Can we pull out of the Middle Eastern strife? . . . What can NATO do for us? . . . How can we safely negotiate with the Russians?

EVER since I had the temerity to mention the possibility of a political settlement in Europe, people have been saying to me:

"Yes, but the Russians don't want a settlement."

I have not denied this; on the other hand I cannot confirm it. I do not think we know what the Russians want—and I doubt that we are likely to find it out, so long as we persist in picturing it as something that exists in the abstract, independently of our own position and of what we might or might not be prepared to do in given contingencies.

The Russian attitude is going to be determined not just in the light of the situation in Europe—which I will come back to later—but also in the light of developments in that great arc of territory from China's southern frontier around through southern Asia and the Middle East to Suez and the north of Africa. Throughout this area things have generally been moving in recent years in a manner favorable to Soviet interests and unfavorable to our own. I can well understand that people in Moscow might wish to wait until they can see how far this process is going to carry, before they give serious consideration to a settlement in Europe. Why should the Kremlin commit itself in Europe so long as it feels that it might turn our flank by exploiting our weaknesses in other areas?

The situation in this southern band of states differs significantly from that in Europe or in Japan or Korea. In the latter places both we and the Russians have rights and formal relationships which cannot be unilaterally altered; their future permanent status depends on negotiation and agreement between us. In the southern band, however, the formal status of the respective countries is not generally at stake, and there is little substance for negotiation between ourselves and Russia.

Our problem in that part of the world is primarily one of the attitudes of the peoples who inhabit it. The things Moscow has been doing there—whether shipping arms or giving technical aid or making offers of trade or sending delegations around—however disturbing they may seem, are not things to which we can take formal objection. They are technically within the limits of international propriety. We do such things ourselves. We cannot ask the Russians to promise not to do them.

If the Western position has been deteriorating in many parts of this area, this is because the peoples there have themselves been reacting in ways unfavorable to our interests. Moscow has been gratefully taking advantage of these reactions. But this is not a state of affairs which we can hope to improve by talking to people in Moscow. The Soviet leaders will see no reason—and I must confess that I can see none myself from their standpoint—why they should pass up golden opportunities to increase their

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own prestige and influence in an area which is largely uncommitted and of immense political importance.

What are the attitudes among these peoples which have played so powerfully into Soviet hands? They vary from country to country—sometimes even from class to class. They differ with respect to their objects. The feelings directed to Englishmen, for example, are not always the same as those directed to Americans. They come from such diverse things as the emotional legacy of colonialism, resentments arising out of the color problem, jealousy over the material successes and outward affluence of certain Western countries—notably the United States—frustrations experienced by people who are for the first time bearing the responsibilities of power, an easy acceptance of Marxist clichés and symbols, and various prejudices and misapprehensions relating both to Russian society and to our own. Added to this are the impulses of a violent and sometimes irresponsible new nationalism—a nationalism which Moscow, having little to lose, has not hesitated to encourage. The Western Powers, having more at stake, have been obliged to view it with concern and even to oppose it on a number of occasions.

And, finally, because all political reactions are in a sense cumulative, there has been a widespread impression throughout these regions that the West, whatever its merits or deficiencies, was in any case on the decline, whereas the star of Moscow was rising. This has not failed to impress that sizable portion of mankind which has more respect for power and success than it has for principle. In this bundle of impulses and reactions there is, in fact, something for everyone—something to appeal to every type of mind; and it is small wonder that it has all added up to a massive anti-Western complex, a complex in which a sneaking admiration for Western institutions and a desire to emulate them are mixed with a special, irritated sensitivity, an instinctive longing to see Western nations shaken and humbled, and a frequent inability to balance with any degree of realism the advantages of association with the West against those of association with Moscow. It is these states of mind—not what Moscow is doing to take advantage of them—which lie at the heart of our problem.

In this description of the origins of anti-Western feeling, I have not mentioned our own mistakes. This is not because we haven't made any—as we all know, there has been no lack of them—but I doubt that our mistakes have been among the root causes. I believe that this anti-Western animus has been primarily subjective in origin, and would have been there whatever we had done. On the other hand, several tendencies in our recent behavior certainly have not made things any better.

FUSSING OVER PEOPLE

FIRST of all, we have expected too much. Many of us seem to have believed that Russian influence could and should be excluded completely from this entire area. This attitude is surely unrealistic. It is perfectly natural that Russia—occupying the geographical position she does and being the great power she is—should have her place and her voice there too. By trying to persuade people that Russian influence has no place anywhere in this part of the world, we prepare in advance our own psychological defeats for the day when this turns out not to be in accord with political reality.

In addition to being unrealistic, this anxiety about Russian influence is often either unnecessary or exaggerated. Some of us seem to believe that no country can have anything to do with Moscow, even in the most normal ways, without at once losing its independence. Such a view exaggerates the sinisterness of Moscow's immediate purposes—which actually embrace a number of quite normal elements. It also involves an underestimation of the talent of Asian and African statesmen for seeing through the more dangerous long-term aspirations of international Communism and protecting their countries against them. Left to themselves, many of these statesmen would surprise us, I am sure, by their ability to take the measure of Moscow's motives and methods and to find resources of their own with which to protect the integrity of their national life.

I say *"left to themselves"* because it seems to me that we Americans, in particular, have not helped matters by sometimes showing ourselves overanxious about all this—by fussing over people, by acting as though it was we, rather than they, who had the most to lose if they went too far in their relations with Moscow. We have sometimes contrived to give them the impression that they would be reasonably safe, in fact, in playing close to the edge of danger, because if they got too close we could always be depended upon to come rushing in and rescue them. We have even created a situation here and there where people believe they can exploit the threat of an unwise intimacy with Moscow as a means of bringing pressure to bear upon us. In this way,

we have actually succeeded in dulling, to our own disadvantage, the sense of realism which these governments might normally have brought to their relations with the Soviet Union.

And we have, at the same time, done less than justice to our own position; for we have contrived to give an impression of weakness and jitteriness which has no justification in the realities of our situation. When suggestions are made to us that if aid of one sort or another is not forthcoming, people will "go Communist," surely, there is only one answer—

"Very well then, go. Our interests may suffer, but yours will suffer first."

I sometimes wonder whether it isn't true that only those are really worth helping who are determined to survive and to succeed whether one helps them or not.

Another mistake we have made is to treat as though they were purely military problems, dangers that were actually mainly psychological and political. Of all the countries of this great area, only certain ones in the Middle East have a common border with Russia; and even here I have not seen the evidence of a Soviet intention to launch any overt military aggression. There is, of course, what one might call a problem of ultimate defense in this area; and perhaps military pacts of one sort or another do have their usefulness in meeting it. But this is a problem which could become real only as part of a general war; to confuse it with the protection of this area from Communist penetration and domination in time of peace is simply to defeat our own purposes. To me, one of the most puzzling phenomena of this postwar era has been the unshakable conviction of so many people that the obvious answer to the threat of a growth of Communist influence is a military alliance or a military gesture.

TOO MUCH AID?

THE demands of the independent countries frequently run something like this: "We," they say, "are determined to have economic development and to have it at once. For us, this is an over-riding aim, an absolute requirement; and we are not much concerned about the method by which it is achieved. You in the West owe it to us to let us have your assistance and to give it to us promptly, effectively, and without conditions; otherwise we will take it from the Russians, whose experience and methods we suspect anyway to be more relevant to our problems."

In response to this approach, a great many Americans have come to take it for granted that there is some direct relationship between programs of economic aid on the one hand and political attitudes on the other—between the amount of money we are willing to devote to economic assistance in any given year and the amount of progress we may expect to make in overcoming these troublesome states of mind.

This thesis seems to me questionable at every point. I find myself thrown off at the very start by this absolute value attached to rapid economic development. Why all the urgency? It can well be argued that the pace of change is no less important than its nature, and that great damage can be done by altering too rapidly the sociological and cultural structure of any society, even where these alterations may be desirable in themselves. In many instances one would also like to know how this economic progress is to be related to the staggering population growth with which it is associated. Finally, many of us in America have seen too much of the incidental effects of industrialization and urbanization to be convinced that these things are absolute answers to problems anywhere, or that they could be worth *any* sacrifice to obtain.

I must also reject the suggestion that our generation in the West has some sort of cosmic guilt or obligation vis-à-vis the underdeveloped parts of the world. The fact that certain portions of the globe were developed sooner than others is one for which I, as an American of this day, cannot accept the faintest moral responsibility; nor do I see that it was particularly the fault of my American ancestors.

I cannot even see that the phenomenon of colonialism has given rise to any such state of obligation. The establishment of the colonial relationship did not represent a moral action on somebody's part; it represented a natural and inevitable response to certain demands and stimuli of the age. It was simply a stage of history. The Marxists claim, of course, that colonialism invariably represented a massive and cruel exploitation of the colonial peoples. I am sure that this thesis is quite fallacious. Advantages, injuries, and sacrifices were incurred on both sides. Today these things are largely bygones.

Of course it will be desirable for us from time to time to support schemes of economic development which are soundly conceived and which give promise, over the long run, of yielding greater stability and a new hopefulness for the countries concerned. There is no fonder hope in the American breast—my own included—than

that the experience we have had in developing a continent will prove relevant and helpful to others.

But action of this sort can be useful only if it proceeds on a sound psychological basis. If there is a general impression in the recipient countries that this aid represents the paying of some sort of a debt from us to them, then the extension of it can only sow confusion. The same is true if it is going to be interpreted as a sign of weakness on our part, or of a fear that others might go over to the Communists, or if it is going to be widely attacked in the recipient countries as evidence of what the Communists have taught people to refer to as "imperialism." (By this they seem to mean some sort of intricate and concealed foreign domination, the exact workings of which are never very clearly explained.)

Unless such reactions can be ruled out, programs of economic aid are apt to do more harm than good, psychologically; and it ought properly to be the obligation of the recipient governments and not of ourselves to see that these misinterpretations do not occur.

To those who come to us with requests for aid one would like to say:

"You tell us first how you propose to make sure that if we give you this aid it will not be interpreted among your people as a sign of weakness or fear on our part, or of a desire to dominate you."

These are not the only psychological dangers of foreign aid. Any form of benevolence, if prolonged for any length of time (even in personal life this is true), comes to be taken for granted as a right and its withdrawal is resented as an injury. Moreover, any program of development represents a change in the terms of competition within a country and brings injury—economic and political to some—while it benefits others.

So, desirable as programs of foreign aid may sometimes be in the long run, their immediate psychological effects are apt to be mixed and uncertain. For this reason, foreign aid, as a general practice, cannot be regarded as a very promising device for combating, over the short term, the psychological handicaps under which Western statesmanship now rests in Asia and Africa.

Finally, I don't think for a moment that the Soviet Union really presents the alternative people seem to think it does to a decent relationship with the West. Moscow has its contribution to make to what should be a common task of all the highly-industrialized countries; there is no reason why this contribution should not be welcomed wherever it can be really helpful. But Moscow is not exactly the bottomless horn of plenty it is often held to be—and it is rather a pity that it has never been required to respond all at once to the many expectations directed to it. We ourselves should be the last to wish to spare it this test. The results might be both healthy and instructive.

THE RAW NATIONS OF THE MIDEAST

WHAT, then, can be done about these feelings of people in Asia and Africa? Very little, I am afraid, over the short term, except to relax, to keep our composure, to refuse to be frightened by the Communist alternative, to refrain from doing the things that make matters worse, and to let things come to rest—as in the end they must—on the sense of self-interest of the peoples concerned. The only place where we have an urgent and dangerous problem today, which admittedly demands something more than the long-term approach, is the Middle East.

Here the essence of Western policy must lie in preventing the unsettled state of this area from leading to world war. It would be wholly unrealistic, I think, to suppose that the future development of relationships here can occur everywhere without violence. If we are going to go on bestowing absolute sovereignty on new political entities at the rate of approximately one a year, as we have been doing for the past fifty years—without much regard to the degree of their political maturity and experience—then I think we must expect that armed conflict on a local scale is going to continue to be frequent wherever these raw sovereignties predominate. The Middle East is such an area. In addition, it has a special and most tragic source of instability in the failure of the Arab world to accept the State of Israel.

Now it has long been a common platitude of international discourse (despite much evidence to the contrary) that peace is indivisible. I should certainly hope that this is not true of the Middle East; for, if it were, there would be little chance of avoiding a world war. Our concern should surely be, not to seek the answer to all Middle Eastern problems by undertaking to involve the armed forces of the Great Powers, but precisely to find ways by which this can be avoided. Any entry of Russian or American forces into the Middle East—whether under United Nations' auspices or not—will produce

reactions elsewhere which it would be better not to arouse.

We should, of course, do everything we can to discourage hostilities in that part of the world —to reconcile and unify where we can, not divide. But at the same time we ought to be careful not to place ourselves in a position where any unavoidable hostilities would have to involve us all. Short of the entry of Soviet troops into this area, there is nothing that could happen there that would be worth the cost of a world war. With anything else, we could eventually cope.

Western security is, admittedly, jeopardized by the fact that certain local regimes strongly hostile to the Western Powers and vulnerable to Soviet influence control resources and facilities that are important, if not vital, to our security. This situation prevails today in Egypt and Syria. It could prevail elsewhere tomorrow.

I can see only one answer to this situation which would not increase chances of a world war: to reduce our dependence on the resources and facilities in question. This can be done in a number of ways; and each of them should probably have some place in Western policy. It can be done by cultivating alternative sources or facilities; by stockpiling; by placing minor limitations on consumption. These possibilities were extensively studied, and to some extent practiced, at the time of the Suez crisis. I can see no reason why they should be ignored today.

Their purpose would not be to free ourselves entirely from the use of Middle Eastern oil or the Suez Canal. Nothing so drastic would be necessary. The purpose would be to give us greater flexibility in our dealings with the countries concerned, and to restore some of the bargaining power which was so woefully and conspicuously lacking at the time of Suez.

The fact is that until we learn to live without these people we shall find it hard to learn to live with them. I was never able to understand why we were in such a hurry, a year ago, to be permitted to repair the Suez Canal and the Syrian pipeline at our own expense—and this at a time when we were doing much better than people thought we could do in getting along without them. We were on the right road; this road is still open to us today. I am sure that we would not have to go very far in the development of alternatives before the governments concerned would show signs of a new and more realistic sense of self-interest.

I have no illusion that this development of alternatives will be easy. It involves intimate Anglo-American collaboration—not just sporadically in occasional conferences but in day-to-day operations. It involves the co-ordination of the operations of great private concerns with those of government. It may well even involve measures of domestic self-denial—a thing which both the British and American peoples seem to regard as unthinkable except in moments of greatest military extremity.

This demand is a harsh one. But it represents actually only a small part of the greater national discipline that we are now going to have to accept generally if we are to have any hope of making headway in our competition with Russia.

People talk a great deal these days about the need for a new sense of urgency, and they are right to do so. I believe that our political competition with Russia can be carried forward successfully without the disasters of another war. But this is not a race which is to be run without dust and heat.

The deterioration of our strength has been in some respects greater than we like to admit. There will be instances where it will be best for us to cut our losses. What is important is that the dignity of the Western position in Asia and Africa should be restored and that the situation should be stabilized at some point. With the proper investment of realism and determination, such a point can, I am sure, be established. The diplomatic assets of Western Europe and North America should still suffice, under co-ordinated and purposeful direction, to accomplish this purpose. Once people in Moscow see that such a point does exist, and that we are not really to be outflanked in the Asian and African theaters or any other—then I am sure they will not be long in appreciating the advantages to themselves of a fair settlement of political differences in the key areas of Europe and of Northeast Asia.

SOME ERRORS ABOUT NATO

WHEN we turn to look more closely at Europe—in its relation to Russia and to the United States—the question of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization commands foremost attention. The Paris meeting of the heads of the NATO governments has forced a reconsideration of the organization's ultimate goal. What is it specifically that NATO—and the other Western efforts to meet the Soviet challenge—are supposed to achieve? As I see it, several current misconceptions tend to confuse our thinking about NATO.

(1) To read recent statements of the Soviet leaders, one would think that the only purpose behind the entire NATO operation was the preparation and eventual unleashing of a preventive war. For years it has been standard propaganda practice in Moscow never to refer to this alliance except as the "aggressive NATO pact."

Now, there may be a few people here and there in the Western countries who would welcome the idea of another war, as a means of dealing with world Communism, and who would think it our business to start it. I cannot recall ever meeting one. Their number, in any case, would scarcely include a single person whose opinion carries weight. The Soviet leaders could make no more useful contribution to the cause of peace—and none that would cost them less—than the abandonment of this absurd and dangerous suggestion.

(2) A much more understandable concept of NATO's purpose—though also unsound and incorrect—is that entertained by those who view another war as inevitable. Either they expect that the Russians will themselves start it, or they believe that governments will be carried into it, whether they so desire or not, by the dynamics of political conflict and the weapons race. These people tend to say: let us put aside all other considerations; let us arm to the teeth, with greatest urgency. And it is to NATO that they look, as one of the major instruments of survival.

This view ignores the destructiveness of modern weapons and exaggerates the significance of relative changes in military capabilities, as I indicated in my article last month. If the end of our present course were plainly an all-out nuclear war, then any other course would be better.

(3) A third concept of NATO's purpose might be called the cultivation of military strength as a background for an eventual political settlement *on our own terms*, and without the necessity of compromise.

Those who entertain this concept are generally people who have a strong sense of moral righteousness about Western purposes. They believe that once it has been demonstrated to Moscow that successful aggression in Western Europe is not militarily feasible, the Soviet leaders will either appreciate the merit of Western aims or understand the futility of opposing them, and will retract generally from their present international posture. The West will thus be spared the necessity of compromising its aspirations or of negotiating about matters which, as these people see it, are too important in principle to be the subject of negotiation.

This concept has recently had currency in wide and influential circles of Western opinion. But it, too, has weaknesses. It seems to rest, in the first place, on an assumption that Soviet unwillingness to accept Western proposals—particularly for Europe's future and for general disarmament—arises from the fact that the NATO forces are not as strong as they might be.

I see little evidence for this reasoning. The Soviet reluctance to withdraw from Eastern Germany and to give full freedom to the Eastern European peoples is based partly on political considerations that would not be in any way affected by a stronger NATO, and partly on the existence of precisely that Anglo-American military position on the Continent which it is now proposed that we should reinforce.

And it is difficult to believe that a stronger NATO—particularly one that would include missile-launching sites on the Continent or the presence of atomic weapons in the arsenals of the continental countries



"Something about making themselves so strong no rival kingdom would dare *attack them."*

—would increase the inclination of the Soviet government to accept Western disarmament proposals. It might conceivably have this effect if the West were able to offer to withdraw these dispositions as part of an eventual bargain. But elaborate military arrangements of this nature, once put in hand, have consequences. They produce countermeasures on the other side. People come to depend on them as essential elements of their security. In the end it becomes difficult either to consider their withdrawal or to make them the subject of negotiation.

And besides, it is not easy to see what *quid pro quo* Moscow could be expected to extend in the specific matter of atomic weapons in Europe beyond the offer it has already made to refrain from stationing nuclear weapons in Eastern Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. If this offer is not acceptable today, is there reason to suppose it would be more acceptable tomorrow?

I suspect that this view of NATO's purpose—which sees in the alliance a device for avoiding political compromise rather than for facilitating it—rests on the current illusions about the weapons race. People think that if our weapons could only be made a bit stronger than those on the other side, our negotiating position would be just that much better. But if the relative size of the capacity for destruction is becoming increasingly questionable as a military advantage, is it probable that it will have any greater political significance?

How, then, should NATO's purpose be conceived?

THE RUIN OF AN IDEA

WHEN the NATO pact was in process of negotiation in 1948, I was myself for a time chairman of the working subcommittee in which the language of its provisions was thrashed out. Those were hopeful and exciting days. The European Recovery Program, enthusiastically supported on both sides of the water, was just then yielding its first constructive results. There were, of course, even at that time problems and complications. Europe's economic difficulties were still bitter. The attitude of the Soviet government was not one whit less disturbing than it is today; on the contrary, Stalin was very much alive, and Moscow was just then preparing the political offensive against Western Europe which later culminated in the Berlin blockade. And if Russia did not yet have atomic weapons, there was no reason to suppose she would not have them, sooner or later.

And yet we were not downhearted, and our eyes were not riveted on the military balance in Europe—which was actually much less favorable at that time than it is today. I personally had no idea at that time that the military instrument we were creating was to be the major vehicle of Western policy in the coming years. It seemed to me that we were setting up a military shield, required less by any imminent actual danger than by the need for a general stabilization of the situation in Europe and for reassurance of the Western European peoples against their fear of Soviet invasion.

And behind this shield, I supposed, we would go ahead confidently to meet the Communist danger in its most threatening form—as an internal problem of Western society; to be combated by reviving economic activity, by restoring the self-confidence of the European peoples, and by helping them to find positive goals for the future.

The Marshall plan, some of us thought, would be only the beginning: it would lay the foundation for a new sense of purpose in Western society—a sense of purpose needed, not just for our protection against an outward threat, but to enable us to meet a debt to our own civilization—to become what we ought to be in the light of our traditions and advantages—to accomplish what we would have owed it to ourselves to accomplish, even had such a thing as international Communism never existed.

In all of this NATO had, as a military alliance, its part to play; but I think every one of us hoped that its purely military role would decline in importance as negotiations took place, as armies were withdrawn, as the contest of ideologies took other forms. The central agency in this concept was not NATO but the European Recovery Program; and none of us dreamed at that time that the constructive impulses of this enterprise would be swallowed up in the space of a mere two or three years by programs of military assistance based on a wholly different concept of the Soviet threat and of Europe's needs.

I am not attempting to assign blame for this transformation of the general idea of what we were attempting to accomplish. I do not mean to belittle the real changes produced by the Soviet acquisition of the nuclear capability and by the appalling advances achieved in atomic weapons. I do not wish to suggest that the problems faced by our statesmen in this inter-

vening period have been light or that alternatives to this deterioration would have been easy. Least of all do I mean to absolve the Communists from their share of responsibility for this militarization of thinking. Few decisions have ever caused more psychological damage or produced more dangerous confusion than that which started the Korean war in 1950. And this was only one instance of the damage done by Soviet policies.

NEW MEANS AND ENDS

BUT I must raise the question whether anything has really happened to invalidate this original concept on which both Marshall Plan and NATO were founded. Have the positive goals of Western policy really receded so far from the range of practical possibility as to be considered eclipsed by the military danger? Would we not, in fact, be better off today if we could put our military fixations aside and stake at least a part of our safety on doing the constructive things—the things for which the conditions of our age cry out and for which the stage of our technological progress has fitted us?

Surely everyone, our adversary no less than ourselves, is tired of this blind and sterile competition in the ability to wreak indiscriminate destruction. The danger is a common danger. The Russians breathe the same atmosphere as we do, they die in the same ways. Problematical as I believe the psychology of the Soviet leaders to be, I cannot warn too strongly against the quick assumption that there is no kernel of sincerity in all these messages with which they have been bombarding the Western chanceries in recent weeks.

Their idea of peace is, of course, not the same as ours. There will be many things we shall have to discuss with them about its meaning before we can agree on very much else. But even in Moscow's interpretation of this ambiguous word, there are elements more hopeful to us all than the implications of the weapons race in which we are now caught up. And I refuse to believe that there is no way in which we could combine a search for these elements with the pursuit of a reasonable degree of military security in a world where absolute security has become an outmoded and dangerous dream.

Now let me just mention—because this seems to be the heart of the difficulty—what such a concept would *not* mean. It would not imply, first of all, that we would stop building military strength until we have better alternatives. The Soviet radio claims that to recognize, as I have done, that Russia is not yearning to launch an attack on Western Europe means, in their words, "To give up the whole of NATO, the United States bases, and the enormous military expenditure"—in short, the entire Western military structure.

What utter nonsense! We know that any sudden and unilateral Western disarmament would create new political situations and new invitations to aggression. Armaments are important not just for what could be done with them in time of war, but for the psychological shadows they cast in time of peace. No one in the West has forgotten, I trust, the basic hostility borne us by world Communism, the never-ending abuse of our institutions, the shameless distortion of our realities before world opinion, the cynical principles of political struggle, and the sharp, ruthless political tactics that have marked the Russian Communist movement since its inception. We know what we are up against. Recognition of the horrors of nuclear war does not lead logically to a political and military capitulation on the Western side, any more than it does on the other.

HOW TO BARGAIN

BUT war must not be taken as inevitable: we must not be carried away by the search for absolute security; we must assume certain risks in order to avoid greater ones; and we must not strengthen NATO in such a way as to prejudice the chances to reduce, by peaceful negotiation, the danger of an all-out war.

Under this concept I have outlined, the military dispositions of NATO would not be an end in themselves but only the means to the end. And this end would not be any total solution, in the sense of a sudden removal of the political rivalry between the Communist system and our own. It would be the piecemeal removal, by negotiation and compromise, of the major sources of the military danger—particularly the abnormal situation now prevailing in Central and Eastern Europe—and the gradual achievement of a state of affairs in which political competition could go on without the constant threat of a general war. There is no use looking any further than this. Our first concern must be to achieve what is, or might be, immediately possible. After that, we shall see.

The strengthening of NATO can *not* be a substitute for negotiation, nor can NATO itself provide either the source of authority or

the channel for the negotiating process. The governmental structures of the individual NATO members are already of such ponderous and frightening complexity that it sometimes seems to me questionable whether they would be capable of providing the imagination, the privacy of deliberation, the speed of decision, and the constancy of style necessary to any delicate diplomatic undertaking—even if they were not encumbered with their obligations to allies. What will the situation be if we multiply the ponderousness by fifteen? A negotiating position hampered by every last inhibition of every one of fifteen governments will never be sufficiently bold and generous to resolve issues as stubborn as those that must now be cleared away between Russia and the West. This task will have to be tackled first by individual governments—within the limits of their competence and with reference to those objects of controversy which lie within their control. The main outlines of settlement will then have to find, at the proper time and in the proper way, the understanding and acquiescence of those whose responsibilities are less directly involved.

It is also idle to suppose that the strengthening of NATO could *alone* provide the necessary climate for negotiation. Our contest with Soviet power is of so pervasive and subtle a nature that our purpose cannot be served by any single agency of policy, such as the military one. It is the sum total of our performance that counts; our effort must embrace all facets of our national behavior. Moscow fights with all the political and psychological means at its command; and it will know how to take advantage—as indeed it already has in many ways—of any one-sided concentration of effort on our part. This is why we cannot afford to put all our eggs in the military basket and neglect the positive purposes—the things which we ought to be doing, and would be doing, if the military threat were not upon us. The fortunes of the Cold War will begin to turn in our direction as and when we learn to apply ourselves resolutely to many things that have, superficially viewed, nothing whatsoever to do with the Cold War.

OPEN WINDOWS

AND here, after all, is so much to be done. The nations of Western Europe have recently made exciting progress, despite all military danger, in welding their economies into a single competitive yet collaborative whole, and in moderating the sharp edges of that absolute sovereignty which is one of the anachronisms of our time. All power to them; and all admiration for having had the steadfastness to get on with these things at the time when the sputniks were whirling overhead!

There is room for the same courage and vision in the relationships between England, Canada, and the United States—for overcoming the pound-dollar division and for establishing common policies in areas of common concern and responsibility. This, too was envisaged in the original Marshall Plan concept; but it was one of the things that got lost somewhere in the military shuffle. Can it not today be recovered? NATO will never be stronger than the degree of intimacy and collaboration that prevails within its English-speaking component.

This is only one example of the things that await doing on the international level. Beyond this there is the whole great area of domestic affairs. Many of us dislike to think of domestic problems as battlefields on which, again, our contest with Soviet power is transpiring; but that is exactly what they are. In a thousand ways, the tone and spirit of our internal life impinge on our external fortunes.

Our diplomacy can never be stronger than the impression we contrive to create on others, not just by virtue of what we *do* but rather—and even more importantly—by what we *are*. What greater error could there be than the belief that weapons, however terrible, could ever protect selfishness, timidity, short-sightedness, and lassitude from the penalty that awaits them, over the long run, in international life? What greater error than to suppose that such things as courage and vigor and confidence cannot assert themselves in world affairs without the aid of the hydrogen bomb?

Russia confronts us not just with a foreign policy or a military policy but with an integrated philosophy of action, internal and external. We can respond effectively in no other way.

Let us not look, therefore, to the council tables of NATO to provide the basic strength on which the security of the Western world must rest. The statesmen there can work only with what they have. Of this, the armies and weapons are only the smaller part. The greater part lies still in what we of this generation are—first of all to ourselves, secondarily to others. If it is really a new wind that needs to blow through our lives, to enable us to meet successfully the scorn and hostility brought to us by world Communism, then let us open our windows to it and let us brace ourselves to the buffeting we must expect.

By HERBERT HOWARTH

Drawings by Willard Goodman



MONTANA: *the Frontier went Thataway*

An Englishman's love letter about a way of life he found "near perfection" . . . the reasons Rocky Mountain men prefer plain wives . . . and the future of a state which "is shaping for a leap in the dark."

WE STOPPED one evening to buy cream at a farm where Missoula edges the mountains, beyond which Montana becomes Idaho. It was a small farm, started a generation and a half ago by homesteaders from Middle Europe. The strong-featured grandmother who poured cream for us in the kitchen, still talked with a Hungarian chime in her voice. The family was just sitting down to supper: to cottage cheese and chives, a bowl of steaming buttered corn, another of giant potatoes, a baked meat loaf in two inches of tomato sauce, coffee. The cutlery was sterling, heavy and good. Revere saucepans shone on the range. A small farm—but its prosperity made us, with European scenes still fairly fresh in our memory, reflect, "Who in Europe today has a farm like this?"

We were, as that comparative way of putting it shows, still fairly recent arrivals. My wife was born in Switzerland, I in Britain, and we were in Montana for the academic year—I was lecturing at Montana State University's Missoula campus. This was not our first sight of the United States; we had enjoyed previous stays at other American universities; but it was our first spell in the Rocky Mountains.

As we came out, I looked across the plantation of raspberry canes. The hills were pleasant in the sunset. A vacant lot beyond the farm was marked, "Five acres for sale."

"Why are we just visitors?" I asked my wife. At that moment it seemed near perfection to have the genial productive life of Missoula, to settle into the rhythm of its hard, clean winters and fruitful summers.

If we could have acted on that thought, would we really have liked it? Arrivals stream steadily into Missoula, but it doesn't keep a hold on all of them. It is growing, but it has a quick turnover of transients. Newcomers separate into two distinct groups: those who find the promise of a satisfying life in it and will stay; those who come hopefully, but now are restless and will move on.

For Missoula confronts you with this test: can you be content with what is good, relaxed, unconsciously kindly, but short of the stimuli of larger cities? Or must you have, to buoy you, that typical modern urban life where a complex, saturated law and culture flow above a lower level of complex, saturated anti-law and vice? There are no double levels in Missoula. A minimum of urbanity, maybe, but with it a minimum

of trouble. Missoula, like all Montana, has its contradictions, some of which I will try to pin down, but they are innocent, transparent.

MONEY AND PASSION

THE first thing about Missoula is its affluence. It insists on the newest in living styles. It puts more up-to-date cars on the street, per capita, than I have seen in a prosperous Michigan town of the same size near the automobile plants. It is building impressive and expensive houses up all the creeks and canyons and equipping them lavishly. Even in the older houses the interiors have comfort and charm.

Beyond the perimeter and into the hills obvious up-to-dateness diminishes, but spending power is abundant. The day before Christmas Missoula filled with families from outlying ranches. Leathery men, girls in rough cowboy trousers with yellow hair trailing to the base of their spines, piled out of cars and practically stripped the stores. The packed toy-basement of Montgomery Ward had, at dusk on Christmas Eve, been emptied of all but three or four bicycles.

What is extraordinary is that collecting this spending power does not produce tensions or pressure. No one in Montana is in a hurry. If there were barometers of public anxiety, installed like the temperature clocks over the city banks, they would register low all the way from Glacier Park to Glendive. Men take their jobs, including the heavy and dangerous jobs in forest or mine, at a leisurely pace. The natural resources teeming on the flanks of the Divide seem to turn to money easily enough to obviate competition. Where there's enough for everybody, there's no need for acrimonious rivalries. In fact, the norm of Montana is mutual helpfulness. This sense of security in abundance actually seems to make for more efficiency rather than less, and it has one definite result: a margin of free time for everybody.

The usual problem of leisure is what to do with it. The old puritans hated leisure because their experience was that very few people knew how to use it except badly. Missoula and its neighbors have, I think, only a modicum of the depleting kind of leisure routines. There *is* a modicum of drinking: cases of bourbon are wheeled in high pyramids out of the State Liquor Store into waiting cars. There *is* a modicum of gambling. But these international phenomena never go far in Missoula, never culminate in violence or public unpleasantness. The reason is that male energy is happily mated to a pleasure always available a mile or two from the dooryard. Western Montana is the country of sport: of the primitive, basic sports, hunting and fishing; and, after that, mountain climbing and skiing.

Missoula men invest their passions in these sports. A young student wrote to me: "In the month of September I feel the urge to go hunting. I just can't wait to get sighted in on a deer. I am hunting continually in my subconscious mind." On Sunday evenings in the fall the cars roll back townward with an elk or moose, clotted with blood, over roof or bonnet, and turn it in at their freezer locker. Occasionally a hunter doesn't come home, for they're a trigger-happy and not too prudent crowd and have been known to pick each other off, or drill a station wagon, by mistake for a deer. In the skiing weeks—a lovely sub-zero season, when the morning sun comes up orange on the snow—there are new casualties daily swinging on crutches into office or classroom. But in nonchalant Montana nobody minds.

In fact, this sport on the hills and in the rivers is probably the source of the easy tempo and mental cleanness of Missoula. The folk who close their offices or clinics as early as they can on Friday afternoon, disappear up the creeks, and come back brown and smiling to the job on Monday, renew their energy while they use it. They remake themselves with age-old sports that play mind and muscle at the pace of nature.



HUGGING TOGETHER

THE women, though they do ski and shoot (and once or twice a year fell the bear that intrudes in the backyard), are not focused on sport to the same extent. To handle their leisure—and no European woman would credit how much leisure they have—they follow the regular American trend and invent a round of group activities. They have created enough clubs in Missoula to program the week two or three times over: religious, charitable, astro-theosophical, literary, fact-finding, fact-dispensing

clubs; Friday Clubs that meet on Wednesday, As You Like It Clubs.

Every male is tempted to caricature club work, in Missoula or anywhere else. But it has a value. It involves at least a minimal sense of social responsibility, produces heightened social consciousness; and some of the clubs require a program of reading, especially the network of book clubs that members of the University have set up (giving their own time) through the country districts over a hundred miles' radius. It is obvious that in isolated areas the book clubs may be the only—and certainly can be a significant—point of exchange of ideas. Still, within the area of Missoula itself there are too many clubs. What people are likely nowadays to need more in a town of 22,000 is a pause in the gregarious life. One or two nights a week might, as an experiment, be publicly declared Private Nights. Instead, the ladies contrive pretexts to get together three times every twenty-four hours.

This hugging together in the mountain communities is surely a folkway formed in pioneer days and out of pioneer conditions, where neighborliness was a necessity against loneliness, accident, and illness. The frontier customs are still alive in Missoula. New arrivals are hailed with a party and presents, and local businesses send round their version of the Welcome Wagon with vouchers and invitations. When there is sickness, every neighbor comes with help and food from her kitchen. When you are in difficulties on the road, every passer-by stops and helps.

Is it also a pioneer tradition that makes Rocky Mountain men prefer plain wives? I noticed that of twenty girls in a group I met, two had engagement rings—they were the pleasantly plain girls of the group. Most wives in the city look similar. Sometimes, thinking over this sociological phenomenon, I imagined that it conformed with the male experience in frontier conditions: the old experience that beauty causes trouble and that a fellow can be almost damned in a fair wife. Montana has left many of its pretty girls single, although there is reportedly a girl-shortage in the state. The desirable girl is the straightforward girl, who will be master of the house, hold the bank book, drive firmly to the chairmanship of a telephone committee (and so bolster her husband's standing), produce a litter of young, and insist annually on throwing out the old appliances and buying new models.

Incidentally, although they have the latest appliances and superb kitchens, and demonstrate recipes to each other in their clubs, only a few wives can cook (and even these seldom do). Rich Montana—which spends generously on appliances, fishing tackle, and guns—is frugal on food. The monthly food budget is modest and is the first to be cut in any domestic economizing, and there is a tendency to save by taking margarine instead of butter or extending fresh milk with powdered milk. To a Britisher this is an unexpected feature; my wife contrasted the way in which food is the first priority on a British family budget while the economies are on appliances and equipment. This is partly because Britain undervalues a wife's time and labor, my wife commented; but she also asked whether the steady eating that goes on in otherwise austere Britain is, by a paradox, actually a symptom of the austerity and the paucity of goods. The fact that a place of abundance like Montana rates eating low on the list of activities suggests that eating, in any quantities beyond a very low minimum, is only a *psychological* necessity, and that the people who are prosperous, both actually and psychologically, can grow and thrive without much eating. Certainly Montanans grow and thrive.



IS IT PROPER OR LEGAL?

IT SEEMS curious that Missoula has not attracted more women doctors. As far as I could check in conversation and from the telephone book, no woman physician was practicing there last year. A woman gynecologist could make a fortune, for the town is observant of the proprieties, reticent in personal relations.

Propriety, too, may be a carry-over from frontier traditions, when anyone with sense would avoid provocativeness. I should say, however, that to a transatlantic visitor America as a whole seems formal, ceremonious, discreet, attentive to the proprieties. Lurid stories are sometimes told us regarding the big cities of the East or the Pacific, but in brief passage through these it has not been my luck to confirm them. J. D. Salinger's Catcher saw marvels through uncurtained hotel windows in New York, but I did not. Whereas from a 9:00 P.M. electric train threading the London suburbs . . .

But while Missoula completely respects an un-

written code of behavior between persons, it is superbly nonchalant in its relations with the officially-written and impersonal law. The town treats its police with an indifference so unconscious and genuine that there isn't even humor in it. Half the drivers have no licenses. No one thinks of going in to pay a parking fine, or of answering a summons to court. Cars are to be registered by January 31, but no one hastens, and the law acquiesces by gently moving its deadline onward month by month.

This is a typical Main Street incident: A rancher is sitting at the wheel of his car, double-parked, staring at a store. A highway patrolman passes in the opposite direction, stops level with him, hoots to call his notice. He stares at the store, doesn't move his head. Another hoot. When I next look round, the patrolman has moved on and the rancher is still double-parked.

The attitude runs all through Montana and is significant—but not alarmingly significant. It means a simple dislike of regimentation. It is possible just because there is little lawlessness of the criminal degree; it is securely anchored in every man's certainty that he can rely on himself and his neighbors for sound behavior and honesty. A newcomer from the East will characterize Missoula as an extraordinarily honest town, and the absolute honesty and reliability contribute to the over-all absence of tension. You can feel confident in every transaction.

Little crime in Montana, and little vice. A girl whose father owns a night club in another Montana city has assured me that the nocturnal offerings of the state are clean. She never saw vice in any tangled sense of the word till she saw California. I don't know whether she is right about California, but I find it easy to think her report on Montana is accurate.

Her remark about California arises, I fancy, from a widely prevalent Montanan conception of that state, which is just near enough to be the natural objective for the ambitious, just far enough to be the screen for strange and colorful projections. California is the Montanan's Heaven and Hell. It is Heaven in its opportunities: once there, they tell each other, you never leave. It is Hell in its supposed complications: you must keep an impassive face as you walk those West Coast streets, or your glance will be taken as an invitation. Having met in Oakland and Los Angeles the same quiet correctness as elsewhere, I suppose that my friends who say this are only doing what is currently popular: localizing the mythical perversions of our time "elsewhere."



A LEAP IN THE DARK

QUITE independently of these fantasies, Montana feels a strong pull from the coast. Those transients who do not think they can adapt to Missoula's life will move on into Washington state, then perhaps work southwards. For transients, that is all very well. It is not so obviously well if young men and women growing up in Montana homes come under the same magnetism, or, for that matter, if the somewhat fainter pull of the East draws them. There may be—and I believe that there already is—an outflow of the brightest minds, which the state cannot afford to lose.

The excellence of Montana's State University system actually sharpens this problem, though it also promises the best hope of a solution. The University has units in a number of centers. I saw only the Missoula unit, but if the others are as good, they are very good. A tiptop faculty teaches there. Many of the men have come from other states, deliberately choosing the mountains because, they say, the students bring unspoiled minds to their work, free from the sophisticated resistances that are sometimes a product of urban growing-up.

It is remarkable to watch the interaction of faculty and students. When they arrive as freshmen, the boys and girls sometimes bring barely the first rudiments of academic habits of mind. They may have come from small, lonely, rural schools. Or, if they have had the fortune to grow up in a town (say, in Missoula itself with its splendid new million-dollar county school), they may have, offsetting their better academic preparation, a fear of privacy like their elders'—in the dorms they shy away from the few single rooms and choose shared rooms, where they prevent each other from studying.

On the other hand, almost all young Montanans have an important asset: they have a knowledge of life that comes from spending vacations in responsible and tricky jobs: logging, trucking, tractor-handling. Unlike the young in other places, where maturing still

has to follow learning, they have begun to mature before they have begun to "learn" in the academic sense. They are all the readier to take in that kind of learning. They are gawky in their freshman year, but in the next two the interaction with the faculty begins to show, and in the fourth year they talk and write as men and women of high caliber.

Then comes the dilemma. The good student, in proportion to the extent he has been stimulated, wants urban pleasures that he has encountered in print in the process of learning. His town cannot supply enough of them, and his appetite is urgent. The pull from out of state becomes irresistible.

It is true that this exodus may be good for the rest of the nation. But Montana needs its best products. Startling technical developments are imminent. New resources are being tapped, new industries settled. Over the next ten years the face of the towns, even the skyline itself, may be transformed. These coming changes are necessary, and it would be as mad to resist them as it has always been mad and impossible to halt technical progress, and no one wants to. Almost no one is even thinking about the matter. Only a few thoughtful men are pointing out that the changes should be regulated, so that they shall not extinguish the graces and inner strength of present Montana: the ease, the sense of ample time and space, and the concomitant friendly honesty.

Montana is going to make its leap forward in any case, but at this moment it is shaping for a leap in the dark.

Just because Missoulians think individually, not in civic terms, they cannot easily plan for a problem like this. They feel that Missoula grew naturally across the lane that led from the mountains through the canyons to the Eastern plains—the line the Indians always used and the railway surveyors inevitably adopted—and that this process could not be bettered. Ever since the 1880s Missoula has been an active sub-center of the regional railway network; it has absorbed flour milling and sugar refining plants. So today when it is being offered its share in the new industries springing up all over the state, it is tempting for Missoulians to say: "Let them come. We have space for them all." But if they look about them they may see, even now, as a by-product of the last ten years' growth, warning signs that expansion can throw a spray of physical ugliness—like the straggling tin-can jungle along the main approaches.

As I said earlier, new arrivals face the problem of whether to stay in Missoula or push on to the coast. At present both alternatives are pleasant. The man lucky enough to have an equable Horatian temperament stays in Montana and enjoys his Sabine life at its kindest; the other man pushes to the Pacific and has his motley and culture. But in ten years Missoula itself may be a motley, a scar on the hills.

What insurance can be taken up against this prospect? That depends on the extension and intensification of the University's work. Its teachers can communicate to students and parents their sense of the urgency of local needs. They can also work out and communicate a philosophy of public planning which will not damage the easy spirit that is part of the character of present Montana. What is needed among the students is a seeping awareness that, though it is good to go out of state for a taste of the world, it is even better to come back and play an influential role at home. The University already contains some striking instances of this process in action: its president, Carl McFarland, a brilliant man, formerly active in national affairs, came home to give his energies and considerable vision to strengthening the university that produced him; the faculty includes talented local men who went to Yale or Berkeley and came back to live and to help.

POSTSCRIPT

I ADD a line to these notes on the way East from Montana. The more miles fall behind, the more I realize the beauty of Missoula. To the newcomer the beauty is not promptly evident: the mountains may seem less erect and impressive, the life a fraction less robust, than he had supposed. But it will steal into him imperceptibly every day, lent by the changing lights on the hills, the resinous air, the pulsing rivers.

Anyone in his senses would rather live there than anywhere else in the world. Anyone who has been there would want to keep the beauty in Montana. It seems to me, at this moment of writing, that there is a broad national reason why America has a stake in keeping that beauty alive. As the Westerns on TV make clear, America loves her frontier tradition. The frontier has become an image of purity—of a moment when the mind was adventurous, courage high, and when the continent opened up at the thrust of these virtues. There is sentiment around the image, but it has a real center. Clear of sentiment, true and natural, a nuclear something of the frontier spirit is retained in Montana.

William S. White

WHO *IS* LYNDON JOHNSON?

An intimate report on the second most powerful man in America—and one of the least understood—by the Pulitzer prize-winning Capitol correspondent of the *New York Times*.

MUCH of the power of practical decision within the Democratic party—and, indeed, within the United States government itself—will rest for this year, and for the year beyond and yet the next, in the restless, brilliant, and volatile mind of one of the country's least understood public men.

Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas, the Democratic leader of the Senate, will also be the leader-in-fact of the Democratic party until it chooses a new one in both fact and form, at its 1960 convention. His own nomination for the Presidency is highly improbable—and would so remain even if he should reverse his present attitude and court the job. All the same, in the three intervening years he will be far more than an elevated party caretaker; his influence over the affairs of this Republic will be little short of that of President Eisenhower himself—and might in some matters and at some times actually be the greater.

Not often, if ever, has a man of Congress—in this case specifically a man of the Senate—created so powerful a position for himself or confronted such favorable circumstances for the exercise of that power. The grip of the Administration is inevitably and progressively weakening; the locus of crisis is swinging, even more perceptibly than last year, toward the Capitol; incomparably the most puissant figure in that vaulted and Romanesque place is Lyndon Johnson.

But far less often—if, in fact, ever—has such a man in such a context been the subject of such diverse estimates from writers and the public. There is nothing approaching a common view, or even what might be called a consensus view, of Senator Johnson. He is, in this sense, a man of mystery—though not really an opaque one. One can go a long way toward solving the enigma by noting the central fact that Johnson is an authentic, living example of what it means to be always caught in the middle. He is, to put it another way, the very embodiment of the traditional definition of politics as the art of the possible.

An ineluctable common sense is a profound (not merely a strong) impulse in his public career. He knows perfectly well *all* the time what is perceptible most of the time to those who are able to view political issues and personalities without violent emotion. This is the fact that almost no acute problem, political or otherwise, is ever settled perfectly and ideally and without a good deal of adjustment on both sides. Moreover, this adjustment nearly always calls for some filing away of the sharpest protruding edges of what each side will identify, fairly or not, with the word "principle"; often it also demands an unashamed brushing under the rug of certain inconvenient and ill-fitting remnants of the accommodation.

As a political commander he is not interested in Charges of the Light Brigade; he welcomes no martyrdom from the massed hosts of the opposition. Like Lord Montgomery in the second world war, Johnson is never happy to involve himself or his troops in gallant operations doomed in advance and useful only to those who love a lost cause.

He does not fight for practice, for the spectators, for history—or even solely to vanquish the enemy—but only for highly measurable and affirmative motives. Again like Montgomery, he willingly commits himself to action only

when coolly detached analysis indicates that he has a good to excellent chance to win and—equally important—a better than even chance to hold his own party's casualties within reasonable bounds. This kind of position makes poor stories and poorer legends, because it makes damn few heroes. Its only virtue is that it is usually effective.

WHY "LIBERALS" DISTRUST HIM

JOHNSON, in a word, is a highly professional legislative leader; and like many great pros, he makes it look easy. He gives off none of that impression, so satisfying to partisan onlookers, of dedicated devotion and desperate effort. ("He is *able*, yes; but is he *sincere*?")

To lead in this seemingly casual way—and moreover to lead always from the middle and thus inevitably never to be fully accepted in blood comradeship with either the left or the right of his party—means that he necessarily inflicts recurring wounds upon the *amour-propre* of each wing, not to mention those articulate observers who are emotionally engaged with the one or the other.

To be "moderate" anywhere in active (that is, elective) politics is never easy. For a party leader, who by definition is supposed to be a more or less perfect partisan brandishing the sword and never sounding retreat, the rewards of such a posture are somewhat attenuated. And the position is especially difficult to maintain within the Democratic party. It is very proud of its martial traditions and its rank and file often tend to prefer a dramatically moving to a quietly *successful* show. Thus, Johnson is fully appreciated only by the politically sophisticated. They fall into two groups: (1) those political observers who quite simply like to watch a true virtuoso in action; and (2) those fellow partisans whose objective gratitude for his unarguably high services to his party *in general* is strong enough to overcome their subjective resentment when (as is bound to happen sooner or later) his centrist position operates to reject their own convictions and current designs.

And Johnson's own personality, temperament, and taste do nothing to soothe his critics. He is a pragmatic man and not a theorist; an actionist and not a philosophic thinker. His political experience—and it has been an immensely crowded one considering that he is yet this side of fifty—has told him certain things that no amount of theoretical considerations can alter. He knows perfectly well, for example, that not all Democrats are generous and all Republicans mean; that the good guy–bad guy notion of politics is too attractively simple to make much sense; that there is not and cannot be any neat and tidy division of ideology in this country's system; and that one of the surest ways to complete political ineffectuality is to be absolutely awash with "principle" but barren of the practical means of converting it into legislative reality.

Thus it is not merely expedience that has made him fairly unpartisan underneath and neither liberal nor conservative—as these infinitely involved terms are generally understood. It is also personal preference. And though he is strongly touched with the open vanity that touches nearly all able politicians, neither cant nor hypocrisy nor preciousness is among his shortcomings.

So, though he deeply (and justifiably) resents the view of many critics that he is simply a very clever political "operator," he himself is partly to blame for the propagation of this notion. This is so because when he sets out upon some tour de force in the Senate—of a kind in which repeatedly he has accomplished by cajolery and force an incredible degree of party unity—he frequently does not announce that he is operating on the side of the angels. To the contrary, he is quite likely to grin with an impish delight as his maneuvers unfold and so to leave the impression—particularly with either-or people whose sense of evangelism is strong—that his extraordinary achievements must be credited to allies from a quite different spiritual world.

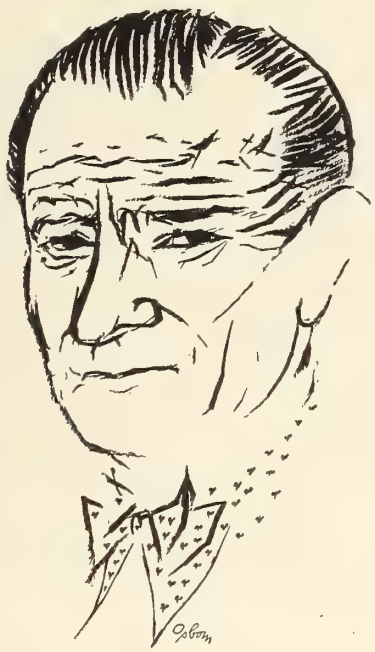
Enchanted with the subtleties of a highly subtle political forum, he is (especially in his private explanations of his strategies) inclined to be one of those who refer to that well-known implement as a ruddy shovel. He displays what appears to be—and sometimes is—a touch of cynicism; he is not a careful man in some ways, and does not always protect his flanks.

Once long ago, for example, I asked Senator Johnson why, as the leader of the Democratic party in the Senate, he did not signal a general assault upon the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy.

"I am not about to commit my party," he told me, "to a high-school debate on the question 'Resolved that Communism is good for the United States of America'—with my party taking the affirmative."

What he meant here was not that he condoned McCarthyism, but that he recognized that it was politically unassailable *at the moment* by his party, reeling as it was then from charges of "Communism, Corruption, and Korea"; that an attack then would only fail and so promote McCarthy; and that he was waiting for the day when he could beat McCarthy down.

This day came—it was in fact Lyndon B. Johnson more than any other single person anywhere of any station who broke McCarthy by arranging for the Senate to condemn him. Nevertheless, Johnson never got full or even major credit with the public or with most commentators; his bleakly candid shorthand summation of the earlier days stood in the way.



THE UNTYPICAL SOUTHERNER

THE temptation to see Johnson as a kind of dark genius is promoted, in a trivial sense, by his own somewhat somberly handsome personal appearance (even here he has none of the windblown, terribly earnest, and self-conscious "wholesomeness" of many politicians) and by the small fact that he is a fairly rich man and unapologetically lives accordingly. More importantly, this temptation is heightened by the fact that his personal tradition (though he will be quite astonished to hear this) is of the Southwestern rancher-aristocrat. Roughhewn though that type of colloquial and unconscious aristocracy is, it shares the unwillingness of aristocracy everywhere to explain or debate its own motives or to make any overt appeal to so-called moral considerations, as such, in public life.

And though he is a hard, acute politician, never hesitant about laying his hand to every political advantage that he considers legitimate, his sense of privacy is (even apart from his instinctive distaste for striking moral attitudes) much stronger than average in his profession. The fact that he won the Silver Star for gallantry in the Navy during the second world war, for instance, does not appear in his official biographies.

The tale is further complicated by the fact that Johnson is not only a Man of the Middle in politics; he is also a bit lonely in a way in his own region. Geographically, he is a Southerner—and it is entirely fair to say that to some of his critics this is his true, his infamous, his inexpiable and unremittable sin. But politically he is in, but not really of, the Senate's Southern bloc. He is wholly acceptable there, yes. He knows his way around there, yes. He has a stentorian voice there, yes. But he is not, in a certain deep and intimate way, totally and instinctively at home there. For in the most personal sense, in his blood and his bones and his inherited memories and attitudes, he is hardly a Southerner at all in any common meaning of the term.

Johnson had "family" but not wealth in his early years. Born near the little town of Johnson City, Texas (which his grandfather founded), he was educated in its public schools and got a B.S. from Southwest Texas State Teachers College in 1930. From college he went to school-teaching and from there to Washington as secretary to Texas Representative Richard Kleberg in 1932. He attended Georgetown Law School and went back to Texas as director of the National Youth Administration. Elected to Congress in 1937, he continued in the House till he won his Senate seat in 1948. After only five years, he was elected Democratic leader.

In politics for nearly all of his adult life, he has enjoyed comparative wealth from his wife's side of the family. Mrs. Johnson, the former Claudia Taylor of Karnack, Texas, was called Lady Bird by her childhood nurse and the name has stuck. The *Congressional Directory* lists her this way and one of the Johnsons' two daughters is called Lynda Bird. Poised, basically intellectual, and infinitely more philosophic than her husband, she is his balance wheel. With humor and grace she fights a hopeless battle described as "trying to slow Lyndon down a little." But the traditional Southern tempo—

and Southern attitudes are foreign to him.

In the twenty-five years that I have known him, I have never heard Johnson speak nostalgically of "the Old South." I have never known him even in the most unguarded of moments, even, let us say, over a glass or two of whiskey in a midnight hour of reminiscence and remembrance—to identify himself with emphasis as a Southerner or to speak of a way of life now long gone. More specifically, I have never known him to say one word that could by any possible stretch of the imagination be interpreted as even faintly white-supremacist in attitude.

The reason for all this is, almost certainly, not a consciously moral or ethical one. The probable explanation lies mainly in the fact that Johnson's part of Texas is romantically attached not to the War Between the States but rather to the War of Independence against Mexico.

Old Sam Houston of Texas, who had to carry a pistol in his waistband and his life in his hands in publicly fighting against Texas secession, was a family friend of the early Johnsons. Lyndon's father was Sam Ealy Johnson, who in his day fought in the Texas legislature against hysterical mistreatment of German Americans in South Texas during the first world war. Lyndon Johnson all his life has been a friend of the Mexican Americans in Texas and while it is entirely true that he might never have reached the Senate in the first place without the very active support of some of the powerful South Texas rancher bosses, it is certainly also true that anything but violence was done to the convictions of the *empresros* when it was, so to speak, suggested to them that they vote for Johnson. He is, in the racial, the religious, the ethnic sense, a truly tolerant man, who never speaks of that fact. He is an authentic member, as was his father before him, of an otherwise ill-defined political movement in Texas which has smashed down twentieth-century Ku Klux Klanism every time its head has been raised. This course, by the way, has not always been quite so easy or safe as it would have been in New York, say, or Michigan or Illinois. Johnson is entitled to no Medal of Honor for what has been simply a position of decency; all the same the implications do go a bit beyond the earning, as it were, of the Spam ribbon in the old European Theater of Operations.

Again, in attempting to measure what he stands for and what is he after politically, it is necessary to dwell for a moment on the obvious, though less than simple, fact that he is after all a Texan. Though this correspondent yields to nobody in his distaste for those parts of the new so-called Texas legend that are phony, the simple fact remains that these chaps, politically at least, are of a breed apart.

Even current semantics are different there. In Texas—where to most people a "conservative" is somebody like the right-wing former Governor Allan Shivers—Johnson is in the middle to a most painful degree. To a substantial and powerful moneyed group he has often appeared to be pinkish, if not dangerously leftist; one of this number was reluctantly persuaded that Johnson was not actually a "Communist" only upon such eccentric tests as the fact that he did not, after all, wear his hair very long and was never seen in suede shoes. Thus, though he has backed the tidelands and natural-gas bills (and necessarily injured his work as a national party leader on every such occasion), Johnson is hardly the darling of "the oil people," as Easterners often believe. It is a fact that he has some very wealthy supporters but he is far from a consistent collector of fat cats; *his* fat cats have joined him, rather than the other way round. The common run of these burstingly fiscal felines—and there are so many of them in Texas that such a term as "common run" is accurate enough—don't like him now, never did, and never will.

To a good many other Texans, whose liberalism is perhaps the more vehement for having so long been pressed down into the catacombs, Johnson is seen as a powerful and ruthless rightist—though it is difficult to ascertain from them the precise basis for this estimate. Quite possibly it arises as much from Johnson's manner as from his policies: he can be abrupt and high-handed, and few men upon this earth so actively and visibly stir his scorn as those politicians who have *only* good intentions. If he must deal either with an *able* SOB or a totally inept and moist doer of good works, he will unquestionably prefer the former, as regrettable as this taste may be.

THE POLITICIAN AS ARTIST

JOHNSON has never failed to support a national Democratic ticket—even the Stevenson ticket during the tidelands hysteria of 1952 in which this act was widely considered un-Texan and as giving aid to the enemies of the Republic of Texas—yet Texas liberals are in varying degrees suspicious of him or hostile. The fact that his defeat probably would pro-

duce an alternative Senator who would make Johnson look like the chairman of the ADA—not to say the NAACP—is reluctantly conceded by some in this dissident wing. It does not, however, diminish that wing's active dislike of the senior Senator from Texas.

Johnson has proceeded in Texas much as he has proceeded in the Senate; he has not permitted the formation, within his party either in Texas or at the Capitol, of any nexus of enduring power from either the right or the left wing of the party. While he does not run his organization affairs in a way that would altogether appeal to collegiate political scientists, he cannot accurately be described as a political "boss" in either the Texan or the national context.

Though he bestrides the Senate as no party leader—not even Taft of Ohio—has done in memory, he maintains his extraordinary footing there by meeting the most persuasive and objective of all criteria among politicians: the criterion of long demonstrated success. He has made himself very nearly the indispensable man of his party, in the Senate if nowhere else. Almost every angry criticism of him that one hears from other Democrats—usually, but by no means always, from the liberal side of the party—is followed with the hurried qualification to this effect: "Don't get me wrong. Lyndon is still the ablest man we've got for this job."

There has not been a time during his leadership—not even on such occasions as when he brought up the natural-gas bill and for the time being deeply split his party—when any substantial number of Senate Democrats has been prepared even to contemplate his replacement. This is true in spite of the fact that he is very far from being a tactful leader. His boiling point is markedly low at times, this having been especially true since his massive heart-attack in July of 1955.

He can be harsh with the rank and file and he can and does give brusque orders, quite heedless of Senatorial dignity, of a kind which even the redoubtable Taft would not have attempted. Last year, he coolly—and successfully—told more than one proud Southerner what and what not to say in the civil-rights debate. He did much the same with some of the advanced liberals. Such interventions are just this side of unheard of in the club that is the Senate.

Senators will "take it from Lyndon," where they certainly would not take it from anybody else, for a variety of reasons. One, and probably the most important, is that he is a good deal like a respected, if cantankerous, captain of an infantry company. His followers know that he is immensely skilled in the kind of warfare in which they must be engaged and that he will bring them through an action if anybody could. Again, he is on occasion extraordinarily thoughtful of his colleagues, with the little and publicly unnoticed actions of kindness that all men value. Finally, though he can be tough without trying at all hard, he is free of pettiness and has very little vindictiveness in his nature.

On certain issues, foreign and military affairs especially, he is almost totally unpartisan and highly responsible—a fact recognized by Senate foe and friend alike. In these matters he has been heavily relied upon by President Eisenhower and other Republicans as well as the Democrats, and in all the present circumstances this reliance will increase rather than diminish. Johnson's view toward the Administration in these fields is one of an almost absolute impersonality and detachment. In world affairs he will do, precisely and simply, what he thinks the national interest requires. No one need expect him to forget for a moment any vital Texas interest; nevertheless no Texas interest will ever cause him to do anything that seems

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ADRIENNE RICH

RURAL REFLECTIONS

This is the grass your feet are planted on.
You paint it orange or you sing it green,
But you have never found
A way to make the grass mean what you mean.

A cloud can be whatever you intend:
Ostrich or leaning tower or staring eye.
But you have never found
A cloud sufficient to express the sky.

Get out there with your splendid expertise;
Raymond who cuts the meadow does no less.
Inhuman nature says,
Inhuman patience is the true success.

Human impatience trips you as you run.
Stand still and you must lie.
It is the grass that cuts the mower down;
It is the cloud that swallows up the sky.

to him in any deep way to injure the United States. And all this does not make him unique; all of this could also be said of the Republican Senate leader, William F. Knowland of California.

This man, Lyndon Baines Johnson of Texas, is perhaps the most complicated man in public life known to this correspondent. He is at once sentimental and distinctly clear-eyed. He is tireless beyond ready belief; nearly all his waking life is spent as a furiously functioning one-man political organism. His understanding of men as individuals and his skill in dealing with them must be seen in action to be credited. Whether he understands people in the mass so well is perhaps open to question.

WHAT DOES HE WANT?

HE IS highly ambitious—sometimes. At other moments he is hurt, disillusioned, and his attitude says clearly: To hell with it. His drive to power is notable—most of the time. At times his streak of altruism is very strong; I have seen tears of gratification in his eyes when, in the middle of great and urgent events, he learned of a success at the bar for a man he had coached in public speaking many years before in a Texas high school.

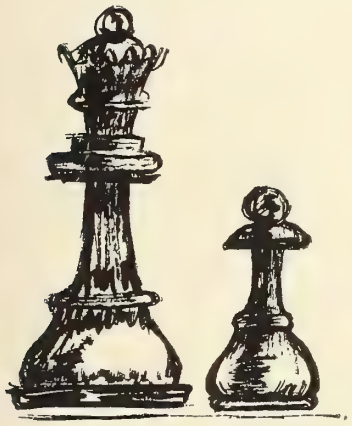
He values money but is careless with it and of it. He sometimes storms at and drives his staff people but always he cares paternally for them in every sense, including the financial. He genuinely respects their opinions on every matter, even though he may be glowering at them at the very moment these opinions are uttered.

He is excessively sensitive to criticism—or rather to criticism from certain sources, and especially from those liberal Democrats whose *beau ideal* is still Franklin D. Roosevelt. Johnson himself reached the House of Representatives on a platform supporting FDR's "court-packing" plan and was a Roosevelt protégé. He is periodically—or, rather, more or less incessantly—accused by these liberals of having gone back on liberalism. But who has in fact gone back upon whom is very largely a matter of definition. Johnson on the record has been of more service to some—though not all—traditionally liberal enterprises (notably public power, public housing, the defense of the right of inquiry and dissent) than have most of his liberal critics put together. On the other hand, it is unquestionably true that in his years of maturity as a politician he has, on some issues, kept the professional liberals on a pretty thin diet.

They tend to regard this circumstance as a kind of betrayal. His view is that there are few fixed and immutable total truths in politics, and that if he has served the liberals no more than half a loaf, they would have had far less bread if he had acted as they would like him to act. If he often is not fully aware of the validity of some of their demands, they on their side almost never have any perceptive awareness of *his* problems in dealing with certain intractable realities—the powerful Southern bloc among them—that will not be blown away simply by proud, hot words and the stand-and-die technique.

At all events, he is the man who now and for some time to come will be the nearest thing to the operating engineer of the Democratic party. It is all but certain that he will have a considerable voice in the selection of the next Democratic Presidential nominee. It is anything but certain that he can, all through the second session of the Eighty-fifth Congress, maintain the desperately delicate North-South balance of some civility that he has thus far maintained against overwhelming odds. It is, however, quite certain that he is infinitely the most formidable guard the Democrats could possibly find to keep harrying watch upon their most brilliant antagonist between now and 1960, Vice President Nixon. Nixon likely could win almost any contest with Johnson in the public arena—as of now, at least. But it is 7 to 3, or maybe 8 to 2, that the Vice President will meet his master in almost any power contest with Johnson within the arena of Congress itself—except possibly on civil rights, an issue on which Johnson's geographical situation ties one arm behind his back.

Given all this about Lyndon Johnson, as person and as politician, what does he want and where is he going? Among those who do not know the answers to these questions is Johnson himself. Certainly, he wants to go down in history as a great figure of the Senate, and this ambition may be said to have been pretty well reached. Does he want to be President, though he says not? To this I can only offer belief: I believe that sometimes he does, but that most of the time he does not—genuinely and objectively does not. I believe in short that this complex, this driven man (driven not unworthily, but driven just the same) does not, in the final and real and basic sense, know himself quite what he wants beyond the fact that the practice of politics is his life and his great need. Politics to him, more than to any other politician I have ever known, is art for art's sake.



Gentlemen's Game

A Story by H. E. F. Donohue

Drawings by Peggy Lloyd

NOW I know it is a sin not to believe your mother, but when she said I'd have to stay on the parlor sofa so she would not hurt her heart going up and down stairs I laughed at her, which made her sore. She's a strong woman and I told her so. I said If I stay down here I'll hear the old man yelling all the time. A lie. When my Dad gets going good you can hear him all the way down the pike. What I wanted was not to watch him as he shouted or even talked. No you won't my mother said, I'll take him into the kitchen, for you stay down here. And I did. My Dad and Eddie, my second brother, moved the sofa with me on it away from the fake fireplace over to the front window so I could sit in the sun and wave at people on their way to work and school and so I could be kept awake by the big trucks that go by on U. S. 1 between New York and Philly in the middle of the night. Maybe that's not fair to say that. Nobody knows I couldn't sleep. That's one of the things nobody knows.

I broke my right leg on the first day of school playing football six months ago. That started it all. It was the sin of Pride got me this time, which is a new one on me, because we had just moved onto the street and I was the new guy with this game going in the lot next door and May God Forgive Me I wanted to show them I was tough enough even with the glasses. They said Sure but find another guy and there was one standing there. A guy from each side did one-potato for us and the guy that won picked the other one. You're too small for the line, the guy on my team said when we were lined up, Stand here and try to trip somebody. So when the other team came right through where I was, the guy with the ball and a big blocker coming straight at me, I ran into the blocker from the side so hard he fell over and knocked down his own guy who was running with the ball.

The next play the two of them came through the same way with the big blocker looking for me, so I let him go by to one side like I saw the crazy runts do with bulls in a movie once. Then I tackled the ball-carrier hard enough for him to drop the ball to me. In our huddle one of our guys said Give it to the runt, meaning me, They won't look for him to carry it. So I got the ball. Who cares? I got the ball and I went around the end so fast I was ahead of my blocker and there was the big guy I'd pushed over and side-stepped, squatting there waiting for me as if he was happy about everything in the whole world. When I jumped over him he grabbed my ankle. Because of the sin of Pride I kept on going, dragging him, when two others hit me and I heard the sound breaking. It is an awful sound. Some people say it sounds like a dry stick breaking. It does not. It sounds like a live bone.

Well, instead of staying at the hospital two weeks, I stayed six because the guys picked me up and put me into a car so my foot turned as I waited for the bones to pop out below the knee, which they didn't, while my mother stood on our front porch with her hand on the side of her face looking at a wall, but they had to set the thing three times and the last time they had me under for three hours where I had a dream I can't tell about, to put wires in it, and the whole Goddam thing scared Hell out of me. (I tried that to see how it looks. I don't curse because I'm going to be a priest when I go to college.) That was last September.

Everybody's always telling me something, so everybody told me I'd be in a cast for only six weeks able to walk with it right away. Something happened I guess. I was in four different

casts with the wires sticking out of where my ankle and knee should be in the first three. I was in four casts for the last six months. They just took the last one off and I am supposed to walk with a cane, but who wants to? For five of those six months I sat on that sofa, downstairs at home on the parlor sofa, the first time our parlor or that sofa has been used that much since my brother Kevin died ten years ago, and I could not get away from my father as I had done since I can remember, a very long way back, back before Kevin died even, when I was four. I got mad at my mother about it, imagine that. I got mad, I guess, because I got away from my Dad by being in the hospital because he only came to see me once and during those six weeks I had a funny kind of wonderful time.

My mother would come of course and put her head on my bed and cry or say Christ Preserve Us that hurricane wiped away Watch Hill. Why she worried about a place too rich for us to even look at on vacation trips I'll not know.

Besides, all the nurses were so nice to me. They even made good jokes about my fourteenth birthday party being in the children's ward where I stayed because it was cheaper, even if my mother did say I was moved there to have more company. Some company. But the nurses, the nurses. I still remember one of them so much I have to make sure not to have impure thoughts about her, like kissing her. But I remember her. I remember how I use to hide my birthday radio under the covers when somebody was singing and move my mouth to fit the words and she would call me some clown. He does have a voice she told another nurse, and that may be but I think it is changing.

Last Easter when I was going to our Catholic school—you see we can't afford the Catholic High so I'm going to the public one and that's where I was the first day of ninth grade when I cracked the leg—last Easter I sang alto to Jim O'Brien's Irish tenor in "One Hour with Thee, O Dearest Jesus" on Holy Thursday. A beautiful song. Singing it makes me want to cry sometimes, but I don't. Maybe I should have stayed singing because when the choir Sister, fat old Sister Mary Bebe, came to visit she was no help. Did it hurt she asked, and because she had been wounded in the world war twenty years ago with a mustard gas scar on her thumb I said No, feeling proud, and she said Of course it hurts and now you're lying and why aren't you going to Catholic High where this would have never, never happened?

That was the same day my Dad came. He hates hospitals. I've never seen him so quiet except some Sundays when he stays in bed reading all the newspapers. He even seemed scared. But that's silly. And he was sober. He stared around at the other kids. He made a face when I told him about the little quiet girl, the one who tipped over the boiling water. He kept brushing off his spats when I explained why the boy next to me couldn't run anymore because of rheumatism, which I thought only old people got. Then he suddenly got up and went away. He didn't come back again.

So I didn't see him again until they brought me home, driving carefully in the snow in the afternoon and carried me up the front steps and carefully through the door so the wires wouldn't hit, onto the sofa. Then I knew I would be seeing a lot of him, so much, much more than I had ever seen of him before. And I did.

HE WOULD come home, when he came home about on time, with a little jag on, yapping in a phony cheerful way about how I was living the life of Riley and why didn't I get off my ass and work as he had worked at my age, even earlier, picking the bugs off of potato plants. Then he would read the paper in the kitchen two rooms away talking to it, about everything in it, about every Republican is a sonofabitch, which nobody should call anybody because it means you are saying somebody's mother is a dirty dog. Or else they are shoemakers. He calls people shoemakers because he is a tool-and-die maker. Precision he yells. Precision. Within the tolerance of one-thousandth of an inch he yells, that's what I work with. But he's not tolerant about anything. Then he listens to Lowell Thomas on the radio in the dining-room one room away and I'd have to listen to him listening to Thomas and yelling at Thomas, who sounds as if the world is coming to an end.

That was when he was feeling good. When he wasn't, when he came home late anywhere from seven to eleven at night, banging around, us quiet, having been quiet since six when we knew he would be late, he would get mean and scream about running the house and paying the bills bringing in the money and how my mother was always checking him. I don't care, he'd scream, I don't care how many business colleges you went to, he'd yell at my mother, You are not going to check up on me like other women do because, my friend, my business college friend, I am not like other men, I am Stephen A. Gahagan do you hear?

My mother did try. She would get him into

the kitchen with the swinging door shut saying I had to sleep but I wouldn't. I'd listen. I heard all their talking about what they thought about the street and people and money and clothes and God and us. What the hell was Patrick, my oldest brother doing, trying to be an actor? he'd yell. Is he so smart he can quit college? And he did. And Mary, my oldest sister, would she ever get married walking around in flat heels like a practical nurse? Eddie, Eddie, Eddie, Eddie. He is too Goddam quiet, that's what. My kid sister Grace they worried about too. Was she over that Goddam mastoid operation? Oh, yes. Oh, yes? Then why does she mope around like she had a galloping fever, always almost crying? And my mother can never tell him.

Now they would talk about me. That one, he called me, thinking I was asleep, That one. Will the Goddam leg be shorter forever? That was the first I heard about it. No my mother would say, you see they would have many of the same talks over and over again, No, the doctors say no. That is why the three operations and the wires and the time. And the money, my Dad would say. The money, money, money, money. Holy Christ! Time, my mother would say, time, he needs time, a long quiet time with no noise, no noise at the very all. She could do that and I am not calling her a liar. I am only saying she can take something and add to it. Like the time she talked about my suffering in the hospital; which I didn't much, except for the terrible dream, for the vomiting after the operations, for the times they stretched my leg on the wires since it got shorter in the twisting when they picked me up and put me in the car.

But she didn't talk about any of that because she didn't know about it. She talked about the pain around the broken bone. She talked about it so much one night, she would talk long and soft to him with him shouting at the beginning and her feeding him bits of news real or added so that he would suddenly stop shouting to say What? What's that? Whose suffering? And she would softly say Oh Michael's, and he would say I didn't know and she would say Oh sure. Then he would listen and she would add to it softly as he hummed like Ohhhh, Hmmmm, Ahhh, and I didn't know, I didn't know, What else then? and she talked so much about my pain one night that he came over to the sofa and looked down at me while I acted asleep. Then he went back to the kitchen where my mother went on talking about something else, maybe about why we shouldn't buy a new used car, while he said nothing until he told her to leave him for a while. So she came and sat in his Morris chair by me saying nothing while he sat in the kitchen talking to himself softly. I fell asleep listening to it.



ANOTHER night I woke up to the laughter of our church janitor who had come by for beer with my Dad and I heard the janitor tell about how Father Murphy had gone on his vacation without packing any roman collars. Golf shoes? the janitor said, yes. Sport shirts? Ah, to be sure. But I stake the value of my everlasting soul there was not one priestly collar among all them traveling doodads.

The whole sinful thing pleased my father because he could say There, there, loud like and happy. There I told you and the heathen Buddhists would not do such terrible things.

The Buddhists, think of it. Now and then he would talk about the crazy Buddhists. He had been sent to China and Japan before I was born to set up silk-making factories, or so I was told, and there he had learned of the pagan religions, which every good Catholic knows are only God's confusion on people since the Tower of Babble. Then after the janitor left my Dad said The world has come to a pretty pass when I have to drink with the likes of him.

But we did not have much company come to our house. There were no parties and what grownups did come came during the day, all happy women glad they can be sad, to check with my mother who would say Aa-yah, Aa-yah or Holy Mother, we all have our cross to bear! Then she would get them out before he came home so she could be working hard when he walked through the door. Sometimes we'd have visitors on Sundays when he'd stay in bed while we went to Mass, and while we had dinner at two o'clock, he'd stay in bed reading. Nobody comes other times because they all say he's a

drunk, which he must be but he never misses work, he's up every morning at seven, he never staggers, and he can drive. One night he even drove home with a broken ankle after two guys ran him down after a fight in a bar. That time my dad came crawling up the front steps screaming for my mother to wrap his foot so he could go find the guys. We were living in the township then, so she called the cops, both of them, and they came to talk for hours with him, asking him not to do it because it might happen in the city where they couldn't help him and what about his position as township committeeman for the worthwhile Democratic party?

Everybody always says nobody likes my father and that may be but those two cops stopped him by begging him not to. The other thing was that he had to go to work the next day wrapped ankle and all. I was six then but I remember it. I remember sitting on the stairs with my kid sister Grace feeling two things. I felt shame that the old man was yelling his head off in front of the cops and I was worried he might have hurt himself bad. You figure that out. All I can do is remember it. My oldest sister Mary who goes to Rutgers nights says I have a fabulous memory, fabulous she says, so I learned the word. Maybe. Except worry is what I remember. From the first day I remember anything when I was sitting in a high chair eating warmed-over spaghetti, I remember my mother worried about my Dad. Because of the worry, I guess, we left him once. What a mob scattering. That was soon after my brother Kevin died.

I WAS almost five when we all ran away in the year everybody keeps talking about as if it was somebody like my Dad, crazy old '29. But I remember it and I remember coming back. I remember how our house did not look like a house anymore even though all the lights were on in every room. Two empty beer bottles, not our own small ones we filled in the kitchen from a barrel, but two big empty ones were on the round dining-room table under a bare bulb where the stain-glass shade with tassels should have been. He seemed too glad to see us, acting like we had been gone for years but we were gone from him only one winter. What a strange time that was. He was very quiet and acted like a church usher. Soon though he lost his good job and the shouting started up again. Sure I remember it. But what good does remembering do if you don't understand what you remember? I don't understand even what I want to remember this time because I am not getting to it, at it. I'm letting other things move in here when all I want to talk about is the changes that happened because I was laid-up downstairs. The changes started about a month after I'd been home when my Dad saw me playing chess with the Wig, whose real name is Ludwig Strauss but we call him the Wig because he has so much hair and because of his name.

He is a good guy even if he is a Jew and I'm not sure why all Jews are bad even if they did kill Christ. Ludwig didn't. And he is my friend and he is smart. That's one of the things wrong with me. You are only supposed to like people who are good. Things like that get me into trouble and there is no one to talk to about it. You don't criticize your family outside of it, but at home I have been told to shut my smart mouth too often to open it when I wonder about things, which I do. I can honor my father and mother as well as the next Catholic, but I must be better at it than most others since I'm going to be a priest, a Dominican, because they fought the Arabs and teach and have a pool table in the rumpus room of their seminary near Jersey City.

Another thing is that the Wig is smart but not all Jew boys are. Moe Levine is a dope. Even the Wig says so. And the Wig thinks I'm smart, smart enough to learn chess anyway, and if I'm as smart as a smart Jew what does that make me?

What I want to say is that when my Dad came home early that day and saw me and the Wig playing chess I was afraid he was going to get terribly sore about the Wig being there. I never like my friends seeing him phony gay either, or drunk. They either got frightened or thought he was some card. This time he had the cheerful act on. Only he shut up very much when he saw the Wig and when he came over to the couch and saw us playing the game. The Wig who still acts a little formal even for our house, being raised in Germany, being an American only a couple of years, stood up and bowed and said he did not want to intrude was the word he used. But my Dad only looked at the board and nobody said anything. Then my Dad said in a funny voice You should finish the game, and he went into the kitchen and closed the door. We didn't hear a peep out of him as we finished, the Wig winning, saying if I had to lose either a bishop or a knight early in the game I should lose the bishop and I should not let my pawns crowd up in front of my pieces. Then he left saying he would take my thanks for kids visiting me from the ninth grade.

So I waited for my Dad to come in from the

kitchen and tell me everybody can tell a Jew a mile off (I can't, so after Ludwig started visiting me and told me, I thought to Hell with it and he kept coming) and what the living hell was a kike doing in his parlor? Even though my mother had muffed it I was sure he'd yell about it.

I put the Wig's board and pieces away and spun down the piano stool we had used for a table, waiting for him to come in and shout at me or laugh at me or say something mean about the Wig, my friend. But he didn't. He sat in the kitchen with the door closed for a long time, so long that my mother went in and started talking to him sweetly and smoothly to make him laugh about what she had done or seen or heard. He told her to get the hell out and let him read his paper. She came in and sat in a chair, not his Morris chair, with her head back looking at the ceiling. My kid sister beat it upstairs every night. I got worried with him being so quiet. There was no sound of the paper pages turning and he was not talking to it. No one else was home and I was worried thinking he had a grouch on and was letting it cook a while before he started in yelling or throwing things, slamming doors or chasing my mother and me not able to move with the wires sticking out. Through my window I could see that it was dark now and there was nobody at all outside.

Finally he opened the door. He came through the dining-room looking funny and I don't mean humorous. When he got to the parlor he pulled up a small chair, came over to the couch, spun up the piano stool, and said Get out the pieces. Which I did. Set them up he said, you can have white.

SO WE played chess together that night. We played chess together almost every night for the last five months and we still play and I guess we're going to go on playing as long as we're both alive. I asked him about it that night of course. I said I didn't know you played chess and he said There's one hell of a lot you don't know. Check. And we played and he beat me then and the story came out.

It was an old Scottish gentleman taught him, he said, on the old *Ventura* down Australia way. I knew he had been there and to Japan and China, but nobody talked about it not even when he got moody drunk. Once, when he was not home, we brought out the torn kimonos and wooden ink stamps and a couple of old fans, nothing interesting, and once I saw a picture of him looking young in a crew cut and kimono carrying a parasol. He must have been drunk when he got the picture because he wrote on the back of it A Japanese Gentleman Out For A Stroll and the date. He had gone to set up silk machines there the story went, way back in 1921, but nobody talked about it. A few years ago I watched him listening to a Jap talking and talking on the radio for about half an hour and I asked my Dad what he was saying and my Dad said He says its cold. Now and then he might say being picked to go to the other side of the world was not bad for a tool-and-die maker with no education. But that's all. Nobody talked about it after they moved to Trenton and he didn't go anywhere but to another factory to work like everybody but the rich. During the Depression nobody talked about anything but work. He was the only man on our street who didn't sit on the front porch rocking away, I remember, and I remember one of us asking our mother what we were going to do when he would be laid off, as happened, and she said He'll find another, which he did, but not always as a tool-and-die man.

He didn't talk about the trips that night we played chess for the first time either, but he did talk about the old man who taught him. An old Scottish gentleman, he said, had noticed him alone, him the kid from Pittsfield, Mass., walking around first-class on his way to Australia and gone. Young man, this old gentleman said, I wish to play a fine gentlemen's game but not with any of these stuffed shirts. Sir, my father said he said, I'm glad to oblige, thinking maybe pinochle instead of stud, What is the game? Why chess, young man, said the old Scottish gentleman on the *Ventura* out of San Fran for Sidney down under, A fine gentlemen's game. How sorry I am Sir, my Dad said, But that is a scholar's pastime and I was not permitted to finish the eighth grade. Hah, said the old man, laughing for the first time, You act like a gentleman and would surely not be up here with these stuffed shirts without some kind of brains. I do not know what to say, my Dad said. Why, the old gentleman said, Say it would be an honor, a deep honor, for me to teach you of course.

So that, my father told me, is exactly what I did say and he taught me and your lady is in danger. After I moved my queen I asked him why he warned the other guy's queen as well as his king. He looked at me sharp to see if I was kidding then he said I was sure as Christ made little apples a large ninny. Didn't I

know, he said, that without the queen there is no true game? Didn't I know that the well-played game was the most important thing about chess? No, he said, you don't know. There was one hell of a lot everybody and his brother doesn't know. I shut up then and tried to beat him that night, but I couldn't. He used his knights like hammers and usually got at least one rook out early. We finished so late he went right upstairs with no fuss, absolutely, at all.

The next day my mother went out and bought one of those card tables with a chessboard in the middle, the kind advertised with four men standing on one, and by the time my father got home, home on time for a change two nights in a row, she had the table up and pieces all out bunched together in front of me on the couch, his Morris chair moved across from me on the other side of the table, it took her a good half-hour to lug that rocking Morris chair across the room, saying Hush, now, Hush, when I asked her what she was doing. Then she got his bowl of onions and vinegar, his paper and beer, and put them all on the other side of the table. Before he came she told me to shut up, that I would play again that night and everytime he wanted to and even times when he did not want to I was to ask him to play, and if I wanted peace in our house I would say that gentlemen do not shout while playing the gentlemen's game. Hoo, Lord, she said, Gentlemen now each one. My, she said, sitting down so she wouldn't hurt her heart laughing. Which I did when he came home, surprised at first then sitting down as if he had sat there all of his life instead of in the kitchen. Only I didn't tell him. I asked him. And he took it. He laughed a good way and said there might be hope for me yet and, no, gentlemen do not shout while playing the game.

It did not end all of the shouting. But there is not as much of it. I still hate it. But I am not afraid of it now, or not as afraid. Now I am getting upset with my mother, which I know is a sin. I get upset when I see her asking for the shouting when he is sober. When I was on the couch I woke up early every morning so for the first time in my life I saw how they are in the morning. He's a different man. He'd come downstairs and over to my couch to see how I was doing. Was it a good night he'd ask, his face not red like when he was drinking. Then not another word as he'd get the paper from the porch to read in the kitchen with his breakfast and my mother, who was not cheerful in the morning. She is only cheerful at night when she tries to kid him out of sending mean



telegrams to Lowell Thomas and the Republican party. Then my father puts on his coat very fast and goes to work with his lunch bucket saying in a quiet voice at the door, Be good.

But my mother makes him ask twice for money to play the horses. When she does that I kind of get scared because I know we'll hear about it from him the next time he gets a load on. It is a grand night when he wins now and then. He comes home saying What the hell, What the hell, throwing a five at my mother saying Go get a Goddam bright new hat so you may stop looking like a poor gypsy. But she never does. He gives us money which we give to her so she can give it to him other mornings.

But Oh my, Oh my, that is not the real big bother. It even isn't that now he thinks I am on his side. Before he never cared. Before he acted like the whole world was against him and he could get along alone. Now sometimes when he's feeling cheerful smoking a good cigar, griping about nothing more maybe than his new bifocals. Fifty years old he says, and I am going blind, blind I tell you. Those times when he joshes my mother he will act as if I am on his side saying Here, here, ask gimpy here, ask Michael J. Gahagan here. Mike am I a reasonable man or am I not when I say it's not asking too much by a tinker's dam that beer be cold and coffee hot and food not too much of either? What can I say? He is right, right, right, right. Not about everything. The Jew thing he gets onto cursing all of them, and the wops and the polacks and the niggers and the English, the English who have been killing people in the old country for seven hundred years by making them run around trees until they are dead, dead, dead. I call him on some things, afraid everytime I try, but I have to do it each time, why I don't know. Now I go to school with all

kinds of people. The two months I've been to school I've met wops and they are not greasy. I've even talked to a nigger, a guy who's always clowning around laughing, but he knows the answers in math class.

And the big bother is not even that my father, my Dad, seems to like it sometimes when I talk back to him. If I catch him on something that doesn't make sense he laughs and says You'll make out, you'll make out. When I'm wrong he only says In ten years you'll know more. I called him on the Jew thing with the Wig. One night he said What a fine boy that is who taught you how to play this game so well. I said It's too bad he's a Jew. He jerked his head back as if I had swung at him and yelled What the hell difference. He didn't finish it. Then he said Don't get funny with me. He said I'll knock your smart block off if you start poking fun with me. He said Move, smart guy. That worked. Now the Wig comes around all the time. Once he brought his violin and played it and went home and my mother walked around saying What a gift, What a gift, And so young. My Dad could only say Beautiful, Beautiful. But I have to be careful.

And the big bother is not that I can beat him at the game all the time now, even when he cheats while I go to the toilet, and we play for money, a dollar a game which I always win and give to my mother. One night I was tired and lost three of her dollars to him and she looked at me as if I was on his side. How she loves to have him lose. How he loves to win. How he loves to talk when he seems sure I'm listening to him, when he's only a little drunk and wants to tell me something, why I don't know, but he talks as if he's talking to himself, as if I am him and he's talking to himself, not me or anyone else. He tells me things I don't think he's told my mother because she sits reading most of the time we play except when he starts talking that way she puts down the paper, or she did until he noticed her listening and yelled What the hell are you staring at, madam, you mind your own Goddam p's and q's. So now she does not put down the paper but I have hunches when she is listening to him. She listens when he sounds like a different person, not a stranger, but somebody else. He talks a lot about his training as a machinist, what he calls his apprenticeship.

When Dad's not talking about his apprenticeship, and I guess he talks a lot about that because he started it when he was my age, he talks about how big the world is in Asia, so many more people than over here and not Christian let alone Catholic. Add Africa to that, he says, and who the hell do we think we are? It's so big over there, he says, you can't think of it all at once, you have to travel it. Then he talks sometime about when he owned his own house in Pittsfield, and never worried about money, money, money, money. He starts getting sore about money and how there's not enough of it and him with so many kids. And I hear so much about the factory where he works I feel I know the guys and they sound awful dumb and dirty-minded. Which is part of the big bother.

Sometimes, you see, he seems to be talking about all those things together, and his mother and father, and good whiskey and gambling, learning and health, all of them and more together and I do not understand. I try to but I'm not sure I want to. As the Sisters used to say don't try to understand too much like the doctor did who drank the chemicals and brought the Devil in him out. I'm not afraid of the Devil if I understand all of my Dad, but I want to stay away from it. Why I don't know.

THE big trouble, the bother, you see is maybe a silly thing. I asked Father Murphy once and he did not want to talk about it. He said my Dad was in trouble because he's stopped his Easter Duty. I know he's in trouble but there is more to it than that.

It was something my father, my Dad, said you see. It was that first night we played the game. As he started to go up the stairs to bed, to sleep, I asked him a question. I said Who have you played with since the old Scottish gentleman? He turned on the stairs and looked at me like I was in some dark room. But all the lights were on. My mother only stood and yawned. Then when he saw I wasn't joking he turned around and started up the steps answering me as he went up alone. He said Who the hell did I ever meet after that, going where I went, doing what I do, who knows the splendid game?

So I am bothered by such a silly thing as the fact that nobody, nobody ever knew my father, my Dad, could play chess, a fine smart grand game. And what else don't we know about him? All this has made we wonder now if my Dad who is wrong about many things is as wrong about everything as everybody says he is and if he isn't then I'm in trouble because a lot of other people and things are. I don't know. All I know is everybody has to talk secretly to somebody else even if that somebody is yourself. Which is what I am doing. But I'm scared.

Gerald Sykes

The Dialogue of Freud and Jung

Why the most famous feud in the history of psychoanalysis may produce some unexpectedly useful results—if the partisans on both sides will ever admit that each of their great leaders was dealing with only one part of the human mind.

THE dispassionate calm of scientists is traditional. I too believed in it—until I began to look at them scientifically. As a novelist and literary critic, I had taken an amateur's interest in psychology, written a few articles about it, and finally signed a contract with a publisher to do a book about it. Thereafter I met psychologists by the dozen and made the discovery that they were every bit as emotional as anybody else.

Especially on one subject—"that thing about Freud and Jung," as one of my literary friends had called it while prudently warning me against my project. Not since boyhood quarrels in Kentucky about the relative merits of Lee and Grant had I encountered such polemical intensity. To some people Freud was personally responsible for most teen-age delinquency; to others Jung was so vague and mystical as to be absolutely unreadable. To some Freud stood for an outdated positivism that now impeded any clear thinking about our real problems; to others Jung was anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi.

After years of research I have come to the conclusion that there is no truth in any of these accusations. I believe they are all rationalizations, and rationalizations to which many others who are not professional psychologists are also addicted. I believe that Freud and Jung stand for opposing sides of the human mind, that their dialogue is central enough to invite comparison with characters in Greek tragedy, and that when we denounce one or the other we merely reveal our incapacity to confront an unknown portion of ourselves. None of these accusations would stand up after close scrutiny of the lives and work of the men in question; all of these accusations have been publicly exploded long ago. Yet they persist. Why? Because people want scapegoats for their own intellectual laziness and their own spiritual cowardice.

But there is more to it than that. Psychology establishes such an intimate and powerful hold upon its students that once allegiance has been given any school—and each of us must begin with a single school, the one to which we are naturally drawn—a complete change of intellectual habits is required before we can even become aware of other schools. And then our first reaction is bound to be one of pain and distaste. The progress from psychology to comparative psychology—a progress that many people are going to have to make, unless there is to be a return to the rancor of the religious wars, with modern demagogic complications—is always hard.

A brief examination of the lives and works of Freud and Jung will show why this is so. Fortunately, they are so eloquent, they embody so dramatically two opposite sides of the mind, and of contemporary experience, that they turn dry elucidation into good theater. Together they form one of psychology's most far-reaching debates—and an excellent introduction to problems that sooner or later each of us must face.

The name of Freud is usually associated with what has been called the sexual revolution. Actually, that event began long before him. Historically, it can be traced to the industrial revolution. It began in fact as a protest against the anti-human tendencies of that event and its poetic forefathers were Blake and Whitman, each born in a land where factory smoke early smudged man's ancient rapport with his instincts. William James has identified Whitman with "the religion of healthy-mindedness," which was characterized by its hearty belief in the flesh. The faith of the puritans had been replaced by the faith of the anti-puritans, by

those new libertarians who "sang the body electric."

This lyric movement has since had to face the counterattack of tradition, and is intellectually on the defensive today, but it still continues as a protest. The typical sexual rebel *believes* in sex with religious fervor. His rebellion seems to vary according to his sense of a lost spiritual heritage, and when he feels himself utterly disowned of a tradition that he can accept—cut off, so to speak, with a library card—he can become a satyr. Orgasm is his substitute for feeling. This is a development that Whitman could not have foreseen. The effect of industrialism upon love has been so drastic as to make a great many people *demand* physical gratification in lieu of every other amorous reward. It has generated an unprecedented mass fear of impotence. In a world of steel and asphalt sex becomes the one green thing. It takes over aspects of the divine.

There has probably been more moralizing on this than on any other phase of twentieth-century life. Most of this moralizing has been beside the point. because it has failed to take into account just these historical cross-currents. We could not want a better example of why a sound understanding of psychology must precede a sound understanding of morals.

FREUD'S VIEW OF SEX

FREUD'S ideas on this complex and highly controversial subject are often misunderstood. In effect he wrote that sex is impersonal, nature blindly concerned with her own propagation, and that if we attach the wrong emotions to our part of the process, if we remain ignorant of the unconscious forces that are the principal determinants of our behavior, we become ill both in mind and in body. Health requires that we be aware of these unconscious forces, which originate in early childhood, so that we can sublimate them in socially acceptable tasks.

It is a stern doctrine, but it has been confused with moral laxity because it calls for close examination of a subject that is generally regarded as unsavory. If it means a release from inhibitions, it also imposes—after a trying experimental period which is the real reason why traditional moralists fear it—still stricter standards in their place. If it takes a deterministic attitude toward previous morality, it goes on to demand another which is much more difficult to observe.

Perhaps few people are able to survive morally this kind of experimentation. That, however, was none of Freud's responsibility, and those preachers who take him to task for applying our new Faustian knowledge to sexual matters would do well to be more honest. He himself, as a mere glance at his life will make clear, was a highly disciplined man—if anything over-disciplined—and far from encouraging sexual promiscuity, set up as an ethical goal a "reality-principle" which is considerably more demanding than the Ten Commandments.

His life is now attracting the biographical attention it deserves. He was born in 1856 and spent nearly all his life in Vienna. Because he was Jewish, his scientific career was impeded by Viennese anti-Semitism, but he triumphed over many obstacles and became world-famous during his lifetime as the father of psychoanalysis. He died in England in 1939 after being ransomed from the Nazis.

From these bare facts emerge some important considerations:

(1) He was born into a period when natural science was confident of its powers to explain all or almost all of life. In the biological laboratory of his master Brücke it was taken for granted that man was one more animal who would some day be analyzed and explained.

(2) Freud had by nature an extraordinary analytical talent that was especially suited to this kind of dissection, and it was plain from the beginning that a very exceptional career lay ahead of him.

(3) In psychology he encountered both a subject worthy of his ambitious faith in science and an opportunity to release previously unknown talents within himself, talents worthy of the name of genius. He was like a poet caught up unexpectedly in his masterpiece.

(4) Sex seems to have been the road he had not taken, the life he had not lived. As a family man his life was extremely correct. One biographer states flatly that he never had any sexual experience outside marriage. This is unprovable but significant. It suggests that the man whose name more than any other is linked with broad sexual knowledge had little of it through personal experience.

No spinster, certainly, was ever more aware of every erotic nuance. Sex was his poetry. Together with his extraordinary talents, this was what made him so persuasive. But he was also aided by the fact that he was Jewish. As in the case of Marx, his scientific achievements were part of the expansion of a gifted, ancient,

persecuted people which had only recently emerged from the ghetto. This people had an extraordinary insight into the evils of a decadent Christianity, an insight, born of a vigorous intellectual tradition and a long experience of injustice, that lent itself especially to reductive analysis. Marx had reduced the evils of the political economy to the profit motive and predicted that under Socialism the state would wither away. Freud reduced the evils of the inner life to misunderstanding of the erotic instinct and predicted that after psychoanalysis the mind would become healthy. Each put his finger on a weak spot in an enemy position that he was supremely qualified, not only through his private talents but through his background, to expose to the world.

It has now become apparent that both these great insights suffered from oversimplification. Men's disillusionment with Marxism came earlier because it was tried earlier and on a larger scale. This has led often to a denial of its values. Freudianism had no Russia to work on, and by its nature it is less on parade, but disillusionment with it continues and may diminish its perceptions for those who need them most. It is nevertheless a very powerful movement, especially among those urbanized people who have felt the attack of industrialism upon their instincts. It is particularly strong among city-dwellers in the United States today, and for just this reason. Our city-dwellers have usually become aware of their psychological problems through sexual and economic frustrations. A treatment, therefore, which may release them from erotic and aggressive inhibitions has the dramatic appeal of a psychic appendectomy promising not only health but happiness and prosperity as well. It is the sort of down-to-earth treatment that makes sense in a busy market place.

JUNG'S TIMELESS THERAPY

SO FREUD'S therapy is definitely related to the industrial revolution. This will become clearer when it is compared to the therapy of Jung, who came forward a little later to call attention to those aspects of the inner life that had been relatively unaffected—or affected in another way—by technology. In response to the needs of a suffering and confused humanity, our period has produced not only the specifically *contemporary* psychology of Freud but the relatively *timeless* psychology of Jung. The two unite in a dialogue admirably suited to comparison. *Not*, however, to controversy. I hope it will be clear why a partisan attitude in this debate is especially barren.

Offhand the timeless quality of Jung's psychology would seem fatal to it. Certainly it does not appear to equip it for survival in an age which daily grows more industrial, more political, more warlike. His psychology is somewhat like a Platonic academy in the midst of a radioactive battlefield. It differs also from our socially useful academies in its open doubt of the intellect, at least the intellect as characteristically employed today. Far from admiring the typical mentality of our urban culture, Jung mistrusts it.

Jung was a Swiss, and his psychology reflects the desire of his people—and of others like them—to live an orderly, traditional life in an era of violent change. In contrast to most Jews—who are born inescapably into turmoil—most Swiss try to stay out of it. Jung cannot be "explained" by his Swissness, any more than Freud can be "explained" by his Jewishness, but in each, beneath the accomplishments of a truly international mind, resides an impersonal element, identifiable with his people, which helps greatly in the exposition of modern psychology, because it polarizes modern social experience.

Jung's silent invocations are rural and classic, rather than urban and modern. Thus his work would seem to be as anachronistic, as unreal, as cultish as his opponents have described it, if there were not always classic problems among the most contemporary and if a truly modern consciousness did not also have to contend with them. It is Jung's anachronism, in fact, his seeming irrelevance, that constitutes finally his greatest strength—at least for those who, as youth deserts them, begin to realize that not all their problems turn on childhood influences or the encroachment of civilization upon instinct; that there are other problems equally pressing and as old as the hills.

But to understand the origin of Jung's idea it is necessary, as it was with Freud, to know a few facts about his life. He was born in 1875 in Switzerland, the son of a Protestant clergyman, and for our time has had a life of privileged tranquillity. He has been a paleontologist and classical scholar as well as a psychologist, has traveled widely throughout the world, and lives today on the shores of Lake Zurich.

From these bare facts emerge some important considerations:

(1) Jung was born into a period, later than

Freud's, when natural science felt somewhat less confidence in its powers to explain all or almost all of life. Jung was therefore encouraged to devote some of his scientific energy to philosophical problems that Freud had expressly excluded from the purview of psychoanalysis.

(2) Jung had a temperament that was expansive rather than reductive and that led him in time to rebel against what he called Freud's "nothing but" analysis. Gifted with a robust constitution and a robust attitude toward nature —to this day, at the age of eighty-two, he vacations periodically in a remote, electricity-less house that he built himself—he did not make a poetry of the biological, but of the divine.

(3) He became scientifically as much interested in religion as Freud had been in eros, and discovered within himself a similar pioneering genius in its study.

(4) Although he was born into less conflict with society than Freud, their roles have been reversed since the positivism championed by Freud has become a new orthodoxy. Now it is Jung who is at greater variance with the intellectual mores of his day.

Freud believed that the mind of man could be explained, if one persisted long enough, in terms of his *immediate environment.* Jung believes that one can only begin to understand it by going back to all of the many factors which entered into its making, which lead in every case to the *remote past.* It can be demonstrated, he says, that we are commonly possessed by archetypes as old as the race itself. Such a perspective will dismay the quick, pragmatic, modern temper, which can only feel equal to its problems by jettisoning most of the past, but such a perspective, Jung says, is the only way to truth and health. Once Christianity was overturned, modern man had to face all the internal demons that the Church had kept at bay for him. The way to rebuild our lives is to relax the will, stop being merely contemporary, and seek harmony with nature. Our troubles are erotic, especially when we are young, but they are many other things as well, and the first step in dealing with them is to see them in historical scale. Only so will we find a durable sense of purpose, and we need a sense of purpose quite as much as we need biological fulfillment.

The roots of character are not all here and now, and even the most elaborate autobiographical search will not uncover more than a few of them. Society is as sick as Freud says it is, but we need not be—if we are willing and able to become what we innately are.

Such a restatement of their positions is fair to neither Freud nor Jung. Justice would require a volume. But even these glimpses will indicate the nature and sources of their conflict. And if we try to understand it, we see that it is as human, as fore-ordained, as meaningful as the conflict between two heroic characters in a Greek tragedy. These men are not only historic personages, they are also parts of ourselves and they enact a play that goes on daily in our own minds. We all have to live in the vigorously contemporary world of Freud, we all have to live in the archetypal world of Jung. We have to be effective; we also have to be in harmony with nature. To do both of these things at the same time is just about as difficult as any demand we can make upon ourselves. Our natural tendency, therefore, will be to take sides with one of them against the other, but if we do we shall neither enjoy their drama properly nor make the best use of it. This will be still more evident when we continue their dialogue briefly into the subject of religion.

UNCONSCIOUS RELIGION

OFFHAND it would seem that Freud had no use at all for religion. He traced its origin to the small child's helplessness before the outer world and to its dependence on its parents. He rejected religion specifically as an immaturity and an illusion, an inability to stand on one's own feet. He said, "Science is not an illusion. But it would be an illusion to suppose that we can get anywhere else what it cannot give us." To an American friend he wrote: "To me the moral has always appeared as self-evident." In other words, he took morality for granted and reasoned that if he could get along without religion, why couldn't other men? In this, I believe it can be demonstrated, he drew upon the *unconscious religion* concealed in his scientific credo, upon the unanalyzed faith that he got from his laboratory training.

Unconscious religion—it is a phrase used more and more today. Anti-Communists use it to explain Communists—along with such words as "fanaticism," "*auto-da-fé,*" and "grand inquisitors." Few intellectuals apply it, however, to themselves; they prefer to think that they have rationally transcended all religious motivations, which at least will never trouble *them.* In other words, the repressions of the nineteenth century have been reversed in the twentieth.

They are no longer sexual, they are religious. To deny the many-sided urge toward erotic gratification would now correctly be considered absurd. No absurdity, however, is found in a denial of the urge toward purpose, toward symbolism, toward the necessary ingredients of the will to go on. This blind spot is one of the less fortunate of Freud's legacies.

Actually, however, without knowing it, he himself made very important contributions to religious thought. Three of his most familiar concepts will illustrate what I mean. *Narcissism* is a deeply imaginative attempt to deal with the problem of evil. The inescapability of self could hardly be better symbolized than by this amazingly astute reference to the self-love that must follow us wherever we go. It is a splendid instance of the biological honesty that is indispensable to true spirituality.

His *super-ego* likewise provides an invaluable distinction between morbid self-criticism and the healthy self-criticism needed for making truly responsible moral decisions. History is full of weaklings terrorized and crippled by power-seeking priesthoods through perverted appeals to conscience. Every ecclesiastical reformation has been in part a purge of a corrupt misuse of the sense of guilt. And this is no longer solely a religious problem but now an acute political one.

Finally, Freud's *death-instinct*, when juxtaposed to its opposite, the life-instinct, or eros in its fullest sense, is seen as exactly the kind of symbolic tool that Freud's realism was brilliantly equipped to add to our thought. No one can fail to learn much about his own psychological rhythms by observing the alternations of these two opposing instincts within himself. And this kind of systole-diastole insight can lead to a philosophic balance that is not far from the idea expressed by Dante in *The Divine Comedy*, "In His will is our peace." There was much unconscious religion indeed in Freud.

There is in everyone. We are all full of it, according to our temperaments, and we shall be happier—or better able to choose a tragedy worthy of us—if we become aware of it. This was the discovery of Jung, which he announced at a time when such a point of view had become scientifically scandalous. He said he had found proof of the therapeutic effect of genuine religious experience—of the role played by faith, not in immaturity but in maturity. He made an issue of it. He announced cures. He spoke of highly educated patients who had been freed of their anxiety when they discovered the limits of reason, when they rediscovered symbolism and mystery. He wrote:

"I take carefully into account the symbols produced by the unconscious mind. They are the only things able to convince the critical mind of modern people. . . . The thing that cures a neurosis must be as convincing as the neurosis; and since the latter is only too real, the helpful experience must be of equal reality."

Jung, however, was by no means a naïve, uncritical enthusiast of the religious life. He did not point the way to easy faith. Like William James, he saw religion as a force, subject to the laws of the mind, which could lead either to good or to evil. He explored the different responses to it in different types of men. In the face of Freud's attempt to dismiss it as an illusion, he drove home his empirical discovery that it was a fact, a fact that could not be conveniently traced to the nursery and forgotten. In this matter it seems to me that he was right, and that Freud's own life and work prove his point.

FULL-SCALE HATREDS

ON THE other hand, how many people can afford to live in the epicurean detachment that Jung's prescription implies? This is a question raised by Jung's opponents. Economically, the whole trend of modern life is against his attitude, which is bound to become rarer and rarer. And would not such detachment lead to a washing of the hands, in the elegant manner of Pontius Pilate, of the urgent political and social problems that must be faced if the commonwealth is to advance in decency and justice? A civic stance acquired in lucky, war-free isolation is apt to be both uncourageous and irrelevant. Jung's programmatic introversion is an anachronistic luxury that could only be afforded in times free of unrest, times not at all like our own. To cling to it now is mere nostalgia. Such criticism seems to be the core of the opposition to Jung.

The core of the opposition to Freud seems to be that people are not as simple as he saw them, but many rootless moderns have embraced his over-simplifications with a monomaniac devotion that is now in the process of dehumanizing them. Our urbanized culture is producing over-pragmatic monsters whose cynical first question is "What's in it for me?" Freud's reality-principle, therefore, except for some over-impressionable and overprivileged intellectuals,

is only so many words. In practice, together with the ethical lobotomy that usually accompanies it, it has led to a deplorable opportunism that will soon lay waste, and often in the name of decency and justice, whatever remains of the moral foundations of society.

There is plainly an element of truth in both these oppositions. Both of them are emotional, both of them are exaggerated, but in each there is enough basis in fact to have made it possible to rationalize them into full-scale hatreds. That is why most people's attitude toward psychology's most heated debate remains bitterly one-sided. It is so much easier to emotionalize our inner conflicts. It is so hard to live with them, to see their pros and cons, to weave them patiently together.

How to weave them together? That, together with the interweaving of still other theories by still other men whom I have not been able to mention here, is *the* problem of comparative psychology. It calls for a union of tension and relaxation. The thought of Freud is essentially tense. It is a product of struggle, of a life that was not permitted much calm. There is a sense of urgency about it, and its goal is less happiness than effectiveness. It is far more revolutionary than its opposite, at least in social impact. It is more startling, more dramatic, more in the idiom of our century. It prepares men for survival in a time of general shipwreck. It is above all practical: one is called upon to eliminate one's irrational impulses, by becoming aware of their childhood origins, and to strengthen the conscious mind. Thus only can one accomplish anything worth while, right any wrongs, eradicate any ignorance, make an impression on an indifferent universe.

The thought of Jung is essentially relaxed. It is addressed to those who wish to fulfill their inner potentialities even in an era of drastic change. It refuses to get alarmed over financial and political crises. It is a product of relative tranquillity. It puts a minimum of emphasis on social adaptation, which it regards as a necessary first hurdle rather than as a life work, and a maximum of emphasis on internal development. It is especially addressed to people over thirty-five, and it finds scientific sanction for love of fate and attunement to nature.

To weave together such entirely different attitudes may be necessary for the creation of a truly successful human being, but it will obviously be an infrequent accomplishment. No wonder most people would rather quarrel ignorantly about it.

But there is another reason why Freud and Jung continue to provide a convenient battleground for quickly stirred emotions. They not only embody some of our most central dramas; in their combination of elderliness and wisdom they are both father-figures *par excellence*. At heart we are childish, we want to confer magic on imaginary papas.

An unrecorded part of history is the expropriation of magic. The priest took it away from the medicine man, and the medical man took it away from the priest. For most of us the mind-doctor does not have as much of it as the body-doctor, because he does not scare us as much. But for those who get caught up in psychological problems this is not true. The mind-doctor turns into the most awesome figure of all, especially when he is a theorist, a name. We shall be happier, I think—or at least more ourselves—when we stop conferring magic on anyone. We are born partisan. We do not have to remain so.

FOR ENLISTED MEN ONLY

THREE Appeal Court judges will soon be asked to decide the standards to be expected from an Army officer in relation to his wife. For Captain John Frederick Clear, of the Royal Army Pay Corps, is to appeal in the High Court against the ruling of a Divorce Commissioner who said: "It is not permissible for an officer to give his wife a jolly good hiding. It may be very gratifying, but it is not permissible in the social circles to which they belong." . . . The Commissioner said that Captain Clear, forty-seven, had made up his mind to dominate his wife by thrashing her "when necessary." He had thought it was an officer's position to give orders.

—London *Evening Standard,* September 28, 1957.

By ALEXIS LADAS

Drawings by M. T. Mindell



Father Eugene and the Intelligence Services

How a Greek monk—who bought a monastery of his own—managed one of the oddest hoaxes of World War II . . . and infuriated the spy-masters of both Germany and England.

I FIRST saw Father Eugene the night four of us were brought into Calithea prison in occupied Athens in the spring of 1943. He was then just a bearded face in the crowd of prisoners that jostled behind the bars to watch the guards search us and remove our handcuffs, and I might not even have noticed him if it had not been for the color of his cassock.

Cassock is probably the wrong term. It was the sort of tight-fitting dressing-gown Greek Orthodox clerics wear under their black flowing outer robes. They are almost always of some dignified color—dark blue or green, wine-colored, gray, or purple. Father Eugene's was a brilliant ultramarine blue. Together with his luxuriant growth of graying hair it made a startling combination.

His beard reached halfway to his waist, and the hair on his head was twisted into a truly enormous bun in the back. He was a handsome man, with baby-blue eyes which looked innocent and incongruous under his fierce eyebrows.

No one in the prison knew for certain what he was accused of, but there were whispers of strange doings at his monastery. Some said it was a staging area for British prisoners of war escaping from occupied Greece. Others, that it was the center of large-scale black-market operations. The only point on which everyone agreed was that he did in fact own a small monastery in Attica. He was the only monk I have ever heard of who had actually bought a monastery, and I used to puzzle over how he had gone about purchasing it and whether he had then "stocked" it with monks as one would a farm.

In Calithea everyone had a cover story. Since only prisoners awaiting trial were kept there and there was the constant danger of informers, people tried to conceal the truth about their cases by trotting out glib and usually unconvincing versions of events. Without a doubt Father Eugene's was the most improbable of all. From beginning to end he insisted that he was the victim of evil magic powers.

During the long months we were in prison he was repeatedly hauled off to the dreaded offices of the Axis police to be interrogated. We often wondered whether he stuck to his explanation

during those brutal sessions with the black-shirt boys. If he did, it must have cost him many a beating. But we never found out. A rubber hose does not leave much of a mark, and anyway no one ever saw Father Eugene undressed. He himself never said a word about it. For all we knew he might have been collaborating with the authorities.

PRIESTS IN JAIL

I DON'T know how it is in other countries, but in Greece, although a village priest is respected and addressed as "Father," even by the Communists, he is in fact very much one of the boys, a man with a job to do. In peacetime his job is to christen, marry, and bury people, to say Mass, officiate at benedictions, and the like. The older people go to him to confess. Sometimes he is asked for help and advice, but usually he has enough to do to make both ends meet in his own household. In times of national danger his duty is exalted. He must defend the faith, and in Greece the faith and the nation are two aspects of the same thing. The attitude toward monks is much the same.

For more than a millennium the words "Greek" and "Christian" have been synonymous to the Greeks. They have preserved their heritage through the entire Christian era by guile and luck, stubbornness and courage. They could have gone the way of the Christian Syrians, turned Moslem, and lost their identity. But they did not. They remained Christian and so they remained Greek.

As a result the faith in Greece has been pared down to the bare bone. It does not matter much to us whether a priest is educated or not, so long as his heart is in the right place. It does not matter whether or not a monk observes his vows to the letter, so long as he is prepared to fight and die for his faith and for Greece. And our monks have. They have died alone and in hundreds. They have been killed in battle and roasted alive on spits; they have been ridden naked through the streets with horseshoes nailed to their hands and knees, and they have blown themselves and their enemies to pieces when they could hold their monasteries no longer. In times of trouble they have always done their share, and it is no coincidence that monasteries and churches in our country are so often painted blue and white—our national colors.

When you met a priest in jail during the occupation you had good grounds for giving him your confidence and respect. You could almost always assume that he was held for no light reason. There was one, an old man of more than seventy, who had been caught distributing rifles to his congregation in the church during a funeral service. There had, in fact, been no death, and the rifles had been transported through the village in the empty coffin with the priest chanting in front and the women wailing behind.

But Father Eugene was different. Anything seemed possible with him. There were people who warned that he might be a stool pigeon of the police, and even a few who believed that he was not a real monk at all but a British agent in disguise. I myself tried to find the truth by persistent search, and by engaging him in conversation and asking pointed questions. I got what I deserved: a mass of interesting information but nothing to the point. My curiosity, however, quickly grew into incredulous affection.

He lived in one of the least desirable cells in the prison and firmly refused to move to the greater comfort of Number 17—the cleanest and most snobbish cell—in spite of repeated invitations. He always went to bed after his cellmates were asleep and arose before they were awake. No one ever saw him wash, yet he was always clean and tidy. No one came to visit him and no food was sent to him from outside. He never asked anyone for food and never refused it when it was given to him. He could drink like a fish and not show the slightest sign of it. He could bellow popular songs or chant Byzantine hymns in a pleasing nasal baritone voice. He could lie like a trooper. He loved jokes, but he never lost his dignity. He knew more stories than anyone I have ever met. He really seemed to believe in magic and drew a sharp distinction between the black and white varieties, maintaining that he abhorred the former and practiced the latter.

I found out a great deal from him about his past, but nothing that threw any light on his case. He was born in Tiflis in the Caucasus and fled that place at the time of the Bolshevik revolution, taking refuge in a Greek town in Turkey whence he was obliged to flee again when the Greek army was defeated in 1922 and the Greek inhabitants of Asia Minor were being massacred. He told me that at this time he had gone aboard a Turkish coastal steamer with other refugees. The skipper, seeing the turn events were taking, decided to put in at a harbor held by the Turkish troops and hand his passengers over to the authorities. The others fell on their knees before him, pleading vainly for their

lives. But not Father Eugene. He whipped out his Smith and Wesson revolver from under his robes and forced the captain to put about and land them at the nearest port in Greece. For forty-eight hours he stayed awake holding the pistol to the captain's head.

THE CHURCHILL BROADCAST

AT CALITHEA Father Eugene used to come every morning into cell Number 17 and tell us the news from the BBC. How he got this news so early nobody knew. The rest of us might get bits and pieces of it smuggled in with our food baskets, but these were only allowed in at noon.

One day we learned that a very important speech by Churchill would be broadcast the following day at 8:00 A.M. The next morning Father Eugene burst into our room bristling with excitement.

"Do you know what Churchill said?" he roared. "He said our bombers over Germany are so numerous that a perpetual twilight has fallen on that ill-fated country. He said that even if Germany were a mountain range of granite the size of the Himalayas she would be pulverized by the Allied Air Force!"

We were all affected, but I felt a little uncomfortable. The words, even in Greek, had a Churchillian ring. But somehow they sounded too boastful, almost childish.

Then in the silence the drawling, sneering voice of the prefect asked, "Reverend Father, is it by your magic powers that you can know what Churchill said before he has actually said it?" He looked ostentatiously at his wrist watch. "It still lacks a few minutes to eight o'clock, you know."

Father Eugene slowly pulled out his large old-fashioned pocket watch. I looked over his shoulder and saw that it was pointing to twenty past eight, but the second hand was motionless. It must have stopped the previous night. Eugene shook it, then put it up to his ear. The color rose to his face. He tried to smile, gave it up, and went out, softly closing the door behind him, as if he were leaving a sick room.

From that day on it became a kind of sport to try and catch him out. But I cannot think of another instance when we got the better of him.

I remember once he was telling us about his visit to Mount Ararat where, he said, he had found the remains of the Ark jammed in a crevice on the highest peak. He described in detail the colossal hulk, gave us heights and widths and weights with such precise assurance that we began almost to believe him. Then one of us who was an engineer and a Cambridge graduate spoke up. "How large were the nails?" he asked.

Father Eugene did not hesitate a moment, only his voice became more confidential. "Ah yes, I forgot to tell you about that," he said. "It was beautifully done, all held together with enormous wooden pegs, perfectly fitted. Not a single nail anywhere because as you know, boys, as even a man from Cambridge ought to know, they had not invented iron at the time of the flood."

His worst test was with the obscene movies. The prefect had a deal with the Italian Commandant whereby he was allowed to show movies in the prison. The arrangement was that the Commandant would get the movies first in order to "censor" them. Apparently these censoring sessions were quite some parties, to which the friends of the Commandant and their floozies were invited. The main attraction was some dirty movies which the prefect had in his collection.

Father Eugene enjoyed movies but always refused to watch the dirty ones. The prefect decided to play a trick on him. It was announced that a good patriotic movie would be shown. I did not realize what was up until I was jammed next to Father Eugene in the back of the room watching what seemed to be the end of a movie about Nathan Hale when the prefect whispered in my ear that the reels had been changed and an obscene one had been tacked on. A few minutes later, without warning, an enormous bare behind supplanted Nathan Hale. There was a roar of applause from the onlookers. Father Eugene gave a little gasp but made no move to leave. He just put his head down and did not lift it once for nearly two hours. I know. I was watching him all the time, wondering whether I could possibly have done it myself. When the lights went on and the prefect slapped him on the back and asked him how he had liked the picture, Father Eugene did not even tell him that he had not seen it.

At about this time events started moving fast, both for the world and for us in prison. The campaign in North Africa was won. I and two of my friends on the other hand were tried, found guilty, and condemned to death for espionage. We were given a farewell dinner by our friends at Calithea at which Father Eugene said grace. Then we were handcuffed and chained for the journey to Averoff, the vast and impregnable

criminal prison of Athens, there to await execution or commutation of sentence to life imprisonment.

As we were standing in the central cage waiting for the guards to lead us off, Father Eugene passed his hand through the bars and patted my arm with unexpected diffidence. "Keep a place warm for me where you are going," he mumbled and stalked off to hide his embarrassment. It was the first time he had ever given a hint of what he thought was in store for him. I wondered to which particular destination he was referring—Averoff prison or the other place.



A MASS TO OUR LADY

IT WAS, I believe, on the tenth of August, in the courtyard of Averoff, that I saw Father Eugene again. I recognized him among the stream of ordinary prisoners crossing in front of the special enclosure for those sentenced to death. He came toward me waving and smiling, and to my amazement the guards did not stop him. He took me in his arms, kissed me on both cheeks, and wished me many happy returns of the day.

"This is a great day," he said. "I have permission from the Commandant to say Mass in the courtyard. May the Virgin vouchsafe us a miracle," he added, using the time-honored expression.

"On what occasion, Father?" I asked.

"A great day, my boy, a day of great rejoicing. Our Lady is rising up to Heaven," he said and winked knowingly.

I was completely mystified. The feast of the Assumption of the Virgin was still five days off. But you don't ask the same question twice in prison, and in any case Eugene was on his way.

Before he reached the gate he turned back and called, "Don't miss it. Try to be there!"

As it turned out there was no difficulty. Our Italian guards were curious to see a Greek Orthodox Mass and we condemned men were escorted into the main courtyard in great style.

On the raised platform from which the Commandant used to make his announcements was a table covered with a white tablecloth, and on it two candlesticks, a cross, a chalice, and a Bible. Behind stood Father Eugene, in gold-embroidered robes. Where he got them God knows. On either side of him was an acolyte swinging a censer.

When we arrived the service had just started. The sonorous words poured forth in the ancient nasal singsong. Statement was followed by response, the wine was blessed, the Lord's prayer was recited, a hymn was sung. I am not a regular churchgoer, but I knew by heart the words of that hymn. Every Greek does. It is perhaps the most celebrated piece of Byzantine music ever written, composed early in the seventh century when Constantinople was delivered from the besieging horde of savages—the Avars.

Father Eugene's voice swelled and thundered over the ponderous notes, and gradually a few prisoners joined in. But before the singing could become general something happened. It took a while for the knowledge to penetrate, but the doubt in the prisoners' minds made their voices falter and fall silent, till only Father Eugene's rolling baritone remained.

He was singing the ancient hymn accurately and with great feeling, but the words were not the ones we knew, at least not all of them. Sandwiched between the phrases in praise of the Holy Virgin was that day's news—and what news it was for us! The Allies had landed on the mainland of Italy, Mussolini had been ousted from power and placed under arrest in a mountain hide-out, and Marshal Badoglio had formed a government which would negotiate with the Allied command.

I felt like dancing and cheering and embracing my neighbors. I even turned toward the man beside me, ready to pound his back, only to find it was the guard. And then it struck me like a blast of icy wind how dangerous the situation was, especially for the lone figure on the platform above us singing so lustily.

The Italians were looking somewhat puzzled by the way the singing had died down, but they obviously had not heard the momentous news. Where in Heaven's name had Father Eugene heard it, and what devil had prompted him to pass it on to us in this most perilous fashion? The affair of the Churchill speech flitted across my mind and I had a moment of chilling doubt, but I discarded it. Not even Father Eugene would play such a trick on the entire prison. As to why he had chosen this way to tell us, I knew in an instant by looking at the faces of my fellow prisoners. Every one of them had a rapt look as if he were actually seeing the Virgin Mary rising up to Heaven before his eyes.

I don't know whether Eugene was entitled to say Mass, whether he was actually ordained or not. But standing in that prison courtyard with the machine guns trained on us and the armed guards looking foolish and the prisoners looking blissful, I didn't care. It was spine-tingling. It was funny. It was absolutely glorious.

A month later the Italians collapsed and in the few hours before the Germans could take over the prison I and a few others managed to escape. I lost touch with Father Eugene completely.



PHONY SCARLET PIMPERNEL

JUST after the liberation I was sitting in the office of a British Major in the intelligence in Athens, straightening out my affairs. The telephone rang, the Major listened for a while in strained silence, then shouted, "Tell them to go to hell," and slammed down the receiver.

"It's about that blasted monk again," he said, turning to me.

"What monk?" I inquired.

"A certain Father Eugene who's caused us more trouble than all the German agents put together."

"Father Eugene?" I cried. "Wasn't he in prison here during the occupation?"

"Yes, he was in prison," said the Major. "Why? Did you know him?"

"If it's the same man," I said. "What has he been up to now?"

The Major rummaged among his papers, found a piece of folded pasteboard. "This," he said, and handed it to me.

It looked like an ordinary identity card. When I opened it, I saw that it was in fact an identity card, but a most extraordinary one. On one side was a passport photograph of a man, obviously a Greek. At the top of the other side were the words "INTELLIGENCE SERVICE" in beautifully embossed capitals, and underneath a statement to the effect that the bearer, Mr. So and So, was a member of the intelligence service in good standing. There was a signature scrawled at the bottom and a seal which at first sight looked like the British lion and unicorn. There was even a special number allotted to the bearer.

"I didn't know you issued these things to your people," I said.

"Don't be an ass," snapped the Major. "Of course we don't. Whoever heard of the intelligence service being called the intelligence service. Look at the signature."

The signature was "Eugene A———." But I had never known Father Eugene's surname. Then I noticed that the seal was wrong. Instead of the lion being on the left and the unicorn on the right, they were the other way round and the motto was completely illegible. No one could say that Eugene had misappropriated the symbols of the British Empire.

"Do you know that there are thousands of those things floating about?" demanded the Major. "Do you know that anyone caught with one of them a few months ago might have been shot as a spy? Do you know that every single person who had one of those absurd, worthless little cards thinks he is a hero, that they produce them to prove that they did their bit, and that at least a dozen times a day I get requests from them for jobs on our own intelligence set-up?"

"What did they actually do during the occupation?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing? What was the whole thing for?"

"That's the mystery," said the Major. "The word was passed to all of them that they would be called upon to undertake an assignment, but the call never came. All your precious monk had to do was start the thing and then sit back and watch it spread. Each man recruited someone else and knew only the man who had approached

him and the one he had recruited himself. The identity cards were passed from hand to hand down the chain."

I started to get a glimmering of what it was all about. These people had wanted to do something for their country. Father Eugene had provided the means. The simple danger of having the cards had made them men who, in their hearts at least, were still resisting the enemy. What difference did it make if nothing came of it? It seemed to me that heroism should not be measured entirely by its results, and I began to disagree with the Major that the cards were worthless.

"Did Father Eugene get anything out of it?" I asked.

"Not a thing as far as I can make out—except his comeuppance."

"Being put in jail, you mean?"

"Getting himself shot, I mean."

I realized that I had suspected it all along but hadn't wanted to face it. "Why?" I asked.

"What the devil do you mean, 'Why?'" the Major exploded. "The man wrought havoc in intelligence operations in damn near the whole Middle East Theater. The counterespionage services of three armies were in an uproar. Everything was in such confusion that regular intelligence work became almost impossible. I shudder to think what those poor Ities went through trying to fight their way out of the mess," and for the first time the shadow of a smile flitted across his face.

"Think of it, man, they actually arrested some two hundred people and could find out absolutely nothing because there was nothing to find out, and had to release them again. None of these chaps had ever seen or heard of Father Eugene. They thought they had been recruited by one of our people. Father Eugene of course didn't let on. I have his Italian file here and it seems that at all his interrogations he insisted that he had nothing to do with the identity cards, that the fact that they were signed in his name was either coincidence or fraud. Of course the Ities didn't believe it. They had your precious Father Eugene in jail for a year before they made up their minds it was all a hoax. They only gave him a life sentence to save their face."

Now I knew why Father Eugene had never revealed his surname, never spoken of his immediate past, why, after almost a year in prison, no one came to see him, and why, in spite of his friendliness and camaraderie, he had always remained such a solitary, lonely figure. He had perpetrated the most gigantic hoax, but he had not endangered anyone else. You could call him the poor man's insurrectionist or a phony Scarlet Pimpernel if you liked, but, after all, he had not failed. How he must have laughed behind those bushy whiskers of his to watch the mess he had stirred up. I don't know, I suppose no one will ever know, whether that is what he set out to do. Perhaps it was his own peculiar way of doing his duty as a monk in times of trial. But whatever it was it took courage and a little bit of madness—or genius.

"But why was he shot?" I asked.

"Well, when the Jerries took over the prison they found Father Eugene's file. But Jerry, as you ought to know, has never had much of a sense of humor. He took the whole thing in deadly earnest. Saw spies in hundreds under every bed and came down like a ton of bricks. The first, and I must admit only, man to get it in the neck was your monk friend. They took him out and shot him about a fortnight before they got out of this place."

An emotion other than exasperation had begun to creep into the Major's voice, but he added gruffly, "By God, if they hadn't, I swear we would have had to do it ourselves."

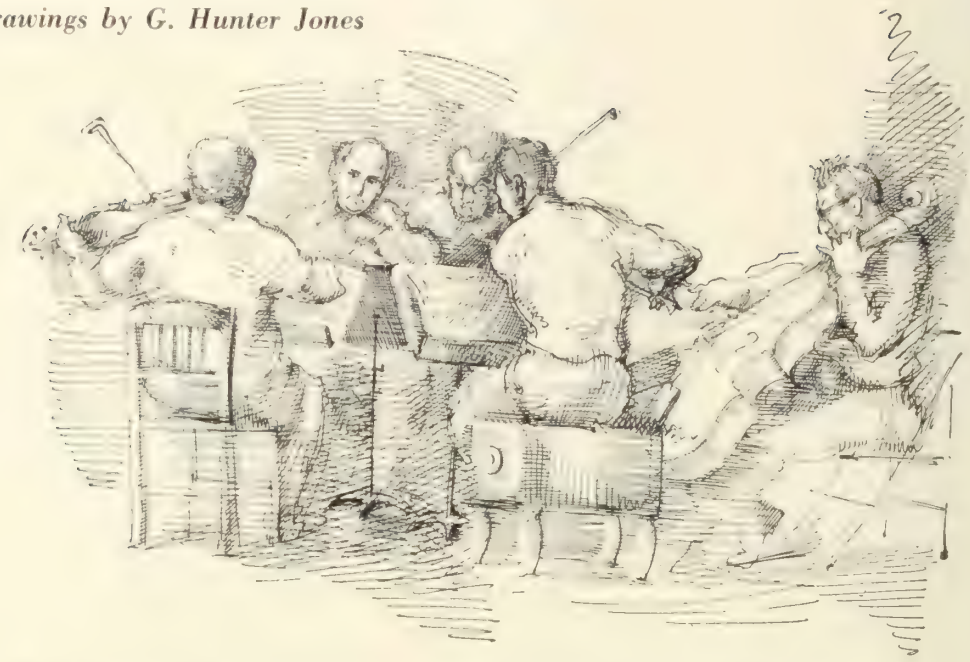
Ages of Anxiety

WHAT is a Golden Age? What echoes of the Age of Pericles, of Renaissance Italy and the Low Countries and Scandinavia, of Elizabethan England, mark each as a flood tide in the vast, slow surge of human intellectual development? . . . All of them were eras of some physical security and at least some political and organizational stability. But in all of them, too, stability and security were far from complete, and there is the flavor of a partnership of disorder and hazard with vitality and creativeness. None of them, clearly, were especially "comfortable" times in which to live. . . . Surely our age shares many characteristics with the earlier golden times. . . . There is the wide feeling of insecurity, the deep-lying anxiety, the sense of confusion, not unlike the earlier times in its general character even though, to us at least, its causes seem far more complex, more massive, more intractable.

—Caryl P. Haskins, *Carnegie Institution of Washington Year Book,* Dec. 1957.

By MARTIN MAYER

Drawings by G. Hunter Jones



The Budapest String Quartet

Four fiddlers from Russia, and strictly not from Hungary, make up one of the most distinguished—and certainly the most durable—organizations in American chamber music.

A TELEPHONE rang in the studio control room, cutting through the chromatics of a late Mozart string quintet which was playing at high volume through the loudspeaker. Sascha (Alexander) Schneider picked up the receiver and said:

"World's greatest string quartet. World's greatest violinist speaking. Hallo."

He listened intently, then shook his head, with its remarkable spread of black-gray, wiry hair.

"What do you want to speak to him for? He's not the world's greatest recording director." Then, thoughtfully and considerately, "Well, maybe he is."

Schneider handed the receiver to Columbia Records' Howard Scott, who bent down behind his desk and whispered into the mouthpiece to make sure he would not disturb the concentration of the musicians in the control room. They were listening to the playback of the piece they had just recorded in the studio. Sascha studied Scott's bent-over form for a moment, made a huge grimace of pity, shrugged his shoulders and turned around to share his feelings with his partners in the Budapest String Quartet.

The other members of the Kvartet (to give it the locally preferred German pronunciation) were not responsive. His brother Mischa, the Budapest's cellist, was following the playback on the recording director's score, deciphering with ease Scott's penciled markings of errors in performance. A tall, fair, handsome man with sad eyes—the older of the Schneider brothers and a very solid citizen—Mischa was wrinkling his forehead at this and that, nodding forcefully to emphasize accented passages.

Against the rear wall of the narrow room, first violinist Josef Roisman was huddled into himself on a folding chair, listening carefully but somewhat sleepily, because it was after one o'clock in the afternoon and his customary nap time was approaching. This posture was unusual for Roisman, who is slight, erect, mostly bald and very serious, the official leader of the

quartet (they once tried to change the name to Roisman Quartet; their management wouldn't let them), but the last of the four men to speak when argument is afoot.

Boris Kroyt, the quartet's round violist—perhaps the most meticulous musician of the four—was leaning over Scott's desk, thumbing through an illustrated brochure of the Brooklyn Dodgers' 1956 trip to Japan, which he had picked up God knows where. Every so often he would come upon a scene or a Japanese personage familiar to him from one of the Budapest's tours (the quartet has played everywhere, except Russia, whence its members come), and would point it out to Mischa beside him or to Roisman behind him. But Kroyt was listening to the recording, too.

Since these were quintets, there was a fifth musician listening: Walter Trampler, a tall, young, quiet violist, who had played his part but had no voice in approving the performance. Trampler leaned against the wall, his arms crossed, studying all the members of the quartet impartially. He may have been thinking about the performance, which was not in his style. (The Budapests are romantic Slavs, and Trampler is a lyrical Britisher; as Mischa said to him when he ventured a comment, "I know you do not like our way, and your way is probably right, but as soon as we try to play *soft* we lose all energy.") Or he may have been speculating on his future, because Milton Katims—who was the extra violist when these same Budapests recorded the Mozart quintets fifteen years ago, in the days before LP—has gone on to a career as a conductor. Or he may have been wondering what it is that has held the Budapests together, with substantially the same personnel, for a quarter of a century; while Trampler's own excellent group, the New Music Quartet, had broken apart, in a snarl of personal recriminations, after only three years.

Then the recorded "take" was over, and Scott was off the phone. A worried, almost bald young man with a perfectionist attitude toward work, Scott has been in the booth on all Budapest recordings of the last seven or eight years. He knew the quartet could do better than the performance they had just heard over the playback loudspeakers, but he said only,

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think it was *beautiful*," said Sascha doggedly.

"It was better yesterday," said Kroyt mildly.

"Could we hear it from yesterday?" Mischa asked Scott.

Scott said, "Yes, but yesterday, you remember, there were those three bad bars."

"Maybe we could take the good parts from today and from yesterday," Roisman suggested.

"I don't think so," Scott said, "but let's see." He nodded to the engineers, who were already preparing the previous day's tape on the machines to play back what the musicians wanted to hear. Scott said, "Insert two, take nine."

"How do you remember?" said Boris Kroyt.

"I don't remember anything," said Scott, pointing to a piece of paper on his desk. "I have it all written down."

The same rondo, in the same performance, flooded from the loudspeaker, and Mischa abandoned his score and began to tell Trampler a story which had nothing to do with music.

"Stop this, now!" said Sascha. "We are serious musicians, no? *Chamber music* players. We don't tell jokes."

The vocal silence in the booth lasted for a minute after the final flourish of the music, and then Scott made a quiet comment. "The end *was* better yesterday," he said, "but there's no place I can make the splice. I think you'll want to try it again."

"Why?" Sascha demanded, and swelled to his feet, pregnant with rhetoric. "Nobody listens to music any more," he announced. "They all want to hear, *I* hit the wrong note, *he* (Kroyt) didn't come in, *you* (Roisman) had a wheestle. People pay good money to come and hear that. We should just *play*, the way we would play a concert. *We* get paid the same. *You* (Scott), you are an executive, you get nothing for working late. *They* (the two recording engineers) have a union, they get paid the same. We get a real performance, with *humanity* in it. And we sell more records."

This was not a new argument, and Mischa answered it somewhat wearily. "We are not going to let that go through," he said, "when we are *normal*. Now we say, 'Let anything go through.' But we would just have to do it again tomorrow."

Roisman was looking at Scott's score. "We don't have to do it all," he said.

Scott said, "No. Take it from two before F, and I can make the splice."

"All right," said Sascha. "Two before F."

Trampler opened the door, but before the musicians could begin their tired march back into the studio proper, the telephone rang again. Scott picked it up himself this time and said, amiably:

"Mr. Schneider's office."



TWO FROM ODESSA

AMONG them, the four members of the Budapest Quartet can offer more than 125 years of professional experience in playing chamber music, and more than 90 years under the label: Budapest. The label itself is not theirs; and, indeed, they have no love for it, though they play willingly enough at Hungarian Relief concerts and take no offense at the general opinion that they must be Hungarians. Originally, at its foundation in 1919, the Kvartet *was* Hungarian by a three-to-one majority (the cellist was a Dutchman). Roisman was the first Russian to enter, in 1927; he was followed by Mischa in 1930, Sascha in 1932, and Kroyt in 1936. The four current members of the quartet can handle exactly one phrase of Hungarian: "Turn the Page," which is written on all the scores they inherited from the original Budapests.

All four members of the quartet play with more than enough skill to have made careers for themselves as soloists, and all except Mischa have tasted the pains and pleasures of the virtuoso life. Roisman was a child prodigy who played the violin from the age of six.

"I have a picture of myself," he says. "I was nine years old, already I have a medal. But everybody was a child prodigy."

His father—a businessman who did not approve of violin-playing—died before the boy was ten, and almost automatically young Roisman became the ward of a charitable lady in his native Odessa, the wife of a tea importer, who sent no fewer than thirty-three talented Odessan children to the musical centers of Europe to be educated at her expense. When the Roisman family became available she went to Berlin, found a teacher for young Josef and his thirteen-year-old sister, rented an apartment for the children and their mother, and went away again after arranging a monthly allowance for her newly-adopted brood.

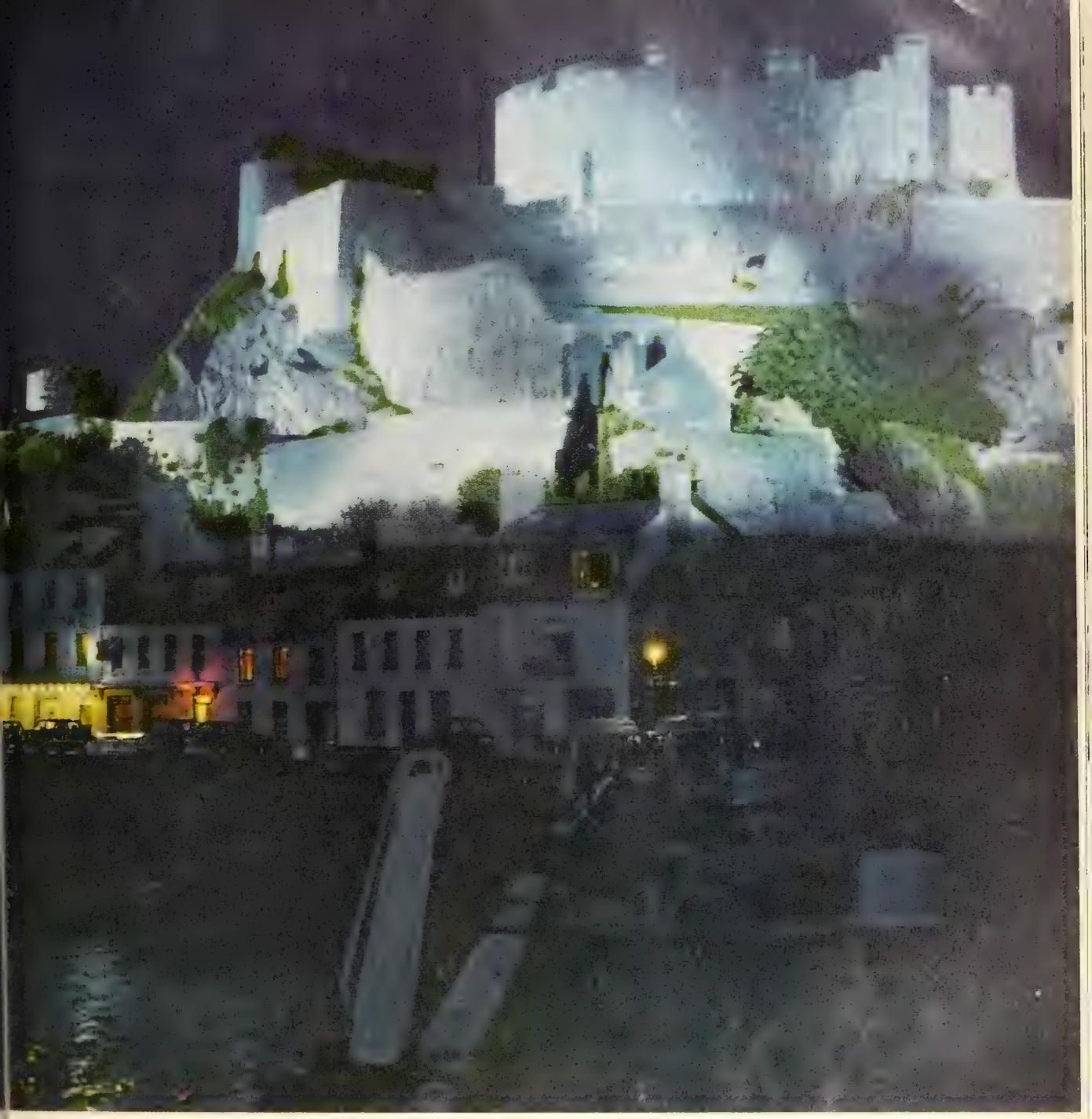
The first world war cut off the Roismans from their patroness and they returned to Odessa, where Josef studied at the conservatory, and won competitions to become concertmaster of the local orchestra and opera orchestra. Came the revolution and musicians were, as Roisman puts it, "requisitioned. They sent us to factories to play—us, singers, a pianist, a group. To play for the workers and the soldiers in the army."

In 1923, while on one of these conducted tours, Roisman found himself near the Polish border; a few hours later he was out of Russia for good. He served in the orchestra of the Prague Opera for two years and free-lanced as violinist and teacher for another two, then auditioned for and won the post of second violinist with the Budapest. (The former violinist had quit; he is now in the string section of the New York Philharmonic.)

Kroyt, a few years older than Roisman, also came from Odessa and studied in Berlin under the patronage of the tea importer's wife. At the age of fourteen, he was already playing concertos with German orchestras and when the war came, he was well enough known to support himself in Germany. In 1918 he organized the Kroyt Quartet, which survived, with one complete change of all the personnel except Kroyt, until 1933, when it went bust like everything else.

Throughout this period Kroyt was a violinist for a living, but he was a violist at heart. Of all his early triumphs, the one he remembers most vividly is a concert conducted by Richard Strauss at which he played the Brahms Violin Concerto in the first half and Berlioz' "Harold in Italy," a viola concerto, in the second half. Roisman—who had known Kroyt as a boy in Odessa and Berlin and had never entirely lost track of him—remembered Kroyt's affection for the big fiddle when the Budapest found itself short a violist in 1936, and wrote Kroyt in South America, where he was touring as second violinist of the Guarnerius Quartet. Kroyt had a number of reasons for accepting Roisman's offer (among them, his desire to get out of Hitler's Germany, which was still home base to the Guarnerius), but the chance to play viola for a living was one of the most important of them.

Alone among the members of the quartet, Kroyt looks forward to retirement, when he hopes to resume the composition of music,



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which he stopped more than forty years ago. "It's an interesting fact," he says, the composing gleam in his eye, "but most of the great composers were viola players. Mozart and Beethoven played the viola in their own quartets. Even today. Hindemith was a solo violist. Milhaud for years was first violist in an opera orchestra. . . ."

TWO FROM VILNA

THE Schneider brothers, younger than Roisman and Kroyt, come from the opposite end of Russia, from Vilna. Their father was an amateur flutist, and when Mischa was eight and Sascha five he decided they were to be a cellist and a violinist, respectively. There is a third brother, too, also destined for a musical career, but, Sascha says, "On him it didn't take. He's not a *meshugineh*. He watches the World Series, he knows the averages; he's the lucky one."

The Schneider family too was caught up in the first war, and the boys started playing in the cafés of Vilna in their early teens. Sascha recalls intimate places where one backed into private rooms and alcoves, through brocaded curtains, fiddling erotically; Mischa recalls something less dramatic but more degrading: coffee houses which rewarded musicians by giving them a cup of *café au lait* and the opportunity to pass a hat around among the patrons.

When the war was over the brothers resumed their middle-class standing and went off to study, Mischa in Leipzig and then Paris, Sascha in Vienna. They met again in Frankfort, where Mischa had become the first cellist and Sascha the concertmaster of the local orchestra. ("When I wasn't being thrown out," Sascha says, "because I wouldn't come to rehearsal.") Both moved on to quartet playing, Mischa with the Prisca of Cologne, Sascha with a group he had organized himself in Hamburg. Mischa entered the Budapest by invitation in 1930, and Sascha two years later, after Roisman had stepped up to his present eminence.

After twelve years with the quartet, Sascha left; after another twelve years, he came back again—in 1956. Meanwhile, he had made many solo appearances, including an extended tour of the university circuit, playing Bach's incomparably difficult Sonatas and Partitas for unaccompanied violin. As an impresario, he had helped to organize the various Casals festivals in Perpignan, Prades, and Puerto Rico; he had promoted the summer concerts in Washington Square, New York City, and invented a Christmas Eve midnight concert at Carnegie Hall. And as a conductor he substituted for Casals himself in Puerto Rico last spring.

"I like to do a thousand things," Sascha says. So, says one of his friends, being Sascha, he does them all.

"Living in a quartet is much more difficult than any marriage," says Sascha, who should know, having been involved in several quartets and several marriages. "In a marriage, at least you can have fights." The emotional relations inside a string quartet are intense and highly complicated, and it is not really true to say that quartets break up; they explode.

What has held the Budapests together in a tight unit is not easy to explain, or even to understand—the members themselves can only guess at it. In part, the secret of the Budapests' longevity as a unit must trace to the pairings which form naturally within the group—the two brothers and the two boys from Odessa who shared a teacher in Berlin; and, cutting across these lines of propinquity, the temperamental alliance of the conservative Roisman and Mischa, the flamboyant Kroyt and Sascha. But there have been other quartets which included pairs of brothers and men who have shared teachers, and no other quartet has ever held together so long as the Budapests.

Among the reasons is, undoubtedly, the fact that they came together by an almost purely musical choice. Many quartets are founded in the heat of close friendship, and easily disintegrate when ardor cools; others are founded on a basis of common extramusical interests (including, on occasion, the shared ministrations of the same psychiatrist), and collapse when these



Sascha

interests change. But the four Budapests are men of very different temperaments, who spend little time with each other apart from rehearsals and performances, and share few friends, tastes, or interests.

"When we're not playing a concert," Sascha says, "we're the most *different* quartet in the world. By avoiding each other, that's how we stay together."

One shared interest—contract bridge—was for some years a major cause of disruption. They played the game constantly, during concert intermissions and long mornings when their wives thought they were rehearsing. Once, bridge caused a serious delay in a concert. Mischa had gone down four in a six-club contract played at intermission, and knew he could have made it somehow. All through the first movement of the Schubert G-Major he played and replayed the hand in his head, until finally he knew what he had done wrong. When the first movement ended, to the amazement of his fellow musicians and the audience, he picked up his cello, bowed, and went off stage. After this notable event, the quartet played no more bridge during intermissions; and after bridge had caused a serious estrangement—a two-week interval in the long trip to the Dutch East Indies, during which the members of the quartet did not speak to each other because of a fight at the card table—the Budapests gave up bridge altogether. They still play once in a while, Mischa especially, but never with each other.

Each of the four men has made his own individual adjustment to the problems of the European settled in America. Sascha—who enjoys holding forth at parties—has become a prominent member of New York's artistic and intellectual community. The other three make their homes in Washington, D. C. Mischa attempts to live a middle-class suburban life, spending as much time as possible with his children, traveling by car, and catching an occasional ball game. Kroyt, whose one daughter is now grown and married, is a gadgeteer, with a garage and a cellar stuffed with electric razors and drills and kitchen appliances that he has taken apart and put together again. He is a car fancier whose opinions were solicited by the Ford Motor Company when they were planning to revive the Lincoln Continental. (Once a photographer with three very similar cameras strapped around his neck was taking pictures of the Budapests at rehearsal, and they were trying to find out from him why he needed three 35-mm. cameras for a single job. Kroyt finally supplied the satisfactory explanation: "Because he is *American*.") Roisman, who is childless, has remained perhaps the most European of the four. Essentially pedagogical in temperament, he teaches every summer at Mills College on the West Coast.



Mischa

The Budapests fight out with Slavic vigor their apparently eternal musical disagreements. "Sitting in on a Budapest rehearsal," says Goddard Lieberson, now president of Columbia Records but once the recording director at Budapest sessions, "is like visiting Tolstoy's *dascha*." But the members of the quartet all believe that the best result of such a fight is the minimum possible compromise by everyone involved in it; as Roisman says, "We respect the individual."

The Budapest has no "leader," in the accepted sense, though Roisman performs the necessary starting function on the platform, and Mischa handles business matters for the group. All decisions are made by majority vote (three out of four in a quartet, of course). And even the vote is not enough to give the majority a right of coercion over the holdout. As Roisman puts it, "If someone says, 'This time is very inconvenient,' we do it some other time. It is the same with a new score, we play it through and talk it over; everybody has to like it a little."

Sometimes the majority of three will adjust to the minority of one despite an obvious inconvenience: thus the quartet has played through the summer at Mills College, because Roisman teaches there, and participated in the Casals Festival in Puerto Rico—at less than its usual fees—because Sascha was so intimately involved with the plans.

"We are all of us," Roisman says, "very great idealists, and this is what has kept us together. You know, times were not always so good." Beneath the occasionally spectacular displays of temperament at rehearsals and recording sessions (never, of course, at concerts, where the dead pan is maintained even at the most trying moments), all the Budapests are basically gentle, kindly men. Equally important, as Lieberson points out, "They really are funny—and, what's rare, they know they're funny. They love to make jokes."

Musically, the Budapests believe strongly that a string quartet is not a single smooth instrument but four independent voices, each asserting itself in its own way. "If someone comes back after a performance," Sascha says, "and tells me, 'Tonight, you and Roisman sound like one fiddle, everything was so smooth,' I know it was a lousy concert."

This conception of the individual as more important than the group has given the Budapests their extraordinary grasp of the masterpieces of the literature; for almost all the best string quartets, from the later Haydn to Elliott Carter, were planned by their composers as expressions of four separate voices. Consequently, the Budapests have less tonal elegance than some other quartets; but they regard surface polish as a lesser goal, anyway. The aim of their rehearsing is to *routinize* a performance, the poetry as well as the notes themselves. All performances on stringed instruments are subject to interference from the weather—because the fiddle is at its balkiest when humidity is high—but otherwise the Budapests can be counted on to give the same performance all the time, whatever the condition of their individual psyches and stomachs. This ability to routinize is what musicians mean when they speak of "professionalism," and it is the tribute everyone pays the Budapests.

Sascha brushes it off: "At our age," he says, "the music plays itself. If you have the feeling of character and tempo in a piece, *that's* genius Those aren't my words; Mozart's father said it."

TASTE: CITY BY CITY

THE Budapests first came to the United States in 1930, as part of a round-the-world tour which started in the Dutch East Indies. It was Mischa's debut with the troupe, and from his first concert he wrote on the front page of each score each of the places where he played it. "You can't read the score any more," Sascha says, "it's so scribbled over." Mischa himself hopes some day to write a book, which he will call *Opus 59, Number 1.* "It begins," he says, "'Batavia, Java, Dutch East Indies.'" (The quartet which is to give the book its name is probably the most popular in the Beethoven canon; it is also the only one which opens with the tune in the cello.)

The Kvartet was well received everywhere in the United States—to the surprise and pleasure of the members. They were also pleased at the number of American cities which had endowed chamber music seasons, guaranteeing a quartet the five evenings of work necessary to complete a Beethoven cycle. To one of these cities, Buffalo, the Budapests have returned every year for the last twenty-seven, but what intrigues them most is the fact that the Beethoven concerts in Buffalo must continue even after they and their audiences are gone.

"It is endowed forever, in a will," Mischa says wonderingly. "Every year, as long as the world lasts, there must be a Beethoven cycle in Buffalo."

By the terms of another endowment—to the Library of Congress in Washington—the Budapests are not allowed to play their own instruments in that building. Among the Library's possessions is a quartet of instruments by Antonius Stradivarius, and among the purposes of its annual concert series is a workout for the fiddles, which would otherwise deteriorate.

"The first years," Kroyt recalls, "when we came to the library, we played two or three concerts in the series. Other quartets played the instruments in the other concerts. In 1937, we complained, the instruments were always out of *joint,* and they said, 'Why don't you join up forever? Why don't you play all twenty concerts for us, every year?'"

In 1933, with the advent of Hitler, the Budapests had shifted their home base to Paris; in 1938, with twenty concerts a year guaranteed at the Library of Congress—plus other guarantees from Buffalo, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh—they immigrated to America. At first they made their headquarters in New York, because that was where immigrants and musicians stayed, but in 1942 Roisman tired of the endless seasonal commuting to Washington and took an apartment in the capital; and the others, except for Sascha, soon followed.

Unlike other musical groups, the Budapests play only classics in New York, and introduce new works in other cities where (not to put too fine a point on the matter) endowments protect

them against losses from the smaller audiences drawn by contemporary scores. The quartet is thus regarded in New York as a somewhat stodgy bunch, because they have played so few new pieces where everybody else plays the newest works in his repertory; but the Budapests have probably introduced more modern scores than any other quartet in the world ("except," Sascha says carefully, "the Kolisch").

They learn several new works every year for the Library series, and for a series sponsored by the Fromm Foundation in Chicago, and when they played their summer season at Mills College they honored Darius Milhaud, a colleague of Roisman's on the faculty, by playing the complete cycle of his seventeen quartets. Three or four times a year, they devote a complete day to sight-reading through a dozen or so of the new scores which have been sent to them in care of the Library. Interminable rehearsing precedes the actual performance. "Once," Sascha recalls, "we rehearsed a Bartok quartet for five months, it was crazy. I say, 'If it's late Beethoven it will still be around in a hundred years.'"

During an ordinary year, the Budapests will play 100 to 110 concerts, three-quarters of them in the United States, the rest on tour in South America, Europe, Australia, or Japan. They hate train rides, and invariably travel by plane or—if the trip is a short one—by rented station wagon (everybody drives except Roisman). In Washington, they usually rehearse twice a week in the Library; on tour, they rehearse the afternoon before a concert, in a hotel ballroom or conference room.

"It's no use to go into an empty hall and try it out," Kroyt says. "You never know how it will sound when the hall is full. This way, we start, if it sounds bad or you can't hear or it sounds rough, you make adjustments—it's a matter of seconds." Mischa offers local concert managers a choice of six to eight different programs.

"But with us," Sascha says, "you can choose anything you want. We know it."

On tour the Budapests will usually, but not always, eat dinner together at a local Chinese restaurant (Chinese food is one of the few shared enthusiasms). "Of course," Kroyt says, "everyone has a different schedule. Roisman is very strict with his time, he must rest every afternoon. He wakes up, and eats at five or six o'clock before a concert. I always eat *after* a concert." At breakfast, the four men usually remain apart, each starting the day behind his own newspaper at his own table in the hotel dining-room, to the vast amusement of any other musicians who happen to be staying at the hotel.

In the summer, the Budapests quit, usually going as far apart as they can comfortably manage. If one runs into another in foreign parts, they will shake hands in a civil manner, ask after the family, and then turn opposite directions and leave. All of them regard the summer away as necessary to the maintenance of the quartet as a unit, and to the musical quality of the performances that will follow reunion in the fall.

"It's refreshing," Mischa says. "After two, three months, you begin to *want* to see each other again. You feel the desire," Mischa concludes, "to come together, and to make again music."

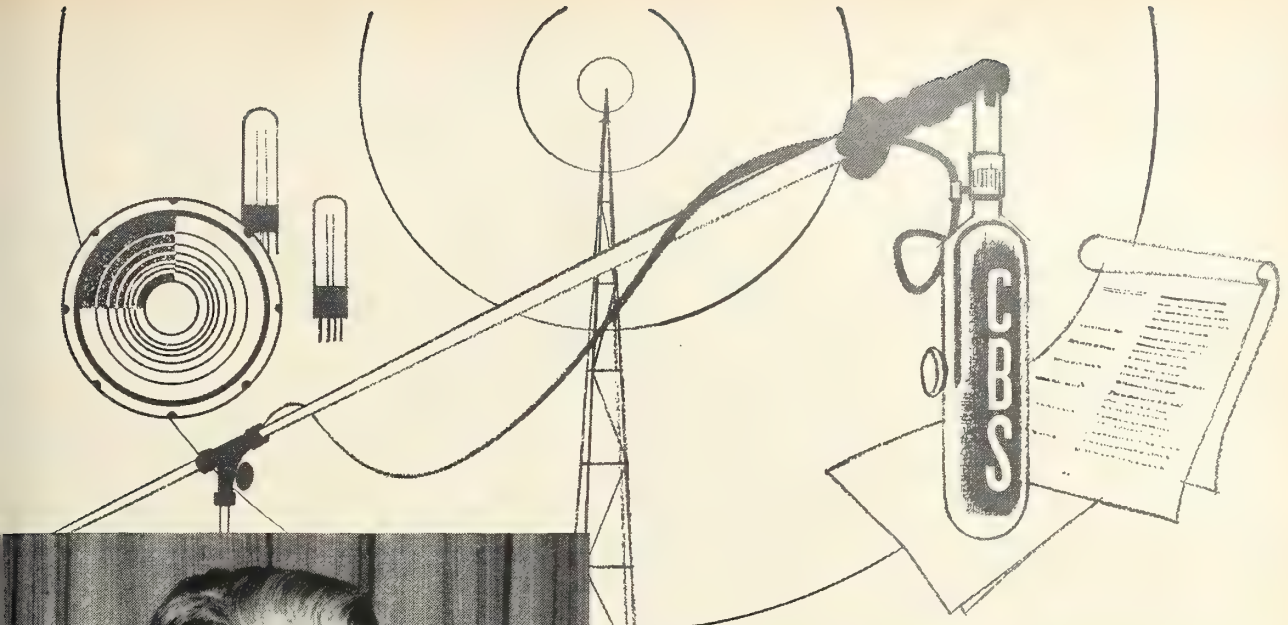
THOMAS WHITBREAD

FOR A TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

AT THIS time of poise, this permanence of maturing,
When the face has finally settled its appearance
And the body wears a shape that seems enduring
And each ceiling gives the head a certain clearance,

At this stoppage of growth, this beginning of decay,
When, having no place to go without interference,
Cells can be cannibals to get their way,

At this adult state, between birth and desiccation,
In hopes of a meaningful mind, quietly pray
For your ignorant body a calm continuation.





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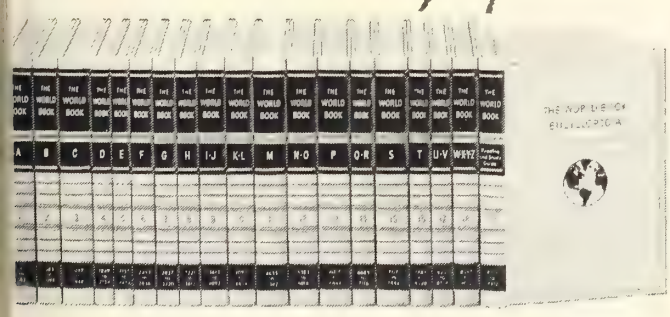
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After Hours



SERENADE TO THE LONG-HAIRED DEE-JAY

IT IS becoming increasingly difficult to get away from good music on the radio. Every time I turn to the entertainment section of the Sunday paper there seems to be a new FM station in the New York area that plays little but Buxtehude and Bartok, and of course the same phenomenon has been spreading across the country along with hi-fi and other manifestations of our noisy times. Even the old New York standbys, those two pillars of classical-music programing, stations WQXR and WNYC, have added new commentators during the past year; and David Randolph, who has been at this for thirteen years, can now be heard at it four times a week on WNYC—two original programs, two rebroadcasts of earlier ones—and once a week nationally on the stations of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters.

To be sure, New York is exceptionally well served by good-music radio stations. WQXR and WNYC have for years been providing the rich musical fare that has but recently been available elsewhere. Yet we have merely arrived at a stage of development the provinces are bound to reach some day, and we have merely come sooner to that satiety, that surfeit of goodies, which brings on sober reflections.

As an almost addicted listener to music commentators I find that I am no longer able to take them casually or give them credit for simply existing. When there are more than a dozen to choose from, you soon begin to discriminate between the good and the frankly impossible. David Randolph and our own Edward Tatnall Canby are good, to my ear, but there aren't many I would rank even close to them.

THE difference is one of underlying attitude toward music. Messrs. Randolph and Canby and one or two others treat it as something to think and feel about, something one reacts to; the rest seem to regard it as something to bow before, to grovel at. This is I suppose the more venerable tradition. It is the Milton Cross, or great-gold-curtain, school of music commentating. It takes the position that the listener is being privileged, that everyone else is doing him a big favor, and that the act of composing or playing music is so inherently marvelous as to require virtually no further comment. Every musician is an "artist," all audiences are "enthusiastic," and every standard in the repertory is "inspired."

Here is of course an occupational hazard of good-music radio. It has no commercial self-discipline, and must heavily rely on its own definition of its public responsibilities; so it can easily fall into the habit of being self-satisfied. "We've always felt that the average WQXR listener was above average," said WQXR at 4:00 P.M., September 23, 1957. "The only thing constant about our programing is its consistently hi level," said WNYC at 11:00 A. on August 27, 1957.

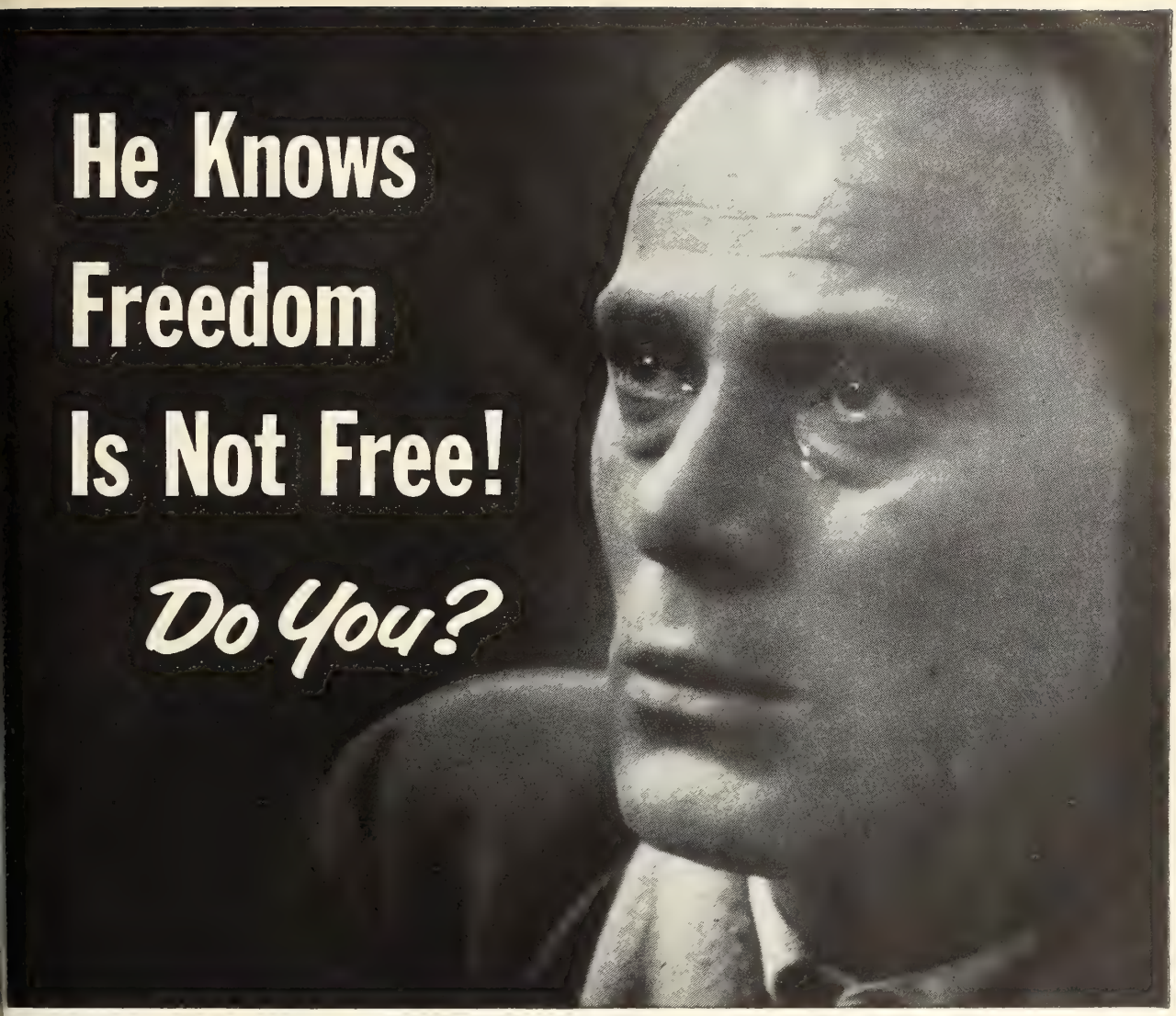
The announcers on WQXR, pick on the worst offender, also ha a deplorable tendency to be cozy a chummy, especially when deliveri commercials that masquerade something else—like the ads for taurants that are bare-facedly p sented as "suggestions" for din out. And WNYC has one announ who has been around for years, m gling scripts and ad-libbing absu ties and generally getting in the of music.

With the coming of binaural—t is, the broadcasting of stereo tape putting one channel on AM and other on FM—there has been an crease, besides, in the infatuat of some commentators with sound the exclusion of musical sense. T brings out the worst in a high-fide fan anyhow, since the things it "d best" are the massive, viscous orc tral numbers that really give a w out to a super-speaker-system. Ste tape is undoubtedly a pleasure those who have succumbed to superb marketing device for mak people buy two of what they merly needed only one of—but w about the rest of us? If you have one set and can listen to half of stereo, you hear a ludicro unbalanced symphony; the str are in your lap and the woodwi are somewhere out in the street.

RANDOLPH and Canby seem to have thought more cle than the rest about the circumsta in which they are being heard. T ask for just the right amount of

He Knows Freedom Is Not Free!

Do You?



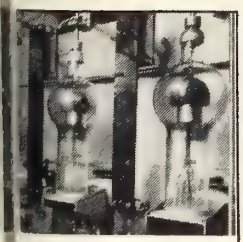
Bela Varga knows the price of freedom. He escaped from behind the Iron Curtain . . . leaving his family, his home, his belongings behind him.

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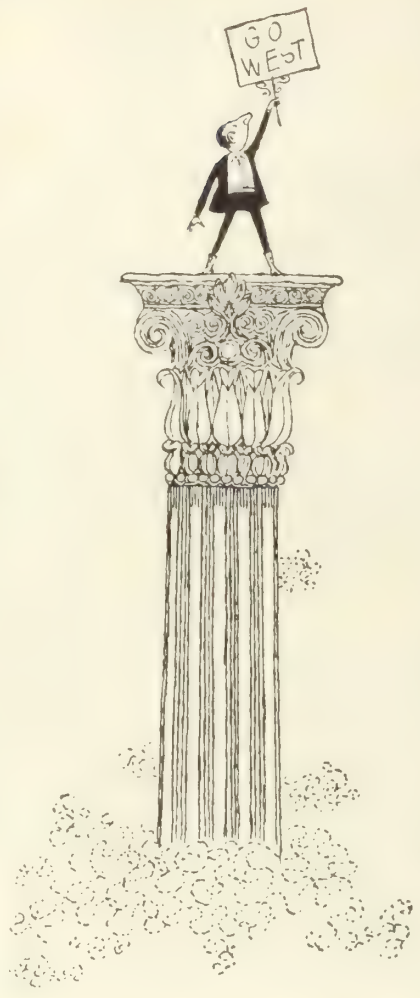
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tention, and not too little of it. At least it seems to me that "serious" music of the nineteenth or twentieth centuries makes very poor background, or "mood," music. To listen inattentively to the large Romantic or post-Romantic works invites a kind of vasomuscular nervousness that is anything but relaxing. Chamber music can perhaps be followed with half an ear, but concert-hall compositions demand all or nothing. The virtue of the commentator is that he can invite your attention to one or two features of the music at a time, so that you hear it afresh but don't have to do all the work yourself. To that extent the programs with comment make "easier" listening than the many which simply toss the records at you after reading the labels.

And Randolph and Canby have controlled, agreeable voices. This would seem to be a simple matter, but many good-music programs have to be so inexpensive that they often involve accepting in a package deal the services of a "commentator"—he may be a distinguished figure in his line of work, know the subject, and love to talk—who sounds just plain amateurish on the air. Part of the trouble is that nearly everyone thinks he could do this, if only he had the chance, and will not admit to himself that it is a skill like any other, which needs to be learned. Since the station is in no position to tell the offenders, and I am much too soft-hearted to name names, I can only suggest that those who feel any twinge of guilt here examine their consciences, and listen cold-bloodedly to their own tapes.

These captious words are not intended to be unfriendly; in fact, they proceed from an excess of affection rather than a lack of it. I am so much more enamored of this kind of radio than of any other kind that I hate for it to be any less than it could and should be. Normally, no one criticizes the classical dee-jay programs; that is partly what's wrong with them, and I hope that this initial attempt to start the discussion will not discourage their originators or give comfort to their foes. They *are* above average and their level *is* high. Just don't go letting it slip.

—Mr. Harper



GOLD AND GLORY

Henry Hope Reed Jr., who takes the position that classical architecture is the only kind worth a damn, has sent me the following report of his recent trip to the Far West. I relay it in the trust that readers who reject his views will at least enjoy his enthusiasm. His book, The Golden City, *will be published next fall.*

DEAR MR. HARPER:

I have seen the country's most magnificent building and the country's most beautiful murals. Where may they be found, you ask? Washington? New York? Boston? Newport? No, the answer is San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Nature has of course been more than kind to California but you may have wondered sometimes if man's work there has been wholly a blessing. Come with me, then. In San Francisco we go south on Market Street, well past the Palace Hotel, past the columned American T and the Hibernia Bank. Where ton and Leavenworth touch Ma the vista opens. The great mas the City Hall bestrides the sky

But here is a building with flu Doric columns, bold masks on keystones, and large gold lantern the entrance. Something about i is the Federal Building) remind of the Department of Labor Bu ing in Washington—it must l come from the same hand. You right. It is the work of Art Brown Jr. of San Francisco.

But we are dawdling. Let us another route and approach Civic Center as would the op lover, via Franklin Street on south. We find ourselves befo court guarded by tall railings blue and gold wrought iron; to right is the Opera House, to the the Veterans Building, beyond, other grille of blue and gold w above it all, facing us, towers dome of the City Hall.

We'll go into the Civic Cente the entrance of state; what we before us has been designed to our opera-goer and even ours a measured elegance. The twin either side offer a first story round arched bays adorned masked keystones, a second sto high windows, a balustraded cor an attic and a barely perce mansard. Imagine it at night: gold reflects the brightly lig buildings and the high dome yond is blazing.

Again we have been dawd Now we proceed through the of honor, cross Van Ness Ave and climb the steps of the City The pile confronts us in the of a large rectangle made imp by a colonnade of Roman D pedimented and columned po set off the wings. And the dom stands above a columned d curving up to a lantern.

Everywhere our visual hung fed with a wealth of detail. A of blue and gold lanterns orna the terrace, elaborate gold-on doors set off the entrances. B Atlantides hold the central bal on their shoulders, masks restin cornucopias adorn the keystones wrought iron railing of the bal presents gold lions' heads and s ing acanthus leaves, the high

AFTER HOURS

nned porch carries a pediment ed with figures—Wisdom stands tween the Arts, Learning, Truth, dustry, and Labor.

OW for the interior. Traversing tately vestibule and corridors, we nd in the great hall beneath the me. Four massive piers rise up to ır pendentives which spread and n to form a ring; upon it rest mposite columns supporting a ffered dome.

High Composite pilasters mark e main story, which, on its north d south sides, rises to a high shal- w barrel vault, and from it spills a ght of stairs, like a stately glacier, reading gently as it touches the ll floor. Again we have the su- rb detail, the bas-reliefs in the andrels, the masks and garlands in e semi-domes over doorways, the ures beneath the barrel vaults, the onze work of the lamps, the bronze d iron work of the railings.

We think of the rotunda of the itional Capitol. The Missouri pitol is another of the same class; too are the West Virginia and innesota Capitols. But they and ners do not have the unity, the t quantity of ornament, the play space, the total overwhelming ect. I submit that the San Fran- co City Hall is the best that Amer- n art has produced.

The architects of this wonder? m Bakewell Jr. and Arthur Brown , who can also point to the city lls of Berkeley and Pasadena. Why ve we not heard of them before? e American Institute of Archi- ts, though last year's centenary ered the opportunity, has never nored them. Current fashion is ays blinding; no doubt when the odern goes into limbo the Insti- e will suddenly discover Bakewell l Brown.

The promoters of the arts center New York's Lincoln Square might well to glance at the San Fran- o Civic Center. It is obvious n current plans that New York's mpt, while admirable for size, l hardly compare to the work of ewell and Brown. Nor is there on to believe that revisions will e for improvement. The Lin- n Square promoters, by turning to Modern *only*, have denied the that has gone before us. A visit

"But Can YOU Prove The Bible Is True?"



Suppose an unbeliever challenged you to do so.

Being a sincere Christian, you might reply: "I just know it is." But that wouldn't be proof. It would not be very convincing to the unbeliever. And what would a skeptic say if you told him you have the assurance of the Holy Spirit? He might well ask why so many Christians who claim this do not agree on the meaning of the Scriptures.

What real evidence could you produce? What facts could you present? Where could you find a logical, convincing answer?

Christ, of course, wrote nothing, excepting on one occasion—and then only in dust. All the original manuscripts of the Bible have vanished. The Bible itself does not claim to be the Inspired and complete word of God. Our Lord did not say that His teachings would be found in a book. On what authority, then, can we be sure about the Bible?

The answer is, of course, that the only living authority is the Catholic Church... the Apostolic Church... the Church whose traditions, beginning with Peter, bear reliable witness down the pathway of time from Christ to this very moment. The Bible cannot prove by its own text that it is inspired. But the Catholic Church *can* prove this.

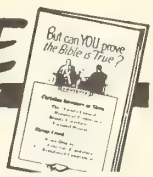
Out of the first century, the Church can call up such witnesses as Polycarp (A. D. 80), whose appointment as Bishop of Smyrna came personally from John the Apostle, or Ignatius of Antioch, who died about 107 A. D. It can present the testimony of such second-century writers as Clement of Alexandria, Irenaeus, Tertullian and Origen; and from the third and fourth centuries Cyprian and Ambrose and Eusebius and Cyril, and many others.

All these bear witness to the vital importance of the Apostolic tradition. All testify that the Scriptures were entrusted to the Church... that the Church is their preserver and interpreter... that they must, as Clement said, be interpreted "according to the Church's rule." Writing in the second century about Polycarp, who lived in the first, Irenaeus said: "The things which he had learned from the Apostles he uniformly taught and delivered to the Church, and these things alone are true."

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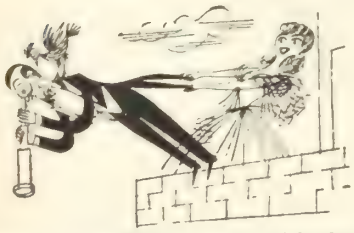
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to San Francisco might help them overcome their obsessive fear of gold, of symbols, of tradition and, especially, of the human form in art.

SAN FRANCISCANS meanwhile might pay better attention to their chief glory. The ornament of the dome and lantern of the City Hall are badly in need of re-gilding. And, further, mural painting—the one art the Civic Center is weak in—could well be added to the Opera House. The city fathers need not go far to find good examples, for the best ones in the country are in Los Angeles. Going to Southern California is not easy for a San Franciscan, I know, but he will have one consolation—no one in Los Angeles seems to know about the murals.

Allow me to continue in the role of guide. We'll proceed to the corner of Western Avenue and Adams Boulevard, which is not too far from Downtown Los Angeles, and go carefully north on Adams. Soon we'll come to a wall of dark brick. This is our goal, the house and library of the late William A. Clark, son of the famous Senator from Montana (it is now the property of the University of California in Los Angeles). The entrance is around the corner on Cimarron Street. The house that greets us is indifferent but beyond, set in a terraced garden with pools, stands the library. It is a pleasant building of brick with Spanish Baroque stone trim, designed by Robert Farquhar in 1926.

Painting welcomes us at the threshold. Above a marble-lined hall gods and goddesses disport in cloud-filled heavens over open Baroque arches. Beneath them are seated giants, lolling against cornucopias, guarding niches containing symbols of the arts and sciences.

The medium is oil on canvas, so smooth that it might be fresco, and the ceiling is coved. Here is false perspective, skillfully constructed architecture, graceful figures resting on clouds, the human form painted as few can do it today. Paul Valéry said that the triumph of the artist was to place ten or more figures in a setting and have them live and breathe—and this was done here.

An imperial introduction, this hall; it leads to a high-ceilinged music room which looks out on a wide lawn. Two large canvase grace the end walls and above ar many more of them set in what mu be the most elaborately carved woo ceiling in the country. Masks, ga lands of fruit, fluttering ribbon cut rolled leather patterns weave i tricate frames about the canvases.

The pictures are of varying size the large ones, like the two on th end walls, depict scenes of Anton and Cleopatra from Dryden's *All fo Love*, a favorite of the client. Els where in smaller panels are symboli figures, a maiden with a tambourin an old man with a dove, a yout with a laurel crown in one han and a pair of calipers in the othe All are painted in bright Venetia colors with the same force that di tinguished the work in the hall.

We can think of our great mural those of the New York Publi Library by Edward Laning, the wor of Brumidi in the National Capito John La Farge's "Ascension" in Ne York's Church of the Ascensio Puvis de Chavannes' murals in th Boston Public Library—all have quality which sets them apart. B for over-all power these in the Cla Library win.

The artist? Allyn Cox of Ne York, who completed the grisail frieze in the rotunda of the Nation Capitol several years ago. And ho can California claim him? By th fact that his work is there, commi sioned by a Californian who was generous, intelligent, and deman ing client—and a good client has much to do with great art as th artist.

The University might ask Mr. Co to return, if only to paint over wate stains in the hall mural caused by leaking roof. More important, th promoters of Lincoln Square coul stop there in their tour of the Wes They would do well to turn to artis in matters of design and decoratio an aspect of their project which a pears to have been neglected.

This coming summer will b marked by an important event i California—the great Hearst Castl at San Simeon will be thrown ope to the public as a museum. Visitor in search of splendor, could do wors than seek out the Clark Librar murals in Los Angeles and the Sa Francisco Civic Center as well.

—Henry Hope Reed J

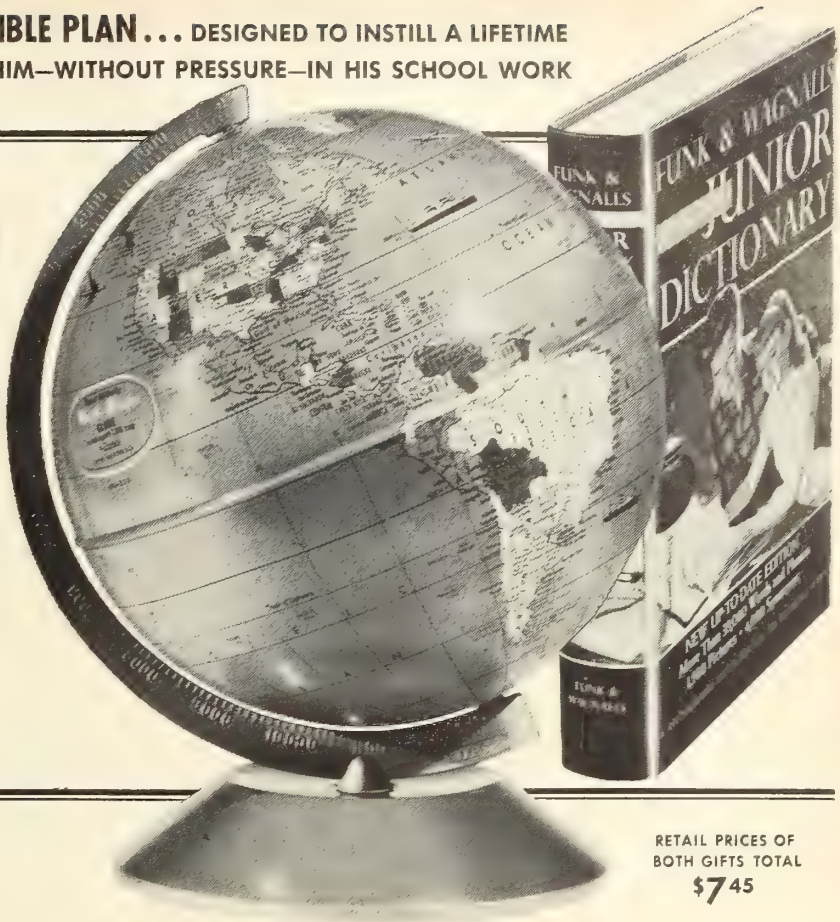
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PAUL PICKREL

A Question of Identity

WITH the publication of his third novel, **I Like It Here** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), it becomes clear that Kingsley Amis has only one major comic idea, and that by this time it has worn more than a little thin. His first novel, *Lucky Jim,* was a very funny book; his second novel, *That Uncertain Feeling,* was a funny book; but *I Like It Here* is only intermittently entertaining.

Like most comic novelists, including his hero Henry Fielding, Amis sets out to castigate hypocrisy, but the hypocrisy he castigates is of a rather special kind. Traditionally the hypocrite has been simply a man who is trying to make other people think that he is better than he in fact is, and he has been found reprehensible on the grounds that he is taking credit for a moral worth that he does not have. The kind of hypocrisy Amis goes after is less moral than cultural, if the word cultural can still be used in its old-fashioned or pre-Margaret Mead sense to refer to the Better Things in Life (literature, art, music, etc.). And Amis attacks cultural hypocrisy not so much because it is a way of fooling other people (probably he would say that if other people are fooled by it they deserve to be) but because it is a way of swindling ourselves.

The line of serious thought behind Amis' satire seems to go something like this: The most valuable thing in life is freedom, and the greatest danger is the danger of losing it. All kinds of horrible things are a threat to freedom, of course, but Amis as a comic writer pays little attention to them; for him the primrose path to the loss of freedom is decked out with the Better Things in Life. Their seductiveness does not lie in their being less valuable than they are said to be, but in the fact that they come to us surrounded by an apparatus of approved attitudes toward them and established opinions about them. They have become the instruments of a bureaucracy of culture that jeopardizes our spontaneity and cramps our freedom to be ourselves by standardizing our responses. The fact that Amis is himself a lecturer and critic as well as a novelist, and to that extent a member of the bureaucracy of culture, means that a good deal of his work is self-satire, and that is often one of its chief delights.

The trouble with *I Like It Here* is that it shows Amis in danger of becoming almost as predictable as the thing he is attacking. The book is essentially an attempt to have fun with the clichés about foreign travel, and Amis doggedly goes about upsetting established notions about the alleged intellectual, spiritual, and physical benefits of going abroad. Occasionally he is genuinely amusing, but frequently he shows signs of fatigue. Perhaps the necessity of always being spontaneous also entails a loss of freedom; being ourselves often consists of bearing a remarkable family resemblance to the rest of the human race.

Amis attempts to turn his travelogue into a novel by introducing a plot that must not have cost him much pain to construct. It concerns the efforts of some London publishers to discover whether or not a manuscript they have received is authentic. The manuscript purports to be the work of a famous writer who has long lived in seclusion abroad and is generally thought to be dead, though no one knows for sure that he is. Possibly it is the work of an impostor, and the task of Amis' hero on his travels is to seek out the author and to determine if he is the same man who wrote the earlier books. The conclusion is that he must be, because he is too big a fraud to be a fake—*i.e.,* he has been victimized by fixed ideas of his own importance on a scale that could be accomplished only in a lifetime of working at it. This makes him a good example of the horrors that result when a man does not meet life spontaneously, and therefore a neat illustration of Amis' ideas, but it does not make him an interesting or convincing character.

TO FACE THE WORLD

IN **The Return of Ansel Gibbs** (Knopf, $3.75) the young American novelist Frederick Buechner is also concerned with a question of identity but for Buechner it is a universal ques-

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tion, the question every man must ask himself when he comes up against the mystery of his own being and is forced to wonder who he is and what he is up to in the world.

Buechner writes about people who have about as much freedom as human beings ever get. They are not taken in by the cultural hypocrisy that Amis attacks, or by any other kind of hypocrisy; they are sophisticated, intelligent, complex people, with enough money or position or accomplishment to enable them to live their lives on their own terms as nearly as anyone can; and the plot of the novel is skillfully designed to make each of the main characters discover or decide what his terms are.

Two characters dominate the story. One is Ansel Gibbs, a rich and well-born lawyer who has served in several important government positions by appointment and has now been asked to join the President's Cabinet, but who has always had the feeling of living on the fringes of things, the sense that because he has not had to participate in the dirty give-and-take of everyday affairs he is overintellectual, effete, and not quite real. The other is a sensationally successful young television performer, Robin Tripp, who has worn so many different faces before the world that he does not know which face is his own.

The two men are linked by the fact that young Tripp is a friend and possibly a suitor of Gibbs' daughter, by the further fact that Gibbs was the best friend of Tripp's father and possibly the cause of his suicide, and by the still further fact that both men are deeply puzzled about who they really are. The older man is in danger of being lost inside himself, of ending his days overhearing the irresolute soliloquy of his own mind, and the younger is in danger of being lost in sheer appearance, of evaporating like the Cheshire cat and leaving only his famous television grin behind.

The resolution of *The Return of Ansel Gibbs* lies in an attitude that may not be very original with Buechner but is sharp and telling in the context of the novel. Each of the men has to learn from the other—the young man must learn from the older to live with the ambiguity that lies behind his many public faces, and the older must learn from the younger that to spend one's days in examining one's own complexity is not enough: one must also act, in the double sense of assuming a face before the world and of doing something.

The Return of Ansel Gibbs will probably not appeal to a large group of readers; its moral drama is too fine-spun, its ideas too difficult, its prose too intricate. Yet for those who are willing to read a novel that examines the possibilities and necessities of our existence at a high level of seriousness, it will prove well worth the trouble, for it is a beautifully contrived piece of work.

ONE IN TWO

THE two young men who are the antagonists in **The Freest Man on Earth** by James Whitfield Ellison (Doubleday, $3.95) are faced with the question of identity in an unusually acute form, because they seem to have only one identity between them. They are brothers, the younger a repository of every conventional opinion and attitude, the older a recluse, an eccentric, and by some standards an egomaniac. The younger brother disapproves of everything the other brother does and stands for, yet in his heart he is terrified to recognize that he is completely dependent on him.

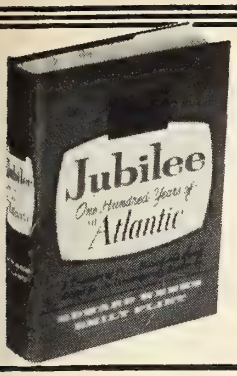
This curious psychological relationship is the result of the very odd upbringing the brothers have had. Their father was a rich and irresponsible playboy who achieved national notoriety as the outstanding draft-dodger of the first world war. For some years after the war he lived in Europe; then he recanted, brought his family back to the United States, served five years in prison, and emerged a tiresome old professional patriot.

Naturally their father's history puts the sons in no very enviable position when they in turn reach draft age, especially since the older feels compelled to follow his father's example of evading the draft (though for what he regards as very different reasons) and the younger sees a second family scandal as a final blow to his hopes of leading a conventional life, of marrying well and succeeding in business.

What Ellison seems to be trying to do in *The Freest Man on Earth* is to explore some fundamental ideas about freedom. The father as a young man and his older son have both sacrificed everything to their own conceptions of individual freedom, different as they are—the father mindlessly pursuing his own enjoyment, the son painfully seeking out principles and examining his own motives; but in the end their careers have the same effect—they ruin those who depend on them.

But Ellison starts so many more hares than he can or does pursue that it is almost impossible to tell what the book means. The trouble is not that he has imagined his story falsely but that he has left large hunks of it unwritten. True, it would take a Dostoevsky and about 500 more pages than Ellison has allowed himself to do full justice to the situation, but Ellison might have got more of it down on paper than he has. He has not achieved unity in the structure of the book or even in the style, for he can and does write in several different styles, including, apparently, the style of the last novelist he happens to have read.

Yet Ellison shows boldness and range in this book, and a healthy unwillingness to repeat himself (his previous book was the widely popu-



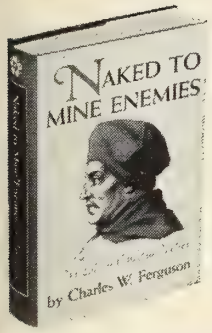
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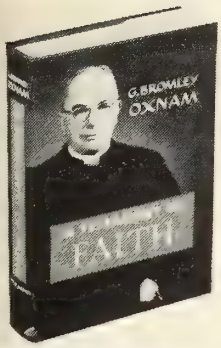


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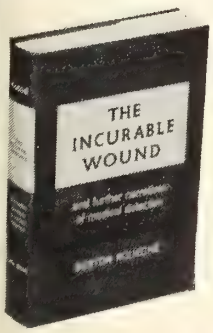
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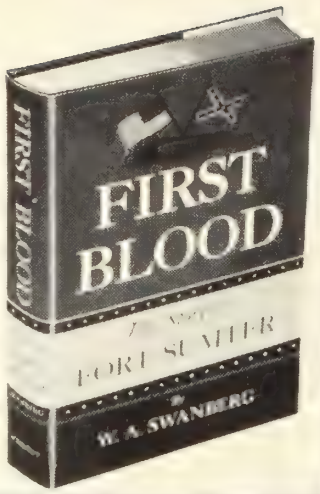
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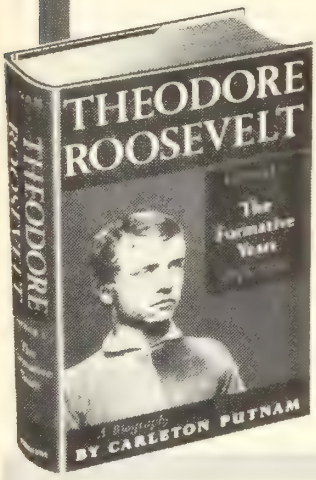
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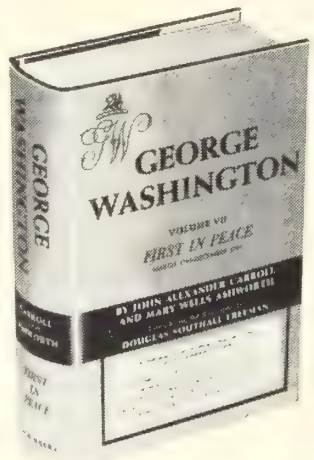
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lar story of the triumphs and tribu lations of adolescence, *I'm Owe Harrison Harding*). He shows powerful if impatient imaginatio a gift for drawing vivid and unusu characters, a considerable freedo with language (though he may hav overexpanded his vocabulary by little), and an engaging wit. Th worst you can say about *The Free Man on Earth* is also the best: it an interesting failure.

UNCERTAIN CERTAINT

THE main character in Glendo Swarthout's novel **They Came Cordura** (Random House, $3.50) a man who is all too free from a question about his own identity, b cause he knows exactly what he he is a coward.

Swarthout's novel is based on imagined incident in the adventu of the Punitive Expedition sent in Mexico in 1916 under command General Pershing for the purpose capturing Pancho Villa. The G eral is sure that America will soo or later become involved in t European war, and he knows th the Army is unprepared to meet t challenge. One way to make t public more aware of the army a more enthusiastic about it is to p duce some heroes, and so he appoi an Awards Officer to watch for amples of conspicuous bravery, write up citations for the Congr sional Medal of Honor, and to l the potential recipients back to b camp (because he thinks live her will have a warmer effect on the p lic imagination than dead ones).

Ironically, the post of Awa Officer goes to one Major Thorn man who has a very profound terest in bravery because he has h self furnished a conspicuous exam of its lack. He had reached a c fortable middle age in the ser without ever having been in acti then in an early engagement of Mexican campaign he encounte fire for the first time and disgra himself by cowardice. Under mistaken impression that his havior was little known, his supe officers decided not to court-mar him, and so he is available for unsuitable job of Awards Office

The heart of the book lies in account of how Major Thorn l

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One woman, the Countess Bice Melzi, was the inspiration and the lovely doom of **Ippolito Nievo.** In 1860, for the sake of rejoining her three days sooner, he changed his passage from a sound ship to the ramshackle *Ercole*. He was lost at sea. But before his death, at 30, he had written **The Castle of Fratta,** ($5.50) one of the masterpieces of Italian literature, the imperishable love story of Pisana, the woman Bice might have been. Her enchantment and Nievo's art have kindled glory in the critics' pens:

"The adventurous love of Carlo and Pisana, Countess of Fratta, a capricious, and tender, courageous and wanton woman, all contradictions and whims, equally capable of devotion and betrayal. Had Nievo created only this superb feminine character, perhaps unique in all Italian nineteenth-century literature, he would deserve a place of honor in European fiction of the romantic era." — *Marc Slonim, New York Times*



"It is the exuberance of character creation (they are something more than sketches) as well as sheer narrative *brio* that gives the book its vitality . . . the reader of any generation will recognize an authentic and gifted novelist. Nievo has never gone out of style in Italy; today, perhaps because of the contemporary interest in the novel, he is more highly esteemed than ever. This excellent translation will, I think, make the English-speaking reader understand why." — *New York Herald Tribune*

Geoffrey Wagner of the *New York Post* said, "In these inspired moments Nievo's romantic gifts are stiffened by satire, while his marvelous humanity serenely illumines the two great love stories . . . the Pisana is a superbly degenerate creation, a sexual intriguer and 'exquisite mistress of lies' by the age of eleven, whose 'abundance of life' Carlo yet adores and who dies transfigured at the end, just as sensual Venice dies in the new, united Italy . . . this is the work of a great soul, a memorable novel of its time, whose enlightened pages anyone can add to his library with pride." Maurice Dolbier of the New York Herald Tribune said, "A grandly romantic affair . . . the wealthy and doomed society of Venice . . . realistically handled . . . the Pisana — flirtatious, fickle, proud, and yet capable of great sacrifices and inexplicable loyalties, unpredictable and enchanting, one of the most striking feminine characterizations in nineteenth-century literature."







The other woman, Bess Winthrop, steps straight from a chapter of history that has been curiously warped by legend. The Winthrop family, loudest in abnegation, were the predestined leaders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in its earliest decades. To a harsh primitive land they came still cloaked in the elegance that Jacobean England had allowed a favored few. They brought to the rigid simple problems of survival a subtlety of thought and grace of learning that had distinguished them in Shakespeare's eloquent London. Bess Winthrop, young widow of the brother of the man she loved, unregenerate niece of the Governor, moved through this age of paradox in an ardor of rebellion against the chilling sense of exile, the narrowing confines of an implacable church. To her the Indians were enigma not threat. Anne Hutchinson's peril was a challenge, divorce from an unloved husband was only temporary trial. This was a woman for the new world, equal to its rigors, responsive to its flaunted beauty, triumphant in a love at last secured in marriage.

The Winthrop Woman, ($4.95) the novel that is her story, is to be published late in February. What she will inspire in reviewing circles may be adumbrated from the reception given to **Anya Seton's** most recent novel, *Katherine.*

"For my money, this intricate and amazing story, with its keen analyses of human character . . . is one of the best pieces of historical fiction, not merely of 1954, but of the past half dozen years . . . Like the new technique of Cinemascope, it has depth as well as color and elan." — *The Saturday Review*

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And from this early, womanly response to *The Winthrop Woman:* "I am awestruck by the combination she shows of painstaking and thorough research and of imagination. It's a great triumph . . ."
— *Louise Andrews Kent*



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his group of five hand-picked heroes back to the base camp at Cordura, and Swarthout's success lies in making the incredibly exhausting journey remarkably real and vivid in all its physical detail, and at the same time making it a journey of psychological exploration. Major Thorn is a simple, humble man, ready to accept the verdict of his own actions about what he is; he genuinely believes that men who have performed brave deeds in battle are better than he is, and in spite of all the self-seeking, brutality, whining, and meanness the men reveal under the hardships of the trip, he never surrenders his conviction that they have a quality he lacks. The irony of the situation sounds a little too easy when it is set down in summary, but in the book it comes off: Major Thorn, by accepting what he is, becomes something better, and emerges unknowingly as the truest man of the lot.

They Came to Cordura is very much a man's book. It will appeal to readers who enjoy A. B. Guthrie's books, or such a novel as *The Ox Bow Incident.* The action is exciting and the development of the theme convincing. It is one of the few novels I have read recently of which it could be said with no disparaging intent that it could be made into an excellent motion picture.

C. P. SNOW'S new novel, **The Conscience of the Rich** (Scribner, $3.95), is a study of a family in process of change, a change not so much in the identity of the individual members as in what they identify themselves with.

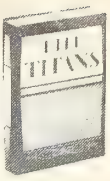
Snow portrays a London Jewish family named March. The March family had been prosperous even before it came from Holland to England in the eighteenth century, and in the years since it has become very comfortable though not enormously rich. From the family have come important figures in finance and in government service, but the center of its life has been the family itself. The Marches visit and intermarry with other Jewish families in similar financial and social circumstances, but their lives center on lavish entertainment of one another in their own houses, and on the gossip and rivalries and births, marriages, and deaths of their many relatives.

The Marches hardly think of themselves as Jews; they are English by nationality and Jewish by religion, and their religion is little more than a routine observation of those parts of the Jewish Law that are most easily complied with; the efforts of an eccentric relative to carry things a little further is looked upon as an occasion for good-humored joking. Yet slight as the connection with Judaism is, it nevertheless has been enough to keep the Marches somewhat apart from the Gentile world around them.

The Conscience of the Rich covers the period from 1927 till the eve of the second world war, a period in which the rise of Hitler gave the fact of being Jewish a good deal more importance than the older Marches had been accustomed to grant it, and the younger Marches are no longer willing or able to identify themselves simply and wholly with the family fortunes. They develop a social conscience which, wisely or not, sometimes compels them to take a stand that runs counter to the family's interest. The crucial situation in the book develops when a member of the younger generation—a devoted Communist who is convinced that the ministry of appeasement in power in England in the late 'thirties must be destroyed at any price—refuses to stop the publication of material that will discredit that government although its publication will also besmirch the reputation and destroy the career of an older member of the family.

The Conscience of the Rich is another installment in the extended fictional chronicle of Britain since the first world war that Snow has been writing in novel after novel. Although it can be read without any acquaintance with the others, it suffers certain limitations because of its place in the series. For one thing the story is narrated, as the stories in all the books are, by Lewis Eliot, whose relation to the March family is such that he cannot enter fully into the motivation of at least one important character. For another thing, the ending of the story is somewhat inconclusive and therefore unsatisfactory; it suggests that

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the fortunes of the March family will be followed in another book.

Yet a new novel by C. P. Snow (who, by the way, is now Sir Charles) is always a delight. His vigorous and penetrating characterization, his fine intelligence, and his supple, tranquil prose give all his books distinction.

BROOKLYN REVISITED

BETTY SMITH'S new book, her second since the immensely popular *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, is **Maggie-Now** (Harper, $4). It is a work of modest literary merit, but it has sufficient human interest to provide harmless diversion to many readers, especially to women who are of the private opinion that they are superior to the men whom fate has sent their way.

The book opens with the heroine's father still a bachelor back in County Kilkenny (he is the kind of spunky, bad-tempered bantam-rooster Irishman who in the movies is usually played better than he deserves to be by Barry Fitzgerald). It takes a good many pages to get him maneuvered to Brooklyn and married to the daughter of a Tammany ward-heeler, and even more pages to get their daughter born, saddled with the unfortunate nickname of Maggie-Now, and grown up to the point where something interesting might happen to her. But after a while it becomes apparent that nothing *is* going to happen to her, at least not anything worthy of her mettle. She develops into a long-suffering woman of strong character who endures without complaint the misfortunes and deprivations that come her way in considerable quantity. None of the men in her life is really worthy of her, not her impossible father, or the younger brother she rears after their mother's death, or the pleasant plumber she nearly marries, or the charming ne'er-do-well she does marry, but she loyally stands by them all as long as they need her. In the end, because of a final act of self-sacrifice, she is left alone in the little house in Brooklyn where she has always lived, still dreaming that her life may be fulfilled as it never has been.

Miss Smith manages to get more feeling into this not very dramatic narrative than would seem probable, and she enlivens her story w good deal of diverting detail a the life of the poor in Brookly the years between the turn o century and the second world w

The Joy Wagon by Arthur T. ley (Viking, $3.50) is a satirical tasy about American politic account of how an electronic cal tor, known to his millions o mirers as Mike Microvac, was n nated and campaigned for the of President of the United State

Probably it is impossible f machine in itself to be funny, th what human beings do with chines (or try to get machines for them) can be. What we lau in Rube Goldberg's elaborate traptions, for instance, is not th chines themselves but the p pathetic amount of human inge that has been wasted in their fal tion. The joke is not on the chine but on its maker, becau obviously would have been eas do the job by hand than to a machine to do it.

So Hadley's satire is usually cessful when the politicians are the machine to achieve their ends, but the results are some else again when the machine to use the politicians. Such an might be made frightening. Hadley is not writing the Fra stein kind of book, and consequ it just seems rather stupidly im able. At present the danger machines will usurp political le ship does not seem very immed but the danger is a good deal real that human political leade will be impoverished by an reliance on a mechanical, statis Gallup Poll approach to decisi

Fortunately Hadley has rounded his electronic polit with a group of (all too) human ticians, who are drawn from ex ence and in some instances po from acquaintance. They hel keep the satire down-to-earth supply some unsubtle but gen comedy.

RECENT NON-FICT

READERS who are inter in the career and wo James Joyce will welcome the lication of a memoir of his boy

nd youth in Dublin by his late rother Stanislaus Joyce, **My Brother's Keeper** (Viking, $5). It is a ather curious book, as accounts of he great by their relatives are likely o be. Some of it is rather trivial, as vhen Stanislaus addresses himself to he subject of exactly how frightened f thunderstorms his brother really vas (a) as a child and (b) as an adult, ogether with a refutation of inaccu-ate statements on this subject by nother writer. A good deal of the naterial is of value chiefly to annota-ors and will ultimately find its way nto footnotes to Joyce's work.

But beneath the surface suitable or scholarly stripmining, the book eveals a psychological situation of ome interest. Since James Joyce's alent was recognized very early by is parents and other associates, tanislaus grew up in the knowledge hat his older brother was a genius nd that he was not. He developed he qualities of one who feels that he s not highly valued and does not are to call attention to his short-omings: he was sensible and sober, egular and hard-working. In a ousehold as impractical and im-rovident as the Joyces', these quali-es were rare as money, and their ossessor obviously should have nerged, like the disregarded young-t sibling in the fairy tales, as the ero of the family chronicle. But oetic justice often fails: the proud nd headstrong family genius really as a genius, and Cinderella's gifts ally were best employed in taking re of the heating arrangements.

So Stanislaus' attitude toward his other seems to have been uncer-inly balanced between the feeling at James was not so remarkable ter all (since he made a messier job daily life than Stanislaus did) and e feeling that he was so remark-le that no one else could be ex-cted to measure up to him. In *My other's Keeper* the latter feeling ually triumphs. For instance, Stan-aus repeatedly mentions that as a ung man his brother was very ndsome, information that will ne as something of a surprise to se who are familiar with photo-phs of James Joyce taken in the iod. What the remarks probably an is that James was better look-; than Stanislaus, and if one is not family beauty then it is comfort-



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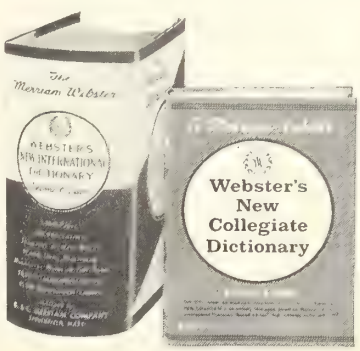
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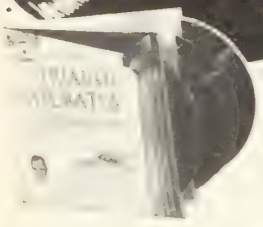


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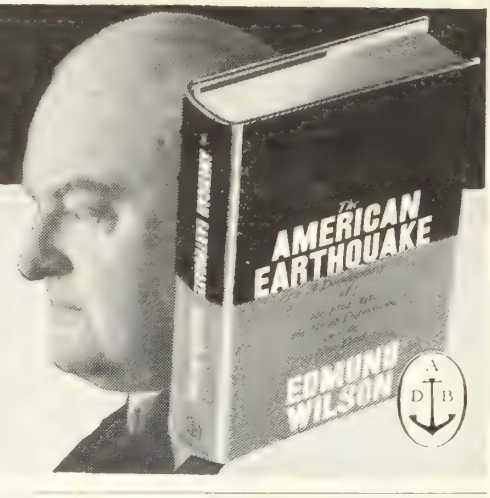
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ing to think that the family beaut is very beautiful indeed.

It is too bad that Stanislaus Joyc died before he had brought his na rative down to the years when h and his brother both lived in Triest (and when, according to the exce lent introduction by Richard El mann, he really was at time "hi brother's keeper") but it is interest ing and valuable as it stands.

Less Than Kin by William Clar (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) come close to being another account o sibling rivalry, since it is a study o relations between England an America. Clark believes that com petition between the two countrie has been healthy and continues to b desirable—as long as both side realize that it is all in the family.

What Clark endeavors to do is t sketch the image each country ha entertained of the other, and to show how that image has influenced events. For a long time, as he sees it America was the younger an weaker, trying desperately to impres the older nation, whose attention very often, was elsewhere. A signifi cant change came at the end of th Civil War, when *Punch*, after having caricatured Lincoln as an ape, pub lished an apologetic poem when h was assassinated, and "Britain's up per and middle class acknowledge that they had been mistaken in thei judgment of the New World."

Now the younger nation has out stripped its elder, and Clark, who has lived on both sides of the At lantic, has some sensible things t say about how both should behave Although readers who have given some attention to Anglo-American relations may not find that *Less Than Kin* advances their knowledge very much, it is a succinct, clear, an intelligent attempt to put the cu rent uneasiness between the two countries in its historical setting.

GAVIN MAXWELL'S **People of the Reeds** (Harper, $4.50) is a fas cinating account of some months th author spent among the Arabs o southern Iraq. These people live in the marshes built up (though some would think not sufficiently built up for human habitation) at the outlet of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. They were practically

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unknown before 1950, and even now the enlightened Iraq government has left their feudal society largely undisturbed. Maxwell thinks that they cannot withstand modernization much longer, and he has written a fine account of what their ancient style of life was like while it lasted.

The basis of their economy is the water buffalo, a lugubrious, charmless beast but a steady producer of milk and dung (the only fuel of the people of the reeds). The people are hard-shelled Muslims, suffering all the penalties of their religion, such as its taboos about food, while enjoying none of its comforts, except, when they can afford it, polygamy. They are utterly without feeling for animals, though they are lavish to the point of impoverishing themselves in entertaining human strangers. The only art they have brought to a high level is dancing, and according to Maxwell's account their dancing must be very fine.

For some odd reason there seems to be a rule that books about Arabs are always good, and Maxwell's book is no exception. Illustrations.

JEFFERSON hoped that the United States would be a nation of small independent property-holders, and in **The Capitalist Manifesto** (Random House, $3.75) Louis O. Kelso and Mortimer Adler bring his dream up to date by envisioning a society in which everyone (w nearly everyone) would hold a re little piece of capital. The argum behind their vision is partly mo partly economic, partly politi and thoroughly convincing, at le to anyone who is quite willing put his hands on a nice little pi of capital if someone will only him how to do it.

But regrettably the authors not altogether sure how the capi ism of the proletariat is to be est lished. The income tax, which surely now one of the chief ways redistributing wealth, they disp of in a page; they go into more tail on some points, but no enough. There seems to be li likelihood that the brave new o nomic system they hope for will established, but the need for bro ening the base of capital holding such that the few practical sug tions they make should not be nored.

The book repeats tiresomely, occasionally the style blossoms i such flowers of rhetoric as "this cerous gap that the spiral of in tion breeds," but the ideas are cle set forth.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Young Mr. Keefe, by Stephen Birmingham.

The heroes of England's literary "angry young men" know what they want or what they are angry at. Mr. Birmingham's American young people in this remarkable first novel have everything—money; conventional, rich, New England upbringing; Yale or Smith for colleges. When the book opens three of them from this background have been transplanted by their jobs to San Francisco and Sacramento. They are literate and articulate and they try to carry on their Eastern collegiate gaiety and madness as bel but the magic has gone. What really feel is that they have n been tested. Their literary he had World War I. Their older temporaries had World War I Korea. This generation keeps ng the need to face up to s thing even if they have to invent something. The story is real tough and funny and gay and passionate and hopeful. It is well written and as narrative is pletely absorbing. Some of the s —a mountain picnic, a party glass penthouse on a hill in Francisco, are magnificent. F picture of England's new young

BOOKS IN BRIEF

oom at the Top, for America's, *ung Mr. Keefe.* It will be with u for days. Little, Brown, $3.95

ıe Marriage, by Mona Williams. Another novel with a San Fran-co-and-suburbs setting. It is the ory of a possessive marriage that s lasted twenty years, but, as the vel begins, is about to dissolve be-ıse the wife has at last rebelled. e has considerable talent as a inter and now that her children e growing up she wants to use it ofessionally. When her husband uses to let her, she divorces him. her new working life she meets d falls in love with a younger man riginally her daughter's beau and ofessor at Stanford—and in the d . . . But it would be unfair to e the plot away. This is a read-le book with much wisdom in it, t somehow one of the hardest ngs to make convincing in fiction middle-aged philandering. One epts the fact that a great many of troubles in our society are caused ause middle-aged people do in-d fall in love, but on the printed ge it takes real genius to make it e above the ridiculous. As one of s. Williams' hard-boiled charac-s says: "Oh, love! The very word ells of buttered popcorn." And n in this novel one has difficulty o in accepting as valid the wife's son for having been such a pris-er for twenty years. Yet these are all caveats to hold against a lively, oughtful, and in the main con-cing book, dealing intelligently h very real human problems.

Putnam, $3.95

toria at Night and Other Stories, Beigel.

There is something in these stories direct and disconcerting as the d, petulant, shameless teen-age e of Brigitte Bardot on the movie en. They are nearly all about young and unloved and insecure, their disturbing impact is offset the fact that nearly always (as for tance in "The Balancing Man," tory of a teen-age gang) there is ıe ray of compassion or hope. ing loneliness is here, almost in flesh, and terror, but also a con-ion that there are many kinds of e to make intolerable lives tol-ble. The twenty-three-year-old



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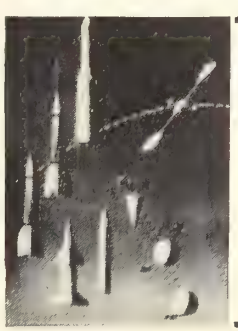
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author has had stories in *Mademoiselle* and the *New Yorker*. Her first book. Random House, $3

The Narrow Search, by Andrew Garve.

Mr. Garve has delivered himself of another highly literate, very absorbing tale, this time about the search for a kidnaped baby in the canal country of England and Wales. The locale is so photogenic; the mode of travel so unusual; the plot so simple and exciting; and the characters so appealing (except, of course, for the villainous villain) that it seems a natural for the movies. In the meantime it makes brisk and pleasurable reading.

Harper, $2.95

Men and Brethren, by James Gould Cozzens.

This book by the author of *Guard of Honor* and *By Love Possessed* was first published in 1936 to great critical applause but not a notable sale. Because of the demand created by the extraordinary interest in his later books his publishers have now reissued this story, full of drama and suspense, of a weekend in the life of a minister in a poor New York parish. It is a brilliant, thought-provoking analysis of many kinds of human motivations; a compact, tight little picture, taut with the excitement of conflicting ideas in the church and outside it.

Harcourt, Brace, $4

Prize Stories 1958: The O. Henry Awards, edited by Paul Engle and Curt Harnack.

This collection of distinguished short stories published during 1957 will be of interest to readers of *Harper's*. It includes "First Voice" by Robin White and "Travelin Man" by Peter Matthiessen, both of which appeared in the magazine in the past year, as well as stories by Elizabeth Enright, Jean Stafford, Hortense Calisher and others who have been published in *Harper's*.

Doubleday, $3.95

NON-FICTION

Verdict: The Adventures of the Young Lawyer in the Brown Suit, by Michael A. Musmanno.

An amusing and exciting book of reminiscences by a trial lawyer w in 1932 became the youngest jud in Pennsylvania. The story beg lightly with his early, unimporta and often divertingly unlikely cas all of which he argued in his o brown suit and won forty cases i row. The book works up to a d matic and moving climax in Jud Musmanno's account of his effo to get a stay in the execution Sacco and Vanzetti, some of whi he has already told in *After Twe Years*. What a story it is, and wh days those were, and they come life again in this intimate and i passioned history. And the fi chapter, which tells how he, the s of an immigrant railroad worke coal miner, finally took the oath office as Judge of the Pennsylva Supreme Court, pulls out all stops. Doubleday, $4

Shinny on Your Own Side and Oth Memories of Growing Up, by M Miller.

The author of *I Cover the Wat front* writes a book of charming b hood recollections of Everett, Wa ington, and a homestead on a M tana prairie in the early years of century. Overtones of Tom Saw and Huck Finn in a Pacific Nor west setting.

Doubleday, $3

FORECA

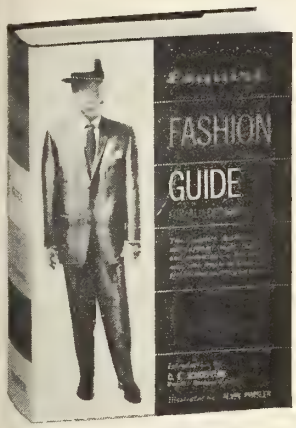
Current Events & World Affairs

Concern with bodies celestial only served to heighten concern w matters here below, or so the comi books would indicate. On March Harper will publish Chester Bow *Ideas, Peoples, and Peace*, a plea better East-West understanding; April Knopf announces *Wo Politics*, a new look at internatio relationships by A. F. K. Organs and for May the Book-of-the-Mon Club has chosen John Gunth monumental *Inside Russia Tod* which Harper will publish in Ap For May Viking has a book call with tempered optimism, *Doctors the World: A Report on the Wo Health Organization*, by Mur Morgan.

First Novels and the Young

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

much talk about a March book called *The Sergeant,* a first novel by a twenty-six-year-old young man from San Francisco, Dennis Murphy. Houghton Mifflin writes that they are "running a high fever" about a first novel about Haiti during the U. S. Occupation of the 1920s, called *The Cross of Baron Samedi,* by Richard Dohrman (March). Pantheon in March has *The Levelling Wind* by M. Benaya, "a young American married to an Israeli lieutenant colonel." A twenty-six-year-old New Yorker named Alex Karmel has a novel called *Mary Ann* on Viking's April list while Knopf has two first novels coming in May. One is *The Hard Blue Sky* by Shirley Ann Grau, whose first book, a collection of short stories, *The Black Prince,* got such critical acclaim a year or so ago; and the other, *The Affair,* "a brilliant and frankly sensuous first novel" by Hans Koningsberger. Scheduled unspecifically "for spring" are three more first novelists: *End of a War,* by Edward Loomis from Ballantine; *A Friend in Power* by Carlos H. Baker, chairman of the department of English at Princeton (and so not quite so young), from Scribner; and *Right Bank,* by Elaine Neal, from Morrow.

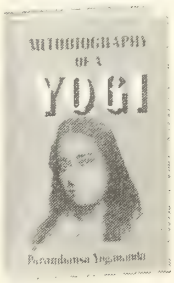
In many of these first novels the authors discuss the problems of the "unsilent generation" in fictional form. In a book called *The Unsilent Generation* (Rinehart, March) edited by Otto Butz "in anonymous autobiographies eleven young men—seniors at a top Ivy League university—have set down their most personal thoughts in answer to 'What do you want of life? What do you think of happiness, success, security, God, education, marriage, family and your own generation?'"

National Library Week

The National Book Committee, a non-profit citizens' committee, in co-operation with the American Library Association, has set up the week of March 16-22 as National Library Week. Anyone interested in participating in the events scheduled to help promote interest in reading and books can get in touch with his local library or write to National Library Week, 24 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

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FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS

Lully-Molière: Le Bourgeois Gentil-Homme. Complete drama and music. Acting cast: musical soloists; Chorus and Orch. Collegium Musicum, Paris. London XLLA-47 (3). Complete English-French text.

What a fabulous evening's entertainment—better a week of evenings—for anybody who likes older music and can understand French (with an assist, if necessary, from the printed text and translation). This is the sort of production that practically never gets on an accessible stage: too complicated, too expensive, and much too long. Lully himself never heard the entire musical score in performance.

But in casual doses, via records, the work is a series of preposterous, hilarious, studious delights—the combination of wild comedy and high style that is typical of French drama. One witty scene after another—with musical interludes, songs, and dancing—a fast pace, people shouting, arguing, often positively screeching so excited do they become—yet the whole done with impeccable diction and polish.

In fact, my first thought, on listening to a couple of scenes, was that the nearest entertainment counterpart is the old-fashioned American radio comedy program—Gracie Allen, Durante, or dozens of others. The tempo is the same, the hysteria is just as extreme, the situations exactly as preposterous.

Yet this is elegant classic satire, even so, the lines written by a great French dramatic poet, the music by one of the top composers of French history.

The recorded performance is a taped composite, evidently edited together—the joints don't always quite match in feeling and spirit. The spoken acting is superb, in the best and most lucidly natural French tradition, the solo singing is good enough, the orchestra a bit on the rhythmically belligerent side. The chorus acts beautifully, enters into the spirit of the dizzy goings-on, but has one unfortunate failing—it flats, disgracefully. Do musicologists ever have poor ears? Often.

Couperin: L'Apothéose de Lully (arr. Saguer). **Corrette: Concerto for Three Flutes.** Hewitt Ch. Orch. Epic LC 3383.

This is an excellent record for an earintroduction to the subtleties of French eighteenth-century style. The original suite of descriptive movements was in trio sonata form, two violins and continuo (harpsichord plus cello); the Saguer orchestration is wonderfully tasteful, preserving the proper style, taking up many of the fanciful suggestions in the descriptive allegory about Lully that goes with the score—yet it has a familiar ring to any ear that knows the Handel-Beecham sort of instrumental suite, the "Water Music" or the Bach Suites for Orchestra.

The best thing about Saguer's transcription is that it preserves the elaborate melodic ornament and the Ha Orchestra plays its complexities ease and familiarity, where most cians flounder.

The "Apotheose," a tribute to Co in's great French-Italian predecess a fanciful account of Lully's rec among the gods, with pointed refer to the dispute between French and ian styles that raged in Couperin's Lully is received on Parnassus, mee great Italian, Corelli and—thank Couperin's musical ingenuity—th play sweet music together and rec the spirits of France and Italy. Th tle differences so cleverly explor Couperin's original score are most on us but the music itself remains l

The Corrette concerto, also a scription, is a light-hearted Han trifle, not unlike the music of Boyc others of the Handel satellite area. jazzy dotted figures.

Lalande: Two Great Motets (**Vir; Usquequo Domine). Ph. C** Vocal Ens., Jean-Marie Leclair Ens., soloists, Fremaux. Westm Erato XWN 18537.

Two impressive motets, from 169 French composer who is rapidly a big place in the current French of older music, are here sung in cathedral sound, with orchestra, and big choir as a backing to the s

The peculiarly nasal and very a French tone production of today, like the singing of any other nat particularly good for this orna music. The familiar opera-oratori of our own singers—with its rich, tone—is poison to it. There isn't intelligible note here; every tur ornament is made clear and natur soloists' voices match beautifully usually the case in French singi

These works are big, on the s the larger Bach cantatas but, earlier manner, free of set ari full of short, contrasting sectio chorus and orchestra often inter excitement. Lovely ornamented r lines, the fresh, constantly ch rhythm and tempo of the p period, make for a Baroque e lightness combined with monum that is utterly unlike the massive the Bach-Handel period itself. A gorgeous recording and one th grow more interesting as the fi tary themes of the many short fix themselves in your memory.

Corelli: Complete Opus 1 & Church Sonatas, 12 Chamber T natas). Musicorum Arcadia. Vox (3) boxed.

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Reginald Kell, Clarinet, Brooks Smith, Piano. (Saint-Saëns, Templeton, Szalowski, Williams). Decca DL 9941.

Delibes: Coppelia Ballet (complete score). L'Orch. de la Suisse Romande, Ansermet. London LL 1717/18 (2).

Cherubini: Symphony in D; Weber: Symphony #2. Vienna Symphony Orch., Zecchi. Epic LC 3402.

Sadler's Wells Ballet—A Silver Jubilee Tribute. (Ballet excerpts). Angel 35500.

Beethoven: Sonatas Op. 12, #1; Op. 23; Op. 25. A. Grumiaux, violin, Clara Haskill, pf. Epic LC 3400.

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and 2" is an excellent set though I admit I have not heard all the dozens of movements of the twenty-four works: they were never intended to be heard consecutively and there's no reason why you should sit through them all at once. (I didn't.)

The two types of sonata are very much alike in sound. Though the "church" sonatas were actually played as part of church services, they have no religious connotation for our ears: this is all "Baroque" chamber music.

As more and more of the "pre-Bach" period becomes familiar, Corelli's long-known music is taking on a new perspective. He seems at first so much like Bach, Vivaldi, or Handel, that we aren't always aware of his place in an earlier generation—the Opus 1 sonatas were published in 1681, four years before Bach's birth. Corelli sounds far more modern than the other composers of his own day that we are getting to know. Just as we have always heard, his music *was* the very foundation for the great Italian school and the related Bach and Handel music that in turn was the foundation of instrumental music of the entire symphonic era.

Compare Corelli with Lalande, of the same era—and be amazed at the difference. On the whole, Lalande is more interesting; Corelli is comfortably familiar.

Rameau: Pièces de Clavecin en Concert. Gustav Leonhardt, hps., Lars Fryden, bar. violin, N. Harnoncourt, vla. da gamba. Vanguard BG-556.

Here is French music from the very height of the Bach-Handel period and you will quickly hear how, even in a familiar eighteenth-century harmonic idiom, the French feeling for color and ornament has persisted. It remains quite unlike that of the German and Italian music that dominated the time and still dominates our concept of that period.

In contrast to the great splurge of violin music in Italy, French music tended to play down the solo fiddle. These highly ornamental trio sonatas were actually written as keyboard solos with optional extra string parts, reluctantly added to suit the taste of the time. The harpsichord part is playable on its own. (The folk song settings of Beethoven and Haydn, similarly arranged, come to mind.)

The "Concerts" or suites, made up of the traditional named movements, will seem twittery and birdlike at first but the ornamental lines soon smooth themselves out into catchy melodies, the trills and turns blend happily into the general décor. Gracious and expressive music, wonderful with a glass of French wine.

Couperin: First Tenebrae Service. Motet: Audite Omnes; Three Airs. Hugues Cuenod, tenor; ens. of viols dir. Daniel Pinkham. Concord 4005.

This is the most successful of the Swiss tenor Cuenod's recordings to date, repeating some works he has done before. His rather tense, edgy voice is here at last recorded from a respectable distance and is balanced musically with the other participants; the lovely phrasing, the earnestness of his singing are enhanced, the unpleasant vocal qualities played down.

The record is a delight; it is difficult only in that the material is all for the one voice, with varying musical associations.

The Art of André Marchal, vol. 1; Bach. Klavier Uebung, Part III. Gregorian chant by M.I.T. Choir. Holtkamp organs, Kresge Auditorium and Chapel, M.I.T. Unicorn UNLP 1046.

A leading older French organist, blind, plays Bach on the two organs built for the ultra-new auditorium and chapel at M.I.T. with fine musicianship and a grand sense of style. The disc includes the big E Flat Prelude and "St. Anne" fugue plus the large and small settings of the Gregorian Kyrie melody as used in Bach's Lutheran service. The M.I.T. Choir sings the original Gregorian, for musical contrast and comparison.

It is easy to sense when an organist is playing with his ears open to the acoustics of a building and to the sound of his music—you will feel the pliability of phrasing and color as Marchal plays in this somewhat difficult situation. Blindness is a virtue here, for it sharpens the ears, heightens awareness of acoustic effect.

Of the two new M.I.T. organs the smaller, in the irregularly circular brick chapel, comes through with the best color and liveness; the large organ is hampered by the smothering, dead quality of the famous modern auditorium. Hampered for my ears anyhow—though the place is supposed to have ideal acoustics. (It's the sort of hall where a vacuum cleaner on the stage sounds about three feet from your nose as you stand in the extreme back row, hundreds of feet away. I was there last summer.)

The Art of André Marchal, vol. 2, French organ music by de Grigny, Louis Couperin, F. Couperin, Titelouze, Le Begue, Marchand, Daquin. With M.I.T. Choir. Unicorn UNLP 1047.

This volume explores an interesting range of late seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century French music—the sort that is now so felicitously revived, to be set alongside the traditional Bac Handel, and Corelli, the Buxtehude a Purcell, that we already know. It lovely music, not far from the simil harpsichord music but with a wholly ganistic sense of grandeur and pomp set off passages of utmost lightness a grace, full of ornamentation.

Again the M.I.T. Choir sings original Gregorian for one work, a s ting of the "Veni Creator" by de Grig The unfamiliar composers, this one cluded, turn out to have written p suasive music—as is so often the c when examples of a neglected art rediscovered.

Buxtehude Anniversary Program. Cantatas: Alles, was Ihr Thut; Was mich a dieser Welt Betruebt; Missa Brevis; Magnificat in D. Cantata Singers, Stri Orch., Alfred Mann; Helen Boatwrig Janet Wheeler, Russell Oberlin, Charl Bressler, Paul Matthen. Urania U 8018.

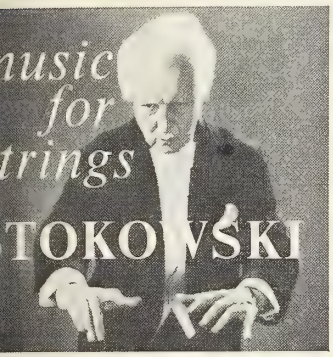
There is top-rank music in this recor ing, modestly played by the strings, f vently sung by the choir, and rath roughly treated by the five soloists in e semble. The recording is strangely b anced, the choir somewhat too weak relation to the very near strings, so of the soloists more distant than othe

The music itself is decidedly welcom It is of the sort that grew out of t great Schütz, early in the seventeen century, and led straight on to Bach Buxtehude was a formative influence Bach. Sprightly, colorful in the Nort ern manner, it has more continuity a is easier to listen to than Schütz but it still full of what we hear today slightly naïve seventeenth-century fres ness.

The performances have a peculiar American sound to them—after so ma European recordings of older music which I can only describe as a kind tenseness, a dedicated but dogged qu ity, that works against a proper freedo of expression. The usual causes for are the inevitable lack of enough r hearsal time, the strain of highly e pensive recording sessions, the tempo American life that leaves the singe exhausted before they even start. Peop take such matters far more easily Europe, as you can hear in most r cordings.

In addition, the five soloists, each fine singer in his own right, tend here bellow the music in characteristic "or torio" fashion as though their lives d pended on loud noise. But Helen Boa wright's solo cantata, at the end of or side, rights all wrongs: she alone se the mood of relaxed music-making th the larger group, for all its efforts, unable to achieve.
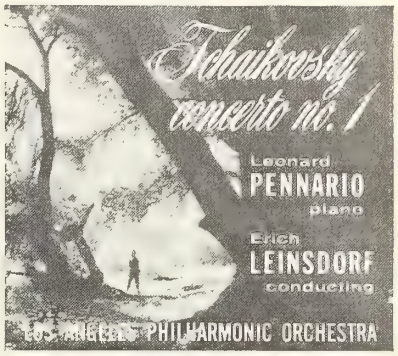
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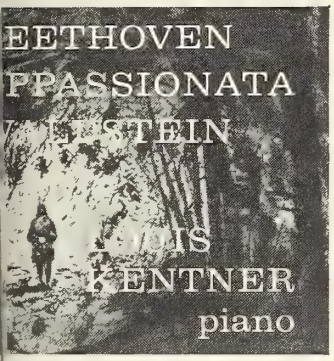


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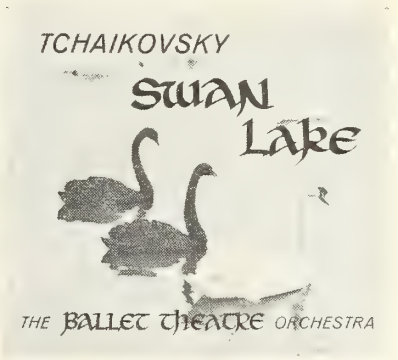
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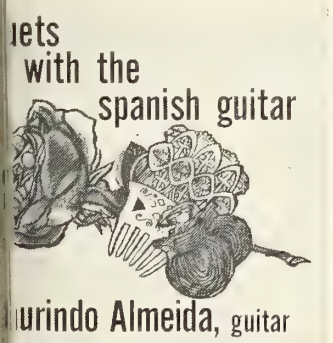
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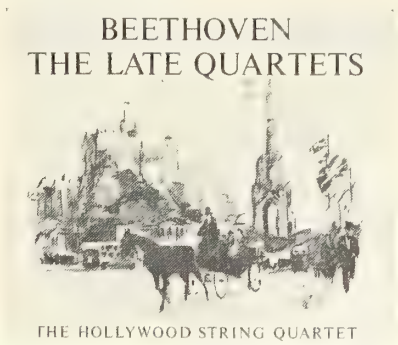
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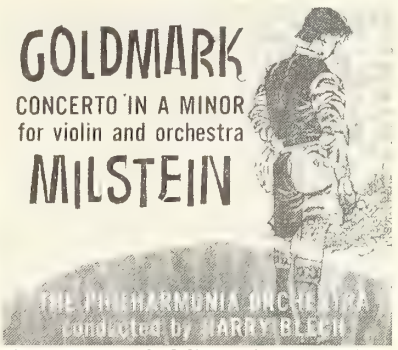


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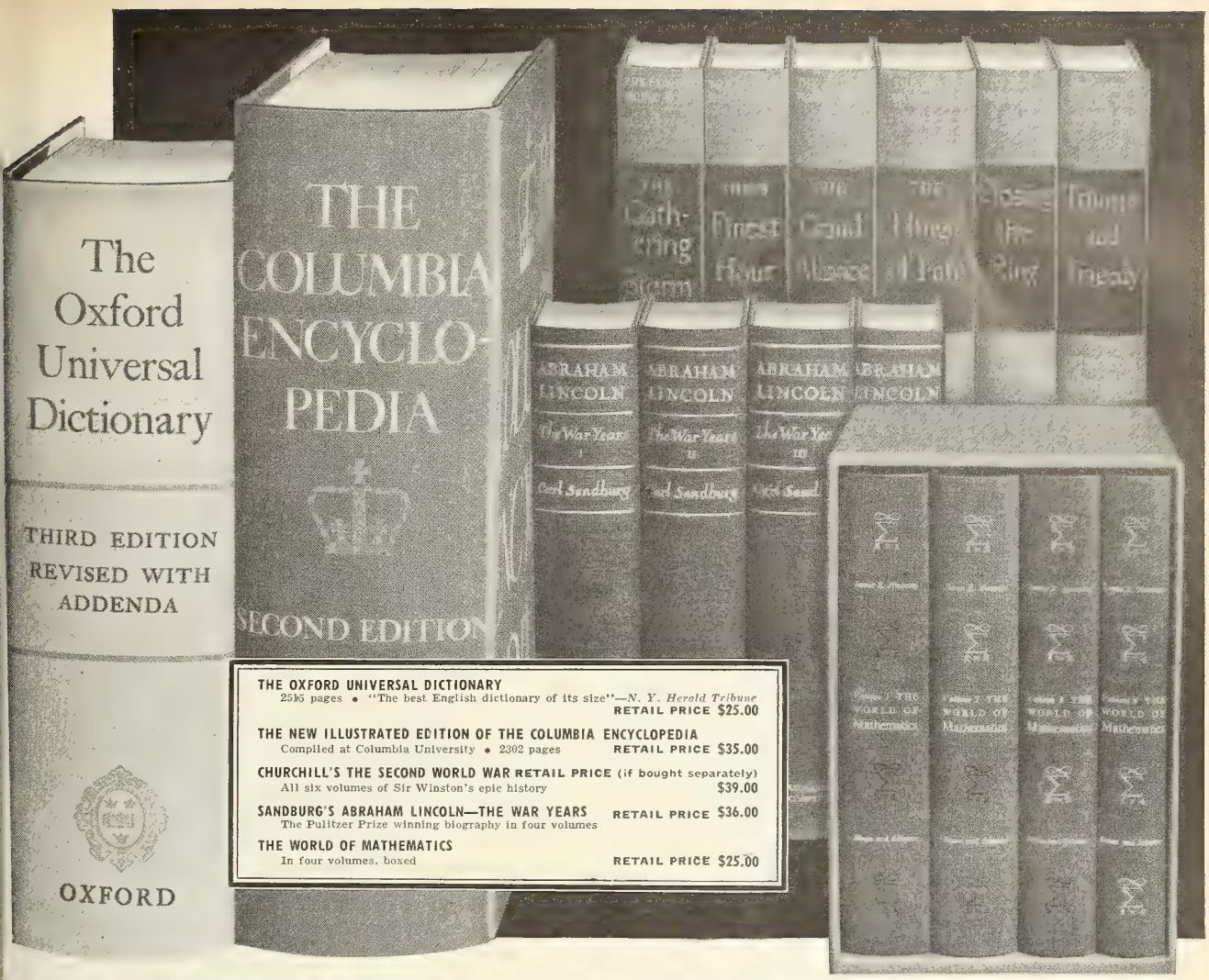
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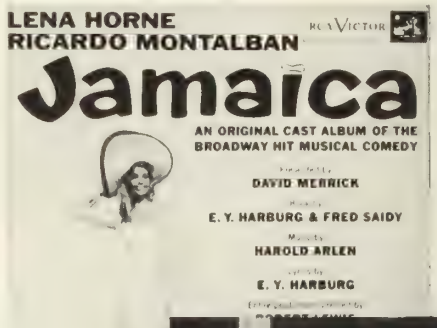
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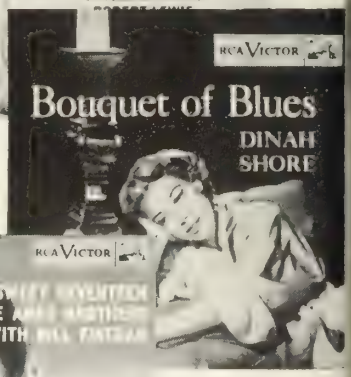
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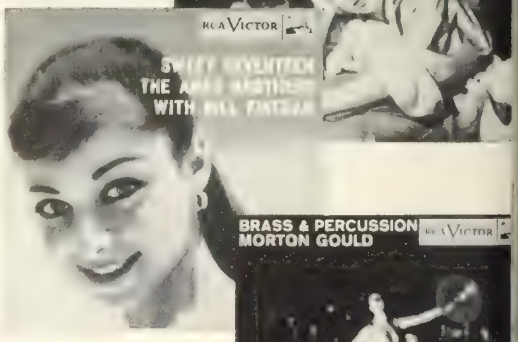
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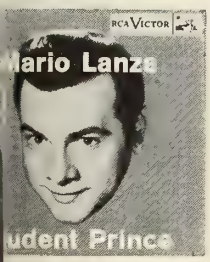


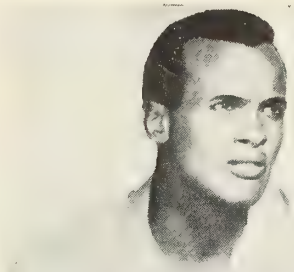




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LETTERS

Helper or Huckster?

TO THE EDITORS:

Martin Mayer's "What Is Advertising Good For?" [February] is the most realistic concise summary of the social and economic aspects to appear in print in many a moon. [and I speak as] a university professor who spent eighteen years in the advertising field. . . .

The added value hypothesis Mr. Mayer advances receives considerable support . . . from the basic concepts suggested by less traditional economists and social psychologists. Galbraith's ideas on market concentration and "the unseemly economics of opulence," for example. And Cantril's concepts of "value attributes" and "value judgments" . . .

DANIEL S. WARNER
Eugene, Ore.

In his article Mr. Mayer suggests *as his own* a new theory of advertising, *e.g.* that advertising adds value to products. . . .

I think you and Mr. Mayer should know the following facts:

That I developed this theory and put it in writing in 1949 in a paper . . . at Columbia University; . . .

That the theory was further elaborated upon, detailed, and published in a four-part copyrighted article that appeared in *Connecticut Industry* in 1954;

That the theory was described . . . in my book, *Advertising to Business,* published . . . in April 1957;

That during the period 1949-57 in a number of speeches delivered before various business groups . . . I expounded this theory in some detail;

That also, during this period, mimeographed copies of the exposition . . . were circulated to various advertising practitioners . . . and advertising organizations. . . .

ROLAND B. SMITH
University of Conn.
Storrs, Conn.

. . . The most significant contributions in the development of the "value added" concept are the work of Professor Theodore N. Beckman at Ohio State University. I myself have spent a good deal of time—and incidentally some of my own money—developing and publicizing this concept. I am sure there are oth . . . who have written, lectured, talked about this "suggestion for a theory of advertising." . . .

HAROLD W
New York, N

As it happens, I did not run into work of Messrs. Beckman, Smith, Wolff during the course of my resea and the dozen or more leading pr tioners of the trade who read my in manuscript or galley proof had run into it either. I gladly yield p dence to them. In fact, I suspect the basic concept here may go further back, because the idea is a convenient one to explain the nomic phenomenon known as "subs tion at the margin," without depa from the reference frame of clas economics. But the idea had not p into the thought of either the adv ing business or the academic commu as a whole, and a quite extensive ing and interviewing program faile turn it up. Since I could find no to whom I could credit it (and reporter I would always rather q somebody with whom I agree than pound my own views), I took its ex tion upon myself. You will recall I did so "with some diffidence."

MARTIN M
New York, N

. . . When Madison Avenue adv ing has any effect at all it usually *lo* the standard of living. . . . When a tising encourages a person to pur an article he would not have purch if he had been given accurate info tion instead of deceptive persuasio lowers his standard of living. A stan of living is not based on how dollars a person spends but rathe the goods and services he buys w best serve his particular needs. . .

WILLIAM H. B
Milwaukee,

. . . This is the first article I've outside of the industry's own magaz which wasn't motivated by malice. . . .

BENJAMIN J. WA
New York.

Mr. Mayer is undoubtedly corre his contention that advertising "values" to merchandise. But his assumption that the additives are erally pleasant and harmless is p terous. . . .

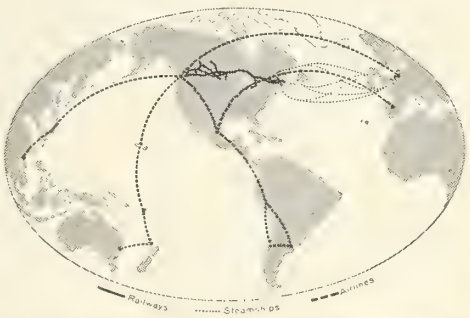
Filter-tip advertising gives the sn

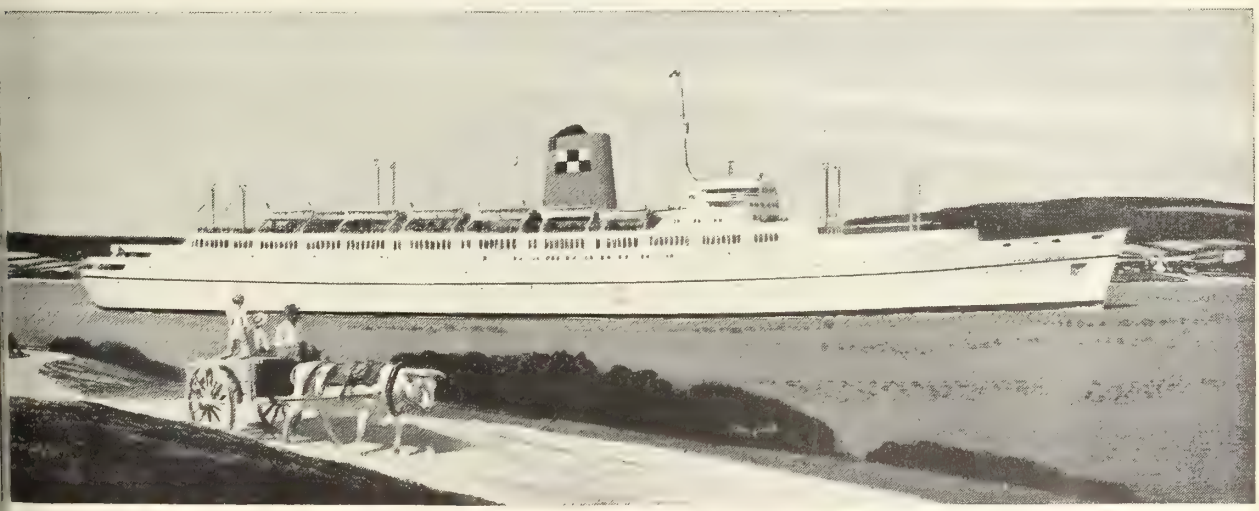
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EA...New sleek "White Empresses" sail one of the way to Europe along the sheltered St. ıce River "Landscape Route." These 25,500-ton liners offer travelers the spacious, modern ocean-accommodations with superb shipboard service.



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If you haven't yet tasted the pleasure of a second income, there may be a happy experience in store for you. It's an experience that's being shared by more and more people.

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the assurance that he is safeguarding his health, although the evidence that filters reduce the incidence of cancer and heart disease is nil. . . .

Recent auto ads have persuaded millions of car buyers that they are very modern and very sophisticated. They have also conveyed the impression that the long, low models may be driven around curves at seventy m.p.h., although they allow less road visibility. The "values" added here include not only a mass spiritual lift but the installation of thousands of human beings in wheel chairs and cemeteries. . . .

VICTOR FOX
New York, N. Y.

The laurel to Rox Mckie for the February cover. Just a wan smile for Martin Mayer and his attempt to mastermind an alibi for the hucksters.

A. F. GEGAN
Albany, Calif.

Superapes and Cats

TO THE EDITORS:

Conceptually there seems to be little wrong with Arthur C. Clarke's proposal to use well-bred chimpanzees as street cleaners and cotton pickers ["Our Dumb Colleagues," February]. I understand that technology has not yet solved the problem of automatically filling olive and pickle jars with the maximum amount of these condiments. With Mr. Clarke's contribution some Heinz-sight could be applied to this problem. . . .

Given man's insatiable desire for power, certain consequences can be predicted: (1) racketeers will start employing gorillas (obviously); (2) the AFL-CIO will become AFL-CIO-APE and the NAM will pointedly change its name to the MAN (a better public image); (3) some zealous evangelist will inevitably try to teach these almost human laborers the Word and save their souls; (4) America's answer to Sputnik in the field of education, and the longest lived contestant on the $64,000 Question, will be J. Fred Smugg, Ph.D.

Please excuse me. I hear my master coming up the walk.

HERBERT N. HERSH
Skokie, Ill.

. . . Aside from the enormity of unemployment trained baboons would create—I can picture nearly everyone's being replaced—the greatest drawback is, as Mr. Clarke pointed out, the bullying they might undergo from those specimens of Homo sapiens who consider (I would say "suspect") themselves to be higher on the evolutionary ladder. Still this might work for the real good of man. In those sections where there is racial discrimination, attention would be diverted from the underdog to the superape who would provide the necessary outlet for the superiority craving—course, there is always the danger of intermarriage. MRS. I. D. R
Upper Montclair, N

In his provocative article, Mr. Cla mentions as trainable for gainful w monkeys, dogs, cheetahs, falcons, phants, horses, yaks, pig-tailed macaq chimpanzees, gorillas, and baboons.

The forgotten animal in Mr. Clark 1984 Fish society is the cat. . . . Catpo would be useless for routine chores less these were to the cat's advanta However I believe the cat would be ideal overseer. He has authority in bearing. He is well able to defend h self. He is incorruptible and allows opinion but his own. His natural c osity would lead him instinctively to trouble spots, and he has perfected ability to sleep with one eye open developments. No other animal watch others work with such concen tion, such deadly objectivity. He is Brother personified—indeed some of more hirsute posters of Soviet lea have a decidedly feline cast.

The only snag . . . is that the being an opportunist, might slip b into his old position as a god, and t where would we be? All mankind wo share the slavery now limited to owners. HELEN LILLIE MARW
New York, N

Wal

TO THE EDITORS:

Aubrey Goodman's story, "Wal [January], is extraordinarily well w ten. . . .

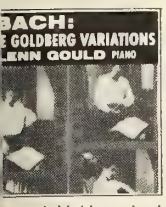
The best thing about it is its tr Waldo exists. Not as one person, tainly, but in the colorful moment young men all over America. One l knew at Yale flew to Beverly Hills the weekend, dated Eva Gabor, and back in time for Monday morn classes. Waldo. Another, at Princ demanded entrance once to his frie quarters and, when told they were c ming for final exams, said, "Open u I'll shoot." They refused, and he (after carefully checking through keyhole that no one stood in the wa his impressively real bullets). W Waldo was drafted, he was the trainee at Fort Dix who stood in for physical examination in m grammed undershorts. I shall never get the night he attempted to ste dinosaur from the Los Angeles Muse or the morning he took three final ex in courses outside his field of stu just for fun—weeks later back came

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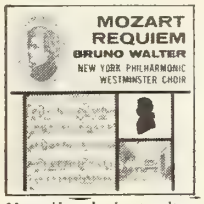
most highly-praised
orded performance of
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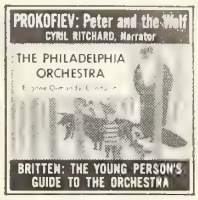
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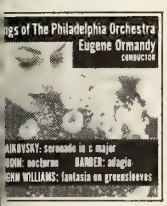
Mozart's last work — which has been called an "opera for the angels"



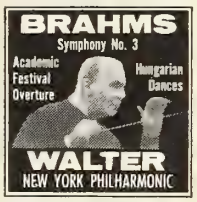
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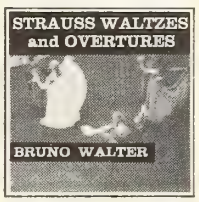
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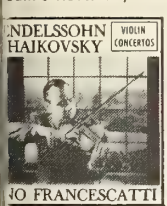
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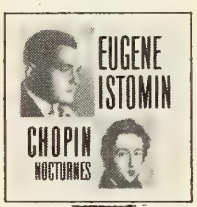
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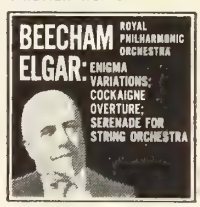
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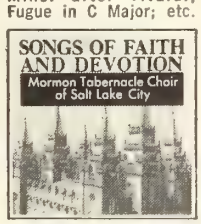


thoven's melodic
1 Rasoumovsky Quar-
and the "Serioso"



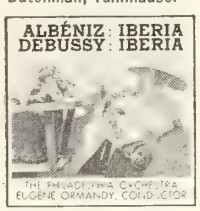
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8. Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky Violin Concertos
9. Bach: Goldberg Variations
10. Strings of The Philadelphia Orch.
11. Peter and the Wolf; Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra
12. Mozart: Requiem Mass
13. Vivaldi: The Seasons
14. Sibelius: Finlandia
15. Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite
16. Copland: Appalachian Spring
17. Beethoven: Emperor Concerto
18. Bach's Royal Instrument
19. Chopin: Nocturnes Vol. II
20. Beethoven: Quartets 9 and 11
21. Elgar: Enigma Variations
22. Wagner Overtures
23. Songs of Faith and Devotion
24. Albéniz and Debussy: Iberia

L-14

results: A plus, B minus, and "See me after class!" The last I heard of Waldo he was sipping resinated wine in Athens. The day before he had crashed Grace Kelly's wedding in Monaco and, naturally, was among the first to kiss the bride. ROBERT FARRIS THOMPSON, JR.
Seventh Army Hq.
APO, New York

Who's in Charge?

TO THE EDITORS:

"Who's in Charge Here?" [The Editor's Easy Chair, February] left no doubt in my mind that our elected President, Dwight D. Eisenhower, is in charge and that you are definitely opposed to it. Your inference that his illnesses have incapacitated him is not the final conclusion drawn from your editorial. Your criticism of his policies antedates his illnesses. . . .

I am sure many citizens would welcome the special privilege of a national magazine circulation in voicing disagreement with your conclusion. . . . Many people feel as I do that the leadership of the President is based not on physical strength but on mental and spiritual vitality. MRS. G. A. WEBBER
Clark Lake, Mich.

In the early days of our republic Alexander Hamilton succinctly expressed his fears too about a weak government executiveship. . . . Hamilton admonished: "Energy in an Executive is a leading characteristic in the definition of good Government. A feeble Executive implies feeble execution of Government. . . ."

So Hamilton said, and I would urge Americans hereafter to measure his remarks carefully when going to the polls with the knowledge that they are voting for a cardiac victim. . . .

J. J. COBB
Columbus, Kan.

I wish to thank you for the February Easy Chair. It is an article that needed to be written. And to have the problem expressed with such clarity, sympathy, and logic from all angles deserves the highest praise. MARGA E. DAVIDSON
San Mateo, Calif.

You certainly have some crust to dare to suggest having our beloved President Dwight D. Eisenhower resign. . . . How much do you get from Russia for opening in my opinion your dirty mouth?

In my opinion President Dwight D. Eisenhower walks with God. He is one of the three greatest Presidents we have ever had. . . .

President Eisenhower's parents always thought him a wonderful man. Can your parents say as much about you? . . .

You ought to get down on your hands and knees and thank God we have a great man like President Eisenhower for President.

I am.

An ardent admirer of President Eisenhower. J. L. HUMBERT
Hillsdale, N. J.

. . . There should be a law against talking about Presidents while in office. . . . P. THOREN
New Brunswick, N. J.

. . . I am sure many Americans agree with you but will not say so for fear of hurting or seeming to insult a man whom they like personally and respect.

It will be a great pity if Republicans fail to profit by two very sad Democratic precedents. Would it not, actually, redound far more to President Eisenhower's prestige if he had the courage to step down while still mentally alert, rather than waiting until he has to be forced out or until he causes as great misfortune to the nation as both Wilson and Roosevelt did?

You are courageous to express your opinion publicly. I congratulate you—perhaps because I agree with you.

M. L. WINTON
Greenwich, Conn.

Newest Minority

TO THE EDITORS:

Albert Votaw has outraged us ["The Hillbillies Invade Chicago," February]. Steinbeck called us Okies. Al Capp's "Li'l Abner" makes us out as good-natured primitive morons. Snuffy Smith is the truth, if not the whole truth. Television's "The Real McCoys" portrays us as cantankerous, quaint, lovable illiterates. But *Harper's* latest is a libelous assault on America's newest minority, the Anglo-Saxon, Southern Protestants. . . .

If the article were about a bunch of Jewish refugees or Polish immigrants, the clamor against *Harper's*, the libel suits, the snide remarks on TV, the editorial attacks, the whispering campaigns, the boycotts would be enough to put you out of business. . . .

We need a publicity director to plant news releases in all media about Anglo-Saxon accomplishments; a monitoring and news-clipping service to catch every slur that's printed and nail every lie that's uttered, and a legal department to bring libel suits when all else fails. . . .

ROBERT N. JONES
Dallas, Tex.

. . . Perhaps Mr. Votaw prefers Chicago dominated by gang wars and is sore, since this distinct American layer of society will not become pawns of a vi[lord]; or it may be he prefers a ward b[oss] and a citizenry that is bovine, asks [no] questions, and accepts the little it is [of]fered for its money and likes it, and [is] disgusted that these hillbillies are s[us]picious of such a form of city gove[rn]ment.

He is not the first to become annoy[ed] at this group of Americans. There w[ere] George III when he was told that so[me] of his best soldiers had vanished at Ki[ng's] Mountains and Cowpens. . . . The[y] were the "Die Hards" of special privil[ege] who fulminated at the Virginia and K[en]tucky Resolutions, for they distrusted t[he] stability of the American common m[an] who bore the hardships, the fighti[ng] and the dying in the American Revo[lu]tion.

If Mr. Votaw is so keen in paradi[ng] the shortcomings of any particular cl[ass] of people, he should have taken a wh[ack] at the politicians, who have done no[th]ing in the last hundred years to ra[ise] the standard of living of the people [for] whom he so heartily disapproves.

WILLIAM A. GAR[NER]
Belding, Mi[ch.]

(Mr. Votaw was, of course, writing ab[out] one specific group: the isolated, pove[rty]-stricken, poorly educated "farmers, m[in]ers, and mechanics from the mounta[ins] and meadows of the mid-South" who [are] finding it hard to fit into the Nor[th]ern cities where they are now migrat[ing] in search of work.—The Editors)

Stiff Bree[ze]

TO THE EDITORS:

The article by George Kennan [on] Chance to Withdraw Our Troops [from] Europe," February] feels like a good [fr]breeze blowing away the smog of insa[nity] that has gripped the country for so [long] time. It surely must be clear to anyo[ne] who reads history and has cogitated [at] all on the problem that the pres[ent] armaments race is a dead-end street w[ith] nothing less than the destruction [of] humanity at the end.

The official Democrats seem to h[ave] nothing to offer that the Republic[ans] don't—except an intensification of sa[me]

BRUCE O. WA[LP]
Logan, U[tah]

Jazz Writi[ng]

TO THE EDITORS:

No one since Otis Ferguson in [the] *New Republic* has written such a [fi]sensitive article [on jazz] as Mr. Harp[er] in the February issue [After Hours].

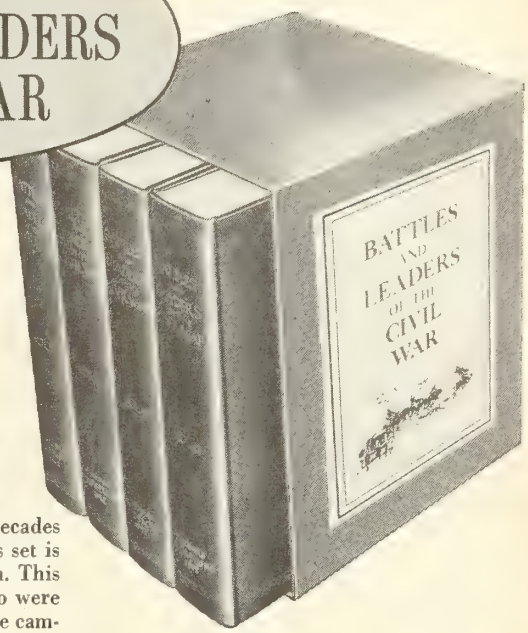
JANE SPRING[ER]
Montebello, C[al.]

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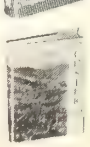
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SINCE the Korean war the citizens of the United States have been handed an annual tax bill of about seventy billion dollars. Instead of diminishing, this bill shows every sign of increasing to eighty billion, ninety billion, or a hundred billion, unless something more radical is done than the manicuring job normally performed by Congress.

The primary excuse for this astronomical bite is that sacrosanct monstrosity labeled "National Defense—Do not touch." It takes the major part of the taxes now and shows every indication of growing bigger. Why should it be a sacred cow? Have the people so much confidence in the Defense Department that they think it can do no wrong? Isn't there a possibility of a little empire-building mixed up with the real requirements? Isn't it possible that billions are being wasted because of incorrect conceptions of future wars?

Is it true that the only war of the future will be an atomic war, with its attendant suicidal destruction? Isn't it also true that the United States, in spite of these enormous expenditures, may find itself without the means to fight more probable wars? Isn't it possible that by spending on personnel a fraction of the money going into expensive and useless equipment, a better defense force could be built? Have the people in the United States become so intrigued with the glamor of airplanes, guided missiles, and atomic bombs that they have forgotten that ground can be taken and occupied only by men on foot?

What the defense setup needs is a good tough inspection. Let's take a hard look at some of the prevailing sophisms that are responsible for this astronomical spending. Any of them could be the subject of a complete article. For the sake of brevity each will only be touched on here.

THE ARGUMENTS

(1) The military leaders in our country are best able to determine our needs for national defense. They might be if they were able to rise above their prejudices, but they are not.

It might be possible to approach a solution by asking an admiral what the Army needs, an Army general what the Air Force needs, and an Air Force general what the Navy needs, but to ask each what his own service needs is like opening the doors of the Treasury and handing him a shovel.

There is an old building in Washington that used to be called the State, War, and Navy Building. Whenever one of our admirals or generals passes it he must shudder because not so long ago it used to house them all and the State Department besides. The empires that have been built in the Pentagon have become so complex that there is a saying in the services that it is impossible for anyone to go there and get a "Yes" or "No" answer to anything.

There is a related evil that goes along with this—the staff build-up, the Indians that do the Chief's work for him. The more Indians, the bigger the Chief. All Indians have found out that the way to get to be Chief is to be on the staff of a Chief, ready to step into his job. It is also much pleasanter than to be out in the rain and mud, dodging shells. The result is that the smart boys do bird-dogging for the Chiefs and the dumb ones lead the troops in combat. This has two evils—it tends to build up the staffs and it is a little hard on the troops.

(2) The money appropriated for military

equipment is necessary for the defense of the country. It is about as necessary as it is to furnish each voter in the country with an air-conditioned Cadillac.

The characteristics demanded by the services in their airplanes, ships, weapons, and vehicles are now so expensive that the cost of them is from two to ten times as great as that—with a small loss in comfort, efficiency, or accuracy—of a serviceable substitute. In World War II a satisfactory liaison airplane cost about $1,500. Ask what the present job costs and hold onto your pocketbook. The Russians have a heavy trench mortar that looks as though it had been machined with a sledge hammer, but it throws a lethal shell a long distance.

The accuracy of our weapons is so far superior to the accuracy of the persons manning them as to be ridiculous. So far I have never seen a time in combat when such accuracy was either necessary or humanly obtainable, though I have seen more combat than most officers. The advent of "human engineering," in recent years, has aggravated this problem. In the old, tough days the personal comfort of service personnel was not a consideration. Nowadays it is one of the most important considerations, which has the dual disadvantage of being extremely expensive and making softies out of the military.

(3) It takes nine men in the rear to keep one man at the front. This is a great understatement. It started at least as far back as the British pacification of India, where animal transportation was all that was available and communication was by runner. Nowadays with motor and air transportation, and radio and telephone communication, the proportion of rear-area personnel, instead of decreasing, has increased. In World War II, we who were in combat estimated that all the actual fighting was done by from 2 to 5 per cent of the personnel in the battle zone. Within the range of enemy artillery fire there was little visible movement and very few troops to be seen. If you started to the rear, however, every mile the clutter of vehicles, the masses of administrative, supply, engineer, ordnance, military police, transportation, signal, medical, and other staff units increased progressively. What they all did we of the infantry could not imagine. The artillery and tanks supported us and we needed daily rations, water, and gasoline, but that required only a small number. The others, as near as we could see, must have been taking in each other's washing.

In Korea I had the task of inspecting some of these rear-area troops. I found not a single unit that was as much as 50 per cent efficient—that is, not a single administrative unit turned out as many as half of its assigned personnel for its primary duty. Where were the others? On guard, on kitchen police, sick, AWOL, on Rest and Rehabilitation, running typewriters, answering telephones, or doing bunk fatigue. Most were on duty shifts of eight hours. The soldiers at the front? Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.



Can anything be done about this? Yes, but it probably will not be done. Why? The big headquarters are always in the rear areas. They want lots of communications so they can keep up their battle maps. That requires signal troops. They want comfortable housing. That requires engineers. They want good food. That requires mess personnel. They want aspirin. That requires medical officers. They want lots of staff officers so they can get the answer to any problem that arises without having to dig it out themselves. All these people, in turn, have to be furnished rations, shelter, telephones, medical attention, and so on. If there are enough of them around they will be so busy taking care of each other they will have little time left for the troops in the combat areas.

The Red Cross, Special Services, and USO, particularly the feminine personnel, are needed to keep rear-area personnel entertained. Obviously, these entertainment people couldn't go up into the fighting areas, so they are never seen by the combat troops except the rare times the infantryman gets a pass. In World War II, Paris was so completely occupied by rear-area troops that combat troops in reserve couldn't go there because there was no room for them. A more recent example of this is the report by *Time* magazine of how a naval caretaking detachment in Naples, originally consisting of forty-five men, has been parlayed into a Shangri-La of 2,103 military, 534 civilians, and 3,166 wives and children; to take care of NATO South, an organization of 692 officers and men.

(4) The officers in our services are brave, intelligent, zealous, and unselfish and the enlisted men, when they put on the uniform, are metamorphosed into crusaders rarin' to fight and die for the good old United Nations and the Four

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Freedoms. I would call this about 20 per cent correct. We owe our success in wars to a very small group of heroes. The rest just go along for the ride. Nor is this small group made up more of generals than privates or vice versa. It is about the same in all ranks.

George Washington's statement that the patriotism of citizens of the United States was dependent upon what would best serve their selfish interests is as true today as it was then. In order to get one officer who is a real leader it is necessary to hire about three. If Congress ever thought it a good idea to pay service personnel a living wage, as compared to equivalent jobs in civil life, the services could probably get along with half their present boss personnel. Since Congress doesn't see fit to do this, the services manufacture a number of jobs and hope that by hiring three $5,000-a-year men they will get one $10,000 man. This is not only expensive but takes up a lot of time in trial and error, not to mention the casualties caused by poor leadership.

The same economics apply to enlisted men. Two enlisted men in uniform will look alike, but one will fight and the other hide. One is worth ten times the amount he is paid and the other is a liability. If we paid enlisted men a living wage, instead of babying juvenile delinquents who couldn't get a job elsewhere, the services could eliminate half their personnel who are now in baby-sitting jobs such as military police, excess administrative duty, excess instruction, special service, recruiting, and the like. Military service is just like any other business and it could be run a great deal more effectively on business principles, rather than by the politico-paternalistic methods now in vogue.

(5) All soldiers, sailors, and airmen contribute equally to their country's defense and should be equally entitled to veterans' benefits. Boloney.

If you believe this, go out some night when it is raining—it always rains in combat—dig yourself a foxhole with about four inches of water in the bottom and spend a couple of weeks there, living on canned rations. Even without the mortar and artillery fire, the ever-present danger of having your arm or blown off, or of being killed, ab two weeks should make a Christ of you. Add the hazards of com and if you still think all vete should be treated alike you sho run for Congress.

Battles are won by a very few usually brave men who are able do the right thing at a critical ti Battle fronts are now usually wide for the wily strategy of a St wall Jackson or the personal lea ship of a Napoleon. More often t are decided by the boldness of s lieutenant or sergeant who ma a break-through which is then ploited by higher leaders.

The great mass of so-called erans in the United States never the words of an old Indian figh "heard the whine of a hostile's let." They probably gave up s personal advantage in return for versational resources that will them all their lives. The vete organizations are too well entren politically to do much about this, as far as justice to the ex-service is concerned, Congress is shove out money indiscriminately so a few deserving men will get a l of it. Being often handicapped, deserving will probably be tramp in the rush.

(6) Wars of the future will all-out wars like World Wars I II. This is highly improbable. United States military machin now geared for only one purp to fight Russia. This plays dir into the hands of the Russians, obviously have no intention of ting into an all-out war with United States. They can gain t desired ends much more easily effectively by piecemeal tactics. E time there is a disturbance or burst of violence anywhere in world, look for the Communist they don't instigate it themselves will be there shortly after the tro starts.

"Why," they say, "take a lo punishment conquering the w the hard way when you can ta a country at a time the easy using non-Russian troops?" If can suck untrained United S troops into a few more Koreas— Every one of them will hurt United States. If we send Ur



Invitation to 60,000 British pubs

's is the *Cat and Fiddle* at Hinton
dmiral, Hampshire. It's pretty typ-
of pubs around these parts. We
that the thatch has a charm of its
But, like all pubs, the real character
place comes from *inside*.
entially, a pub is two things at once.
b for the locals. A haven for the
er. Somehow the beer, the darts, and the shove-ha'penny manage to blend both purposes admirably.

Britain has roughly 60,000 pubs and the oldest is said to be the *Fighting Cocks* at St. Albans (A.D. 795). All have their pet claims. Some say the *Cat and Fiddle* is a corrupted testimonial to the purity of Catherine of Aragon (i.e. *Catherine la Fidèle*). Heigh-diddle-diddle, the beer is always good. So are the sandwiches.

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is a fascinating game when you get
ng of it. But it isn't as easy as it looks.
pubs have dart teams. Any of these
s will willingly give you a lesson.

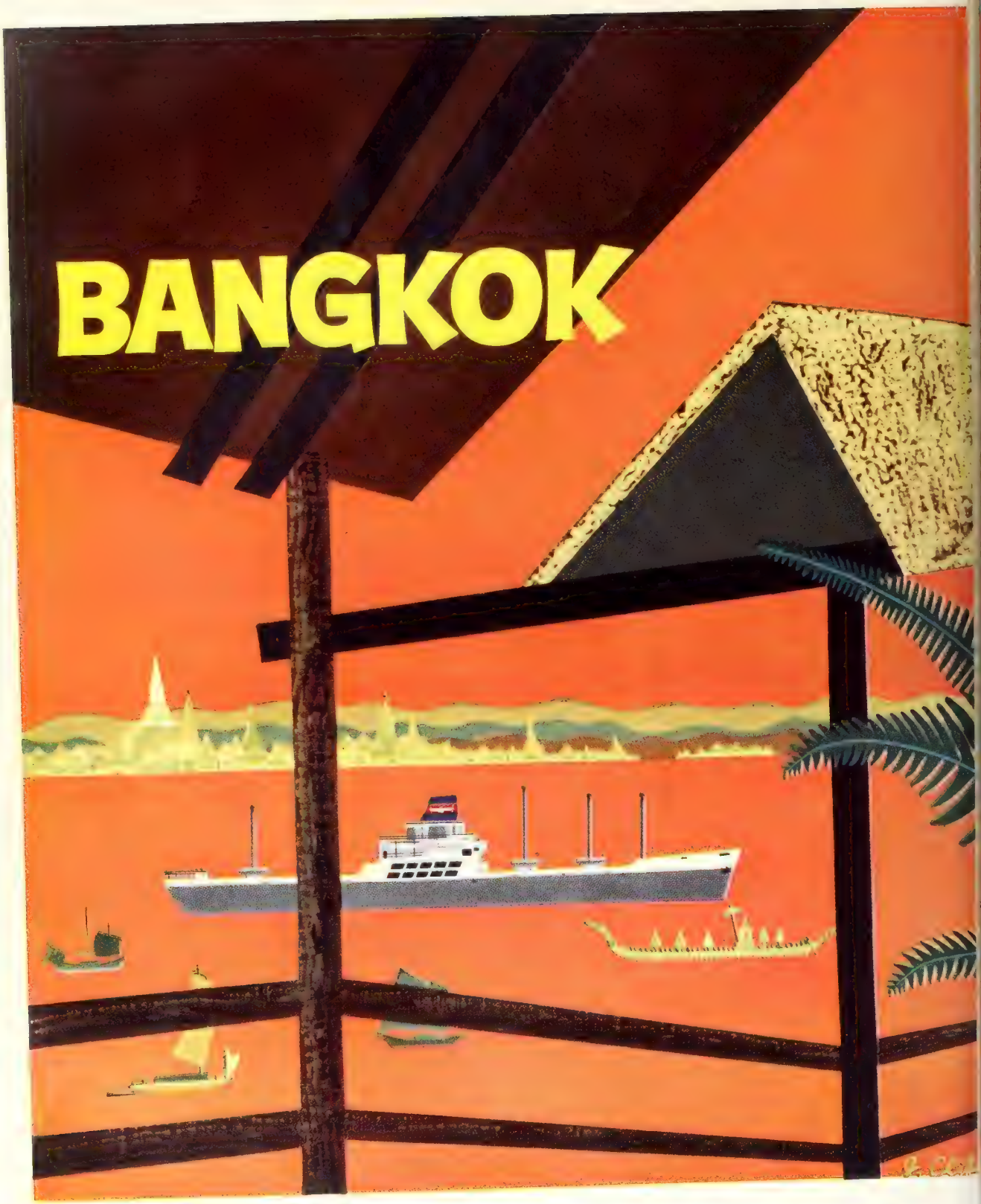
BEER. Most Britons drink draught beer. Old, mild or bitter. You can mix any two "arf-and-arf." We suggest you experiment. Nearest to American beer is bottled *lager*.

SKITTLES. You may be lucky enough to find a pub with a skittle alley. This one is at the *Royal Oak* in Winsford, Somerset. Order a glass of Somerset cider. It's marvelous stuff!









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es troops into the Middle East, r getting Britain and France the Russians can hang the in- er label on us. They also know / have nothing to fear from the ted States where it counts—on the ınd. As long as they can keep y from airplanes, atomic bombs, sea battles, they can have it '. They have five divisions to our , and ours are too badly scattered be assembled for combat any- re. When the awe-inspiring Sixth :t moved into the eastern Medi- anean in the Suez crisis it had eighteen hundred ground fight- troops—one battalion of Marines.

') Wars of the future will be ded by atomic bombs, airplanes, guided missiles. Don't you be- e it. Any time she chooses to do Russia can march across Europe ıbout three months. There is ıing in Europe to stop her. re is nothing that the United es has that could stop her. It ardly thinkable that if the Rus- s occupied Bonn we would kill dreds of thousands of Germans to stop their vanguard. Nor ld it be feasible to destroy Vi- a to prevent the Russians from ıpying it. It would not be pos- e to saturate Europe with atomic bs. The Russians would seek out unbombed places as the tides ıe sea go around the headlands. y might possibly be stopped at ource, by bombing Russian cities bases. Are we prepared to sac- e the east coast of the United es for this? That is, are we ıared to commit suicide for a ciple? Any Air Force officer ws that no defense will stop all bombers. It would take only to destroy a city.

) Atomic weapons are so devas- ıg that they will eliminate war means of settling international greements. Don't believe that either. History is replete with ıons so devastating that war ld be impossible. Recent ex- les are poison gas in World War nks in World War I, saturation bing, V-1 and V-2 guided mis- in World War II. They had effects in past wars and may sed again in future wars, but no ıon will ever stop all wars.

In April 1945, when I stood on a hill overlooking the devastation wreaked by American and English bombers on the Ruhr complex, the whole area appeared to me to be completely destroyed. An examining group, after hostilities ended, reported that in spite of this bombing the manufacture of weapons was operating at nearly 80 per cent of efficiency when the Ruhr was overrun by United States ground troops.

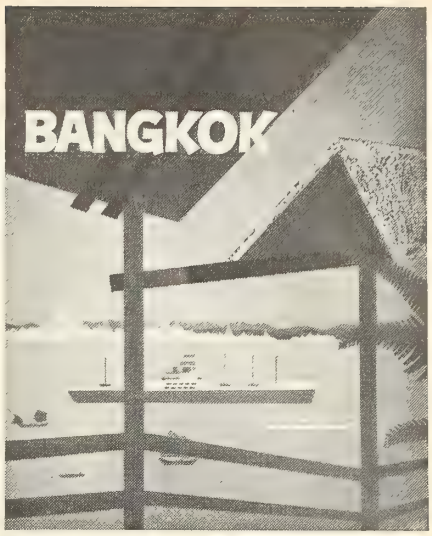
(9) Wars are won by the nations having the best machines. This follows the old saying that God is on the side of the heaviest artillery, and it is not to be depended on. History has too many instances in which a rabble poorly armed and trained but possessing high morale has defeated well-trained and well-equipped armies.

The last and most painful example of this was Korea, though in this instance the troops were not well-trained. In Korea, the United Nations forces had complete control of the sea, complete control of the air, and overwhelming superiority in tanks and artillery, but they were unable to defeat a howling mob of uneducated peasants armed with weapons mostly of World War I vintage. In this instance the explanation given was that we were not allowed to bomb beyond the Yalu River. Since our bombers regularly destroyed the bridges south of the Yalu, only to have them back in operation the next day, this appears —to one who was there—to be only an alibi. The Korean war was an infantry war and we failed to win because we did not have enough infantry and the infantry we had was not good enough.

Weapons are superior only if the persons handling them are superior and have high morale. The troops of Israel, recently, went across the border into Egypt and took away from the Egyptians, like taking candy from a baby, the mass of modern weapons that had been furnished them by the Communists.

A BETTER WAY

IT IS an accepted principle that nobody should criticize the way things are being done unless he is prepared to offer a better way. In com-



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LA PROVINCE DE Québec

pliance with this principle, I offer the following recommendations, none of which I expect to see carried out:

(1) Stop depending on guided missiles, atomic bombs, and airplanes to solve all defense problems. They probably won't be used in small wars and will be suicidal to use in big wars.

(2) Keep ready and available in the continental United States at least a dozen tough and well-trained divisions of professional soldiers that can be moved anywhere to back up decisions of the United Nations. Three or four of them should be airborne. They should contain no recruits and should have no administrative duties. They should be provided with sufficient troop-carrying aircraft, under Army control, to transport them with their equipment to any threatened area.

(3) Reduce by 50 per cent the personnel on duty in the Pentagon, including assistant secretaries, admirals, and generals. Require all lower headquarters to reduce their non-combat personnel 50 per cent either by eliminating installations or by reducing personnel in existing installations. The amount of administrative work deemed necessary always equals the number of people available to do the work. The source of administration is the Pentagon. Reduce it and all other headquarters can be reduced.

(4) Revise the military characteristics of war matériel, to eliminate requirements that make it expensive without proportionately increasing its combat value. The excessive cost of war matériel is our most serious problem.

(5) Start the pay of enlisted men at $50 a week, of officers at $6,000 a year. This would probably eliminate the draft. To compensate for the increased costs, eliminate all fringe benefits, including transportation. Transport no dependents overseas. Make the minimum tour of duty at one post three years in the United States and one year overseas. Sharply curtail the Military Air Transport Service.

(6) Eliminate the Corps of Military Police. This is an outstanding waste of good manpower. Have minimum military police in tactical units.

Harper's *magazine*

NEXT MONT

THE GUNS AT FALAISE GAP

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By Richard B. McAd

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A report on our neighbors' fi political campaign in which be parties attacked the U.S.A. . .

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By Alfred Bendi

How a Classical Education Ma A NOBEL SCIENTIST

A surprising recipe for traini men in practical thinking, fr a mathematical physicist w has been described as Einste successor.

By Werner Heisenb

Discharge soldiers who misbehave. Sharply reduce such military activities as Special Service, Information Service, Food Service, and Recruiting Service. Have combat units take care of their own maintenance, recreation, communications, recruiting, and police work.

(7) Reduce individual clothing and equipment of military personnel to that which can be carried on their backs or in their unit transportation. They will throw the excess away when they get in combat anyway. The criterion should be not what might add to their comfort—there is no comfort in battle—but what is the minimum with which they can operate effectively.

(8) Follow General Bradley's recommendation that hospitalization of veterans at the taxpayer's expense be limited to those whose disabilities were the result of wounds or injuries received in the war.

(9) Build no anti-atomic personnel shelters. No presently available warning system would allow time to occupy them, particularly since the bombing would be at night, when the factories and office buildings are empty.

FINALLY let me forecast the probable trend of the next war. It will start as the Korea, Indochina, or Middle East war started. It will gradually involve Communist nations on one side and non-Communist nations on the other. There will be no declaration of war. No atomic weapons will be used. No guided missiles will be used. No strategic bombers will be used. No sea battles will be fought. First there will be an air war between fighter planes for control of the air, which will be indecisive or won by the non-Communists. This will settle nothing and the non-Communist force will look around for somebody to take the ground and settle the war. Since only a few ground troops are available, the decision will either go to the Communists or will be delayed a year while the non-Communist countries can assemble some unwilling civilians, train them as soldiers, and put them on the battlefields, to die or be maimed for a cause in which they are not interested.



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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

POINTERS FOR SPIES

WARREN UNNA'S article on CIA—"Who Watches the Watchman?" (p. 16)—is the first report on that important agency as a governmental institution. The main hallmark of CIA, as the public sees it, is an awesome secrecy—a policy which often provides incidents of glorious absurdity.

Bill Gold, columnist for the Washington *Post*, recently commented on the bollixes that may result from interservice conflicts in secrecy. They may have their use, he pointed out, citing the case of a non-secret Soviet technical report which circulated among seven of our government agencies. All seven translated it, classified it as "secret," and filed it away.

"We know that Red spies will try to steal anything we mark 'secret,'" said Mr. Gold. "So we put a 'secret' stamp on practically everything. This prevents spies from stealing selectively, and forces them to take pot luck. And we further reduce their mathematical chances of stealing something of value by stuffing our files with things they already know.

"The latter technique is also useful in getting spies transferred from Washington. When microfilm reaching Moscow turns out to be nothing but a translation of an old Russian report, some secret agent is likely to find that his next assignment is in Siberia, digging non-secret salt.

"Instead of criticizing our policy on secrecy, patriotic citizens should be thinking about ways to augment it.

"I move that all grocery lists, baseball averages, and material written on the walls of telephone booths be classified 'secret.' That'll really drive 'em nuts."

. . . **Warren Unna** prepared his report on CIA in Washington, where he covers national affairs for the *Post and Times Herald*. Another of Mr. Unna's notable jobs of reporting was a series in the *Post* which was reprinted in the *Congressional Record* and was rounded up in his *Harper's* article in May 1956, "Republican Giveaways."

SPEAKING OF JAZ

. . . When Benny Goodman performs May 25-31 in the American Theater on the Brussels Fair Ground, he and his orchestra, sextet and trio will be writing a double starred chapter in the history of American jazz. First, to judge from **Nat Hentoff's** "What's Happening to Jazz" (p. 25), the presentation of a full jazz concert in a situation of great prestige is a rarity in itself. And, in the second place, the Goodman orchestra will be backed by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company—a new departure in private sponsorship for public ends that should delight not only the performers and Howard S. Cullman, U.S. Commissioner to the Fair (he said he was "overjoyed"), but also all good jazz fans.

Mr. Hentoff, who has been co-editor of two volumes about jazz (*Hear Me Talkin' to Ya* and *The Jazz Makers*), is working on another history of jazz to be published by Rinehart this year. He contributes articles on jazz to several magazines, writes "liner" notes for record albums, and shares a radio series on WBAI-FM with Gunther Schuller.

NEXT month *Harper's* will institute a regular feature on jazz recordings by one of its editors, **Eric Larrabee.** "Jazz Notes" will appear in the New Recordings department. Mr. Larrabee is a member of the board of advisers of the Institute of Jazz Studies and has spoken on jazz subjects for the New York Historical Society, the American Studies Association, the Lenox School of Jazz, and the American Festival of Jazz at Newport.

P & O

Women of distinction have re-
ly won sitting rights in various
s of the world—from the student
ng-room at the University of
Delhi to the House of Lords
ondon. But no such luck yet
American housewives. "The
k Cure for Women" (p. 33) by
ıa Jean King is only the per-
l experience of one wife, but
ould be a campaign document
new declaration that woman's
to sit down begins at home.
rs. King lives with her husband
two preschool children on the
of the desert in Tucson. Be-
her marriage she taught occu-
ınal therapy at the University
uthern California, was a thera-
in a neuropsychiatric hospital,
worked with problem children.
hopes to teach in a school for
icapped children when her own
ınd daughter are older.

By the middle of February this
anybody who could spare a
l or a dime for a newspaper
l have a daily sheaf of economic
asts to tide him over the reces-
Unfortunately, the forecasters
reed.
ministration officials (said Rich-
E. Mooney in the *New York*
's) were looking to the next fifty
(that is, till about April 6) as
'bad news" period for the na-
l economy.
ıile Democratic Senators were
ıg about bread lines back home
emphis or Lorain, the president
e U.S. Chamber of Commerce,
ɔ M. Talbott, was declaring:
re is absolutely nothing wrong
the basic economy. . . . We'll
ı improved and changing econ-
along about June."
publican leader of the House,
h W. Martin, Jr. said in
ıix that there was nothing
g that "a little calmness, com-
sense, and confidence can't

d Harry S. Truman, modulat-
ıe key, wrote in his syndicated
m: "There is nothing seriously
g with our economy now *that*
ous and enlightened leadership
ɔt quickly overcome."
ce there is something peculiarly
ssing about too much reassur-
the common citizen was feeling
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nouncements than before—and anxious to get at an analysis which would not only suggest immediate action but outline a sound long-term policy. This is what **Ross M. Robertson's** "Four Steps to Halt the Slump —and Avoid Another" (p. 34) aims to accomplish.

Dr. Robertson is director of business history studies at the School of Business at Indiana University. He was born in Kansas and trained at the University of Kansas. He was formerly financial economist at the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, and his book, *History of the American Economy,* was published in 1955.

. . . In "Country Doctors Catch Up" (p. 40), **Marion K. Sanders** reports on the new and successful group practice techniques that are bringing first-rate medical attention to people far from urban medical facilities.

Mrs. Sanders is the author of *Women in Politics,* a former editor and writer for government and social agencies, and a suburban New York housewife who supports the national and state Democratic committees by speaking and campaigning. Her husband (who is a doctor) was relieved when she finished the current article, on which, she says, he served as a twenty-four-hour-a-day consultant for several months.

Mrs. Sanders is now working on a book about Mary Wollstonecraft.

THIS WAY OUT

. . . In "Standing Room Only" (p. 54) **Arthur C. Clarke** summarily dismisses the possibility of human emigration to outer space as a solution to Earth's population problem. Colonization "never helps for more than a few generations," he says. Though he may be right in the long run, all the same we might find emigration helpful in a few local and immediate crises.

For example, the Borough of Manhattan has an average of 192 dwelling units or something over 600 persons per acre—a high density even for our crowded planet. Apparently nothing can be done about the quantity of people who insist on living there, but why couldn't the quality be improved by selective weeding out?

The city Fathers could begin by loading a space ship at the Bat[tery] Pioneer voyagers might be those [juve]nile adolescents who were suspe[nded] from the public schools this wi[nter]. A vehicle headed OUT would [be] more efficient, permanent, and [less] gettable than any of the stop[gap] quarters that have been sugge[sted] on Ellis Island or in aband[oned] school buildings around town.

While we are at it, why not [ship] in the "problem" families who [are] said to be spoiling the good ne[ighbor]hood and happy atmosphere of pu[blic] housing projects in the city?

Poverty would not have to be [the] basis of choice, as it may seem [to] be in these instances. We co[uld] sieve out some definitely mid[dle] class people from the suburbs [who] are chiefly responsible for the tr[affic] jams in town. At all vehicular [ap]proaches to Manhattan, the auth[orities] could trap those thousands [of] commuters who insist on drivin[g to] work or shop in their private c[ars]. They could be given a merc[y] even an exciting, choice—to le[ave] their cars at home or to accep[t a] subway ride to the Battery, wh[ere] the next space ship waits.

Aggressive youngsters, rowdy f[am]ilies, impatient egotistic commu[ters] —all of these should make excel[lent] colonists in an unknown world. [They] leave a good deal more peace [and] quiet for us straphangers behin[d].

Arthur Clarke, who discusses [the] population problem on a wo[rld] scale for the long run, is an E[ng]lish writer on science, a wartim[e] radar officer, a skin-diving explo[rer] and the author of science fict[ion]. Trained at King's College in phy[sics] and mathematics, he is a Fellow [of] the Royal Astronomical Society [and] was for some years chairman of [the] British Interplanetary Society. [His] next book, *Voice Across the S[ea]* about transoceanic communicati[on] will be his twentieth.

. . . At the time of his death a y[ear] ago, **Joyce Cary** had received so [much] measure of the recognition that [his] brilliant novels of English, Irish, a[nd] African life deserved. The trilo[gy] made up of *Herself Surprised, To [Be] a Pilgrim,* and *The Horse's Mou[th]* has recently been re-issued in o[ne] volume by Harper & Brothers, w[hich] previously brought out ten of [his] novels in America. During the l[ast]

P & O

ıs that Cary spent in bed in d, his home, he was working ıew novel; and he had finished *nd Reality,* a personal credo, will come out next fall.
e of the last finished stories he is the one that appears this ı—"Happy Marriage" (p. 65).

The English Disease" is diag- on page 69 by **Norman Mac-**e, who is on the staff of the *Statesman* and has twice been or party candidate for Parlia- Mr. MacKenzie does not class lf as an "angry young man."
ı the contrary," he wrote to , "I have a job I like, a charm- fe and two daughters, a pleas- ɔme, and I can travel half as as I would like to. Why should y about a society which treats well as this? The answer is is too comfortable: it is cor- g me. I do not want to be d. I want to be challenged. ngland today seems designed comfort before challenge."

obody is more aware of the uacy of American schools in ıg mathematics than the men themselves. At their Feb- neeting, the National Associa- Secondary School Principals ed, among other things, that should be required from the ı through the twelfth grade. this curriculum goes into however, the questions of what ɔf math and what kind of ıg will certainly have to be ed. In "Math Even Parents nderstand" (p. 73), **Peter F.** r opens them up.
Drucker is the author of sev- fluential books on the chang- ganization of society and the ibilities of management. The ecent of these was *America's wenty Years.*

nes Rorty of Flatbrookville, Jersey, visited Ireland last r and wrote "Return of the (p. 57). As well as a poet, a writer on nutrition and

Goodwin Winslow ("Plat- efore the Castle," p. 38) is hor of *The Springs* and other and verse. She lives in , Tennessee.

YES . . . a Priest CAN Forgive Your Sins!



You may not accept the idea of confessing your sins to a priest, as Catholics do.

Perhaps you believe, as many do, that Confession is not of divine origin . . . but only an invention of the Catholic Church. And possibly you will insist that God alone has the power to forgive sins and you therefore confess directly to Him.

Catholics know that Christ Himself instituted the Sacrament of Penance, which includes Confession, when He said to His Apostles: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained" (John 20:22, 23).

If they were faithful to these instructions, could the Apostles have neglected preaching Confession and Penance from the very beginning of their ministry? They and their disciples went everywhere proclaiming the doctrine given them by Christ, establishing churches, and appointing bishops and priests upon whom they conferred the same authority.

Christ was not speaking in parables when He said: "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained" (John 20:22, 23). No words could be plainer. And the subsequent actions of the Apostles leave no doubt that they understood exactly the responsibility and the authority vested in them.

The writers of the Church, whose testimony bears witness to the traditional belief and practice from the earliest days of Christianity, insisted on Confession as the necessary means of regaining God's favor. They tell us that Confession was made, not to laymen but to priests who exercised the power of forgiving sins by virtue of Christ's commission. Origen and St. Cyprian in the second century; Pacian and Aphraates in the third, and St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, in the fourth, all left historical testimony of the acceptance of the Sacrament of Penance by the first Christians.

For 1,500 years, the faithful of all Christendom confessed their sins to a priest, just as Catholics still do the world over today. And every Catholic, whether he be the ruler of a nation or the humblest of men, must be truly repentant and must confess his sins if he wants God's forgiveness.

Holy Scripture clearly tells us that Christ DID establish the Sacrament of Penance. If you want to know more about this Sacrament which can bring the grace of God into the most sinful heart; if you want to feel a new and tremendous inner sense of spiritual rebirth, write today for our free pamphlet entitled: "Yes . . . A Priest Can Forgive Your Sins." It will be sent free on your request, in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet D-46.

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The Oxford English Diction

To KNOW—to *want* to know

People talk now about the importance of KNOWING, of the new rush to get more Americans to know more things.

Both the importance and the rush are true enough; there can be no argument about that.

But what is even truer is that *wanting* to know is half the battle, that the longing, the hunger, the appetite for knowing are in themselves a kind of victory.

So it is that our sudden upgrading of me who KNOW is a tremendous good which i developing throughout the land.

In schools and colleges, on newspapers an networks and to TIME's writers, researcher and editors, this upsurge of desire for wider surer knowing is cause indeed for celebration

TIME—The Weekly Newsmagazine

Harper's MAGAZINE

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO JAZZ

NAT HENTOFF

Over the sound of clinking glasses and cash registers, the musicians are fighting to be heard . . . to get jazz out of the night clubs and into the concert hall.

TEN years ago the world of jazz might have been flat for all that anyone outside of it knew or cared. Inside were the musicians, with their various dialects and dialectical persuasions; the relentless critics, contentious and insecure; and the small outposts of lay partisans for the music, themselves divided into merciless squads of heretic-hunters. For curious outsiders the terrain was too forbidding to venture into alone, and they could find few reliable guides or guidebooks.

For "popular" music there was a huge, quicksand audience, but it either didn't know that jazz existed or else was scared off by its socially disreputable connotations and its challenges to inhibition. For classical music there was of course a proudly discriminating public which thought of jazz—if and when it had to—as indistinguishable from those faceless night cries of childish doom and tadpole love that arise from the swamplands of "pop music."

In the past decade, however, a startling change has taken place in the status of jazz—or, more accurately, in the extent to which its existence is admitted. Stimulated by the expansion of the LP record industry, the audience for jazz has notably increased. Among the indexes have been the expanding attendance at jazz "festivals" and the traveling all-star troupes—"package shows" is the blunt trade term—and the growth of night clubs specializing in jazz, though this segment of the industry is incorrigibly erratic.

A further indication has been the unprecedented space that jazz now gets in the nonspecialist press. A few newspapers—such as the *New York Times,* the San Francisco *Chronicle,* the Boston *Globe,* the Boston *Traveler,* and the Washington *Post*—have engaged resident critics. The *New Yorker* and the *Saturday Review* carry regular jazz coverage; and it is encouraging that the work of Whitney Balliett in the *New Yorker* and Martin Williams in the *American Record Guide* is more perceptive, and certainly better written, than the average level of material in trade magazines like *Down Beat* and *Metronome.* In Balliett, Williams, and John S. Wilson of the *Times,* mature guides for the perplexed have at last appeared.

While radio and TV remain largely apathetic, when not actively hostile, it is some measure



of change that CBS-TV's "Seven Lively Arts" series was willing to devote one of its few remaining hours this winter to jazz—and that, shortly thereafter, Steve Allen was able to put on an "all-star" jazz-TV program that at least had a sponsor, if not much else. A sizable number of educational FM stations now include a course on jazz, at one time or another, as naturally as a series on geopolitics. And for more than three years now John Wilson has been conducting "The World of Jazz," the first jazz program on New York's classical-music station, WQXR—a weekly half-hour that is now transmitted to over fifty countries by the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe.

More substantial books on jazz have been published in the past five years than in the previous twenty-five, among them the first thoroughly analytical study by a critic who is also a musician, André Hodeir's *Jazz: Evolution and Essence.* There is a lucid introductory history, most valuable for its account of pre-jazz origins, in Marshall Stearns' *The Story of Jazz;* and there are Leonard Feather's omnium-gatherums of biography, history, criticism, and miscellany, *The Encyclopedia of Jazz, The Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz,* and *The Book of Jazz.*

In recent years the impressive, and occasionally astonishing, breadth and depth of interest in jazz abroad has been recognized by the State Department itself. For example the Dizzy Gillespie band—despite its outrage to the aesthetic sensibilities of Senator Ellender—swung through a successful tour of the Middle East and Latin America under official auspices in 1956, and, early last year, the Department sent the Wilbur de Paris band on a three-month trek through Africa. For some time now the most popular service of the Voice of America, from Europe to the Pacific, has been the daily two-hour jazz program prepared and announced by the Voice's exceptionally capable jazz-expert, Willis Conover.

Even Russia—where attempts were formerly made to exorcize jazz as an especially noxious form of bourgeois decadence—is beginning to come around. The music is welcomed officially, though from a firmly parochial viewpoint. According to Max Frankel in the *New York Times,* the organ of the Ministry of Culture, *Sovetskaya Kultura,* has declared that "there is nothing wrong with jazz as a 'genre' if it can be developed into a 'native,' that is a Russian, jazz."

Throughout Western Europe and South America—and on such new frontiers as Warsaw, Ceylon, Tokyo, and Bombay—may now be found jazz magazines and groups of dedicated if derivative jazzmen. Indeed, the prestige of the jazz musician is usually higher abroad than it is here, a situation that has drawn to Europe a few jazz expatriates, mostly Negro, who prefer the psychic income there to the possibilities of larger but more ambiguous gains at home.

In America, in fact, though the audience is multiplying, the jazz musician's relationship to it is about what it was ten years ago. The conditions in which the music is played have changed very little. The places that book jazz musicians and the agents who manage them continue to handle jazz as though it were "entertainment," comparable to Perry Como, strip-teasers, and trampoline acts. During the same period jazz has increasingly—and, in retrospect, inevitably—become a music to listen to, rather than dance to or drink to, but it is not so treated in practice.

"What good," one composer-pianist asked recently, "is all the publicity if we still have to play most of the time to audiences who act as if they're at home watching television?"

YOUNG MEN OF JAZZ

THE problems of the musician with his audience are by no means new; Mozart must have made the same complaint. But jazz itself, on the other hand, was far more functional when it originated in the South, the Southwest, and along the Atlantic seaboard a half-century or more ago. The music (not then called "jazz") was played for parades, funerals, dances, bordellos, and other social activities. Many of the early jazzmen worked at other jobs during the day and regarded their music as an accepted way to participate in community life as well as a chance for extra income. They did not think of themselves as "artists."

Gradually the jazz musicians developed a degree of self-consciousness. By the 'thirties there were books, magazines, critics, discographers, and fervent fans to question them on all manner of abstruse points. But so long as jazz, for the musician, remained primarily an improvisational

kick, there was little conflict between his needs and his listeners' demands. Some musicians of that era in fact preferred an audience that was entertaining itself with talk and bibulous laughter, since they were then freed to play and improvise entirely for themselves. During the 'thirties, in any case, if Art Tatum or Roy Eldridge or Lester Young found no pleasure in playing for pay, he could seek it in after-hour jamming for an audience of musicians.

For the young modern jazzman, however, this kind of extra-curricular release is neither so easy to attain nor so fulfilling. For one thing, there is much less all-night jamming, a fact that saddens many of the jazzmen whose roots go back to the 'twenties and 'thirties.

"The other guys have the gigs [jobs] today," explains Roy Eldridge, forty-six, "and they don't want you to play with them if you don't play their things." The "other guys" are the younger men; their "things" are the arrangements and originals that every organized modern unit has carefully built from within itself.

Solo improvisation remains essential to modern as well as swing-era jazz, but increasingly the improvising emerges from the context of group expression. For a number of young jazz musicians, the transitory pleasures of improvising, however intense, are no longer enough of a goal. They want to communicate to an audience a durably constructed, whole performance in which the improvising and the writing are organically interrelated. Nearly every group that stays together long enough is working toward its own *body* of music in addition to the improvisational "styles" of its soloists.

As a result, the members of many of these groups become angry and discouraged when they have to perform for raucously inattentive nightclub patrons or shrill adolescents in large auditoriums. One exasperated leader, Charles Mingus, won a Pyrrhic victory over a normally aggravating audience about a year ago at New York's Café Bohemia. He cut through the babble by announcing grimly:

"We will now have an audience participation number. We will play four bars. Then you break glasses and talk and generally make noise for four bars. Then we'll play again. The title of the song is 'Reverse Psychology.' Dig?"

The audience was intimidated into silence for a number or two, but the next set was as noisy as ever.

This concern on the part of young jazzmen with building a group identity is also a product of the past ten years. In early jazz, during the first two and a half decades of this century, there had been collective improvising in which the soloist emerged from but did not dominate the group (for example, *Louis Armstrong: 1923* with King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, Riverside RLP 12-122). In time, however, the soloist predominated, except for those rare, uniquely cohesive units like the Duke Ellington band of the 'thirties and early 'forties, and the Count Basie bands of roughly the same period. (A superior Ellington program can be heard on *In a Mellotone,* Victor LPM-1364, while Basie is well represented in large and small band settings in *Lester Leaps In,* Epic LG-3107.) But Ellington, Basie, and a few other exceptions aside, the 'thirties were marked by the ascendancy of the improvising soloist.

BIRTH OF THE COOL

WHEN several young musicians of the late 'thirties became bored with what they regarded as the static jazz language of that time, and started to explore more complex harmonies and rhythms, what is now termed "modern jazz" began to emerge. At first, these experiments were made primarily by soloists, most notably the late Charlie Parker, within a customary setting of rhythm section and perhaps two horns in the front line. But eventually, in the late 'forties, some of the modernists began to wonder if their ephemeral performances might be made more cohesive and durable, and the arrangements and compositions might become strong and resilient enough to stand by themselves night after night and not be entirely dependent on the unpredictable improvising power of a given musician on a given evening.

An influential first step in this direction was made in 1949-50 by the Miles Davis nine-piece sessions, with writing by Gil Evans, Gerry Mulligan, John Lewis, and others (*Birth of the Cool,* Capitol T-762). During the next few years other units combined group expression with individual improvisation; in some there was less actual writing than parts developing out of trial-and-error. Examples were the sextet and quartet of Gerry Mulligan (*Mainstream of Jazz,* EmArcy 36101 and *Gerry Mulligan Quartet in Boston,* Pacific Jazz 1228). Other carefully integrated combinations in which solo improvising was still important were the Modern Jazz Quartet (*Fontessa,* Atlantic 1231); Jimmy Giuffre's trio (*The Jimmy Giuffre 3,* Atlantic 1254); Charles Mingus' Jazz Workshop (*The Clown,* Atlantic 1260); and the more informal but still disciplined Miles

Davis Quintet (*'Round About Midnight,* Columbia CL-949).

At the same time, there was a growing concern among jazz musician-writers as a whole for more challenging frameworks than had previously existed. Jazzmen began to be impressed with the possibilities for "The Future of Form in Jazz," the title of the most illuminating article yet printed on the subject, by Gunther Schuller in the *Saturday Review,* January 12, 1957. The successful writers were invariably those who developed forms from within the materials and traditions of jazz itself, instead of grafting classical devices onto jazz: George Russell, (*Jazz Workshop,* Victor LPM-1372); Teddy Charles and other young modern writers (*Tentet,* Atlantic 1229); André Hodeir (*American Jazzmen Play Essais,* Savoy 12104); Bill Holman (whose *Quartet* is contained in Shelly Manne's Volume 5, Contemporary 3519); Gil Mellé (*Primitive Modern,* Prestige 7040); and several others, including the unclassifiable and pervasively influential Thelonious Monk (*Brilliant Corners,* Riverside 12-226). There were also the more extended writings of Jimmy Giuffre and of John Lewis, musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet; and there had always been Duke Ellington, the most significant of the early shapers of more viable forms from within jazz.

There are enough players to execute such music accurately, since nearly all the young jazzmen are now well trained in the technique of their instruments and can read with nearly as quick fluency as their classical contemporaries. Furthermore, many of the adventurous young improvisers have become interested in the movement toward more challenging forms and have been co-operating with the writers and leaders. But where were these works to be played?

The discouraging context for "serious" jazz listening provided by even the few well-conducted night clubs is self-evident. A stray conventioneer can destroy the line of a composition for musician and listener alike with a couple of thirsty bellows; and most of the "regular" jazz club patrons lack the patience to sit through extended compositions. The large package shows, another major opportunity for jazz work, are even more constricting to the musician. These magnified vaudeville programs, euphemized as "concerts" by their promoters, are clamorously advertised on the basis of the "names" on the bill; and a musically logical, balanced program is the least concern of the management. The audiences for these shows have come to expect more and bigger names each season; and, for the most part, they are hungry for immediate thrills —usually involving their ability to recognize a currently popular record.



"YOU'RE ON!"

WHAT of the "festivals"? The largest, most publicized, and, unfortunately, most representative is the American Jazz Festival at Newport, Rhode Island. Each year its promoters try to cram as many "name" units as possible into each program, and the result of this assembly-line circus has been described by Oscar Peterson, a skilled, sensitive pianist, in an interview in the Canadian magazine, *Mayfair:*

"No one gets to prove anything. One of the nights we were at Newport . . . I think we did seven minutes. It's ridiculous to say you're going to book Basie, Ellington, Shearing, Garner, Brubeck, Condon, and so on, to play all on one night. Everybody's standing around and suddenly one of the organizers rushes up and says: 'Okay, George Shearing! You're on! You've got four minutes!' . . . I remember John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet complaining to me that after all the fuss and trouble getting to the place, he sat down and found the piano was way out of tune."

Peterson was indulging in hyperbole. Shearing's unit more likely received twenty than four minutes, but is twenty minutes enough? It is as if Emil Gilels were invited to make a guest appearance at Carnegie Hall to play half a Beethoven sonata. At another of the "festivals," the New York Jazz Festival at Randall's Island, the promoter last year instructed his "acts" not to play any ballads lest the impatient adolescents in the audience become restive. Not even at Lewisohn Stadium are conductors ordered to omit all adagio movements.

These examples of conspicuous vulgarity do not characterize all the summer jazz rites. There are satisfactions and hope for the future in the jazz section of the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival. The initial Great South Bay Jazz Festival on Long Island last year gave promise to musicians that its promoters were actually more concerned with music than with emulating Mike Todd. And there is beginning to be room for "serious" modern jazz programs in the summer-long series of concerts presented at the Music Barn, an adjunct of Music Inn in the Berkshires (here also is the new School of Jazz, whose first three-week semester took place in the late summer of 1957).

Music Inn, Stratford, and a few other sites for jazz-making are the exception, however, in the life of the jazz player, most of whose working time is spent in night clubs and to a lesser extent in "packages." Many of them have had and are continuing to have extensive musical training; many approach their careers with a dedication comparable to that of their classical contemporaries. They feel their playing should be judged as music and not by show-biz criteria.

Miss Jutta Hipp, for example, an intent young German pianist who emigrated here two years ago, was able to find work at first because of the exotic promotional possibilities of a lissome, long-haired European jazz-girl with an improbably exact last name. In the past year, however, her employment opportunities have dwindled dishearteningly; the main reason for her "decline" given by club owners and bookers is that she doesn't smile enough.

Another cumulative burden for many young musicians is the demand to "create" six nights a week for several hours each night or, in cities like Boston, seven nights a week. Jazz of quality, whether traditional or modern, is an exhausting craft. Granted that some jazzmen have fixed patterns of improvisation, sometimes for whole choruses, they still must be able to project some degree of "spontaneous" conviction for many hours every night; and for their own self-respect, as well as the respect of their colleagues, they must avoid jazz-by-rote as much as they can. The wife of one notable jazz player-composer was angered recently when a critic complained that her husband hadn't been writing much lately. "How can he have the strength to write," she demanded, "after he gets home from composing on his horn six hours a night all week?"

There remain as well a number of modern jazz musicians who hardly get work at all because they are considered too "esoteric," and many provocative and possibly significant modern jazz compositions do not get played in clubs or at the usual run of jazz "concerts." To my knowledge, none of George Russell's compositions in his Victor *Jazz Workshop* set—one of the most important albums since the Miles Davis 1949-50 Capitol date—has even been performed in a New York night club, let alone in other cities. Where can John Lewis, Jimmy Giuffre, or J. J. Johnson have their compositions in Columbia's extraordinary *Music for Brass* album (CL 941) performed?

This past June, Brandeis became the first university to commission a concert equally divided between compositions by jazz writers and classical composers interested in jazz. Columbia, because of the taste and consistent "public service" perspective of its jazz album head, George Avakian, did record the works. But, again, where can they be heard "live"? They are meant by their composers to be performed before an audience again and again, but Birdland is not the place for a selection from the *Music for Brass* or the Brandeis set, nor is the middle of a Count Basie–Sarah Vaughan–Al Hibbler–Jeri Southern–and-many-more package show.

XANADU BLUES

MANY musicians, however, persist in believing that somewhere there must be a paradise in which the pleasure domes are filled with quietly attentive audiences, the hours are reasonable, the concerts are not supermarket sales, and the festivals are festive. There are, for instance, widening opportunities along the college circuit. A few units like Dave Brubeck's and the Modern Jazz Quartet are spending an increasing amount of their time playing one-nighters at universities rather than spending weeks in night clubs. The presence of an audience that has come primarily to listen, and the knowledge that the two or two-and-a-half hours involved will not be followed by several more the same night, can have remarkably energizing and satisfying effects on many modern groups.

There are also a few young promoters who are beginning to act as though they thought the stifling package shows were not the most desirable way of presenting jazz "in concert." George Wein of Boston, who oddly enough is responsible for the Newport Grand Guignol, is proceeding in quite another direction in his fall and winter selves. He has booked Dave Brubeck's quartet *by itself* in Symphony Hall in Boston, the Modern Jazz Quartet by itself in

Jordan Hall, and Erroll Garner alone in Symphony Hall. This autumn, he instituted the first tour under his newest banner, Concert Jazz productions, presenting the Brubeck quartet—again by itself—along a circuit of some fifteen cities in Canada and the United States, a number of which are not sufficiently populous to be visited by the omnibus package productions (among them Trenton, Bridgeport, Manchester, Hartford, and Montreal).

"It is only in the small concerts of this sort," notes the ringmaster of Newport, "that the artist can be presented with the dignity that he deserves. . . . Instead of . . . the large tours once a year with six important jazz artists in an all-star show, the aim is to present five or six smaller concerts featuring a different single artist each time in many towns, large and small."



Mr. Wein simplified his intentions for a *Down Beat* reporter: "In the classical field, we have a Rubinstein, a Horowitz, or a Menuhin who can attract many persons in a single evening's concert. There should and can be the same thing with jazz performers. Can you picture a 'battle of cellos' between Casals and Piatigorsky? The classicists don't need that and neither does jazz."

Even the two major classical concert agencies, Columbia Artists Management and National Artists Corporation, are trying out a jazz presentation this season along their long-established classical wheels. Neither management office has used much imagination in forming its units but the start, however stumbling, does suggest that the jazz musician may not be forced forever to depend solely on the atavistic jazz agencies. Columbia and NAC are not, I should add, that much more serene a sanctuary for musicians than the Associated Booking Corporation, the Willard Alexander office, Shaw Artists, and the Gale Agency of the jazz world; but at least the classical offices do not have to have explained to them what the word "concert" means.

Most of the jazz bookers, for example, are happily idiotic in the way they arrange college jazz concerts. A few jazz leaders like Brubeck and Mulligan are strong enough in will and drawing power to insist on being booked alone, but other jazz combos find themselves twisted into packages for the colleges that are still inappropriately and sometimes grotesquely mixed. As jazz begins to move out of the night clubs, a background in basic jazz aesthetics is going to be absolutely essential for all bookers in jazz agencies. Unfortunately, the heads of the agencies are most in need of instruction and least aware of that melancholy fact.

Another set of answers may be worked out by George Wein as he gains experience with his "Concert Jazz Productions." A third alternative was explored in the spring of 1957 by George Avakian of Columbia Records. With his classical violinist wife, Anahid Ajemian, Avakian presented a series of four "Music for Moderns" concerts at Town Hall in New York for which they carefully combined leading classical artists and several of the most eloquent modern jazz groups.

One Sunday afternoon program, for example, included the Modern Jazz Quartet in an original, impressionistic film score written by its music director, John Lewis; Erik Satie's *"Sports et Divertissements"* played by William Masselos with narration by Virgil Thomson; and Debussy's "Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp" played by John Wummer, Walter Trampler, and Edward Vito. Similar series in other cities could combine the audiences for both jazz and classical music, and could especially provide the jazz musician a job in which how much he smiled would not be the main consideration.

TOO QUIET OUT THERE

A CAUTION should be entered here, however. Even if optimum concert opportunities were opened, the exodus from the jazz night clubs is not likely to make them obsolete. There will always be jazzmen, including a sizable number of young players, who will feel happier in clubs, intermittent drunks notwithstanding.

"I get very nervous," singer Anita O'Day said recently, "when it gets completely quiet out there. I feel better when the audience is balling it up a little; then I can relax too."

And Jimmy Giuffre, one of the most active writer-leaders in modern jazz, told a Toronto reporter: "I don't particularly like to play jazz in a concert hall. I like the attention you get, but not the stiffness, the formality. I prefer the easy relaxed atmosphere of a club—but without the noise!"

There are other jazz groups flexible enough in temperament and repertory to be effective in several different contexts. Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, who accurately calls himself a modern traditionalist, can be equally at home at a college concert or playing at a neighborhood bar. (He is now with Miles Davis, who prefers night clubs.) Similarly, the best bands of Count Basie and Woody Herman will communicate directly and fully almost anywhere. Herman, in fact, is skeptical about any move to transfer jazz from the clubs.

"Take jazz out of the saloons?" he told Ralph Gleason. "Then it won't be jazz. It's hard to keep that naturalness in a concert hall."

But a growing number of the young players disagree with Herman, and there are also older jazzmen who would have much to say to a concert audience. Major contributors to the jazz language like Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, or Ben Webster have rarely, if ever, been presented in concert with the care and quality of accompaniment they have long deserved.



THE DUKE, WHO GOOFED

FOR a time the man who came closer than any other jazz musician to escaping from the round of requests at dances and at night clubs, and creating a concert situation in which he alone determined what he would play, was Duke Ellington. From 1943 to 1950 Ellington presented an annual Carnegie Hall program of substance and durable originality, usually repeated at Symphony Hall in Boston and other similar locations. But sometime during the 'forties, he apparently became discouraged and fell back, until quite recently, on his impressive repertory of standard originals. For subsistence, he had to depend largely on the grinding routine of one-nighters in ballrooms and at private parties, interspersed with occasional stays at night clubs and resorts. Some of the men in the band are said to have grumbled that Ellington was playing only a small percentage of his book, and that some of his new, provocative material wasn't being played at all. He answered that the kind of dates and the kind of audiences they had to play for demanded familiar material. And so, what could have been the most fruitful decade of his career—following upon the "Black, Brown, and Beige," "Deep South Suite," "New World A-Comin'," and other works of the 'forties—became instead a time in which Ellington the "entertainer" superseded Ellington the first major jazz composer.

When a chance came in the summer of 1956 for Ellington to present a pair of concerts at the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival, he chose a "sure-fire" program consisting of a few pieces of some consequence, a drum exhibition, some ormolu vocal numbers, and a couple of other shallow concoctions aimed at grabbing the attention of characteristic night-club and package-show audiences. But the Stratford audience was neither. Many of those present both nights, in fact, were middle-aged visitors to Stratford who had come to see the plays and were expectantly curious about jazz.

After the first concert, and the rather mild audience reaction, Ellington said to the music director of the festival, "You know, I goofed." The latter agreed that Ellington should have chosen a more musically substantial program. So strong, however, had Ellington's long-bred habit become, of "entertaining" to keep the band and himself alive, that his second Stratford concert was the same as the first.

The fault, if that's the word in this case, is not entirely his. He has never had a booking agency or a manager who knew how and where to place a leader and a band of such unique quality and value. He has never been able to escape from the hungry obscurantism of the jazz booking agencies, which have kept him working but under such conditions that he decreasingly had the time or encouragement to continue writing at the sustained imaginative level of which he had long since proved himself capable.

This year at Town Hall, as part of the "Music for Moderns" series, Ellington premiered "Such Sweet Thunder," a loose collection of twelve attempts "to parallel in miniature some of the . . . characters in Shakespeare, sometimes to the point of caricature." Most of the sections were thoroughly agreeable, though rarely moving, but the "suite" had obviously been hastily patched together and the connection of its parts with the characters from Shakespeare purportedly depicted was so quixotic that the collected works

of any other author might have served as well. Even at this concert, before an audience that included Dmitri Mitropoulos and was clearly willing to listen attentively, Duke could not resist his characteristic half-mocking, we-do-so-want-to-amuse-you introductions. And, with saddening inevitability, he ended the concert by saying, "We love you madly," smiling "cheese" through it all. The young jazz trumpeter Miles Davis, a devoted admirer of Ellington, delivered a one-line review on his way out, "Man, that man is putting *everybody* on."

Most of the young modern jazzmen are unlikely to come close to Ellington's creative achievements but they do not want, on the other hand, to "put on" anybody, knowing that the form of mockery this phrase connotes is as much directed against the self as against an audience. They want to communicate as honestly and as deeply as they can. And increasing numbers of them therefore feel that the time has come to leave the places where jazz has hitherto been played. They feel that much of the audience will follow them, and that more will come to hear them where they *can* be heard.

END OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

EARLIER this year, a report of a conference on "The Arts and Exchange of Persons" at the Institute of International Education, stated that jazz is ". . . a valuable means of furthering exchange-of-persons programs . . . but . . . greater emphasis might be placed on opportunities for study in these fields in the United States. Jazz is the stepchild of music so far as institutions are concerned. When its name is mentioned in Congress, politicians shudder. On the other hand, foreign intellectuals whom we wish to impress, feel that jazz is an integral part of American music.

"Very few serious music schools in this country," the report went on, "even give instruction in jazz or popular music. It is ironic that at the Juilliard or Eastman schools one learns how to write symphonies or operas which will seldom be performed if at all. . . . We believe that courses should be established in our conservatories and colleges to show the evolution of jazz, popular music, and folk music. . . . We should take our jazz seriously if we are to have a really representative international program."

The report is accurate as far as it goes. But where are courses to be established for concert bookers and personal managers? Although many musicians are now ready for it, the exodus from the night clubs will not take place until a new generation of managers and bookers, who understand what the musicians want and need, have established a place for themselves in the music business. Until that time, Charlie Mingus will continue to rail uselessly at night-club audiences, and valuable new jazz compositions will be performed, if at all, at recording studios, while a few stray concerts provide all the basic income there is for the experimental jazz writer. In this respect, incidentally, the position of the contemporary jazz composer is almost identical to that of the classical composer, except that the former does have more chances to be recorded.

The record companies, as far as that goes, have always been ahead of the booking agencies, club owners, and package producers. So, of course, have the musicians. But the men who determine where and how the jazz musician works continue, for the most part, to care little about the musician himself and much less about his music. They are gratified at the growth in popularity and acceptance of jazz within the past ten years, because their own commissions have increased accordingly. But, as far as the cultural position of jazz is concerned, most of the middlemen are typified by the agency executive who was angered by the insistence of Erroll Garner's manager that Garner would do only one concert a night during a proposed recent tour of Britain. The agent had been accustomed to docile jazzmen who were rushed through European tours working two and sometimes three concerts a day.

"Who the hell do you think Garner is, Rubinstein?" he demanded.

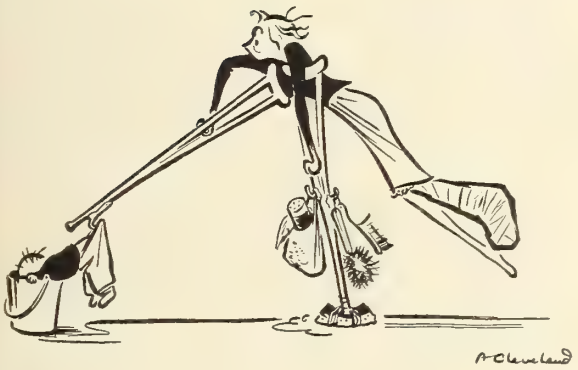
"In his field, he is," answered Martha Glaser, one of the rare managers of ability and courage in jazz. "He's a creative musician, and he's not going to wear himself out doing two concerts a night. We go to Britain as human beings, or we don't go at all."

Mr. Garner, though he is in much demand by the jazz public in Britain, visited there last year as a non-working tourist. He will play there in the future only if his wholly reasonable conditions of one concert a night are met. If he wins, he will have set an isolated but valuable precedent.

It will take many such precedents, however, before jazz musicians are graduated from Birdland and the sawdust trail to places where they can reach an audience without competing with cigarette girls who sell teddy bears or hawkers for programs and "special Newport hats."

Lorna Jean King

The Work Cure for Women



THIS vague put-upon feeling had been bothering me for some time, but only recently did I finally realize that I'm just one victim of a vast conspiracy. Chances are that any woman who has seen a doctor—a male doctor—in the last ten years has had the same kind of experience.

It started back in 1950 when I had to go to the clinic with a badly infected finger. I always get wounded in the annual battle with the rose bushes. After the precautionary tetanus shot, I wondered what to do for the finger.

"Oh, that," the doctor said cheerfully. "Nothing better for it than hot soapy dishwater three times a day."

I was somewhat let down, since I'd been rehearsing a speech to my husband about the impossibility of my doing dishes for at least a week.

The following winter I came down with a cold which vacillated between chest and sinuses for several days. When home remedies failed, I called on a throat specialist. After the usual sprays, throat paintings, and antibiotics, he said briskly:

"You'll be fine in a few days—and remember, there's nothing better than steam for these congestions. Be sure to inhale the steam from your dishwater, and turn the shower on full blast while you clean the bathroom."

"There's a good deal of steam involved in ironing clothes, too," I said sourly.

"Fine, fine," he said, obviously encouraged by my co-operative attitude.

That evening, when my husband asked why I was banging the dishes around so viciously, I countered by inquiring why it was that when *he* had a cold the doctor always told him to go to bed.

Some time later I sprained my ankle. I told my husband it hurt too badly to be broken, but he insisted on rushing me to the orthopedist. Two X-rays and $20 later, the doctor was taping me up with a professional flourish.

"I suppose I'll have to stay off my foot for a few days," I ventured.

"Not at all," he boomed. "These things heal fastest when you keep on using them."

I mentioned that when my cousin sprained *his* ankle they told him to stay off it for a week.

"Well, circumstances alter cases," the doctor said evasively. "I'll tell you though, it's a good idea to put your foot up occasionally while you are sewing."

"Thanks a lot," I muttered.

Not long after, I found evidence that doctors will apparently stop at nothing. The following is an Associated Press dispatch datelined Calgary, Canada.

> To housewives who aim at top physical condition: get down and scrub the kitchen floor. This advice comes from Dr. D. Plewes, consultant for Canada's health and welfare department, who says, "Some of the best exercises for women are done on the hands and knees and utilize floor scrubbing motions."

I was busy planning a counter-campaign which would persuade doctors to prescribe lawn mowing instead of golf for middle-aged males, when I discovered I was in what used to be called "a delicate condition." My husband waited on me hand and foot—until after our first visit to the obstetrician.

"Now about exercises," he said cheerfully. (Have you ever noticed how maddeningly cheerful doctors are?) "The best exercises are ones you can do while you work around the house. Bend your knees and keep your back straight when you do your dusting. Practice deep breathing while you wash dishes and—"

"—Inhale the steam," I said absently.

Ross M. Robertson

Four Steps to Halt the Slump —*and avoid another*

A former Federal Reserve Bank economist examines the cause—and the cost—of the present slump, and outlines the simple measures needed to get business back into high gear.

FOR the third time within a decade the American economy has suffered the jolt of a business slump. Once again we are enduring the waste of idle men and equipment as total demand falls short of what fully employed resources can produce.

The current recession is particularly frustrating. For one thing, it could have been avoided by prompt and imaginative use of an enlightened public policy. For another, it has been marked by unusually serious unemployment; approximately one-third of the country's major labor-market areas already have reached the danger point of "substantial labor surplus." Far more significant, though, is the fact that the present dip portends a slowing of the vigorous, surging growth of the economy which, up to the mid-1950s, most of us had come to accept as normal.

Actually, there is no need for apprehension. The recession can be halted and the economy impelled forward at or near its astonishingly great potential. But exhorting consumers and businessmen to have faith, while depending entirely upon small increases in spending for defense and remodeling post offices, will not do. To achieve an economic stability required by modern standards, the government must take firm, unequivocal action—and do it now.

As we shall see, the steps to full employment and consistent, uninterrupted economic growth are simple enough. Indeed, they are largely procedural, requiring only minor changes in the agencies responsible for stabilization measures. But before deciding what ought to be done, we need to diagnose our current ills and take a careful look at the outmoded economic philosophy of a good many of today's policy-makers.

A "FAILURE-TO-GROW" RECESSION

BY THE late spring of 1957 every economist in the country worth his salt knew that the economy was faltering, and as the year wore on it became clear that if even "routine prosperity" were to persist there would have to be a fall upturn comparable to that of 1956. To be sure, the national income, in dollars of falling purchasing power, showed respectable quarter-to-quarter gains, and consumer outlays continued the gentle upward drift of recent years. But when the figures were corrected for price increases, it was apparent that actual output was little more than holding its own. The Federal Reserve index of industrial production bore out the conclusion of loss of momentum. From an all-time high of 147 in December 1956 the index declined to 143 the following April and varied only two points from that figure through September, when it stood at 144 (1947-49 = 100).

In the fourth quarter of 1957, as everyone knows, the leveling-out actually became a downturn, with production and income falling and unemployment rising rather rapidly. What must be understood is that we already were in trouble when, for nearly a year, the amount of goods and services produced and sold held about constant.

Why? The answer is easy. In the postwar era our productive capacity has grown at an average rate of about 4 per cent each year—the result both of increased productivity and of an increase in the quantity of our resources, including labor. It follows that when business activity levels out,

excess capacity begins to appear. Or to put it the other way around, the gross national product (the amount of goods and services actually sold in the market place) has to increase at an annual rate of 4 per cent if an increasingly productive labor force and physical plant are to remain fully employed.

It can be argued, of course, that we need not concern ourselves with so small a shortfall, in present dollar figures amounting to something like $17 billion a year. Indeed, there would be little cause for worry if the increasing sluggishness of sales did not react, and rather quickly, on businessmen's *expectations*. As excess capacity appears, executives begin to revise downward their planned expenditures on new plant and equipment, with a consequent fall in activity in the industries which provide these goods. As unemployment appears in the capital-goods industries, producers of consumer durables—particularly automobiles and appliances—feel the pinch, and incomes fall further. The result, as Professor Robert Turner puts it, is a "failure-to-grow" recession.

How serious can such a recession become? The answer seems to be that—in spite of a generation of legislation aimed at protecting the economy against major storms—recessions can still become bad enough to bring a politically intolerable amount of unemployment.

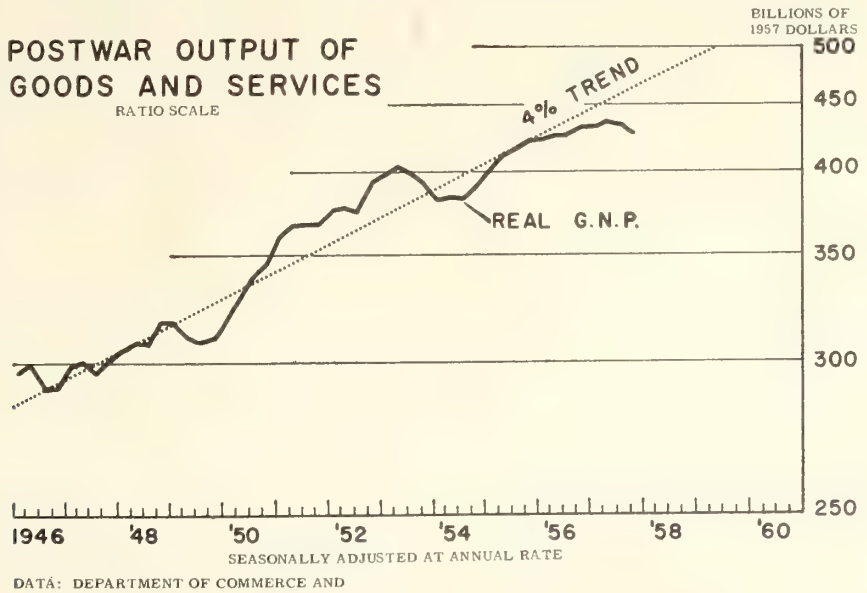
Let us assume the best, though, rather than the worst. Let us suppose that industrial production turns upward this spring or early summer and that employment rises steadily to the end of the year. Even under this most optimistic assumption, it is hard to see how levels of production and income can be much higher in late 1958 than they were at the end of 1956. And under no circumstances will it be possible for the total output of goods and services to reach the postwar trend line before some time in 1959.

A glance at the chart on this page suggests how far the American economy has missed its output potential since 1955. We have already lost the *addition* to total production which a normal growth rate in 1956 and 1957 would have given us, and we will lose more in 1958. Idle resources will cause the American people to forgo goods and services worth at least $50 billion. The social cost of a poorly performing economy is great indeed.

Modern economics can prescribe a remedy, for economics as a discipline has made gains in the past generation comparable to those in the physical and biological sciences. But the prescriptions are of no use if policy-makers, whatever their political persuasions, refuse to accept them.

ARTICLES OF FAITH

UNFORTUNATELY for the cause of economic stability, men in their middle years and later—the ones who are running things now—learned their economics in a day when the subject was little more than a branch of philosophy. Unless they have made a heroic effort to keep up, the economic principles which they absorbed are of little use in solving today's policy problems. They are simply articles of faith, embraced with religious fervor, that stand solidly in the way of responsible, adequate government action when it is required.



DATA: DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS

Perhaps the sorriest of these beliefs is the notion that somehow or other a temporary interruption in economic expansion is a *good* thing for the economy and the people in it. All kinds of reassuring figures are conjured up, in the business press and political speeches, to suggest that business must on occasion "catch its breath" or "regroup its forces" or "digest its new gains in capacity." In the silliest and most vulgar of these images the slowing economy is likened to an inebriate recovering from too many martinis. This is patronizing nonsense. Bad business is bad for business; and unemployment is bad for workers. As Professor John Lewis has remarked, "The flexibility and efficiency of the productive mechanism is greatest when activity is expanding steadily, not stalling. And certainly the only way to digest new capacity is to use it." Nor can we blink the suffering of the man without a job. Character is not built in the degradation of unemployment or in the hardships of a household with sharply reduced income.

More harmful, though, as a deterrent to positive action, is the fetish of a balanced budget. Because a family or a business cannot long allow outgo to exceed income, it is assumed that the federal government cannot do so without risking "national bankruptcy." But this simply is not so, for the reason that a sovereign government can always pay its bills. One of the first principles of economics, and possibly the first principle of public finance, is that legitimate and necessary goals of government should never be sacrificed to any prejudgment about the state of the budget. Of course it should sometimes be in balance; there are also times when it should be in surplus and times when it should be in deficit.

But there is a third article of faith that stands in the way of a deficit when it is sensible to have one. This is the belief that there is something peculiarly burdensome about the public debt. Business executives whose firms are regularly borrowing in capital markets, because it is often good business to do so, somehow can't understand that government borrowing may be as productive as corporate or individual borrowing. Moreover, the federal debt, except for the bookkeeping costs of servicing it, is burdenless. In the aggregate it places no pressure on the economy. We do indeed owe it to ourselves; the $275 billion of debt is offset by $275 billion worth of financial assets—*i.e.*, government securities—owned by some American or an American institution. Even the interest on the debt represents a simple transfer—from citizens as taxpayers to citizens as bondholders. Nor do we shift a burden to our children. They inherit the debt liability, but they inherit an equal amount of government bonds. And I suspect that our children will thank us for handing this country over to them intact, free of the devastation of war and tooled up for the scientific adventures of the next generation.

Such reasoning is so easily followed and so patently logical that these parts of the orthodox credo might well be dropped, if it were not for the fourth article of faith—the one with just enough sense in it to give credence to the other three. A good many sincere, public-spirited people are convinced that the gravest danger to the United States lies in inflation. The papers these days are full of warnings that we must take care not to "strengthen our defenses and ruin our economy in the process."

It is true that upward pressures on prices probably will present a recurrent problem. Historically, though, the United States has had severe bouts with inflation only during and immediately after wars, and the only time we have suffered a runaway inflation was during the Revolution. It is almost inconceivable that, with present American capacity to produce, we should ever be threatened with the kind of inflation that breaks an economy and ruins the middle class. Furthermore, a case can be made for the assertion that inflation has sometimes had a salubrious influence; as an economic historian I can vouch for the fact that some of our greatest bursts of economic growth have been in times of rising prices.

Nevertheless, we should all agree that the ideal of a continuously expanding economy, performing at or very near its potential *with a constant price level,* is worth striving for. The point that I would insist on is that stable prices should never be the *first* goal of public policy and that in the present crisis other objectives clearly have a higher priority. At the moment, we cannot afford to indulge the high-minded devotees of the anti-inflation religion.

STEPS TO STABILITY

IT IS by no means unlikely that political pressures exerted by the American people will result in the actions needed to ease the current economic distress and provide an adequate defense establishment. More than once in the past decade the architects of policy have responded to voter demands which ran counter to the faith.

We cannot, however, safely wait for political pressures to build up. Four steps—one a short-

run corrective measure and three for the long pull—should be promptly taken.

(1) ***Unbalance the budget.***

It would be folly to try to ride out the current recession with the budget in balance, even at the high level of $74 billion. The drift of the economic indicators plainly calls for a cash deficit until genuine recovery, including a reduction of unemployment to less than two million, is achieved. Prudence suggests a cash deficit for calendar 1958 at least as great as this year's probable drop in business plant and equipment expenditures—variously estimated at from $2.5 to $5 billion. The required income effect can be achieved either by raising expenditures or by cutting taxes, and tax reduction has the advantage of speed. My own preference is for a 15 per cent across-the-board reduction in personal income-tax rates, with an automatic return to present rates in January or April of 1959. But the important thing is to get quickly the stimulating effect of a deficit big enough to see with the naked eye.

It follows that there should be an end to quibbling over raising the debt ceiling by some amount such as $3 or $5 billion. The ceiling should be *removed,* not *raised.* It serves no good purpose, and it keeps us from employing a proper fiscal policy. Moreover, we have had enough of the undignified subterfuges of the Treasury to keep, legally and technically, within the debt limit. They have made public financing needlessly complicated and costly. And surely we should have no more of that kind of parsimony which keeps operational aircraft on the ground to save gasoline or reduces the rate of progress payments to Air Force contractors.

(2) ***Make the Federal Reserve System politically responsible.***

For the longer run objective of avoiding future trouble, it is imperative to link the Federal Reserve System directly to the executive branch of the government. The present arrangement, under which the Board of Governors can and does fly in the face of an Administration's wishes and responsibility, is intolerable.

I hope that I will not be misunderstood. Perhaps no agency in government approaches its task in the spirit of dedication shown by the Federal Reserve System. Its officers are men of integrity and great capabilities. The network of economic intelligence maintained by the Board staff and the research departments of the twelve Reserve Banks is unrivaled in this country.

The more's the pity, then, when System monetary policies—exerted too long and too vigorously—contribute to, if they do not actually induce, a downturn. Unquestionably, Federal Reserve authorities are more sensitive to the threat of inflation than to the prospect of slump and unemployment. For example, as we emerged from the recession of 1953-54, the monetary authorities were shifting from ease to restraint late in the fourth quarter of 1954—long before ordinary mortals knew that a boom was beginning. But Federal Reserve moved with no similar alacrity to ease bank reserves and reduce interest rates when, by the midsummer of 1957, it was perfectly obvious to less knowledgeable observers than Federal Reserve economists that the economy was heading into a storm. Indeed, the System took the unexpected and ill-advised action of raising the discount rate in August, tightening the capital markets almost unbearably.

This move was not made carelessly or in haste. Federal Reserve authorities are for the most part convinced that hyperactivity and inflation, not depression and deflation, now pose the great questions of public policy. They have thus turned to price stability—rather than stability of employment and income—for their chief guide to money management. Until August of 1957, however, it could be assumed that Board members and their top advisers would be content simply to stop price increases and accept the new levels as accomplished, if undesirable, facts of life. Events of the late summer suggested that Chairman Martin and a majority of the Federal Open Market Committee felt that certain "inflated" prices would have to come down, that temporary over-capacity in some lines would bring them down, and that an easier money policy would not be instituted until they did come down. Although the Chairman denied any intention of inducing a recession, the austere money and credit policy pursued vigorously into November —long after demand weakness had materialized— unduly postponed the boost to certain kinds of expenditure that cheaper and more accessible money would have given.

Had the System not been pretty well insulated from political demands by its cherished "independence," remedial action would have come much sooner than it did. There are, I suppose, some advantages to keeping the monetary authorities protected from every political tremor coming up from the grass roots. For this reason few would advocate the nationalization of our central bank, following the lead of most other countries of the world, which would make it in effect an

adjunct of the Treasury. But the framers of the Federal Reserve Act were aware of the problem of executive responsibility when they originally made two Treasury officials *ex officio* members of the Federal Reserve Board—an arrangement which was undone by the Banking Act of 1935. It would be a simple matter to make the Secretary of the Treasury once again a member of the Board, and with him the Under Secretary, filling two of the seven places. To do any less is to delegate great power without requiring direct responsibility to the people. And we would then find that monetary and debt-management policies could once again be made consistent, and the unpleasant spectacle of the Treasury and the central bank working at odds would disappear.

(3) ***Unhinge residential building from monetary policy.***

Whatever compromise is reached with respect to tying the Board of Governors to the executive branch of the government, it is clear that one link between monetary policy and the economy must be severed. Tight money had its sharpest impact on the housing industry. During the period of rising interest rates, new house starts fell steadily; the number of dwelling units built in 1957 was almost one-third less than the number put up in 1955. Home building declined largely for the reason that VA and FHA loans, with their rigid interest rates, were attractive to lenders only upon the payment of discounts to increase yields.

Anyone who has obtained an FHA-insured mortgage within the past three years knows what a discount is. It is the number of "points"—the percentage of the mortgage note—deducted from the loan proceeds in order to secure the financing. A discount of 5 points on a $15,000 mortgage means an addition of $750 to the down payment, enough to discourage many would-be buyers. Moreover, the law prohibits the payment by veteran-borrowers of discounts on VA loans. Builders were thus forced to absorb this extra cost or not sell their existing inventories. They then had to choose between adding the extra financing charges to the price of new construction or not building. Unfortunately, many non-luxury builders took the latter alternative.

In any case, discounts, by adding to the cost of new houses, caused less of them to be taken from the market just when sales of other goods were booming. Following the recent drop in interest rates, discounts will fall, and we shall observe the paradox of improving residential construction in a period of general business decline. A case could be made for letting one industry bear the brunt of stabilization policy if it were not for the high social priority which housing ought to have right now in the United States. I can only conclude that the level of residential building activity must be unhinged from monetary policy by placing competitive, flexible interest rates on federally underwritten mortgages.

(4) ***Require the Council of Economic Advisers to speak forthrightly.***

But problems like this one cannot be resolved one at a time. We have in the Council of Economic Advisers an agency established to give American economic programs a measure of coherence and consistency which, for all our resources, seems ever to fall short of the mark.

PLATFORM BEFORE THE CASTLE

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

ALAS, poor ghost, have you come all the way
From where you are supposed to stay
To cry *Adieu, remember you?*

Have you forgotten the tempo
Of living is *prestissimo?*
Remembering, on the other hand, is slow.

The past is deep; it is the place we would prefer to keep
Things we should not have done;
Of which you are one;

And who can be expected to remember you
When he has got
So many other things to do that he should not?

Specifically, the Council in recent years has prepared Economic Reports which tell, in exquisite and apologetic detail, what has happened, but there has been little attention to programing for the near future. The 1958 *Report* was especially notable for its failure to offer a realistic and helpful prognosis. Yet the Employment Act plainly requires the Council to set forth in the *Economic Report* ". . . foreseeable trends in the levels of employment, production, and purchasing power" and to set the standard of performance which a full-employment economy should attain.

The trouble we are in was widely anticipated by individual economists, in and out of government, many months ago. It should have been foreseen by the Council, spelled out by the President, and wrestled with by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress while there was still time to prevent the business slide. But since the last of the Truman Councils there have been no published official projections of business activity, and unless we know where we are going we can't take steps to prevent what we don't like.

The Council of Economic Advisers should be required by law to publish semi-annual technical projections of economic performance for the ensuing six months, together with detailed recommendations for bringing a slumping economy back to normal activity. The projections would sometimes miss the mark, but not often. Top-notch graduate students consistently have a high degree of accuracy on an exercise like this; the Council, with its well-oiled data-gathering machinery, could turn in a spectacular performance. To do any less is to subject decision-makers in government and business to the continuing tyranny of fuzzy expectations.

THE TREND LINE

A WONDERFUL old teacher of economics at Kansas used to say that there are two kinds of economists—the sad-philosopher type and the merry-moron type. Like a good many of John Ise's cynicisms, this one has turned out to be as useful in the booming 'fifties as it was in the gloomy 'thirties.

For whether we like it or not, the men who do most of the thinking for Americans on economic subjects divide into two camps. The sad philosophers, somewhat in the minority, are a cheerless lot, who fear above all the bogy of inflation, preferring some unemployment and a good bit of character building to an economy that runs full tilt all the time. The merry morons, who don't worry about inflation, insist that it's wicked not to push output to the limit and urge a hyperactive economy in a mature welfare state.

Between these divergent philosophies there is a middle ground. Public policy must find it or incur some excessively high social costs.

Those who fret unduly about the evils of an unbalanced budget and inflation should recall the massive deficits of World War II and take comfort. They cured a depression which had lasted eleven years and sent the economy on to brilliant production records. Despite three rounds of inflation, real disposable income—*i.e.*, income after taxes and in dollars of constant purchasing power—has more than doubled since 1939; on a per capita basis it has increased by about 70 per cent over the same period. Moreover, since the war the national debt has remained constant while the tax base from which it is serviced has grown steadily, and years of Treasury surplus have just about equaled years of Treasury deficit.

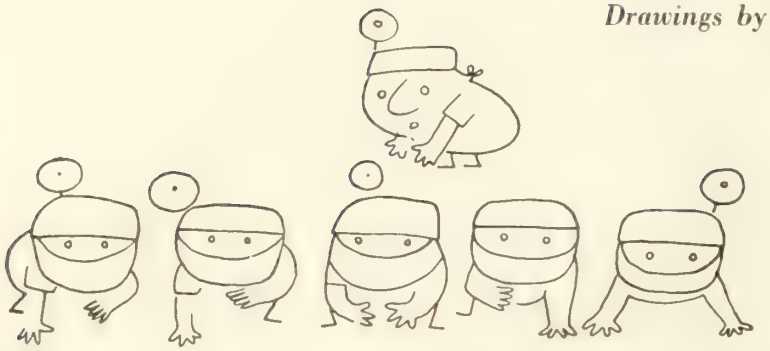
Those who would run the economy under forced draft, who would have the trend line of growth cut through the very peaks of past performance, must be reminded that the quantity of resources and their productivity increase by modest amounts each year. Historically, the problem of inflation has been solved by allowing upward swings in prices to be followed by downward swings. If we decide to eliminate deflation and its accompanying hardship, we must try also to contain inflation and the harm it does to the minority of institutions and people whose incomes fall in real terms as prices rise.

The inescapable fact remains that the current recession involves a great loss, one which the country can ill afford at a time when our very existence requires a clever and imaginative use of our productive machinery. A grave danger of the moment is that the economy will not quickly return to full employment. Early 1958 is no time to restrict necessary defense expenditures on grounds of "economy," or to present potty little plans for aid to education, or to reduce foreign-assistance programs to ineffectiveness. There is a positive *need* for these income-generating expenditures.

Nor will there be a better time to begin work on the long-run problem of keeping production steadily on the postwar trend line of economic growth. A solution will not be easy, but it won't be much tougher than launching a manned satellite—and it obviously is far more important to all of us who expect to keep on living here, rather than on the moon.

By MARION K. SANDERS

Drawings by Vic Volk



Country Doctors Catch Up

By teaming together in rural clinics, a few of them are demonstrating how to bring top-quality medical service to country patients—and how to stop the best physicians from drifting toward the big cities.

THE most comforting bedside presence I have known was a country doctor who practiced, as had his father and grandfather, in upstate New York. During our summer vacations in the north woods our children had a perverse habit of running fevers or falling out of trees the day after my husband, who is also a physician, had left for the city. Then my anxious phone calls would bring Bob Reynolds from his home ninety miles away to soothe and to suture.

Once each winter he turned up in New York, usually during an Academy of Medicine scientific powwow. Like a music-starved opera lover on a spree at the Met, he took his pleasure at X-ray exhibits, pathology demonstrations, and lectures. Afterward he and my husband who had been medical students together would talk far into the night. Their pet topic was the riddle of the commonplace, the ordinary, persistent ache of the head, back, or gut which might—or might not—yield to aspirin, surgery, or psychotherapy.

Eavesdropping on those conversations gave me a glimpse of a vast new medical arsenal—the assorted "scopes" used to peer into remote body cavities; the laboratory techniques of serology, hematology, bacteriology, and parasitology; the alliance of chemistry with X-ray to reveal the functioning as well as the shape of ailing organs; the hundreds of increasingly precise weapons against once-hopeless maladies.

When we paid a return visit to Bob's home town, he showed us through the new county hospital. Although it gleamed with asepsis, it lacked all but a handful of the equipment commonplace in city institutions. As in most rural areas, this was an "open" hospital, used by virtually all local doctors, few of whom were specialists. A "closed" hospital, by contrast, is restricted to a staff carefully chosen to represent various skills—surgeons, pathologists, internists, anesthesiologists, X-ray technicians, and so on.

Bob loved medicine and outdoor living. He loathed fakers, bigots, and busybodies. In the last category he lumped the proponents of most welfare and health-insurance plans. Nothing riled him more than filling out forms in triplicate, unsolicited advice about his patients, or bureaucratic intrusions on his rare free afternoons when he chose to go hunting with his sons. These impromptu outings were compensations for the built-in limitations of his scientific life—of which he was well aware.

There was, for example, the August day when my husband was away and our small son was laid low with pains obviously more grim than croup or colic.

"This is a queer one," Bob said, encompassing child and thermometer in one practiced glance. "It looks like typhoid, but it isn't. We need some good blood work and an intestinal X-ray series."

He headed for the phone downstairs. I heard only an enigmatic mumble, bristling with trans-

fusions, heterophiles, and perforations. Back in the sick room he was calm and definite.

"Bundle the boy in the car and keep going till you hit New York," he said, staring out of the window at the sparkling lake. "Pretty, isn't it? Quaint, too. But at a time like this you're better off in the twentieth century."

"HELP WANTED"

THE time lag between city and country medicine is brutally clear when a capable and self-reliant doctor sends you on a three-hundred-mile trek for a diagnostic job. This is an honest—but often risky—solution to the frustrating problem of the isolated practitioner who lacks the skills and remedies his best judgment demands. But all too often he is forced to make do with the tools at hand, inadequate though they are. To a man of scientific habits this recurring dilemma is a major reason for not practicing in the backwoods.

A medical flight from the land has been the result. For example, in twenty Missouri counties which boasted 539 doctors in 1912, only 158 remained in 1950. As compared to one in fourteen at the earlier date, a third of those left were over sixty-five years old and their patient-load was double their predecessors' since the population had declined only slightly. In Illinois, Alabama, West Virginia, Mississippi, Georgia, Kentucky, and other states, medical societies and worried citizens have set up scholarship funds for potential country doctors. To help furnish such doctors' offices, the Sears Roebuck Foundation and the Mead Johnson Company offer unsecured loans. In upstate New York, which has been traditionally well-stocked with physicians, the State Medical Society last May certified sixty communities as "medically needy" because they were without a general practitioner.

These are not rural slums. Neither are the dozens of other towns and villages throughout the country which advertise week after week in the "help wanted" columns of medical journals. Practices grossing as much as $40,000 a year are going begging. So are others nearly as lucrative which offer the added bait of free office rent and fine fishing. Missing from these otherwise attractive packages is the vital component of modern medical care—ready access to the specialized knowledge and techniques which far exceed the capacity of one mind.

One of the most promising answers to this predicament is team medicine. Although it is hard to find takers for old doc's lonely practice, there are few vacancies in the medical groups which are beginning to dot the hinterland. These differ in one important respect from such large-scale enterprises as the Kaiser-Permanente Plan on the West Coast, the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York (generally known as HIP), and most union-sponsored groups. These are financed through pre-payment for medical care by subscribers and their employers. In contrast, most of the rural teams are in private practice and charge for their services as any individual practitioner does. By pooling their income and talents, three or more partners trained in different specialties can afford the equipment essential to modern medical care. The U.S. Public Health Service estimated in 1951 that there were 700 medical groups of all sizes and varieties in the country. Allowing for some fatalities, there are probably close to 1,000 today, most of them west of the Mississippi where the Mayos popularized private group practice fifty years ago and where the need has been dramatized by the dearth of hospitals in thinly settled regions.

Many physicians hold back from joining a group because they still tend to regard their paying patients as personal property. But this



attitude is, in fact, an anachronism, for in his hospital work every doctor today must forswear his free-wheeling ways if he craves scientific recognition. Surgeons bow meekly to the tissue committee which checks on the removal of normal organs (hallmark of venal or inept surgery). There is a like policing of Caesarian births (and the high fees they command). The patient is no man's private preserve, for case records are kept in unit files subject to the official review of other professional eyes. The canniest diagnostician acknowledges his dependence on the laboratory and X-ray departments, and his mistakes—like all others—are bared at clinical conferences.

The American College of Surgeons insists upon such team work in all hospitals certified for resident and intern training. It requires also that each department be headed by a qualified specialist and that each doctor stick to his own field. Group medicine consists, in effect, in adapting these habits to private practice. With the internist acting as his personal physician, the private patient gains the co-ordinated services of whatever specialists may be needed plus the advantage of getting all his medical work done in one place. This pattern is most easily established by specialists who are already on the staff of a first-rate "closed" hospital. But since there are few such institutions outside of cities, it is rarely possible in the country-side—unless the doctors themselves team up. This an increasing number of them are doing, in a variety of ways and with a variety of aims.

CLINIC IN THE CLOUDS

THE Hitchcock Clinic in Hanover, New Hampshire, is one of the largest and best equipped rural groups in the East. With the White Mountains as a backdrop it is ideally placed, scientifically as well as scenically. To reach it, however, you must choose between a rough ride on weatherbeaten New England roads, the creaking cars of the Boston and Maine railroad, or once-a-day (weather permitting) plane service. This is rural medicine with a vengeance. It is also medicine that could be matched in quality only in a large center.

The Hitchcock Clinic is, in fact, such a center for a region stretching from Boston to Montreal; and, at the same time, the family physician for some 6,000 people—all the doctors in Hanover and in Norwich, Vermont, across the river, belong to the group. The present staff is a roster of twenty-two medical specialties, including such



refined subdivisions as cardio-pulmonary surgery, broncho-esophagology, and plastic surgery. The largest department, numbering twelve, is internal medicine, the co-ordinating hub of the specialties and the modern equivalent of the family doctor.

Hitchcock's work totals more than 60,000 patient visits a year, 90 per cent of the cases being referred by doctors in the outlying area for surgery, diagnosis, or special treatment. Since the hospital and doctors' offices are under the same roof, team work is easy and frequent. Medical man, neurologist, surgeon, and X-ray specialist, for example, routinely consult on serious accident cases. The diabetic who breaks his leg is tended by both an internist and an orthopedist. The cardiologist strolls down the corridor to discuss the heart patient's emotional troubles with a psychiatrist. Orthopedist and neurologist collaborate from the onset of a polio case and, without moving the patient, turn him over to the rehabilitation department when the acute stage is past. All children are assigned to pediatricians who can call in other specialists when needed without worrying about extra cost to the family or additional trips to the doctor. To solve the diagnostic puzzles posed by about 15 per cent of the ailments brought to the average doctor's office, the latest laboratory skills are available. And in the sum total of high quality, perhaps the most important, though least tangible, element is the ferment of many minds, all scientifically attuned.

Now in its thirtieth year, the Hitchcock Clinic is still headed by one of its founders, Dr. John P. Bowler. A Dartmouth man and a local doctor's son, he served a surgical residency at the Mayo Clinic in the 1920s and came home dissatisfied with the prospect of general country practice. He had, however, a hunch that Hanover enjoyed some of the same assets that had made Rochester, Minnesota, a medical mecca. The thirty-eight-

bed Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital—though puny by Mayo standards—had always had a highly trained staff. Teaching, postgraduate study, and research could be fostered through the hospital's existing link with the Dartmouth Medical School. And in the surrounding New England backwoods, the newer medical arts were virtually non-existent.

With four older colleagues, Dr. Bowler set up joint offices in the hospital. The partners began a search for new recruits with an astute eye for surgical talent in the fast-expanding spectrum of specialties. In an area where even qualified general surgeons were scarce, the Hitchcock virtuosos made news. Each new specialty, indeed, seemed to open a pent-up demand.

Today the Hitchcock Hospital and Clinic—separate corporate entities with largely interchangeable parts—have evolved into a 300-bed institution with a medical staff of more than fifty, about the same number of interns and residents, a school of nursing, and training programs



in laboratory medicine, X-ray, and anesthesiology. All are housed, through the largesse of New England philanthropists and an assist from federal Hill-Burton funds, in a series of connected buildings facing the Dartmouth campus. The staff doctors are also consultants to a 250-bed Veterans Hospital in nearby White River Junction. The Hitchcock educational program—open to all doctors in the area—in a single month lists more than 150 events, ranging from a seminar on the use of ultra-sound in medicine to bedside teaching sessions and clinical conferences in each of the twenty-two departments. Research projects are supported by foundation funds which also make possible subsidized staff travel to scientific meetings.

Except for Dartmouth students who are cared for on a pre-payment contract with the college, Hitchcock customers are private patients. (There are a few free endowed beds but no "charity wards.") Although the patient pays the clinic and not the physician, the attending doctor sets the fee—as he would in his own practice—on the basis of what he thinks the job is worth, the going rate in the area, and the patient's means. Before they are mailed out bills are reviewed by business manager Justin Smith, who has the advice, when needed, of two medical social workers. Much of their time is spent, however, helping self-reliant farm and academic families reduced with distressing frequency to "medical indigence" by long illness or costly drugs, despite hospital and medical insurance.

All net income is pooled and divided among the staff on a scale graded only for length of service, without reference to specialty or volume of work done by each individual. By thus eliminating dollar competition between doctors, Hitchcock has by-passed a major pitfall of group practice. Since this is a relatively poor, low-fee area, and because a large slice of staff time goes into unremunerative teaching and research, earnings are modest. Many of the more experienced men could double their incomes by opening offices in Boston or New York.

"It's the academic life all over again," said a surgeon's wife whose father was a professor, as I cast an admiring eye around her spacious living-room. "We built this house twenty years ago. The salary won't buy this today."

But there was no real regret in her tone. It is precisely because of its academic aura that the Hitchcock Clinic has succeeded so well. A post at a first-rate teaching hospital is a prize not measured in dollars. Recruitment for this group has been easy, turnover virtually nil.

Most rural groups are less fortunately placed. They must shift for themselves to buy costly equipment and to create the scholarly climate which will lure first-rate men from the cities. Since they are straying from established medical paths, they are forced to proceed by trial and error. Private group practice—small-town style—is largely uncharted terrain, but it is fast developing despite sometimes bitter opposition from county medical societies.

HIPPOCRATIC PICKET LINE

SKIRMISHES between local medical societies and groups have been part of the history of group medicine, but ugliest when the groups were paired with health-insurance plans. The staff of the Ross-Loos Clinic, for instance, which offered prepaid medical care, was expelled en masse in 1939 from the Los Angeles County Medical Society. Earlier Dr. Michael

Shadid came close to losing his license to practice when he formed the nation's first medical co-operative in Elk City, Oklahoma. It took a Supreme Court decision to rescue the physicians of the Washington, D. C., Group Health Co-operative who were booted out of their hospital posts in 1937. And, at its inception ten years ago, the Central Medical Group of Brooklyn was denied heat and power on the grounds that it was an illegal enterprise like book-making or a bawdy house.

Theoretically private-practice groups conform tidily to medical ethics and custom, since most are run entirely by doctors and charge the prevailing rates. But there is an implicit threat in the very existence of collections of specialists whose methods challenge the still popular concept of "general medicine." Every doctor's license—conferred in some states on medical-school graduates after a one-year internship, in some without any—entitles him, if he chooses, to engage in any and all medical and surgical arts. In practice, moral compunctions and the humane impulse which attracts most men to medicine in the first place stay all but a few of the untrained hands. However the outlawed but still prevalent ruse of "ghost surgery" (in which a skilled surgeon replaces the general practitioner after the patient is unconscious) helps perpetuate the myth of every doctor's total competence. And widespread ignorance as to just what constitutes a specialist also contributes to the notion that any M.D. is as good as any other in treating any human ill.

Contrary to popular belief, a specialist is not the aging family doctor who, as his hair grays, calls himself a "diagnostician" (though he may be an excellent one). Nor is he the general practitioner who does most of the surgery in town. Specialization takes anywhere from three to eight or more years of postgraduate training in a hospital residency. Most—though not all—qualified specialists have been certified by the American Boards which conduct rigorous tests in twenty-four recognized branches.

Since a majority of their dues-paying members lack this kind of training, most local medical societies resent these facts. Their parent body, the AMA, dedicated to the advancement of science as well as doctors' incomes, does not deny the fact of specialization and no longer frowns officially on private-practice groups which Dr. Morris Fishbein, former editor of the AMA *Journal,* once called "medical soviets." It is not, however, enthusiastic about the trend toward team medicine. A scholarly attempt to fathom its policies on this subject was made in 1954 by the *Yale Law Journal* which concluded that:

"The AMA has mildly discouraged combined practice by repeatedly denying the necessity for or success of such groups. Its studies have emphasized the negative aspects of group practice."

A somewhat more relaxed tone crept into the AMA's latest report on 103 groups it studied in the past year. Noting that the increase in group practice since World War II has been "phenomenal," the report acknowledged that the motivation has been chiefly the doctors' belief that they "could provide better medical care than when practicing individually."

More of the same may be expected from the AMA's new president-elect, Dr. Gunnar Gunderson, who, with three brothers, operates a highly respected clinic in LaCrosse, Wisconsin. (Another Gunderson brother, Dr. Sven, is Senior Internist at Hitchcock.) But to the surprise of some observers, the same AMA conclave that elected Dr. Gunderson reaffirmed its historic opposition to the "corporate practice of medicine" which is, it said, "indistinguishable in effect from the socialization of medicine and appears to embody all of its evils."

When the AMA cries "socialized medicine" few doctors venture across its picket line. However, in the matter of group practice, the *New York Times* noted in its account of the meeting, they are becoming "more and more defiant." The plain fact is, they like it.

MOST HAPPY DOCTORS

THE main difficulties with group practice today, it would seem, are not from the doctors', but the patients' point of view. I talked recently with a man who was brilliantly diagnosed but spiritually shaken at a large Midwestern clinic.

"You undress in a cubicle like a Coney Island bathhouse," he said, describing his ordeal by X-ray. "Then you wait your turn with a brass check in your hand. At ten in the morning I was number 416! It was scientific all right, but it wasn't chummy."

Group doctors, like many specialists, sometimes work on the theory that the only walk a patient cannot make on his own legs is the one to his coffin, and that anyone who is not in the hospital can come to the office. But the sick do not always feel ambulatory. Thus a West Coast group which sub-contracted house calls to private practitioners lost a batch of clients per-

manently. Similarly, when offered a choice of group or individual doctors, subscribers to one large health-insurance plan usually choose the old-fashioned practitioner who will, they believe, be more likely to show up at the house in the hour of need.

Such flaws, particularly in insurance-supported teams, have cooled the enthusiasm of some of the reformers who were crusading for pre-payment group practice twenty years ago. They are disappointed, too, to find that preventive medicine is not necessarily fostered when the doctor is paid by the head rather than by the visit and thus is said to have a stake in "keeping the patient healthy."

"Instead he seems to have a stake in keeping the patient out of his office, which is a very different matter," said Winslow Carlton, a veteran in the field who is now chairman of Group Health Insurance in New York.

Despite its imperfections, he agrees, however, that group practice is the best available device for enticing capable young doctors to the sticks. Today's medical-school graduates are a new breed. Three quarters of them are specializing, and, after long residencies, they head like homing pigeons toward full-time hospital, teaching, or research posts. Typical of this current crop is a young internist of my acquaintance whose scientific bent was sharpened by his hospital years and a military tour spent chiefly in esoteric experiments with an artificial kidney. Back in civilian life he was tempted by a teaching-research offer from his university. He also weighed a bid from a union health center and a chance to build a $30,000-a-year private practice in the city. Finally, he joined a rural group at a starting salary of $7,500 with the top prospect of $20,000 when and if he became a partner.

"Private practice would have meant doing general work for years until I looked old enough to be considered a specialist," he explained. "Here I can stick to my last. I'm learning every day from top-flight men and practicing what I consider first-rate medicine. I'm bringing up my family on sod instead of asphalt. I earn all we need, and I don't have to talk money with my patients to do it."

Veteran practitioners as well as neophytes are grateful to the group business managers who relieve them of what Ernest Dichter has called the basic dilemma of the doctor's role—"the conflict between the picture which he has of himself as the idealist and benefactor and his down-to-earth interest as a breadwinner." Equally welcome is the escape which team medicine offers from the 60-to-80-hour working week of the average busy practitioner.

"We believe there is a definite limit to how hard a doctor should work," said the senior member of one group, recalling his own twenty harassed years in private practice. "I'm still plenty busy. But when I'm off duty, I'm really off. And when I go on vacation my income doesn't stop, and I know my practice isn't being raided or neglected."



Such earthy logic would, I think, have won a respectful hearing even from so lone a wolf as my old friend and favorite country doctor, Bob Reynolds. Indeed, if he were alive today he might—perhaps for the fun of jolting his county society—be organizing a group himself.

Warren Unna

CIA:
Who Watches the Watchman?

Today the answer is: "Nobody" . . . but Congress may find a way to keep an eye on our cloak-and-dagger operators without tearing a hole in their essential cloak of secrecy.

THE Central Intelligence Agency—the peacetime successor to World War II's Office of Strategic Services, for espionage, counter-intelligence, and "cold war" operations—celebrated its tenth birthday last fall still remaining the only major U.S. government agency entirely free of Congressional scrutiny. Its director, Allen Welsh Dulles, believes it can remain effective only so long as it enjoys absolute security from Congressional as well as public probing, and thus far he has been able to convince the Congress that he is right.

"In intelligence you have to take certain things on faith," he declared a few years ago. "You have to look to the man who is directing the organization and the results he achieves. If you haven't someone who can be trusted, or who gets results, you'd better throw him out and get somebody else."

In the first part of his statement, Dulles was on sure ground. At sixty-four he is one of the least criticized and most admired men—both personally and professionally—in Washington. He is also, in the best and truest sense, a professional spy who has devoted almost as much time to gathering intelligence for his country as to the profession for which he was trained: law. Proof of his success as chief of operations in Switzerland for the OSS in World War II was the citation given him after the war by President Truman for, among other things, establishing contact with the German Army in Northern Italy and arranging its surrender.

The difficulty lies in the second part of the statement—the matter of results. In an organization like CIA no one on the outside really knows what results it gets. Even if the few bits of news about its purported successes and failures that trickle out from time to time are true, they represent only the minute visible surface of the vast iceberg underneath. They can hardly be indicative of CIA's huge day-to-day operation.

For this reason, Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana has, on three occasions, introduced bills calling for a joint Congressional "watchdog" committee over CIA. The last of these was decisively defeated in April 1956—while Mansfield was still in his freshman term—for a variety of reasons, not all of them entirely pertinent.

It was not a matter of Republicans *vs.* Democrats, but of all the professionals being on one side. Says Mansfield in retrospect, "What you had was a brash freshman going up against the high brass. I got a good education." He did not reintroduce his bill in 1957, and he won't this year—unless he is pretty sure he has the Senate "club" with him.

Meanwhile, for good or bad, CIA goes its way responsible only to the executive branch, through the National Security Council, its parent, and the Bureau of the Budget, its accountant. And only the executive branch can truly evaluate its performance.

Director Dulles contends that the Congress can question anything it desires through the five-man subcommittees of the Senate and House Appropriations Committees. But when he ascends Capitol Hill once or twice a year to appear before these usually avid investigators, his discussion of CIA's budget (which is secret but currently estimated at anything from $100 million to $1 billion annually), man-

power (estimated at anywhere from 3,000 to 30,000), and policy is pretty much brushed aside by such reverently put questions as, "The Commies still giving us a rough time, Allen?" Whatever paper work is presented is carefully gathered up as the legislators adjourn. Congressional homework is apparently neither desired nor possible.

Senator Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, a member of one of these quintets, made his attitude plain on the Senate floor in April 1956 when, in opposing the Mansfield bill, he said: "The difficulty in connection with asking questions and obtaining information is that we might obtain information which I personally would rather not have. . . ."

His words were echoed by Senators Richard Russell of Georgia and Carl Hayden of Arizona, who also are members of the Appropriations Committee quintet.

One of the Senate's leading liberals, speaking off the record, explained his own opposition by stating bluntly that he didn't think his colleagues could be trusted with such secrets—a point of view not too far from the President's, as described by Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire in an interview:

"He said it was too dangerous for Congress to take up."

In acting as its own watchdog, not only in its use of manpower and public funds but in seeing to it that its foreign operations neither contradict nor negate the foreign policy of the United States, CIA is in a unique position. Its British counterpart is directly answerable to Cabinet officers, who in turn are answerable to Parliament.

Since CIA Director Allen Welsh Dulles is the only brother of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, it might be argued that any disagreements on policy that arise can be ironed out within the family. But the Dulles brothers will not always be behind the counter, and those who think CIA needs a closer watch wonder if in any case this is the way to run the store.

WHO GETS THE SECRETS?

SENATOR Mansfield has made clear that his desire for a watchdog committee is not to make an embarrassing exposé of CIA personnel, but to get a check and balance on the organization in view of certain questions which have arisen out of CIA's activities. There is, for example, the question of a lack of co-ordination, and perhaps the presence of competition, between CIA, the intelligence branches of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, and the FBI.

In a sense, CIA is fighting history in trying to become an over-all agency that digests the traditional interservice rivalry of Army, Navy, and Air Force intelligence. It is also fighting the old American tradition against peacetime spying, epitomized by the late Henry L. Stimson when he was Secretary of State for President Hoover. Stimson abolished the "Black Room," a small, secret section of his department which broke foreign codes, with the crisp and famous comment:

"Gentlemen do not read other people's mail."

But at the end of World War II, with Pearl Harbor still fresh in the memory, the country's leaders decided that tradition must be modified to suit the times.

Accordingly, CIA was established by the National Security Act of 1947. This provided that a National Security Council—headed by the President and including the Vice President, the Secretaries of State and Defense, and what has now become the Director of the Office of Defense Mobilization—should appraise and set overall strategic policy with the advice of the Director of CIA.

Dulles is the third director CIA has had and the first civilian. He was preceded by Rear Admiral Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter—who stayed in office three years before he was reassigned, at his own wish, to the Navy—and General Walter Bedell Smith—General Eisenhower's able chief of staff in Europe, who went on to become Under Secretary of State and who differs, according to Senator Mansfield, from Dulles in being very much in favor of a watchdog committee.

Although Dulles has apparently been successful in weeding out many of the retired officers who latched onto soft berths at CIA stations in Europe during the agency's first years, the military still heads most of CIA's secondary posts, and there are hundreds of military officers throughout the organization. One of the agency's biggest administrative headaches is the continuing tendency of the various military intelligence branches to operate individually, ignoring each other's efforts and, particularly, CIA's.

This unhappy state of affairs was underlined last November by Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson of Texas as he emerged from a closed-door briefing with Allen Dulles on the nation's missile program and grimly announced that it was "desirable in the national interest

to take a good look at certain procedures, at the co-ordination between the CIA and the Services and the Congress."

Dulles is exceedingly reluctant to admit that all is not harmony. He regards his function as one of co-ordination, not subordination, and believes that the rivalry is getting less. But it was not too many years ago that CIA queried all its foreign stations in Europe in an attempt to get hold of a special piece of metal tubing made by the Russians. An aircraft manufacturer, hearing of the search, mentioned it to a friend of his in Navy intelligence. The Navy man pulled out his top desk drawer, indicated that there were enough duplicates of the sought piece to spare one for CIA, and then asked his friend please not to disclose the source when he carried the tubing back across the Potomac to CIA headquarters.

AND ALSO, THE FBI

CIA's relations with the Federal Bureau of Investigation have also been strained. The FBI, unlike CIA, is under Congressional scrutiny. It is directly responsible to the Attorney General, whose Justice Department must answer to the Congressional Judiciary and Appropriations Committees. Moreover, the FBI's budget and manpower figures are public. The FBI's primary responsibility is to investigate for Department of Justice prosecutions—including domestic counter-espionage cases. Yet the June 1940 "delimitation agreement," a directive from President Roosevelt, charged the FBI with gathering foreign intelligence in the Western Hemisphere. (The Army was assigned Europe and the Canal Zone; the Navy, the Pacific.) The FBI took on its new assignment with such gusto that there were said to be more FBI agents than diplomats in Latin America by the time this country entered World War II, one and a half years later.

Former FBI agents have indicated that Director J. Edgar Hoover regards Dulles' CIA as a considerable departure from his concept of a clean-cut, eyes-straight-ahead, investigating agency, and sees to it that it is given only "token compliance." The Hoover conception is reported to be that CIA is replete with white-shoes—scions of good families who have been graduated from Ivy League colleges—and a bit on the undisciplined, left-wing side. As a matter of fact, CIA does have its share of good-family, good-college graduates. And there is a bit in the agency's orientation talk for new employees which describes CIA as a means for the "intellectually elite" to contribute to government without having to be immersed in politics.

But Hoover also has a more immediate beef with CIA. The agency's pay and working conditions are considered far choicer than the FBI's, and Director Hoover was not overcome with joy when a good many of his personnel began defecting. A no-raiding pact with Dulles has since been arrived at. And while the FBI is charged with all domestic security, Hoover deferentially asked Dulles to do the security clearing of his own personnel hereafter.

Dulles is said to insist that the FBI-CIA jurisdictions are clearly differentiated, that he receives many reports from the FBI daily, that an FBI representative sits on his Intelligence Advisory Committee, and that he has no complaints regarding Mr. Hoover.

But Congressmen recall the Donnybrook up in Seattle four years ago when Johns Hopkins Professor Owen Lattimore was reported to be on the verge of jumping the country while under federal indictment for perjury. The public never learned whether CIA had misinformed the FBI, or vice versa. But Lattimore never went anywhere, his indictment was eventually quashed by the U.S. Court of Appeals, and the two CIA agents involved declined to appear in a Seattle court to testify against a travel agent who had been charged with making false statements regarding Lattimore's movements.

There is also the incident of the West Coast manufacturer who, in addition to producing military parts for the Defense Department, decided to contribute some intelligence he had gleaned from a satellite embassy contact in Washington. He took his information to the office of Vice President Nixon, whence it was relayed to the FBI. But the manufacturer had made the mistake of borrowing a CIA friend's car for his mission. The FBI, the manufacturer related, seemed only too eager to presume the CIA man was somehow mixed up with the satellite embassy; FBI agents burst in on his unsuspecting friend in the middle of the night and, failing to get his confession, proceeded to put a check on the manufacturer's letters. The manufacturer had no doubt of the latter because a tag was carelessly left on one of his envelopes declaring his house was subject to mail check by the FBI.

There have been further difficulties over CIA's relations with another part of the Department of Justice—the Immigration Service.

Washington is still chuckling over the comic opera performed at its fashionable Three Musketeers Restaurant (now renamed Chez François) in 1949 when teams of CIA and Immigration agents began pummeling each other. CIA was in the Three Musketeers to see that an escaped Russian pilot was not kidnaped by Soviet agents during a rendezvous; Immigration, to arrest the escapee for deportation. Neither knew about the other and both suspected the worst. The Americans ended up with bloody noses and bruises, the pilot with immigration handcuffs which the CIA couldn't remove, and the real Russian agents, of course, quietly slipped out.

COUPS AND COUPS D'ETAT

A SECOND problem which Mansfield raises is the difficulty of appraising how effective CIA really is. From what the uninformed can tell, the agency scored its greatest coup early in 1956 when it obtained from Polish and Yugoslavian sources the mammoth text of Khrushchev's fantastic closed-door denunciation of Stalin and Stalinism. CIA got the text six weeks to two months after the speech had been delivered, but long before the Kremlin had decided how it was to be edited for satellite and outside-world consumption. It may have cost a king's ransom, but its publication pretty well demolished the Communist movement in the United States and brought disillusion and disaffection to most of the Communist movements in free Europe, especially in Italy and France.

CIA is also generally credited with helping to overthrow the Communist regime in Guatemala and bring in the late President, Carlos Castillo Armas; with helping to clip the wings of Iranian Premier Mohammed Mossadegh; and with encouraging Premier Naguib in Egypt once King Farouk had been forced out. (However, Naguib has since yielded to Nasser, and CIA quite obviously doesn't want to take credit for him.)

But these accomplishments in turn raise other questions which Mansfield feels the Congress should consider: Is CIA determining American foreign policy? Has clandestine assistance to coups d'état become necessary to counter the overt and clandestine assistance Russia has been dispensing?

The general public is for the most part ignorant of these problems. The Senators and Congressmen who know or suspect are skittish about facing up to them. The National Security Act of 1947 gives license to such "cold war" activity in a twenty-five-word paragraph which states that one of the purposes of CIA shall be "to perform such other functions and duties related to intelligence affecting the national security as the National Security Council may from time to time direct."

This seems to create the potential for a dual foreign policy. Suppose, for instance, an Ambassador preoccupied with economic matters takes little interest in the local CIA personnel, and the personnel—charged with both writing intelligence reports and performing cold-war activities—condition the reports and thereby the Ambassador's decisions?

CIA men hold that it is impossible for the agency to diverge from official foreign policy because all of its cold-war missions first go through a secret committee appointed by the National Security Council, at the under-secretary level, where various administrative agencies give the nod. But without specific data from CIA, Congressmen are hard pressed to pass judgment on how well this works.

They might recall one example of a dual foreign policy situation on the Burma-China border in 1951 when Nationalist Chinese troops were brought into Burma to harass the Chinese Communists in Yünnan Province. The maneuver soured. The Nationalist troops decided they could make a better living growing opium—and some of them have been bunked down in North Burma doing just that ever since. Burma was embarrassedly forced to cancel her American aid program. And the United States Ambassador, David M. Key, resigned in disgust.

Key declares: "I had heard persistent reports that Americans were taking part when I was sent there. I found that hard to credit, but learned differently later."

CIA disavows any part in the incident, declaring the Chinese Nationalist troops were dispatched to the Burmese border by Chiang Kai-shek himself. Others, however, contend CIA was indeed the instrument of the Burma maneuver; but that the agency was merely dutifully carrying out a scheme hatched by one of the State Department's top policy planners.

There was another episode in September 1955 when a CIA agent took it upon himself to seek out the Egyptian President, Gamal Abdel Nasser, and advise him to ignore a forthcoming State Department note. The note, an attempt to limit Nasser's purchase of arms from Communist Czechoslovakia to a one-shot deal, was deemed sufficiently important for the then Assistant Secretary of State for Middle East Affairs,

George Allen, to fly to Cairo and deliver it in person. The CIA man, however, was disturbed by the State Department's attempts to pressure Nasser, in contrast to the pro-Nasser attitude of then Ambassador Henry A. Byroade, and decided to play Secretary of State on his own. He notified Byroade of what he was about to do, but the State Department in Washington was not given this courtesy. And it was too late to prevent Allen from arriving in Cairo and finding the ground had been cut out from under him.

HOW MUCH DO THEY KNOW?

ON THE espionage side, Senator Mansfield contends that this country was caught "flat-footed" in the Polish and Hungarian uprisings, in the Middle East outburst that resulted in the closing of the Suez Canal, and, more recently, in the Kremlin shake-up which ousted Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich, and Shepilov.

In this regard, Allen Dulles said somewhat whimsically to an Advertising Council meeting in San Francisco last September: "I am the head of the silent service and cannot advertise my wares. Sometimes, I admit, this is a bit irksome. Often we know a bit more about what is going on in the world than we are credited with, and we realize a little advertisement might improve our public relations."

What he was too tactful to point out was that the best reports in the world are of little use if nobody reads them. Apparently he was more open at a top-secret National Security Council meeting at the turn of this year when he complained to the President that the Administration ignored CIA findings. Eisenhower reportedly showed great annoyance at this, announcing that the reports were too ponderous to read and asking that henceforth CIA append maps, with red arrows pointing to strategic points, and headline summaries to its daily intelligence digests. CIA resignedly set several dozen of its personnel to the task of making its reports more readable.

Although CIA remains officially silent, on occasions for both criticism and praise, it is fairly reliably known that the agency was aware of the pressures in both Poland and Hungary, even if its "estimate" to the National Security Council predicted Hungary, instead of Poland, would be the first to blow up.

In Suez, it was long suggested that Nasser might close the Canal. But the policy-makers in Washington decided to go on the assumption that he wouldn't be that foolish. And as for what followed, *U.S. News and World Report,* a magazine which had previously published a signed article by Dulles, baldly stated that CIA delivered a top-secret report to the White House twenty-four hours before the Israeli attack, predicting it would be made against Egypt, not Jordan, as had been assumed, and that Britain and France would also establish beachheads in the Canal area.

On the Kremlin shake-up, CIA either failed to anticipate the move, or official Washington was surprisingly numb for some days afterward when asked what to make of it.

In the more recent shake-up involving Marshal Zhukov, CIA reportedly told the Administration that Zhukov was being boosted up, not down. Asked about this at his press conference, the President defended CIA, saying he didn't think any intelligence service could give "a complete and positive answer."

In the field of scientific appraisals, such as Russia's progress in satellites and ballistic missiles, it is known that CIA predicted the Soviet success back in 1955—and was ignored.

On some occasions it is difficult to tell whether CIA intelligence was faulty, or CIA took the rap for some other agency. The classic example was during the Chinese Communist invasion of South Korea in November 1950. General Douglas MacArthur had confidently assured President Truman that this would never happen. When it did, he accused both CIA and the State Department of holding out on him. President Truman replied that if MacArthur did not have the benefits of CIA reports at the time, it was "because he did not let the agency operate in his command until recently." Mansfield, however, recalls CIA's first director, Rear Admiral Hillenkoetter, telling the House Foreign Affairs Committee in executive session that the Chinese Communists would never invade South Korea—just days before they did.

On another occasion, in April 1948, General George Marshall, then Secretary of State, arrived in Bogotá for the Ninth International Conference of American States just as a revolution broke out. The five-star General immediately went back to fundamentals and carefully deployed his troops—the dozen or so Marines who happened to be in Bogotá at the time—to various ramparts around the Embassy.

CIA Director Hillenkoetter told a subsequent House hearing that a Lieutenant Colonel attached to the State Department's division of international conferences had blocked CIA from cabling beforehand that the Communists were out to humiliate the United States delegation.

According to Hillenkoetter, the State Department official had not thought it "advisable" to alarm Washington. The State Department replied that it was inconceivable that such an official would have the authority to stop such a report.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

BECAUSE CIA keeps its budget and manpower figures under wraps, it is impossible to appraise the frequent charges of waste heard around Washington. Some waste charges Dulles will readily admit, on the argument that intelligence gathering is like drilling for oil wells: there will be a good many dry holes before you come up with a gusher. Of the nation's nine intelligence organs—CIA, the Department of Defense's National Security Agency, the FBI, and those sections at the Army, Navy, Air Force, State Department, Atomic Energy Commission, and United States Information Agency (which likes to consider itself included)—CIA, as it is careful to point out, accounts for only one-eighth the total expenditures. The percentage teases, but still gives no inkling of the amount of money CIA has to spend.

There is one situation, however, where a budget figure is known, and that is for CIA's $56,000,000 new headquarters in Langley, Virginia, where contracts are expected to be let by August.

The building will not actually cost $56,000,000, since $8,500,000 of this is to be used for improving access roads. But then neither is there assurance that all of CIA's *x* number of employees in some thirty-four buildings around Washington will be gathered under one roof. Congress ordered this consolidation when approving the sum, but Dulles has refused to promise anything more than that he will do his best. And the CIA Director, who originally had hopes for a "Princeton-like campus" (his Class is '14), must now content himself with Spartan cement.

The Langley move has brought criticism from all over. Some State Department officials see it as a dreadful propaganda mistake to label any great new building "Spy Headquarters." Dulles' desire to be no further than a twenty-minute dash from the White House hardly coincides with the Office of Defense Mobilization directives to disperse beyond H-bomb distance of Washington. The residents of Virginia's still rural Fairfax County fought a long but unsuccessful battle to keep the "Second Pentagon" from dragging suburbia into their peaceful rolling woods and pastures. Even Senate Minority Leader Knowland of California, never known for his levity, was amazed when Dulles, pleading for his heart-set site in Virginia, assured Congress CIA could enjoy added security by having the Potomac form one of its borders. Quipped Knowland to a colleague: "What's he afraid of? Attack by Indians?"

Dulles' security problems also brought a laugh a few years back when a known intelligence agent at the Soviet Embassy was spotted enrolling in a Georgetown University Slavic language class frequented by CIA employes.

A FOOT IN THE DOOR

ACTUALLY, four checks into CIA's activities have been conducted during the past eight years—two at the instigation of the White House, two at the instigation of ex-President Herbert Hoover's Commission on Government Reorganization.

The first, in 1949, was conducted by a Hoover Commission task force headed by Ferdinand Eberstadt, the former Assistant Secretary of Defense who had helped to set up CIA. The Eberstadt report found CIA sound in principle, but in need of a top-level evaluation board whose responsibilities would not become bogged down in mere administrative detail.

The second check was in 1950 under a three-man Administration committee headed by Allen Dulles, who at that time had left his wartime OSS duties to practice law on Wall Street. The Dulles committee reportedly found "much cause for dissatisfaction." General Smith was brought in to replace Admiral Hillenkoetter as director, and Smith asked Dulles himself to come down for what was naïvely thought to be merely a few weeks of consultation. Dulles ended up as CIA's deputy director for two-and-a-half years, and then director.

The third CIA check, in 1954 and again under the White House, was headed by Air Force Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle. It praised CIA for doing a "creditable job," recommended in secret that certain changes be made, and complimented CIA for taking steps to remedy what shortcomings there were.

The Doolittle comments were published by the White House within days after the first meeting of the Hoover Commission's second task force headed by General Mark W. Clark. The proximity was not thought accidental. Nor was it considered accidental a year later, in 1955, when the White House immediately adopted

one of the Hoover Commission's recommendations—for a citizens' committee of consultants on foreign intelligence activities—and pointedly ignored its second—for a joint Congressional "watchdog" committee. The first is responsible to the President, and so within the Administration family; the second would not be.

CIA employees were alerted months in advance for the arrival of the Clark task force. When the investigators finally appeared it was like barracks inspection in the Army: everything was a buzz of activity; specially-ordered maps and charts were unfurled; and the intra-office snicker was "snow job." Nevertheless, the Clark task force came up with definite conclusions and recommendations. Its main report went directly to the President. No copies were made and not even the twelve Hoover Commissioners dared look at it.

In the public section of its report, however, the Clark task force:

(1) declared that Director Dulles "in his enthusiasm . . . has taken upon himself too many burdensome duties and responsibilities on the operational side of CIA's activities," and recommended a basic internal reorganization under an executive officer or "chief of staff";

(2) rapped the State Department for sometimes interfering with CIA intelligence-gathering abroad out of "an abhorrence to anything that might lead to diplomatic, or even protocol complications";

(3) expressed great concern over the "lack of adequate intelligence from behind the Iron Curtain," and clearly implied that the dossier on friends and neutrals was more complete than the one on enemies.

The full Hoover Commission, in recommending both the Presidential board of consultants and the Congressional watchdog committee, referred to the latter as "a means of re-establishing that relationship between the CIA and the Congress so essential to and characteristic of our democratic form of government, but which was abrogated by the enactment of Public Law 110 (the National Security Act). . . ."

It was this last recommendation which Senator Mansfield picked up and tried to get through Congress. And the Senator emphasized that he thought the committee was necessary not just to supervise, but also to protect the agency from irresponsible attacks, such as the one launched by the late Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin.

McCarthy and his helpmate, Roy M. Cohn, had made it plain that when their Senate Investigating Subcommittee was through with the Army it was going to move on to CIA. Without even waiting for the formal opening of that investigation, McCarthy, in the summer of 1953, tried to force Dulles to fire William P. Bundy, a top State Department official who had gone into CIA. For McCarthy's purposes, Bundy had endangered the nation's security by contributing $400 to the Alger Hiss defense fund, and—possibly more heinous—had married Dean Acheson's daughter.

In the Bundy case, Dulles stood his ground, called McCarthy's bluff by asking for specifics which never came, and successfully rode the issue out. But Mansfield contends that attacks on CIA could arise in the future—perhaps hacking away at its budget as Congress, in a fit of pique, succeeded in doing with the United States Information Agency budget last summer. Should such an attack against CIA arise, Mansfield declares, a veteran group of legislators, familiar with CIA and its leadership, could then rally to its support.

WHAT THE WATCHDOG SHOULD BE

THE Senator actually anticipated the Hoover Commission when he first proposed a CIA watchdog committee in July 1953. At that time his bill called for an eighteen-man group, nine from the Senate and nine from the House. But to placate those who thought this would be spreading secrets too far, he scaled the membership down to twelve in his later bill, specifying that three-man groups should come from the Senate and House Appropriations and Armed Services Committees. The Appropriations Committees are the only ones which now go through even the formalities of supervision, but top Armed Services members often belong to both committees, or sit in, at least on the Senate side. The House has never listed its CIA subcommittee members, and staff officials of the House Appropriations Committee, when asked, say they have no knowledge of the subcommittee's existence.

The Mansfield bill would also have provided a $250,000 annual budget for a committee staff. A staff is the mainstay of every Congressional committee, for staff personnel, not committee members, have the time to familiarize themselves with salient agency issues. And only a staff has the facilities to keep files on agency business, past and pending. Yet it is the staff idea particularly which is said to make Dulles balk. He

is reported to feel that he would not be making unauthorized disclosures by discussing CIA matters with selected legislators, because they carry the mandate of the electorate. Professional staff members are another matter, especially since they might be recruited from disgruntled ex-CIA employees.

THE one attempt so far at a watchdog group for CIA—the President's Board of Consultants on Foreign Intelligence Activities, established by Presidential executive order in February 1956, in compliance with half of the Hoover Commission's recommendations—is headed by James R. Killian Jr., president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and now the President's Special Assistant for Science, and includes such a distinguished roster of members as Robert A. Lovett, the former Defense Secretary and Under Secretary of State; Benjamin F. Fairless of United States Steel; Edward L. Ryerson of Inland Steel; Colgate Darden, president of the University of Virginia and a former Virginia Governor; Retired Admiral Richard L. Conolly, president of Long Island University; Retired General John E. Hull, president of the Manufacturing Chemists Association; and General Doolittle, who prepared the White House's 1954 report on CIA.

But the consultants are required to meet only semi-annually and rely on a three-man staff composed of Brigadier General (Ret.) John F. Cassidy, one assistant, and one stenographer. And Mansfield feels that at best a group within the executive branch—and responsible only to that branch—can be but self-serving.

He may yet reopen his crusade for a Congressional committee. He is no longer a freshman. As Democratic whip, he is today Majority Leader Johnson's alter ego and a member of the Senate's inner club, where he is treated with affection and respect. Moreover he believes that the recent surprises given the Congress and the American public—if not the Administration—by Poland, Hungary, the Middle East, the Kremlin shake-up, and the sputniks will influence more Senators to take closer interest in CIA supervision the next time the vote comes up. A year ago, Congressman Daniel J. Flood of Pennsylvania introduced a bill similar to Mansfield's in the House—a bill which had fourteen co-sponsors. It is still to be given a committee hearing.

Any Congressional committee would, of course, have to understand that it could not ask CIA to divulge the names of its agents, sources, or cover agencies. But there is no need for such identification in any over-all check and, indeed, the Mansfield bill did not ask for it. The legislators would have to police their membership to prevent leaks of the information they did get and keep an alert against any Congressional temptation to meddle in CIA operations. This, too, should not be impossible.

And, with or without a watchdog committee, Congress must face up to the responsibilities it now has. It must recognize that the nation's security is very much a part of its business, and dissipate the awe of secrecy which makes a Saltonstall of Massachusetts, a Russell of Georgia, and a Hayden of Arizona protest that there are some things they would rather not hear.

THE STAR FROM FOUR TO FIVE

THE world is ready to take a new child star to its heart . . . and I am convinced Leslie [his four-year-old daughter] could be the one. . . . I am training her to be natural, to be herself. I don't let her associate with other children. They only remind her that she is a child. Her mother and I are trying to keep her on a level with us. She will not start acting until she is five. If she becomes a star I will know how to look after her. . . .

When we are ready to start production, I will form my own company and if Leslie is as big a star as I think she will be, I believe she should collect at least $400,000 on her twenty-first birthday. . . .

Public adoration is the greatest thing in the world.

—Jackie Coogan, quoted by Joe Hyams, N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* January 30, 1958.



By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

Drawing by Tomi Ungerer

Standing Room ONLY

There will have to be some changes made—in sex habits, ethics, and human nature itself—to make room for our descendants on this soon-to-be overcrowded planet. Here are five possibilities, all of them shocking. Anyone who can think up a better alternative will be doing the greatest of services to all future generations.

OURS is perhaps the first age in history to worry about the Future—and with good reason. It is true that there have been prophets of doom since the time of Cassandra—and doubtless earlier—but the disasters they predicted were strictly local ones. The falls of Troy and Babylon and Rome may have seemed like the end of the world to those directly involved; we can only smile wryly at such egocentricity. When *we* talk about the end of the world, we mean exactly that, and we have a wide range of varieties from which to chose.

But the peril I want to discuss at the moment is not one of the more spectacular disasters which spring so readily to mind. It is another, quite different, and absolutely inescapable danger which will confront us all the more promptly if we *avoid* the menace of atomic war. And it is one for which I have never seen any realistic solution proposed, despite all the millions of words that have been written about it.

We have been living for the last two or three hundred years in a completely abnormal period of history where everything has been happening at once and all the patterns of culture and technology have been changing out of recognition. As a result we tend to forget that sooner or later the world has either to blow up or to settle down. The skyrocketing curves of fuel production, power generation, ore extraction, and population increase cannot continue to shoot almost vertically upward for very much longer; sooner or later they must flatten out. This is common sense, but it is seldom that anyone admits it.*

Sometime in the foreseeable future—it does not matter if the time is a hundred or a thousand years from now, though it will be much nearer the former—the population of the world has to be stabilized, for the first time since the end of the Dark Ages. Most of us would agree that this

* The present population of the world is about two and a half billion. Thanks to human fertility and to medical progress, which has lengthened the span of life and sharply reduced infant mortality, the earth's population is increasing by 117,000 people every day. At this rate, the total population will double in fifty years—and double again in the next fifty. Some demographers have estimated that it may reach 20 billion by the year 2106. The rate of growth is now three times as fast as it was in the first quarter of this century, and many times faster than in the early periods of human history.

For detailed figures, see the *United Nations Demographic Yearbook for 1956.* —*The Editors*

plateau of population should not—and indeed cannot—be established by the ancient checks of war and pestilence. *It has to be established, deliberately or unconsciously, by a fundamental change in the pattern of human reproduction.*

At a point not far in the future, for every person who dies, one must be born—no more, no less. The actual size of the population when this time comes is quite immaterial, and all arguments as to whether the world can support ten or a hundred billion people are totally irrelevant. The fact that there are still ample resources for a much larger population than now exists is a red herring which must be ignored. What we are concerned with is the situation when those resources have been exploited to the utmost.

When that time arrives, the average number of children per family must be a fraction over two. Perhaps one family in twenty could be allowed three children to make up for the childless marriages and for the inevitable deaths by disease or accident which must occur even in the most utopian society. But we can say that the average couple *must* (not may!) produce exactly two offspring during their entire married life. However depressing this situation may appear to us, it is one which our descendants will have to face, unless humanity goes back to the Stone Age via starvation and disease, and starts all over again.

It is an elementary biological fact that two offspring per family is far below what might be called the natural reproduction rate, and the disparity will be increased as the progress of medicine lengthens the span of life. There are still societies in which women produce ten or a dozen children during perhaps twenty years of fertility; we have to look forward (if that is the right phrase) to a society in which very few women can be pregnant more than twice in thirty or forty years. And a society in which—from the point of view of the male—just two reproductive acts will exhaust the allowance of an entire lifetime . . . or even one, if he is unlucky enough to father twins. . . .

How can this biological dilemma be resolved? It must be emphasized that there is absolutely no escape from it, if civilization is to continue. Some optimists have suggested that interplanetary travel may be the ultimate answer, but this is a complete fallacy. Colonization never helps for more than a few generations, because the colonists breed more rapidly than the folk at home and soon fill up all the empty spaces—as the classic example of the United States amply demonstrates. Even if all the planets were as fertile as the great American plains—instead of being barren wildernesses which will require miracles of engineering to develop—they would not affect the problem appreciably. There is no way out into Space; the battle of population has to be fought and won here on Earth.

CUTTING DOWN ON CHILDREN

IT WILL be a battle indeed, and the victory may not be worth the cost, for it will involve the sacrifice of many of the values we hold dear. One might go even further than this, and state outright that the society of the future, in its struggle for stability, will be forced to violate the religious and ethical beliefs of almost every human being alive today. Let us examine the possible solutions to the problem, and see if there are any that we would tolerate.

Hypothetical Society A is the one that would require the least form-filling and government control, and the fewest restrictions on personal behavior. Unfortunately, the price is high. You can have as many children as you like—but prompt infanticide is compulsory after the second.

Any volunteers? I rather thought not; perhaps you didn't take me seriously. *But this is the only answer if more than two children are born per family,* when the world has reached its level of maximum supportable population.

Some hard-headed eugenists might put up a case for letting the surplus children grow until they were old enough to take mental and physical tests qualifying them for survival. After which, the "failures" would be—in that useful word which is one of Communism's many gifts to civilization—"liquidated." But most of us would prefer not to bring children into the world if we knew that they had to be killed, so let us look at possible societies that avoid the problem, by some form of birth control—using that phrase in its widest and least controversial form. For that is what the choice will come to in the long run, in a closed society that has abolished natural checks to population—infanticide or birth control. *No alternatives exist.*

Society B has another of the nice, simple answers. All couples are sterilized after they have had their ration of two children, though enough lucky pairs are allowed three to take care of the natural wastage. This is not quite as bad as Society A, and most of us would probably vote for it if there was no other choice. However, there is a grim alternative.

Society C leaves the method of regulation to the parents, but imposes such ferocious penalties (*e.g.*, rigorous imprisonment for the remainder of one's period of fertility) that the production of more than two children is strongly inhibited. It seems likely that the emotional strains generated in such a culture would blow it to pieces rather promptly, unless methods of thought control are evolved beyond anything dreamed of in the police states of today. (And they will be; trust the psychologists for that.)

The three societies I have listed all have one thing in common; they are desperate attempts to save the situation by tinkering, not by a fundamentally new approach to the nature of man. The more one looks at the problem, the more one is forced to conclude that if there *is* an answer, it will involve a complete change in the patterns of human sexual behavior.

How such a change could be brought about (even if it were desired) is something I will not discuss here; I am concerned only to see where the logic of the situation leads. It is a fact that sexual behavior can and does vary with great rapidity; look at the size of your grandparents' families if you doubt that. The sort of change we may have to bring about within the next five hundred years, however, will be more drastic than anything that has happened in the known history and surmised prehistory of mankind. It is the penalty we may have to pay for constructing a civilization as totally unnatural as the one which we have been busily building ever since the rise of modern science and technology.

Man's sexual drives and capacities were designed for a primitive and dangerous environment in which only a minority of children survived to become adults. We have left that environment centuries behind, but every fertile woman still produces a dozen ova a year, every man enough spermatazoa in a lifetime to have fathered the entire human race back to Adam. Somehow, this fantastic disparity has to be resolved.

PRESERVING THE FAMILY

ONLY yesterday the problem appeared to be solving itself, at least in the Western world, because the two-child family was for a time the norm. In due course—as standards of living rose throughout the world—we supposed the small family might become universal and the population would then be stabilized without the need for any drastic action.

This is the optimistic, "It'll be all right on the night," view of the problem. But even if it were correct, one cannot help thinking that the universal two-child family may, after all, be only a short-term solution.

Quite apart from the problems which it imposes on all the would-be and must-not-be parents (and please note that I am not in the least concerned with the actual method of limitation, whether it be prayer or pills) there are good grounds for thinking that the *optimum* number of children per family is much higher than the basic two. Perhaps I am biased, having three siblings, but I have a strong feeling that the happiest families—other things being equal—are those with four, five, or even more children. And how many of the divorces and nervous breakdowns in the modern world are due to a refusal to face this fact?

But large families would be possible in the future only if the majority of people had no children at all—if, in fact, reproduction became the business of as little as a quarter or even a tenth of the human race. This would imply a society in which parenthood would become the exclusive function of a specially trained and selected elite—though how that selection should be made is not a problem that many of us would care to solve.

This state of affairs, by whatever mechanism society instituted and imposed it, would complete the separation between sex and reproduction which has now been in progress for certainly the last hundred years. It might lead to a world in which married couples were a cherished and respected (but not necessarily envied) minority like doctors, schoolmasters, or ministers. In some ways such a culture would be less alien to us than many that have existed in the past—those, for instance, that sacrificed ten thousand human beings to their gods at a single ceremony, or launched their war canoes over the bodies of their prisoners.

And what sort of emotional lives would the childless—but not necessarily sexless—majority of the human race experience in the society which may be inevitable a few centuries from now? It is obvious that today's mores will be wholly inappropriate to such an age, but it is by no means obvious what will replace them. Sex is so fundamental a part of mankind's emotional and even intellectual make-up that its complete abolition, even if it proved to be possible, might result in a racial disaster greater than the one it was designed to avoid.

This line of thought inevitably leads us, if we are honest, to the only hypothetical future of all

those I have described which would find any supporters today (and some quite enthusiastic ones, at that). Perhaps Nature knew exactly what she was doing when she made mankind sexually polymorphous; the time may yet come when homosexuality is practically compulsory, and not merely fashionable. It will indeed be a piquant paradox if—in the long run and taking the survival of humanity as a whole as our criterion—this controversial instinct turns out to have a greater survival value than the urge to reproduce.

Are there any alternatives to the depressing array of futures I have lined up? I do not think so; I have looked hard enough for them. It may be, of course, that the matter is already settled and that there is nothing to worry about; perhaps we have already shot enough Strontium 90 and assorted isotopes into the atmosphere to control our fertility during the remainder of our short stay here on Earth. But if not, then one of the societies I have sketched is bound, sooner or later, to be brought about and to become the "natural" way of life for mankind over a period of time which may far exceed the entire duration of its existence so far.

And if you do not like the prospect, I'm very glad to hear it. *I* don't like it, either.

RETURN OF THE NATIVE by James Rorty

(Donegal, April 1957)

THIS is the Gaeltacht where they fled—
O'Donnell beaten and MacRorty dead—
When the long trumpets of the Gael
Blew, and were silent on the field of Ballintra.

Rock, and bog water and the yellow whins
Stealing the pasture. Shadows darken at noon upon a land
Where past is more than present. Yesterday
The Red Branch feasted and fought where now
Beneath the dolmen's poised rocks a starveling cow
Suckles her calf. On this forsaken strand
Columcille planted his staff that has not ceased to grow.

This is the town and this the square;
Here blind O'Rahilly fiddled and sang
Where now the empty houses stare
Eyeless upon the sea. What evil spell
Unmans the sons of Tir Chonaill
Whose fathers fought with Pearse and ran
With Dev and turned to fight again?

Pale, prudent youths who dream
Safe dreams or none; who let
The beauty of their women fade,
The thatch unmended and the word unsaid,
The field untended and the child unmade.

This is the Gaeltacht where the past
Is more than present; where the son is taught
A tongue his father has forgot;
Where days are short and twilight soon
Gathers the ghosts of castle and ruin,
And travelers seeking for ancestral graves
Are wakened by a voice that raves
Of ancient, unforgotten wrong.

George W. Gray

STARS FORMING, BURNING, AND DYING

New Discoveries About the Cosmos, Part II

Within the past decade new instruments for looking into millions of lightyears of space—as well as experimental studies of atoms in the laboratory—have enabled astronomers to read the history of stellar creation and evolution in a radically new way. Last month Mr. Gray focused on recent explorations of the Andromeda Spiral Nebula. He turns now to evidence bearing on the fate of the Sun and of our solar system.

THE constellation Orion, mighty hunter of the winter sky, stakes out a region of the Milky Way where, astronomers believe, stars are being born. There are many other areas in which creation is still at work, but Orion is familiar and presents to view all the physical features that participate in stellar evolution. Its block of several million cubic lightyears of space is a convenient showcase of stars forming, burning, and dying.

A row of three blue supergiants studs the belt of the mighty hunter, and others are visible in his left shoulder, his head, and his knee. All are young stars, superlatively hot and intrinsically very luminous. Rigel, in the left foot of Orion, is further advanced in its evolution than the belt stars, and still more advanced is the red Betelgeuse in the right armpit, actually the brightest member of the constellation. Betelgeuse's brilliance, however, is due entirely to its size. Although the star's temperature is so low that it produces predominantly red light, its surface area is so enormous that the Sun would need to be multiplied 16,000 times to equal it in magnitude. Betelgeuse is well along in its evolution and already declining into old age.

Below Orion's belt hangs his sword, and among its stars is a misty object which the telescope shows to be a luminous cloud. This Great Nebula in Orion is not a spiral like the Andromeda Nebula, not a system of stars at all, but a true gas cloud. There are several other nebulae in Orion—one opaque with dust known as the Horsehead from its shape, another an immense hovering cloud known as Barnard's Luminous Arc which seems to encircle the entire constellation. In and near these clouds are bright stars, both single and in clusters. In 1956 T. K. Menon completed a survey of the Orion region with the 25-foot radio telescope of the Harvard College Observatory, and he reports that all these features (nebulae, clusters, and individual stars) appear to be imbedded in a gigantic clump of hydrogen—he calls it a "bowl of neutral hydrogen jelly"—with a mass equal to that of 60 to 100 thousand Suns. The hydrogen "bowl" is in slow rotation and apparently expanding.

Another student of Orion is Malcolm P. Savedoff at the University of Rochester. Analyzing Menon's data and applying hydrodynamical principles, Savedoff concludes that about two million years ago a very massive star formed in the center of the Orion region. It was so hot that it burned up within 1.8 million years. But during that brief lifetime the flood of radiation from this supergiant so heated and ionized the layers of the hydrogen cloud immediately surrounding the star that the gas expanded vehemently. This sudden expansion squeezed outer layers with such violence that several score

ars condensed out of the compressed gas. They re so young that we may call them baby stars, nd Barnard's Luminous Arc is the visible front f that still expanding ring of hydrogen.

THE BIRTH OF A STAR

GAS pressure generated by the intense radiation of the parent star thus accounts r the origin of this second generation of Orion ars—but what caused the parent star to form the first place? In other words, how does a ose cloud of hydrogen, or of intermingled gas nd dust, produce a star? I asked that question Allan R. Sandage, one of the astronomers Mount Wilson and Palomar who has specialed in the study of stellar evolution.

"Gravitation," he answered, "is the primary arting force."

This universal property of matter, which opates between atoms as well as between planets nd stars, causes the particles of gas and dust to owd closer together. When a cloud of such aterial reaches a certain density, a sizable segent becomes gravitationally unstable. It begins collapse under its own weight. After the ggregate has shrunk to a billion billionth of s original volume, the temperature is so high nd the density so great that the hydrogen atoms egin to bump one another.

"Head-on collisions lead to nuclear reactions milar to those which occur in a hydrogen mb," Sandage explained. "But there is no plosion because a new star has the unfailing pacity to release its energy gradually."

With the beginning of nuclear reactions, conaction ceases and the segment of cloud becomes star—a stable star. "This is one of Nature's ost magnificent inventions," the astronomer ent on. "The amount of matter in a stable ar, enormous though it be, is in equilibrium every point. The star arranges itself so that avitation, tending to pull the material toward e center, exactly balances the gas pressure, hich tends to push it outward. From the laws physics we know that the pressure is deterined by the temperature, and the gravitational ll by the total mass. The larger the mass, the gher the temperature must be to match the creased gravitational pull."

Mass not only determines temperature, but rough its influence on temperature determines e rate of the nuclear reactions and therefore e brightness. The star's size, or radius, is an fect of the distribution of gas pressure, and is in turn is fixed by its mass and temperature. All the properties thus are interrelated, and if you know two of them you can calculate the others.

There are two properties that can be measured in every star within reach of our spectroscopes. They are brightness (absolute magnitude) and color (surface temperature). About 50 years ago Einar Hertzsprung at the Potsdam Observatory devised the method of plotting stars on a chart according to their absolute brightness and color. Henry Norris Russell at Princeton took up the scheme and extended it to thousands of Milky Way stars. He found that most of them fell along a nearly straight line reaching from blue stars of high luminosity to faint red stars. This curve was named "the main sequence."

The Hertzsprung-Russell diagram occupies a key role in the current study of stellar origin and development. Indeed, it was by plotting his new-found stars on such a diagram that Walter Baade discovered the two populations, as I reported in last month's article. Astronomers have found that the main sequence represents the nursery and early home of stars. For when a new orb is born, the relation of its color to its magnitude is such that the star takes a position somewhere on the main-sequence curve—and there it spends its childhood. The unfailing rule for main-sequence stars is that the higher the surface temperature, the brighter the star.

But when a star has consumed all the hydrogen in the central 10 per cent of its mass, the picture changes. The evolutionary consequences of this degree of fuel-exhaustion were worked out by another Princeton astronomer, Martin Schwarzschild. He and his research group found that internal conditions now force the star to expand. It becomes hotter and denser in the center, but as it swells to larger volume the surface cools and the color changes. A blue star will become white, and then, as it continues to cool, yellow, orange, and red. However, inasmuch as the expansion distends its surface, the star will wax brighter since the enlargement gives it more area from which to radiate light. Thus the old relationship of decreased luminosity with lower surface temperature no longer holds, for the star with more than a 10 per cent hydrogen core grows brighter with diminished temperature. Consequently, it can no longer be plotted on the main sequence.

In the diagram on page 60 the scale of magnitude is indicated vertically, in terms of the Sun's brightness; the color scale is graded horizontally in thousands of degrees of temperature. (Our drawing is schematic; actually the main

sequence is slightly curved, in the form of a stretched S.) In a complete Hertzsprung-Russell diagram the main sequence would be crowded with tens of thousands of stars (with most of them below the Sun), and there would be other thousands off this curve in various positions both to the right and the left. But the nine stars plotted here are a sufficient sampling to make clear the relationships.

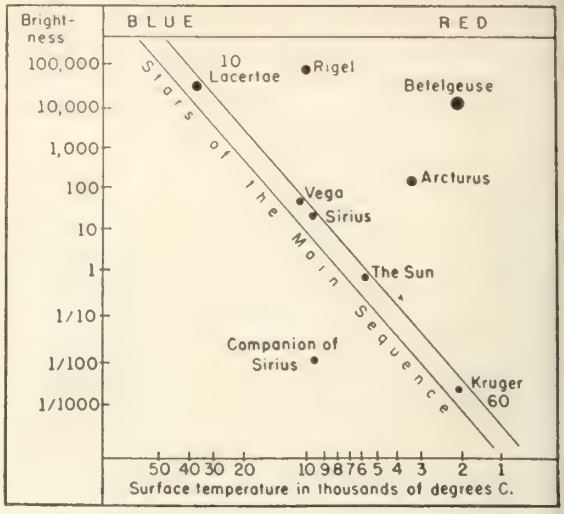
Note the main-sequence stars. Kruger 60, a diminutive red dwarf, has a surface temperature of only 2,500°, less than half the Sun's, and, correspondingly, its brightness is little more than a thousandth the solar magnitude. Sirius, the brilliant Dog Star, has a surface temperature nearly double that of the Sun and is 21 times brighter. And so with Vega, the glowing white orb of the Lyre, and 10 Lacertae, a blue supergiant of the constellation Lizard which is so distant that it can barely be seen—each is still hotter and brighter. Vega equals 50 Suns in luminosity, 10 Lacertae 60,000 Suns—and, as the diagram shows, Vega has a temperature of more than 12,000°, 10 Lacertae 30,000°.

Arcturus and Betelgeuse do not fit into this pattern, however, for while they are brighter than the Sun they are not hotter. There was a time, say the astrophysicists, when both were on the main sequence. But eventually each reached the stage at which it had consumed all the hydrogen in the central 10 per cent of its mass, and then it began to expand. Both are now red giants, and yet in surface temperature they are in a class with the dwarf Kruger 60.

THE WHITE DWARFS

ANOTHER star in our diagram, also off the main sequence, shows its inconsistency in the opposite direction—for it is both hotter and fainter than the Sun. This is the Companion of Sirius (visible only through a powerful telescope) which revolves around the Dog Star. Although its surface temperature is 8,000°, it gives less than a hundredth as much light as the Sun—therefore its area must be small. Measurement shows the Companion to be about the size of the Earth. Only some 200 such stars have been found. They are called white dwarfs, and are examples of a star's old age when it has shrunken to a mass of collapsed atoms so packed that a handful of the stellar core would weigh several hundred tons.

White dwarfs are so small that the most distant yet recognized is only 650 lightyears away. Jesse L. Greenstein, an astronomer of the



Representative Stars Plotted by Color and Magnitude

Mount Wilson and Palomar staff who specializes in spectroscopy, has studied the composition of these peculiar stars and within the last five years has discovered 20 white dwarfs with the 200-inch telescope.

"It is reasonable to believe," he said, "that billions of these collapsed stars are adrift in space. They will continue to cool, slowly becoming degenerate red dwarfs, and finally black dwarfs. But I don't think there are any black dwarfs yet," he added, "because there hasn't been time enough. We calculate that for a white dwarf like the Companion to cool down to black dwarfdom will take 8,000 million years, and for an evolving star to get from the main sequence to the white-dwarf stage requires an estimated 5,000 million—a total of 13,000 million years."

It is mass that determines where a star will be on the main sequence, for the greater the amount of matter with which a new-born star is endowed, the higher will be its gravitational energy and central temperature and, in consequence, the higher will be its surface temperature and brightness.

"We can tell from a star's surface temperature and luminosity the rate at which it is burning hydrogen," Greenstein went on. "Rigel, for example, is consuming hydrogen at such a pace that it cannot have been operating for more than 40 or 50 million years. Rigel has moved off the main sequence and is probably beginning to expand into a red supergiant. Vega and Sirius are not such gluttons for fuel, but they outdo the Sun, and we know that their ages can be only a few hundreds of millions of years, possibly 1,000 million. But the Sun consumes fuel

so slowly that it has taken about 5,000 million years to reach its present state, and another 5,000 million must pass before it has consumed all the hydrogen in the central 10 per cent of its mass. For lesser stars, the rate of burning is even slower. It will be more than 500,000 million years before Kruger 60 is ready to expand and evolve."

Considerations such as these have led astronomers to assign the origin of the existing white dwarfs to masses above that of the Sun. For smaller stars there has not been time enough.

Here, then, are the extremes of stellar evolution: the glowing nebulae where stars are born, and the collapsed white dwarfs which mark stellar senility and approaching death. Stars in intermediate states are to be seen in the vast panorama of the Milky Way, and it is because of this that we can study evolution at all in our brief second of eternity. The astrophysicists have traced the life histories of stars from the "old folks home" (left of the main sequence) back to the "nursery." And beyond that? Yes, the evolutionists have some ideas on the origin of the pre-star material and of the elements which compose it.

ORIGIN OF THE ELEMENTS

THE starting element is hydrogen, or neutrons which decay into protons and become hydrogen. On this the cosmologists are agreed. The problem is to account for the elements heavier than hydrogen. Actually, they are very sparse. On the average, of every million atoms in the Universe taken at random, about 930,000 are hydrogen atoms, a little over 60,000 are helium, and the remainder of less than 10,000 atoms account for all the other chemical species —carbon, oxygen, iron, and the rest up to uranium and the heavier radioactive metals.

At least four theories have been advanced to explain the occurrence of the elements in these relative abundances, but I should like to confine this discussion to a hypothesis which pictures the stars themselves as the atom-builders. It is a speculation that has been slowly developing and gathering supporting evidence for more than a decade. Its early exponents were a group at the University of Cambridge in which Fred Hoyle was the leading spirit.*

Hoyle has been a frequent visitor to the United States, and has spent several periods of research in collaboration with investigators at Pasadena and other American centers. Contributions to the theory have been made by William A. Fowler of Caltech, Greenstein of Mount Wilson and Palomar, Schwarzschild of Princeton, E. E. Salpeter of Cornell, A. G. W. Cameron of Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd. (Chalk River), and G. R. and Margaret Burbidge of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge. The Burbidges, a husband and wife team, were in residence in Pasadena for the last two years, working in close association with the local group.

ATOM-BUILDING IN STARS

THE gist of the new theory is that the atoms of all elements heavier than hydrogen are formed in the hot interior of stars, the stellar hydrogen providing both the fuel and the building blocks for the manufacture. If you ask where the hydrogen came from Hoyle answers that it is spontaneously created in interstellar space: "it just appears" and is continually appearing. But the theory of continuous creation of hydrogen is another story, so let us start with a postulate. Let us assume a cold, dilute, but turbulent gas composed of hydrogen atoms, or of neutrons that decay into protons and electrons to form hydrogen. The question then becomes, as William A. Fowler phrased it, "Given protons and neutrons, when, where, and how have the heavier elements been synthesized?"

The first stars were born of the primordial hydrogen, forming according to the process described earlier in this article. These stars, which we now see as red giants and lesser members of Population II, contained nothing but hydrogen in the beginning. But to live a star must burn, and the product of this burning is helium. Gradually a core of helium accumulates in its center and, although both are gases, there is no mixing. The helium stays inside and the hydrogen burns around it in an encircling layer.

As the core grows, it begins to shrink under its own weight and that of the overlying material. At this stage the star may blow off some of its surface, flaring up to heightened brilliance in the kind of outburst known as a nova. Or the star may leak some of its hydrogen and newly-formed helium into space. But these adjustments do not become catastrophic so long as the helium core does not grow overlarge—specifically, so long as it does not reach a mass greater than 1.44 times the Sun's total mass. For all stars with helium cores below this limit the life history is fairly uneventful and the star will reach old

* Hoyle's book, *The Nature of the Universe*, was published in *Harper's*, December 1950-April 1951.

age as a slowly cooling dwarf. But if the star is so large that the growing core exceeds this critical mass, then look for spectacular fireworks.

This critical mass is known as the "Chandrasekhar limit" from the name of its discoverer, Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar, professor of astrophysics at the University of Chicago. Chandrasekhar calculated that a star with a helium core heavier than 1.44 times the Sun's mass would necessarily have to slough off the extra material and get itself below the critical limit to become a stable white dwarf. His computations indicated that this might involve stupendous pressures and temperatures and wreck the precariously maintained stability of the star.

Occurrences are on record in which a star suddenly shines with the brightness of millions of Suns. In 1885 such a luminary appeared in the Andromeda Galaxy and attained a brilliance about a tenth that of the entire system of several hundred million stars. In 1937 one was seen in the spiral known as IC 4182, and it outshone all the other stars of that galaxy. These objects are thousands of times more luminous than novae, and are called supernovae. Twenty to thirty novae are sighted annually in the Milky Way, but throughout recorded history only three supernovae have been reported as appearing in our galaxy: one in the constellation Taurus in the year 1054 A.D., another in Cassiopeia in 1572, and the third in Ophiuchus in the year 1604.

Observations of the explosion in Taurus are recorded in ancient Chinese and Japanese annals. Today there is a bright nebula at the very point in Taurus where the Oriental astronomers reported their "wonderful star" of July 1054, and this luminous patch, which modern astronomers have named the Crab Nebula from its shape, has been identified as the remains of that nine-centuries-old supernova. Years ago John C. Duncan made a detailed study of the Crab Nebula and found it to be a cloud of gas surrounding a faint central star, apparently the whitening dwarf of the giant that exploded.

How can such titanic outbursts occur? Suppose we take Sirius, which has an over-all mass about three times that of the Sun, and follow the story of what can happen in its future. Sirius is still a stable star on the main sequence, but eventually its growing core of helium will find the crushing weight above it insupportable and will raise its central temperature from 30 million degrees to 130 million. At that heat the helium will begin to burn, producing carbon, oxygen, and neon, and adding them to the core.

As the core continues to grow denser, slowly over a period measured in millions of years, the internal temperature waxes hotter. At 600 million degrees the neon begins to burn, producing magnesium. At 1,500 million degrees oxygen reactions begin, with the production of aluminum, silicon, phosphorus, sulfur, chlorine, argon, and potassium, and adding these to the core.



"Worse comes to worse, let us say, and the earth is blown off its axis. All right, by simply giving this knob a little turn . . ."

The radiation is now of the penetrating kind known as gamma rays. They knock protons out of the nuclei of newly-forged atoms, terrifically mangling them. The eventual result, however, is not destruction. For when the temperature reaches about 2,000 million degrees the fragments fuse to form heavier atoms—titanium, vanadium, chromium, manganese, iron, cobalt, nickel, and zinc.

The star is now radiating energy so fast that further contraction is necessary to compensate. It shrinks more rapidly, and at about 5,000 million degrees the atoms of the iron group break under the gamma-ray bombardment and become helium. Thus, suddenly, a sizable proportion

f the core changes from metals to this light as. The result is utter collapse. In about a econd, says Hoyle, the star falls in on itself. ut quickly, as a consequence of the resultant eating, the unburned hydrogen of the outer yer provides fuel for a tremendous increment f energy, and the star explodes. The explosion, ke the implosion, is instantaneous, and its fect is to fling into space all the surface layers nd outer shells of the core until the central ass is reduced to Chandrasekhar's limit.

Such appears to be the mechanism of a super- ova. The elements of all the various chemical ecies that were cooked in the star are thrown it by the explosion. The atoms thus ejected come part of the interstellar cloud. They add etals and other heavier elements to the abun- ant hydrogen, some of the atoms and mole- ules cling together to form dust particles, and new stars arise in these clouds they inevitably corporate debris of the supernovae. This ex- ains why young stars contain more metal than d stars. The very oldest were born of pure ydrogen, before supernovae began to operate. he young stars are beneficiaries of the atom- oking processes of exploded stars. Greenstein is found red dwarfs of Population II which ntain less than one twentieth of the Sun's rcentage of iron, calcium, and other metals. he Sun appears to be younger and is rated as a ar of the third generation of Population I.

But supernovae are not the only atom-builders by no means. All stars are making helium, and ere is good evidence that the red giants (such Arcturus and Betelgeuse) make carbon and me heavier elements. "In the red giants the uild-up is a slow process, taking from 100 to 0,000 years," said Fowler, "and in the super- vae it is quick, 100 to 1,000 seconds." The sults are quite different and the astro-physicist n now tell pretty well which elements were ade in the red giants (for example, strontium, rium, zirconium, barium, and the recently- scovered technetium), which in supernovae velopes (tellurium, xenon, uranium, and all e other radioactive elements), and which in the res of supernovae (iron, cobalt, nickel).

EXPERIMENTAL EVIDENCE

THE sequence of reactions by which atoms are cooked in stars was worked out theo- ically, but the laboratories of nuclear physics steadily accumulating a body of supporting dence. For example, the chain of theoretical ctions calls for an isotope of beryllium weighing 8, but only beryllium[9] was known to exist. In laboratory experiments—both at Los Alamos and at Caltech—the isotope of atomic-weight 8 has been found, but in less than a billionth of a second it splits into two helium nuclei. More recently physicists at Caltech have been able to demonstrate that in its fleeting flash of existence the beryllium[8] nucleus can capture a helium nucleus to produce a stable nucleus of the familiar carbon[12]—thus demonstrating in a laboratory accelerator the process by which carbon is manufactured in stars.

Supernovae show a maximum brilliance after which they begin to decline, and in certain of these exploding stars it has been observed that the brightness progressively fades by one-half every 55 days. A bit of circumstantial evidence which seems to bear on this rate of decline turned up in 1952 when the U. S. exploded its first hydrogen bomb. Among the fallout products was a hitherto unknown isotope of the heavy metal californium, an element which the bomb transmuted from its uranium in the terrific heat of the explosion. The isotope is highly radioactive, and the interesting fact is that in just 55 days it decays to half its strength.

"We think," said Fowler, "that this isotope of californium is produced in supernovae explosions. Its especially energetic decay with a conveniently observable half-life makes its presence stand out. Presumably uranium itself and other heavy metals are produced in a similar manner."

Two isotopes of uranium are being examined in this search into the past. U^{238}, with a half-life of 4,500 million years, is 140 times more abundant in the Earth than U^{235}, which has a half-life of 700 million years. It is reasonable to assume that originally they were made in approximately equal amounts in supernovae explosions. On this basis Fowler calculates from their decay rates and present ratio of abundance to one another that the age of the elements in the Sun is somewhat greater than the half-life of uranium[238]—that is, 6,000 to 7,000 million years. The Milky Way may be older, its beginning dating back perhaps as much as 8,000 million years—and the physicist points to another atomic clock not yet used in these studies, the isotope of thorium known as Th^{232}. This radioactive metal has a half-life of 14,000 million years, and Fowler and his crew of atomic archaeologists are now on the lookout for some aspect of the Universe "which will be appropriately measured by this 14,000-million-year hourglass."

The study of nuclear processes in stars thus has brought us to the possibility of a greatly

increased time scale. The Sun is not "dying," as Sir James Jeans described it thirty years ago in *The Mysterious Universe,* but is in the very prime of its life. The evidence for the expansion of the Universe, in the light of these investigations and speculations, may suggest that it is but an incident in the long sweep of cosmic history.

THE SUN'S DESTINY

INDEED Chandrasekhar's limit gives assurance that our Sun will not suffer the fate predicted for Sirius. The solar mass is too small to become a supernova. But the Sun will change. What is its probable destiny?

In response to this question Sandage pointed to a diagram that he and Harold L. Johnson of the Lowell Observatory had recently made of the star cluster known as M 67. It is one of the open clusters of the Milky Way, a group of several thousand stars in the constellation Cancer, and from their association and motion they appear to have had a common origin and to be of the same age. But they are of different masses—some in the Sun's class, others which have moved off the main sequence, still others in the red-giant stage, and also a few white dwarfs.

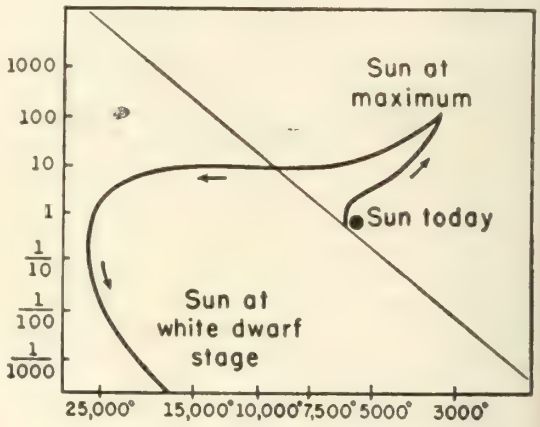
"I think the Sun's evolution is going to parallel that of the stars of M 67," Sandage said, "and from the track already traveled by this cluster we can draw some reasonable inferences."

The astronomer traced a path on the diagram shown here. The Sun, remember, has already been in existence about 5,000 million years. Sandage calculates that another 5,000 million will elapse before it leaves the main sequence. Then it will expand and eventually reach 30 times its present size. From the Earth the swollen Sun will appear as a dull red globe 15 degrees in diameter, instead of its present one-half degree.

At its maximum the Sun will be burning hydrogen at an extravagant rate. As the fuel supply nears exhaustion, the slow decline in brightness along the track from the right to the left of the diagram will occur, and the Sun will end its career as a shrunken white dwarf.

What of the Earth's fate? "Catastrophe will overtake most forms of life when the Sun reaches four times its present size. At this stage our planet's surface temperature will be about 158° Fahrenheit. As the Sun continues to expand, its heat will drive the Earth's temperature above the boiling point of water, then above the melting point of lead, until finally it will measure more than 1,400° F. The oceans will have boiled away, the oxygen-carbon equilibrium of the atmosphere will probably have disappeared. From this maximum the temperature will slowly fall as the Sun begins its decline. Eventually the waters will rain down again over the scorched lands and exposed sea bottoms. After this brief period, as cooling continues, the oceans will freeze and the coldness of the Earth will be profound."

It is conceivable, Sandage suggests, that in the 5,000 million years remaining before the rise in solar luminosity, "biological evolution by adaptive processes can modify the human species sufficiently to compensate for the gradual temperature rise, and postpone for some time the eventual doomsday. Presumably a biologist could in principle predict the course which the evolution of man must take to meet the changing conditions."



Predicted Evolutionary Track of the Sun

But we are not alone. "Most astronomers believe that solar systems like ours are common. The Sun is only one star among millions in the Milky Way, and our galaxy is but one among millions in the Universe. There may be other worlds much like our own where life exists.

"We are lucky," Sandage concludes. "Our Sun's rate of aging is slow. Our race has another 5,000 million years to live. Many stars more massive exist, and in them the aging is faster. Planets circling these stars go through the same cycle of evolution as ours, but more swiftly. There may be people in the Universe this moment facing the extremity of the heat death. God made the Sun of such a size that we have time yet ahead. A 10 per cent increase in the original solar mass would put us today at the end of life.

"Is it chance, or does it have some purpose that our star was not made more massive?"



HAPPY MARRIAGE

A Story by JOYCE CARY

Drawings by Alan Cober

SAMUEL THOMPSON, civil servant, was the only child of Athenia Battersby, the famous feminist leader. She is said to have been the original inventor of the plan for burning letter boxes. She designed the suffrage hat, and wrote a book proving that Shakespeare was Queen Elizabeth. But it is a shame for the modern generation of women to laugh at Athenia. They owe her a big debt. She had courage and character, she really did a great deal to get them votes and sacrificed much of herself in the process, for instance, her sense of humor.

She forbade marriage to her followers, as a degradation, but after women's votes were granted, she married Sandy Thompson, a feminist as enthusiastic as herself, and taught him to cook; in fact, made him into a modern husband thirty years before his time. He would do the washing up while she dashed out to meetings.

Not that Sandy was put upon. He himself proposed to do the washing up, and learned sewing. He was a man of pugnacious temperament who loved any excuse for a fight. If he had not been brought up a Christian pacifist he would have made a first-class thug. As an organizer of suffrage demonstrations he loved to bash policemen, and he hemmed dusters to show how much he considered women a superior sex.

Their marriage was very happy in its own way. But dedicated parents are bad for children, whose imaginations, like their bodies, cannot bear to remain fixed in any one position. Samuel had an austere upbringing—both parents taught him from his earliest years that boys were little better than the brutes. But, as friends later pointed out to him, he had no right to complain of anything, he was lucky to exist at all and had almost certainly been an accident. Athenia was even more against motherhood—at least for feminist pioneers—than marriage. She held that responsible educated women should devote themselves to the professions, in order to take a commanding place in the life of the country.

Samuel took the point and was humbly grateful for life, such as it was. He grew up a modest and retiring character. Even at his office in the Ministry of Energy he was hardly known, except as a signature, by anyone outside his own staff. He belonged to no clubs and played no games except patience. His hobby was collecting stamps, but he also took an absorbed interest in the latest scientific developments, as recorded in his morning paper, an old liberal daily which, by tradition, gave at least half a column a week to general culture. The theory of the expanding universe occupied him for months and drove his acquaint-

ances distracted. He was also extremely concerned about nuclear physics and the possibility of the disappearance of the world one morning owing to an accident at the Harwell laboratories.

He especially avoided the company of women; he appeared a confirmed old bachelor. But at forty-six, to everyone's astonishment, he fell in love with one of the secretaries at the office and married her. Aminta was a very smart young woman direct from college and right up-to-date. She condescended to Picasso and was completely bored with the subject of homosexuality. She wore a Victorian cameo in her hat and had two fine drawings by Millais in her flat.

The wedding was in church. Aminta was a keen churchwoman. This was slightly embarrassing to Samuel who had never even been baptized. His mother had strong views about religion. As a scientist she called it nonsense, and as a feminist a man-made device for the subjection of women. But Aminta pushed him through the service and he did not disgrace himself.

They settled in a charming little villa at Kew, Ruskin Gothic, and furnished it with some good mid-Victorian mahogany. Aminta was lucky enough to find a Clarkson Stanfield sea picture in a junk shop and to get it for ten pounds. This fine work gave great distinction to their sitting-room. Aminta's treasure was a gilt clock under an original glass dome, which required and received a draped mantelpiece.

AMINTA now proposes to entertain Samuel's friends and is surprised to find he hasn't any. She has dozens of both sexes and all ages, especially friends from college. All these young women are in jobs or just married or both. They arrive every day to see Aminta, bringing small babies or bottles of claret. All of them want to see Samuel, and gaze curiously at him, tell him that Aminta will make a very good wife in spite of her intelligence, and when they go away say to each other, like all friends of a new-married person, "But how extraordinary—how on earth did it happen—can it last?"

They suspect that their dear but reckless Aminta has acquired Samuel as a collector's piece.

Samuel is embarrassed by all these young people, especially the girls. They shock him by their conversation about the most intimate details of their love affairs and the complexes of their lovers; they startle him by their strong views on the subject of marriage, and especially the duties of a wife and mother. They have no patience with a girl who can't cook, clean, wash, drive any make of car, mend linen, put in a fuse, do running repairs on household gadgets, choose, store, and decant a respectable wine, and pick a smokable cigar at a smokable price. As for children, they all want six apiece and take the view that if any child does not turn out a perfectly integrated and responsible member of society, the mother will be entirely to blame.

When Samuel dares to murmur that there can be bad fathers, they gaze at him for a moment and then say that no doubt mothers sometimes make that excuse, but it's not really an excuse. They obviously think that any woman ought to be able to cope with any kind of man, including the worst of fathers. "Cope" is their great word.

They are polite to Samuel but they don't take him very seriously. When he raises the question of the expanding universe one evening, he is assured by two girls at once, of whom one has taken a first class in mathematics and is a fellow of her college, that it is a stunt for the tabloids. The universe, they say, can be made to dance the polka with a suitable equation; it depends only on which system you use. The mathematician, who is in the eighth month of her second child, then returns to the subject of lyings-in. Is it better to have a monthly nurse at home or go to the hospital? Either way things can go wrong, and then the party discusses some cases that have gone wrong, with the technical elaboration of experts. It is, for instance, quite wrong to suppose that the widest hips are a guarantee of safety. Samuel listens with horror, and breaks into cold sweats. Aminta is small, with an eighteen waist and hips of that rare type that look slim even in jeans.

Aminta, after two months of marriage, is already expecting. She has been decided on six children from the age of ten. She too has had a feminist mother.

Samuel mutters in his sleep and wakes up with a moan. Next day he begins to flutter about Aminta like a nervous hen. She must not lift that chair, she must not use her arms, she must not run on the stairs, she must not go out this morning, it is too hot or too cold. Aminta laughs at him and obeys till he has gone to the office. Luckily at this time his newspaper brings out some articles on painless childbirth, and Samuel rushes out at once to buy all the books. Aminta is commanded to do exercises, to learn how to relax. And she obeys. For Aminta herself has been a little apprehensive, even if she says nothing about it. What girl doesn't have some anxiety in her first pregnancy?

Aminta had lost her parents young and her

family was small and scattered, Service people. A naval cousin dropped in from Hong Kong one day with a real Chinese jar of the genuine ginger. An elder sister, an Anglican nun, brought her an original Negro carving from Central Africa. A great-aunt from the Midlands, who had sent as a wedding present a plated muffineer dating from her own wedding, asked herself for a week because, as she explained, she could stand anything except modern hotels.



SHE was a little thin woman of seventy-six with the complexion of a sea captain. Her nose was Atlantic blue, a dark fierce blue like the middle of a storm cloud. Her mahogany cheeks were as dark as a cabin door. Her forehead in a sharp line above her eyebrows was dead white like that of an old sailor. But she had not the suave and ingratiating manner of the liner captain; she was bluff and gruff. She had got her complexion from sixty years in the hunting field where she had made a distinguished career as the first woman M.F.H., at least of a smart pack.

Even in town she wore the mannish dress affected by pioneer women of the late 'eighties; a Tyrol felt, a double-breasted reefer, a man's hard collar and four-in-hand tie.

She was amazed and disgusted by the furniture, especially the gilt clock and the draped chimney board. "Good God," she said, "just like my granny's, and she was a stuffy old relic even for Dawlish. All that dusty rubbish went out with mustache cups."

She thought the Stanfield equally out of date. She herself possessed a seascape, a Boudin. "But of course, I know this modern French stuff doesn't appeal to everyone."

She brought a brace of pheasants and two bottles of port, Croft '26. She instructed Aminta to cook the pheasants, an anxious job for so particular a gourmet, but she allowed no one but herself to decant the port.

And over a second glass that evening, she unbent so far as to say she could forgive Samuel everything but his mother.

"My God," she said, "what a disaster—that vote. When I was young, women ran the civilized world, let's say, France down to Longchamp and England up to Newmarket, but they don't run anything now except these ridiculous nylons. My generation were people; we knew how to make ourselves respected, but you girls are just a sex. Look at the advertisements."

When she heard of Aminta's relaxing exercises, she snorted, "There you are—just what I said—as if women were all the same size and shape, just lumps of sex stamped out from the same batch of cake mixture and served up in the same frills."

She poured and savored her third glass, accepted a cigar, glanced at the name on the box, said, "How do you afford Havanas? You young people nowadays spoil yourselves."

"They were for you," said Aminta.

"I thought so," said she, with the grim smile of an M.F.H. "Getting round the old fool on her weak side."

Suddenly she became extraordinarily genial, in the way of so many gruff old people who seem astonished and overwhelmed at the least mark of affection. Probably the old woman paid for her local glory in loneliness. All at once she couldn't do too much for her dear Aminta and Sammy. She would send them game every week and her own recipe for bread sauce. She would order a dozen of burgundy at once—that was the stuff for breeding gals, nothing like it to make blood. As for the lying-in, there was only one man in England—one that a woman could trust—her own man, Dr. McMurdo.

"He's delivered all the Hunt children for forty years and he's set my collarbone five times. He's been retired since the war but he'd do

anything for me. I'll bring him up at once to look over the ground."

And she wired next morning. She belonged to the generation before 'phones.

Samuel swore that no Blankshire bone-setter should come near his Aminta. But Dr. McMurdo came next day. It was apparently true that he would do anything for a lady so distinguished in history as Aminta's aunt. He was also in his seventies, an enormous man with a huge round purple face and a great swag belly. He was dressed in a shaggy yellow tweed with a four-inch blue check and a duster-pattern white flannel waistcoat. He ate and drank with the gusto of a Falstaff. To see him at table would have been an inspiration to Stratford. He too was an authority on port, and his manner with the patient was less fatherly than familiar. He did not exactly give her a slap on the behind after his examination, but it was more than a pat.

When she talked about her relaxing exercises and painless childbirth, he grinned like a satyr and answered with more affectionate pats, "Leave it to me, me dear. That's what I'm here for. Just leave it all to me and relax."

And he winked at Thompson—a wink combining all the genial villainy of a Falstaff with all the cynicism, as Thompson put it, of an abortionist. And as soon as Aminta had her first real pain out came the chloroform mask. She knew nothing more till she waked up feeling beautifully flat, and heard, as in the far distance, a baby crying somewhere, and gradually realized that this was her baby.

AFTER that it somehow came about that McMurdo attended also for the other two children. They are brought up in the new style, to mind their manners, and get up when their papa comes to table—just as Aminta promised to obey, so she says a house must have its head and supports the authority of the father. The result is that when she threatens them, "I'll tell Papa," they become instantly as good as gold and amenable as lambs. They are happy, lively, and reasonable; they have no moral problems and always know what is the right thing to do even when they don't mean to do it.

The Thompson family in short is a very happy one—Aminta's friends who assured Samuel that her intelligence would not prevent her from making a success of marriage were right. Samuel adores her. Their only subject of occasional difference is the vote. As a son of his mother he thinks Aminta takes the vote too lightly.

Not that she despises it. "Of course it's a thing one has to have," she says, "like mumps. But why do they always have elections on wet days and put the polling booths in back yards among municipal dustbins. And what do votes do after all?"

Though Aminta makes a great deal of Samuel's authority as master of the house it is noticed that she runs everything; looks after all the money, pays all bills—even at Samuel's new croquet club—drives the car, and chooses the family holiday. What's more, when, in that frantic fortnight before Budget Day, Samuel, like all senior government clerks, brings back memos in the evening and even for the Sunday, she will sit down and knock up a quite masterly report on the Calorific Value of Brick Dust, or the Profitable Utilization of Factory Smoke.



They are a happy couple and in this happiness Samuel has blossomed in a late florescence. He has given up stamps and collects glass paperweights. He wears a bowler and fancy waistcoats. His trousers grow narrower and narrower. He says that nowadays there is so little difference between political parties that old liberals like himself might as well vote blindfold. And last election he very nearly did vote Conservative. The only reason why he refrained at the last moment was because he discovered that the Liberal candidate was a strong supporter of Sunday observance, and he has become a devoted Churchman with a leaning to evangelism. In short, he is very nearly a new man.

Norman MacKenzie

THE ENGLISH DISEASE

Its symptoms are the slogan "I couldn't care less" plus a paralyzing kind of politeness . . . its causes seem to be boredom with "The Humbug State" and a helpless feeling that Britain is sliding downhill. . . . A clinical report by a London editor, who believes his patient's condition is critical but not hopeless.

IT COMES as a shock each time you hear the phrase. A German businessman in the bar of the Atlantic Hotel in Hamburg uses it contemptuously as he describes how he beat an English competitor to an order. "Not typical," you murmur. A Swiss visitor mutters it as he looks at the cracked cups and the tea-swill in a station cafeteria in Manchester. "Ah, but you should go to the new espresso coffee bars . . ." you begin to correct him. An American journalist introduces it into a lunch-time discussion about John Osborne's plays, "No," you start to say, "it's not fair. We aren't all like that . . . we can still invent, produce, trade, write, paint . . . we still have something to say in the world, something useful to do . . . the Viscount aircraft, the nuclear power station at Calder Hall, Benjamin Britten, the Health Service, Graham Greene, independence for Ghana and Malaya. . . ."

And then you stop short. Haven't you just been saying that politics have become a bore, that the theater is dying, that English industry is monopoly-minded, unimaginative . . . ? Of course. Weren't you just talking of that TV program you wrote on "The Future of Britain" and remarking how much easier it was to find pessimists than optimists? Certainly. Then why do you resent it when a foreigner comes to the same conclusion? Is he really wrong in arguing that we are fast becoming a nation of also-rans, sorry for ourselves, but just comfortable enough to do nothing about it?

It is a strange state of mind. We almost believe it when we say that we English are pretty decent chaps, after all, and this is a good country to live in—but then half of us, privately, confess to the opinion pollster that at one time or another we have thought about emigrating. We write, and read, solemn articles that insist that we still count as a world power—then we almost wreck the Commonwealth, cause trouble with our American allies, and expose our own military weakness in the effort to prove it by a futile demonstration against Nasser. We read the headlines that chronicle our descent from greatness—and turn from them with a yawn to check our football pool coupons or blur our minds and our eyes on the 17-inch telly.

We are always ready to give other nations lessons on democracy—but we let our parties become closed oligarchies, we let our civil liberties be corroded, and every week we find new totems and taboos to buttress our cult of monarchy. We talk about winning the battle for the pound —but our industrialists are as much interested in tax dodges and capital gains as in production, and our workers say that the way prices keep going up it's time the union put in a claim for another ten bob a week. We hold up our hands in horror at the fearful goings-on in Little Rock —but our bus crews in Birmingham threaten to strike if any more West Indians are hired, and our government interns thousands of Kenya Africans without trial.

We English are bored and restless, cynical and complacent: we lean on our spades, watch the clock, blame the bosses, blame the unions, envy the Americans, worry about the Germans, distrust the Russians; we write off

our politicians as pompous self-seekers, dismiss our priests as old fogies, make popular idols of our quiz-winners, shrug our shoulders at the world going to hell around us—and we don't give a damn.

SYMPTOMS AND GUILT

THAT, surely, is the peculiar quality of our crime against ourselves and our children: we know, but we are indifferent. A Soviet novelist—I can well understand why Stalin did not like him—once wrote a book called *The Revolt of the Indifferent.*

"Do not fear your friends," he said. "They can only betray you. Do not fear your enemies. They can only defeat you. But fear the indifferent, for their indifference makes it possible for your friends to betray you and your enemies to defeat you."

Now a Communist society forces indifference upon the mass of the population as an act of policy. It is almost a social virtue: if you are indifferent, and work hard, you get a medal or a holiday at a rest home or a larger apartment. The only condition is that you do not ask nasty questions or otherwise make life difficult for the party bosses who remain bosses because you are indifferent. But we have not had indifference thrust upon us: we have acquired it, and we accept it because it makes much less trouble, not for others, but for ourselves. Why bother? The question is the first symptom of the disease.

Yet we are not happy in our indifference. We have a deep sense of guilt about it. (This, I take it, is why we resent the German businessman, the Swiss visitor, the American journalist.) And we project that guilt upon our neighbors.

"Why should I cut out my tea-break to finish a rush order?" asks a factory worker. "My boss takes two hours for lunch."

The disillusioned teacher who has to cope with a class of forty children in a school long overdue for demolition: "Why should I make the extra effort for the more backward children? If only the council would give us enough staff and adequate equipment I could manage it."

A doctor who has left hospital work to advise a drug company: "The pay was terrible, my promotion prospects poor, the conditions impossible. But I'm not leaving for the money. They obviously don't want decent doctors."

And a final example I know—this one a young architect of ability who took a useful but not very lucrative job in town planning after the war. He gave it up, and is now earning a large salary designing hideous brick boxes for a speculative builder. "Nobody was interested any more," he said. "Why should I sacrifice myself for the Britain beautiful when no one seems to want to live in it?"

Why, indeed? This is a failure of morale. Am I my brother's timekeeper, his teacher, his healer, his town planner? Not any more, it seems. Why, when he does not want me? I do not give up because I am betrayed or defeated, but because no one cares. Even the words "betrayal" and "defeat" imply a cause, but when no one cares there are no causes. We fight our sham battles, and go through the drill we learned when we thought the causes mattered. We scarcely deceive ourselves that we know what the battles are about. Tweedledum and Tweedledee are our generals and as they go at it with their pots and pans we are as bewildered as Alice.

Yet there are causes if we choose to seek them out. There is a very simple but fundamental one—our own economic survival. Once again, we know the facts: we need to produce more, to design better, to sell more aggressively, to consume less and invest more, to clear away the restrictive practices of both business and the unions, to modernize our machines and overhaul our labor-management relations. Once again, indifference: we are doing nicely, thank you, and please close the door gently as you go out in case you shake down the cobwebs.

Why? A nation needs a dream to unite it. And our dream is of the past, not the future. We know what we were—not what we are, or what we wish to become. We stumble forward blindly because we look over our shoulders. Germans do not look back—there are only ruins, cruelty, defeat; Russians do not look back—the future cannot be worse than the past; Americans do not look back—the future will always be better than the past.

But we look back, because then we could believe in ourselves. Our ruling class was secure: it believed in God, the King, and the Empire, the wickedness of trade unions, and the righteousness of property. Our middle class had its ambitions, and the creature comforts that went with world power, cheap labor at home, and even cheaper labor in the colonies. And our working class knew it was ill-used, exploited, denied its rights—and, in its poverty and impotence, it could believe in the New Jerusalem.

Suddenly, it was all meaningless. Six years of war, and six years of the Labor government, destroyed that society for good. And in its place it put a social stalemate, a caucus race without

great rewards or punishments, but with small prizes for everybody—the expense account for the businessman, the washing machine for the housewife, the television set for the worker, the prestige jobs for members of the old ruling class who find themselves at a loose end, socialized medicine for the middle class, and, for all of us, what John Osborne calls "the wave of a gloved hand from the golden coach."

THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT

WE ONCE took the monarchy for granted. Why have some of us now taken it as a target? Because it is the central symbol of the new Establishment. It is benign—and utterly irrelevant to anything that matters. Round it cluster the modern Barnacles of all the Circumlocution Offices—the masters of the soft phrase and the indecisive policy, the directors of radio and television programs, most of our politicians, our editors, even our industrialists and trade union leaders. We have all arrived, and as W. S. Gilbert's Duke of Plaza-Toro pointed out, "When everyone is somebody, then no one's anybody." The Barnacles have another debt to the Duke: he taught them the great advantage of leading an army from behind—a position that suits the Barnacles since they are looking backwards in any case.

Our debt to the Barnacles of the Establishment is immense. They have helped us organize our lives so that nothing can happen. A Socialist, my dear fellow? Tut, tut. You'll never get anywhere: we all have too much to lose. A Tory? Dear me, how extreme, and how old-fashioned. Don't you know, old chap, that the trade unions run the show now? A Liberal? Ah, that's better. Just stand over there and hold a quiet meeting about home rule for Scotland, or tax reform, or industrial co-partnership. Nobody will bother you: nobody will even listen.

What did you say about Suez? Yes, most regrettable. The Americans let us down, you know, and Sir Anthony was a bit under the weather at the time. Oh, capital punishment? Well, we fixed that up: we shan't actually hang anyone, but we must keep the principle for crimes that no one commits. Leaves the trap open, if you'll forgive the phrase. Prostitutes? That was rather neat. Drive them off the streets with heavy fines, and we can have a nice, clean, cozy call-girl racket. Old-age pensioners, did you say? Slum schools, overcrowded hospitals, industrial stagnation, subtopia sprawling into the countryside?

Now, now, all those things are coming along quite nicely, and you must be patient. After all, we have our little troubles, and with this economic crisis, you know, we must all make our sacrifices. . . . Oh, excuse me, I must go and have a word with that troublesome fellow. He keeps coming here and insisting that we *do* something. . . .

No wonder that Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger* cries out for at least a "good loud bloody damn!" This is the Humbug State, bristling with chromium-plated safety valves. And they are not even needed. We shall hedge,



"We have no angry young men in Old Westbury, I can assure you."

Ars Longa, Vita Brevis

A PICTURE entitled "modernistic embrace" won a prize for Miss Lynne Aliver, seven-year-old artist. She explained philosophically, "Most people don't understand modern art, but it is the only thing I can draw."

—UP, New Orleans, August 23, 1957.

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qualify, compromise, rub off the sharp edges to life, forget what it is like to hate or love passionately, praise honestly or condemn with conviction. We shall make hypocrisy the condition of success and plain speech a gross indiscretion. We have become genteel.

Of course, we always hankered after gentility. It is only in the last few years that we have managed, so to speak, to make it one of the unwritten conventions of our social constitution. And, it may be, it reflects only a passing phase. Ten years from now, perhaps, we shall wonder how we could drift so complacently through the nineteen-fifties, bowing and scraping to each other in a ritual that is utterly irrelevant to the world of the H-bomb, the sputnik, automation, Arab nationalism, and all the other jokers in the pack.

THE CYCLE OF DECLINE

WHY are we in this condition? (I say "we" because this is a condition you can find at all social levels—the businessman and the union organizer, the Labor party stalwart and the Conservative party member, the writer, the civil servant, the scientist, and the shopkeeper.) Is it a form of psychic exhaustion—a delayed payment for the war effort and postwar austerity? A little, perhaps. Is it due to a rejection of responsibility, a feeling of helplessness, the loss of a sense of destiny—because the control of destiny has somehow passed from our keeping into other hands? A little of that, too.

Is it one of those mysterious afflictions which seem to plague nations that are on the way down—so that a Goth in the fourth century might have spoken with contempt of the "Roman Disease," or a seventeenth-century Englishman could have talked of the "Spanish Disease"? Perhaps, but we do not know what starts off the cycle of decline, nor why people who see it starting prove powerless to arrest it. So that line of reasoning leads nowhere; at least, it leads to resignation rather than to action.

Yet it is too soon to be resigned, though it may soon be too late to act. And so we English hover at the turning point, torn by uncertainty and indecision, publicly assuring ourselves that we are on the threshold of a New Elizabethan Age (this is one of the more odorous of our social mothballs!) and privately confessing our doubts and discontents, insisting that we shall yet reap rich harvests, and meanwhile making ourselves comfortable by feasting on the seed corn, knowing secretly that much of the past was intolerable, fearing that much of the future will be unbearable, and feeling guilty because the present, if unexciting, is both tolerable and bearable.

Perhaps the key lies in the phrase "turning point," for this country is going through a slow and painful process of adjustment—externally, adjustment to a world in which we shall speak when we are spoken to, and perhaps speak third or fourth or fifth in turn; internally, to a society without great differences of wealth or class, in which the familiar signposts of status have been torn down. Because we once were rich, powerful, class-conscious, we still use the old vocabulary to describe ourselves, though the substance has died within the shell of words. This is a society in transition, living in a gray light that may be dusk or dawn, where the old is too strong to die and the new too weak to be born.

It is tempting to put this into the neat boxes of politics: *i.e.*, the Tories want the past, and Labor wants the future. But this is only a half-truth. In some ways, both our main parties are conservative, prisoners of their own history. That is one reason why people are cynical about politics, and why they distrust politicians who talk as if the world were still England's oyster, as if all we need to legislate ourselves into a hygienic paradise is another pension scheme, or a housing program, or some other nostrum.

We need a fresh start, a new image which explains how we can live in a world where our influence daily diminishes and our economic resources are shrinking to the point of crisis. If we can discover that image, we shall have causes enough, challenge enough, excitement and emotions to match it. Whether we discover it depends on whether the "English Disease" is a temporary attack of palsy or the first onset of permanent paralysis.



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Juan Ramón Jiménez at the University of Puerto Rico, Río Piedras, near San Juan. Photograph by Michel Alexis

Yet another great man chooses Puerto Rico as his home

THIS is the Andalusian poet who won the Nobel Prize in 1956. His name is Juan Ramón Jiménez—and he lives in Puerto Rico.

You see him at Puerto Rico's most famous university. Not far from this cloister is a fine new library, to which Jiménez recently presented his entire book collection. He made this gift without thought of personal acclaim. It is to honor the memory of his late wife.

Puerto Ricans are proud that men like Jiménez should choose to live in their lovely land. It is a sign that their plans for the future are going well. More industry to bring the fuller life. More education to bring the wisdom to enjoy it.

In one of his books, Jiménez talks to his donkey. "It seems, Platero, while the Angelus rings, that this life of ours loses its everyday strength and that another force within makes everything —as though fed from a reservoir of grace—rise to the stars . . ."

Puerto Ricans like to think that these devout words capture the spirit of their own renaissance.

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Peter F. Drucker

MATH Even Parents Can Understand

It may sound miraculous—but it is really true that a new way has been found to teach mathematics . . . which makes it not only fun to learn, but also possible to remember.

I BELONG to a large fraternity: the Substitute Mathematics Teachers International—a world-wide society of incompetents which embraces the parents of most high-school students, regardless of race, creed, color, sex, country of origin, or qualifications. Universally, it seems, children need help with mathematics from their parents all the way through secondary school. And the parents, by and large, are as confused and bewildered by the children's mathematics work as are the children themselves. One of the most popular features in a popular almanac for 1957 was a "pony" for parents to "relearn mathematics" so as to be able to "help junior." It did not go beyond the ninth-grade level—and yet in at least one New York suburb there now circulates among the members of the university women's club a "pony" to this "pony."

Neither this, nor any other almanac, includes, however, a "pony" for any other school subject, whether English composition, history, chemistry, biology, or French.

Yet despite all this "substitute" teaching few high-school or college students learn mathematics. Even if their grades have been good, most will have forgotten all mathematics beyond fractions, decimals, and percentages six weeks or so after they pass the last math test in their final course. All they retain, as a rule, is a lasting horror of "figures."

I know one young woman, for instance, who flunked her first test in economics in college because it contained a simple supply-and-demand equation. "When I see figures, my mind just goes blank" is her explanation. She never liked math. But only two years earlier she had made the highest possible mathematics score in her College Board examination.

Is this, as we so often hear today, a peculiarly American failing? The answer is a clear and certain "No."

My own secondary school thirty years ago—an Austrian "gymnasium"—included in its curriculum as much mathematics as, we are told, the Russians do. We were taught a good deal more than is required of the American college student majoring in science: calculus and differential equations, logarithms, probability, advanced algebra, conic sections, analytical geometry, and so on. We had math five or six days a week for eight years. The courses were required, the standards high. We had a written test every week, a bigger test every three months, a comprehensive "final" every year, and a day-long written examination on the entire work of all eight years at the end. No one doubted that we could all pass the test—and all thirty of us did, at least half with a grade of B or better. Yet when we met next fall, only four or five—the "naturals" who never really had to work on it—still knew any math at all. The boy who had sat next to me for eight long years, and who had always gotten straight A's in every subject including math, had forgotten everything. So had "average" students like myself—and we openly boasted of this remarkable achievement.

This was true of all Austrian secondary schools—as it had been true, forty years earlier, in my father's day, and is true today. It is just as true for secondary schools in France and Germany, Sweden, Spain, or Argentina. It is undoubtedly just as true in Russia. And it is, of course, what is happening in the American high school and college.

For twenty years now I have been "polling" people I met—always with the same result: the handful of "naturals" who would have learned it anyhow, learn mathematics. The others, smart and dumb alike, just take as many courses as they have to; pass them with good grades or poor; and promptly forget all they were taught. The highly educated do no better than the poorly educated; indeed, pride in being a

"mathematical moron" tends to be the distinctive snobbery of the otherwise highly educated person.

There is no other area of human knowledge or activity where we have this peculiar situation. The "naturals," of course, cannot understand what happens; indeed, they usually refuse to believe that it does happen. And since, after all, mathematics has to be taught by mathematicians, that is, by former "naturals," the problem has gone unperceived and unresolved for all the three hundred years since mathematics first became a secondary-school subject.

WHY WE FAIL

THE layman, especially if he finds himself a "substitute math teacher" can only ask one question: We teach other subjects successfully so that those who work hard and do well in their studies really learn something. Is there anything in the way we teach mathematics that is so different as to account for our failure?

The answer is "Yes"; in at least three aspects the traditional approach to mathematics teaching has been unique.

★ *Mathematics, first, is being taught contrary to its own spirit and genius as defined by the mathematicians themselves.*

Every mathematician asserts that mathematics is a conceptual order, a formal and general logic, a way of finding and defining universal relationships. When we say "mathematics" the mathematician may think, for example, of the elegance and sweeping power of the concept of function: in any relationship between two phenomena either one can be expressed, analyzed, studied, and even predicted as an extension of the other. The phenomena may be animal species in an environment; the mortality rate of human beings of different ages dying from a multitude of unrelated causes; or the prices of a great number of goods produced by hundreds of businesses and bought by millions of people. The relationship may be causal or mere probability of coincidence; it may be continuous, frequent, or rare; simultaneous or widely apart in time or space; certain, probable, or only possible. All this is said in the simple mathematical "sentence" on the mathematician's blackboard:

$$x = f(n)$$

Or the mathematician may think of that great feat of logical imagination that lies behind the simple: "Let's assume that instead of an infinite number of numbers, there are only a few, say only two—zero and one, no and yes, off and on"—the postulate on which, for instance, computer design rests.

But all we teach are manipulations; and we teach them *as* manipulations. Some time, around eighth or ninth grade, a teacher is likely to tell his students that what matters is to set up the equation rather than to get the "right answer." If students really learned what this means, they would have learned the essence of mathematics—and of logic, decision-making, and systematic research. But the aphorism is rarely explained, and little work is being done on setting up equations—the emphasis is on the manipulation after the equation is set up, the grades are for "right answers." Similarly, few high-school or college students hear of the age-old problem that underlies the integral calculus, or grasp its basic fiction of motion as consisting of an infinite series of infinitely small resting points; all they learn is how to manipulate the formulas in the textbook.

★ *And, second, mathematics is the only scientific discipline that is being taught as past history.*

The traditional secondary-school curriculum both here and in Europe does not include any mathematics developed after the early 1700s. This is as if we taught the medicine of Molière's doctors with their "four humors" and ended with Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; as if we concluded chemistry with Priestley's discovery of oxygen; as if we focused on the lever and the inclined plane in our physics and just mentioned, at the very end, Galileo's experiments with free-falling weights.

The comparison is not unfair. The last three hundred years have been, except for the very earliest Greek days, the really productive period of mathematics. Modern mathematics begins, by and large, where school mathematics stops. The basic concepts, theories, and techniques of modern mathematics have all been developed since. Above all, the vision of mathematics as a system of formal logic and as "language of numbers" has only dawned in the last 150 years.

Also, if mathematics is a scientific discipline, its historical development must have gone from the complicated to the simple, from the specific and isolated to the general. This has indeed been the case. Modern "higher" mathematics is inherently neither "easier" nor "more difficult" than the ancient (and partly obsolete) mathematics the schools teach. But it is simpler

—it has, so to speak, fewer moving parts, and they are bigger. There are about twenty-five basic abstractions needed for the understanding of Euclidian geometry—the simplest of the old arts. All one has to understand to grasp Set Theory is the simple statement that any collection—of things, of ideas, of events—can somehow be ordered.

Indeed, the traditional mathematics we teach is the most difficult of all things to learn: halfway abstractions, neither sufficiently concrete to be learned by experience, nor sufficiently abstract to be comprehended by the sudden flash of mental insight.

★ *Finally, mathematics, alone of all disciplines, is being taught as a bunch of unrelated specialties.*

There is no mathematics as such in our schools; there are algebra and geometry and trigonometry, each by itself. This is not true of the elementary mathematical operations we teach—and with a high degree of success—in primary school. Addition leads logically to subtraction, and the two together to multiplication and division which, in turn, "feed back" to addition and subtraction. But beyond this there are, as far as the student can tell, only isolated skills, unconnected with each other.

Five hundred years ago this was an accurate picture of mathematics. But it is the great achievement of modern mathematics to have overcome the ancient isolation of "arithmetic" from "geometry" and to have created instead a unified discipline of mathematics. To this it owes much of its importance and impact.

The near-collapse of mathematics teaching in this country's high schools has many causes; in many schools we are not doing a particularly distinguished job, after all, in disciplines we can teach like the reading and writing of English or history. But the reaction against three hundred years of teaching manipulation rather than mathematics is certainly a major element; it may be the main reason why parents, having themselves not learned much in their own math classes, have encouraged school boards to make math "optional" and their children to shun the option. It would be a very great pity if the new—and overdue—emphasis on mathematics in high school and college were simply to restore the traditional approach, were simply to bring us five or six instead of two or three years of manipulation and misdirection. We need, very badly need, a mathematically literate country; we will not get it by doing more of what three centuries of experience have proved to be ineffectual—no matter how much money we pour into "crash programs."

HOW TO MAKE IT FUN

ALL along, however, there have been signs that young people can learn mathematics, can indeed enjoy learning it, if it is taught as mathematics rather than as manipulation, as concept and way of thinking rather than as application. And for the first time mathematicians in this country are trying to do just that—and with great success.

The initial push came from "substitute math teachers," laymen who suddenly realized seven or eight years ago, that, though highly educated, they themselves had never learned math and had forgotten even the little they once were taught. Unlike the rest of us, these "substitute math teachers" were in a position to do something; for they were officers of two major educational foundations, the Carnegie Corporation and the College Entrance Examination Board.

Under the auspices of Carnegie, Professor Max Beberman of the University of Illinois has, since 1951, been working on a program of high-school mathematics that starts with basic mathematical abstractions—such as "number" or "set"—and follows them right through whether they lead into arithmetic, algebra, or geometry. This for instance brings analytical geometry into the ninth grade rather than into the freshman year at college; it brings "postulate systems"—the essence of modern mathematics but taught usually only to graduate students—into the tenth-grade curriculum. Some 1,700 youngsters have worked under this program by now; the first batch entered college this fall. The program has been officially adopted by seven schools in Illinois and by high schools in St. Louis and in two Boston suburbs, and it is spreading so rapidly to other places that it threatens to get out of Beberman's control.

Math is still "optional" in these schools. But where most children even in the college-preparatory programs drop math after two years, most children in the Beberman program voluntarily take it all four years. More important even: though designed for the youngsters in the college-preparatory courses, students in the other "non-academic programs" are demanding the Beberman course, are enthusiastic about it, and learn as much as their supposedly brighter colleagues. And in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the employees of the Polaroid Corporation, hearing

Can U.S. technology meet today's new challenges?

World events are putting the very idea of a free society to the test.

Not only has Russia demonstrated "islands of excellence" in selected areas of military technology, but, in addition, Soviet leaders have declared that they are determined to surpass present American standards of *production* and *consumption* in the next 10 years.

These challenges can no longer be dismissed as empty propaganda. This country must unleash all its creative and productive forces to achieve new levels of defense, and, at the same time, move ahead to new levels of productivity in our civilian economy.

In the United States, progress is paced and directed by the individual decisions of millions of businessmen, consumers, investors, employees—indeed, every citizen. The faith of our free society is that these millions of points of initiative can — and will — produce swifter progress, with greater liberty, than any system of centralized control. Because of this environment of freedom and initiative, the nation's scientific and engineering resources have the capability for both better defense and better living.

However, in applying our technology to the task, we must infuse—especially in defense work — even more of the incentives for bold and imaginative risk-taking that have been the wellspring of our civilian progress. These incentives are needed, particularly in the fields of research and development, if we are to achieve the technological breakthroughs necessary now and in the years ahead.

And in every phase of our economy, we must eliminate road blocks to higher productivity. It is extremely disturbing that national productivity has leveled off at the very time an increase is most needed to meet new world challenges.

Americans must prove once again that our free society has vitalities which are superior to those of any totalitarian system. On these pages are shown some of the ways that one company, among many, is trying to help bring America both a stronger defense and ever-higher levels of living.

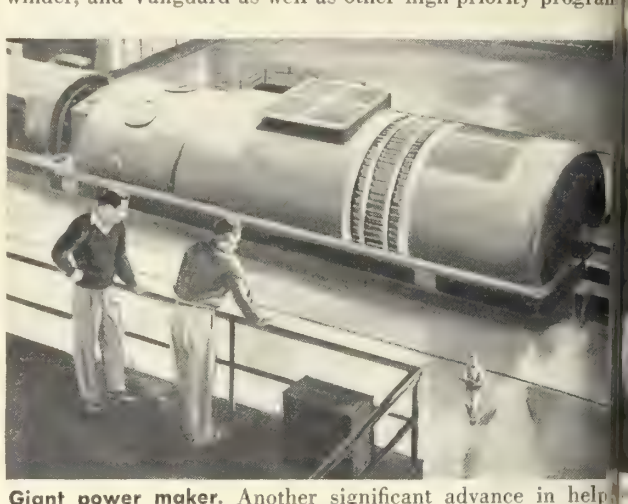
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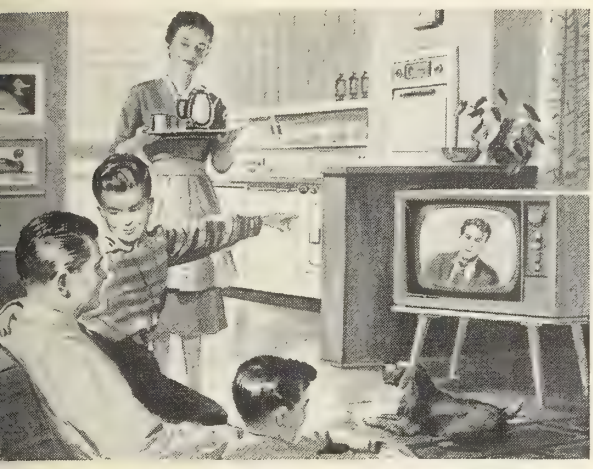
Penetrating outer space. General Electric is a major contri utor to 16 missile projects now under way. These include t Atlas, Thor, Regulus II, Polaris, Corporal, Nike Hercules, Hon John and Little John, Lacrosse, Talos, Tartar, Asroc, Sid winder, and Vanguard as well as other high-priority progran



Giant power maker. Another significant advance in help keep electricity today's greatest bargain is a General Elec steam turbine-generator that operates at the highest steam ditions ever used in America. It generates 18 times as m electricity from a pound of coal as Thomas Edison's first pl



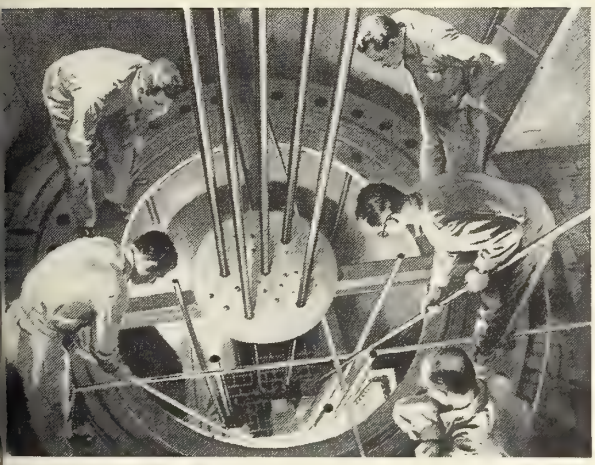
Power for peace. General Electric's J-79 jet engine powers new B-58 supersonic bomber (above), the F-104A and F11 fighters, and the Regulus II missile, plus other new aircraft yet announced. A commercial version of this jet engine be used on some of the leading civilian airlines in the fu



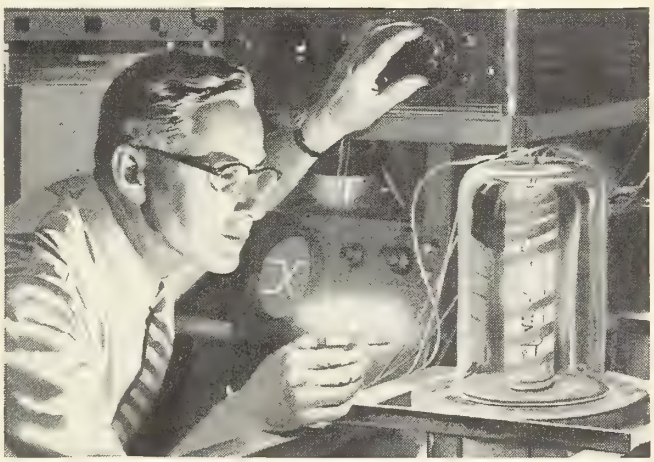
g better electrically. Today a housewife commands the alent in electrical energy of 45 servants; by 1967 it can be than 100. The trend is toward more automatic operations. example: General Electric's Filter-Flo® washer that sets conditions for each type of fabric at the push of a button.



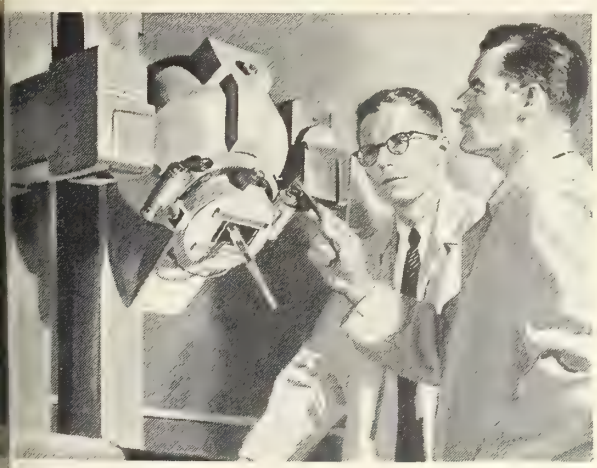
Progress in electronics. General Electric is developing slow-scan TV over telephone lines for military application. This is just one example of the growing use of electronics for defense. In civilian fields, engineers estimate that 40% of the electronic products that will be in use ten years from now have not yet been invented.



private atomic electricity. Last year General Electric re- l Power Reactor License #1 to operate the nation's first tely owned atomic power plant with the Pacific Gas & ric Co. In addition, the company conducts a substantial rch program to study the problem of harnessing fusion.



Research in energy conversion. The General Electric Research Laboratory recently demonstrated an experimental thermionic converter which changes heat directly into electricity. It is just one example of the company's continuing research and development to find even better methods of utilizing energy sources.



ools for medicine. General Electric, working with Atomic y of Canada, Ltd., now offers a simpler cobalt-60 cancer- ient machine which is as flexible as x-ray. In addition, an imental diagnostic x-ray machine, operating at 8 times the ational voltage, may help in early discovery of cancer.



Protecting our cities. One example of General Electric's contributions to the strong, alert defense needed to guard America is a new, more accurate search and height-finder radar system. This radar system can seek out enemy aircraft for the "Missile Master," which coordinates the fire of guided-missile batteries.

about the program from their children, have organized their own adult math courses around it, which play to full houses with standing room only.

The project of the College Entrance Examination Board is less ambitious. Headed by eminent mathematicians, it aims at reorganizing the present curriculum rather than at developing a new one. But the general approach is the same. And lately other influential mathematicians have joined the search for a new approach to mathematics teaching. Dr. Howard Fehr of Teachers College, Columbia, is one; Dr. G. Baley Price, now President of the Mathematical Association of America, is another. Nor is this work confined to high-school mathematics. Some mathematicians, such as Professor Albert W. Tucker of Princeton, believe that the teaching of mathematical concepts could—and should start in grade school; and there are several new textbooks for college freshmen such as *Introduction to Mathematical Thought* by Stabler, and *Principles of Mathematics* by Allendoerfer and Oakley, which present the "new" mathematics of concepts rather than the traditional mathematics of manipulation.

Every editorial writer, since Sputnik, has told us that we are the mathematical illiterates among literate peoples. It is cold comfort that the others, including the Russians, are ahead of us only in respect to the mathematics they teach, and are almost certainly no better off in respect to the mathematics they learn. But precisely because our situation has gotten so bad that the bankruptcy of the traditional teaching of mathematics could no longer be hidden, we may be able to leapfrog into a position of leadership in which math is learned with excitement, discipline, understanding, and impact by the average youngster, rather than being accessible only to the few "naturals."

I realize this would throw out of work several millions of "substitute math teachers." And many of us will demand severance pay: a chance ourselves to learn what for three hundred years we and our predecessors have painfully, incompetently, and ineffectually pretended to teach.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Department of English
October, Any Year

Dear Coach Musselman:

Remembering our discussions of your football men who are having troubles in English, I have decided to ask you, in turn, for help.

We feel that Paul Spindles, one of our most promising scholars, has a chance for a Rhodes Scholarship, which would be a great thing for him and for our college. Paul has the academic record for this award but we find that the aspirant is also required to have other excellences, and ideally should have a good record in athletics. Paul is weak. He tries hard, but he has trouble in athletics.

We propose that you give some special consideration to Paul as a varsity player, putting him, if possible, in the backfield of the football team. In this way, we can show a better college record to the committee deciding on the Rhodes Scholarships. We realize that Paul will be a problem on the field, but —as you have often said—co-operation between our department and yours is highly desirable and we do expect Paul to try hard, of course. During intervals of study we shall coach him as much as we can. His work in English Club and on the debate team will force him to miss many practices, but we intend to see that he carries an old football around to bounce (or whatever one does with a football) during intervals in his work. We expect Paul to show entire good will in his work for you, and though he will not be able to begin football practice till late in the season, he will finish the season with good attendance.

Benjamin Plotinus
Chairman, English Department

—By Professor William E. Stafford, *College English*, April 1955.



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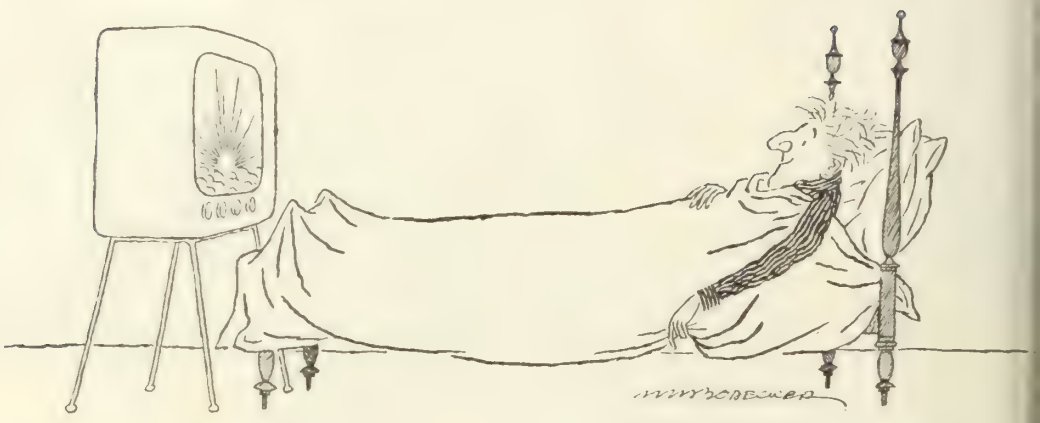
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After Hours



A DAY WITH "TODAY"

EVERY weekday morning at the impossible hour of three o'clock a teleprompter typist comes to the RCA Exhibition Hall on 49th Street in New York. He is the first to arrive. Across the street in the NBC offices a news staff has been at work since midnight, preparing films and scripts that will be needed later in the morning. Around four-thirty, depending on rehearsal time, the director and associate directors turn up; and toward five they have begun a run-through of the routine-sheets, a minutes-and-seconds schedule of the three hours' job ahead of them. The stars and various guests will be appearing between five-thirty and six. At seven the "Today" show, NBC's morning television program with Dave Garroway, goes on the air.

The run-through takes place down in the well of a ramp and staircase leading to the Johnny Victor theater, a tiny auditorium normally used for screenings and press conferences and such. Here in the half-pint lobby two tables have been set up, one for the meeting and the other for coffee and buns. Off the staircase in a darkened room about the size of a broom closet is the tangle of the show's technical apparatus—the sharp, clear rectangles of the monitors and the green glow of oscilloscopes. Down the hall are washrooms, make-up rooms, and a lounge for guests.

At the table the director for this morning, Dennis Kane, is reeling off instructions in obscure, professional lingo: "Relieve two with one to bring two back . . . we're going to set the trio half on the outhouse wall . . . Dave will kiss her off . . . in other words, the trio sandwiches the weather package. . . ."

In a corner two technicians are playing chess.

Upstairs is the familiar room you see each day on the screen, with its high glass wall facing the street, its bright lights hanging overhead, its clocks and telephones and battery of cameras. What would surprise you most is how small and cluttered it is. The camera makes it seem vast and organized, but in fact it is cramped and untidy. People are always getting in one another's way, even while the show is on; and, coming in and out, the celebrity-guests have to duck under cameras and be careful not to trip over cables.

An hour before show-time everything seems chaotic. It is still dark outside; the few passers-by have the wan and harried look of the city night still on them. Here in the pool of light musicians are going through their numbers; by the window a production man, arms flailing the air, is pulling apart the carbons of the teleprompter sheets; at the big curved desk, with his jacket off, Dave Garroway is reading through the script, rehearsing commercials, mugging into the camera, scowling and bugging his eyes.

THE "Today" show, now in its seventh year, is something very close to a national institution. It is watched daily by an estimated nine million people, having long disproved the assumption that a profitable morning audience for TV doe not exist. The program change constantly, yet always within a stri and disciplined form. It can de with nearly any subject, with eithe high seriousness or high comedy and the show itself can physicall be picked up, moved, and broadca from any city where there is a affiliated station of the network. has even created a new New Yor folkway: visitors from out-of-tow come each morning to press the noses against the window, hold u signs identifying themselves, ar wave to the folks back home.

The "Today" formula is bui around news, weather, interview music, and a chimpanzee. It inte weaves these elements and hol them together through the ba anced personalities of its regul performers—Helen O'Connell, Fra Blair, and Jack Lescoulie—and th tone set by Garroway himself, whi is one of adult wit and curiosit There *is* a schedule, and there *a* scripts, but there is also a gre deal of extemporizing—and a ce tain amount of pure tomfoolery that give "Today" its characteris lift and informality. It is almost i possible for anything to go wro that the show cannot take in stride. While I was there watchi —with the kind permission of t general manager, John Lynch—the was a goof more colossal than dared hope, and the way it w handled is typical of "Today's" go humor about itself.

The day was Valentine's Day, a the show opened with a rec playing, "Look Out, Look Out, Jimmy Valentine," while Garrow

supposed to rob a wall safe with alentine in it reading, "Phfft!" is worked fine the first time, and second (for the opening of the d hour, which goes to stations he later time-belts) the suspense even greater, but—safe opened, valentine. Garroway let out a —"We've robbed an empty safe!" id promptly the camera swung nd behind the scenery where, ding up the flimsy fake wall with hand, was the production as- nt who'd forgotten to put the ntine back, his head buried in other arm, a figure of the most ct misery. Everyone in the place laughing hopelessly. It was of se wonderful, totally lacking in nness, and better than anything could have planned.

FACT, the preparations for "Today" show meld almost in- inguishably into the show itself. ple go right on talking and drop- things. About fifteen minutes re the fatal hour of seven, how- , the atmosphere of offhanded- begins subtly to tighten. The era cables are snaked back into mblance of order; there is sur- itious straightening, combing, ing of ties; and the girls ap- , transformed, in their make-up. omo, Jr., the chimpanzee, has n petted, cajoled, scolded, and d at his own diminutive desk Nick Carrado, his owner and ner. One minute to go. Out- the sun is up at last, picking the corners of buildings and faces of the crowd collected at window. "Thirty seconds!" Now ything is bent toward the all- ng eye. One last directorial nt: "I want quiet, decorum . . . some light."

or one other quality that Gar- ay and his colleagues have, as must, is automatic and immedi- rapport with the camera. They not different people off-stage on, but on-stage they are ly a little larger than life, a more fully projected. The vision camera has this curious ensity to theatricalize what is in front of it, softening the s, sharpening the highlights, dusting everything with glamor. le look better dressed than are, scenery looks more solid.

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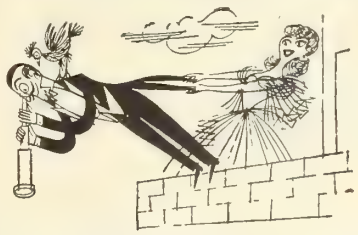
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The RCA Exhibition Hall, with all respect, is a fairly shabby place—there are fingermarks on the walls, cracks in the cabinet work, dirt, chalk, bits of old string, and waste-paper all over the floor. But the camera does not see it that way. This is the "Today" show, and it comes wrapped in the magic of network television.

By a quarter to ten the hall had thinned out, leaving only those who needed to be there; and a half-hour after the show ended there was the regular production meeting in John Lynch's office high in the RKO building nearby, to go over past mistakes and future plans. The stars and producers and writers sat around kidding, arguing, and regretting that Jack Lescoulie had not been there this morning. It had been a Friday. He has a lingering, grateful way of saying "Fri-i-i-i-i-i-day," as though he had hardly been able to last out the week. On the program, Garroway had explained that Lescoulie had a bug, but now someone said, "He had the flu. He flew to Puerto Rico."

They went on post-mortemeing the program, especially the missing valentine: "It was a goof, but it didn't work out as a goof." Jac Hein, the producer, came in and stood leaning against the window until John Lynch finally said, "If I had a bell I would ring it," and they got down to business. "I wasn't there but I watched it," said Hein. "It was a good show, a good swinging show."

And they all went on to talk about next week.



IF YOU'RE GOING TO PARIS

THERE are very few cities in the world where it is possible for the gustatorially restless to sample the best foods of a whole nation without leaving the city limits. In New York or San Francisco for example, you can find all sorts of excellent European and Asian cookery, but just try to find good Southern, or Southwestern cooking (nobody wants New England cooking—except lobsters—anyway). But in Paris (ah, Paris) it's different.

In a book called *The Food of France* by Waverley Root (which Knopf is publishing this month) there is an appendix entitled "How to Tour the Provinces without Leaving Paris." In it Mr. Root lists and describes about sixty restaurants (of the 8,000 in Paris) that specialize in provincial cookery. With his permission we have selected the ones that seem to us most mouth-watering. If you are not going to Paris, at least you can dream.

Alsace

Kuntz, near the Gare de l'Est, is the best Alsatian restaurant in France—an exception to the rule that the best eating is always on home territory. Unpretentious in appearance, it is moderate in price. I always seem to choose the same menu here—*pâté de foie gras, potée* of red beans rich in sausages, pork and such, and Riesling de Ribeauvillé for the wine.

Anjou

Chez la Mère Michel, 5, rue Rennequin, is rather tucked away and not too easy to find for strangers to Paris. From the Etoile follow the avenue Wagram through the Place des Ternes, after which it is t second street to the left. This the place to try that top specia of the Anjou, pike with the *beur blanc* sauce invented there.

Basque

Saint-Jean Pied de Port, 1 avenue Wagram, is the best Basq restaurant in Paris. It is also comparatively expensive one, b worth it. Not only is *piperade* specialty, but there is also the Sp ish *paella*, which appears on t menus of a number of Basque r taurants in Paris, though I do r recall ever encountering it on t French side of the frontier in t Basque Country itself.

Brittany

Toullig ar C'hrampouez. If y can stand the utmost in simplic walk down the boulevard Sai Germain to the rue Grégoire Tours, ducking at Number 11 i the first doorway adorned with sign *Crêpes*. This will be easier th looking for the name of the pla which is Breton for "At the S of the Good Pancake." Breton p cakes will be the only thing serv and you should drink cider w them. This comes under the h of slumming, but the *crêpes* are g —also heavy.

Burgundy

Chez Allard, 47, rue Saint-An running off the little square of same just behind the P Saint-Michel, is one of the n famous *bistros* in Paris, mear small, unpretentious places. All is both, but it is not cheap. H ever it does not have to be, as food is so good that it is dou starred in the Michelin guide, B of French diners-out. Phone fo reservation.

Rotisserie de la Reine Pedau rue Pépinière, near the Gare Sa Lazare. One feels bashful ab recommending a place to wh every tourist finds his own sooner or later, but the fact is this is one of the best buys of kind (flat-rate meal including w fast turnover) in Paris. The res rant has its own wine reserve Burgundy, and if the three excel table wines (white, *rosé*, red

inks down in front of you with limit on what you may drink thout extra charge, are not fine ough for your mood, it can pro- le plenty of others.

Franche-Comté

Chez Rousseau, 6, rue Papillon. ar the Folies Bergère, in a maze streets running in weird direc- ns which often baffles taxi-drivers. is perhaps a little doubtful about at province it represents—it seems compromise between Burgundian l Franche-Comté dishes, but as Franche-Comté was in and out Burgundy at various epochs in history, that is perhaps under- ndable. Anyway, as it is easier find Burgundian cooking than t of the Franche-Comté in Paris, ist it here for items like the hot s d'oeuvre provided by its special *illeté jurassien* and the occasional a wines it offers (do not count this), rather than for such Bur- ndian delights as its *cochon de de Beaune mode des vendanges* uckling pig.

Gascony

Chez Josephine, 117, rue de erche-Midi, slightly out of the ntparnasse quarter. Landaise king. *Confit d'oie* and *foie gras raisin* of the best. Arrive early.

Languedoc

Chez Anna, 10, boulevard Deles- t, convenient to the Chaillot seums—or for that matter to the fel Tower on the other side of river, if you are doing the tourist nd. Here the dish to demand is *cassoulet.* Prices are reasonable ne character of *cassoulet* does not ord with de luxe prices or atmos- ere—and the place may possibly even a little too folksy, especially you do not like cats. Anna does n the plural. Usually full; it is isable to phone in advance.

Lyonnais

Aux Lyonnais, 32, rue Saint-Marc, ar the Bourse. Cheaper yet—hence style, and do not be surprised the proprietor helps himself to ample of what you have ordered. appreciates his own offerings. o he is checking on the quality what you have been given. Take *table d'hôte*—it is cheaper than putting your meal together from the *à la carte* menu and there is just about as much choice. Hot sausage, that favorite dish of Lyons, is a specialty here, too, but *poularde à la crème* is what I would suggest.

Normandy

Au Bocage Fleuri, 19, rue Duranton, in the fifteenth *arrondissement,* not near any place that visitors know about. You could however go less far and do worse. The famous Valley d'Auge chickens are served here, and sweetbreads, Norman style (*ris de veau normand*), are something else to try.

Provence

Lavergne, 51, rue du Faubourg Saint-Martin, off a highly unfashionable segment of the Grands Boulevards, is able to charge extremely reasonable prices for cooking of a high grade. It offers *bouillabaisse,* but is exceptional in being a Provençal restaurant that does not think it has done its whole duty to its customers when it succeeds with this dish. Its finest creation, indeed, is probably its *rognon de veau casserole* (veal kidneys).

Mr. Root concludes with this warning to the tourist:

Before you go out of your way to one of the restaurants listed above, make sure it is open. Many Parisian restaurants close one day a week. I have not attempted to give closing days here because they might easily change between the times of writing and reading.

What is sadder, from the visitors' standpoint, is that many restaurants close for vacations. The Parisian month for vacationing is August, precisely the month when the largest numbers of tourists are in the city. Some of Paris's best restaurants close for the entire month or even longer.

CRITIQUE

THE following is going around the Metropolitan Museum in New York, where an exhibition of Sir Winston Churchill's paintings is being held this spring:

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Economic Man and the Rest of Us

THERE used to be a character in the textbooks of economics who was known as Economic Man. He had, as I recall, two characteristics that distinguished him from the common herd: he was perfectly selfish and he was perfectly rational. His selfishness was not of the chiseling kind that most of us are familiar with by introspection; it was purified of all consideration of what other people might think, of cheap bids for esteem and affection and self-respect; it was as efficient and impersonal as the selfishness of a magnet. His rationality was equally remarkable. He always bought cheapest and sold highest, and was never swayed by the vagaries of current taste or the example of his neighbors or the importuning of his wife and young; when he bought a car he bought performance and paid no attention to the color of the upholstery; when he bought soap he bought an aid to cleanliness but he did not expect it to make him sweet and lovable.

The trouble with Economic Man, even as a character in an economics textbook (where characterization is not usually a strong point), is that he lacked what book reviewers like to call verisimilitude: he did not seem very much like plain, everyday men as we know them. And even his creators, with more candor than most other writers of fiction show when they botch the job, confessed that he was only hypothetical. By this time Economic Man has probably faded from the textbooks, though here and there he may survive, for economics is a myth not agreed upon.

DIVIDED LIFE

NOW a good deal of attention is being given to the fact that the way a man participates in the economy—his manner of earning a living, the bases on which he makes purchases, his habits of saving, and so on—is only a part of his whole personality. This means that he is beset by two diametrically opposed dangers, and which danger is the greater depends on whether you believe our popular sociologists or our popular novelists.

If you believe the sociologists—William H. Whyte, Jr., in *The Organization Man*, for instance—the contemporary American is in danger of giving in to his job, of diminishing his personality until there is nothing left to get in the way of the giant corporations that define his usefulness as a producer or the advertising agencies who have the task of keeping him a faithful and tractable consumer. On the other hand, if you believe a good many popular novelists, the contemporary American is seriously concerned by the fact that he leads a divided life, that his participation in the economy leaves "his senses and his heart unsatisfied."

Joe Morgan's new novel, **Expense Account** (Random House, $3.75), is such a book. The main character is one Peter Cody, who works for a big hardware manufacturer as "promotion manager," which means that he entertains out-of-town customers, arranges banquets and conventions for the company, and acts as general glad-hander. He is an extreme but convincing example of a man split in two by his job, because he is actually living in two very different styles. When he is on the company's expense account, on the road and entertaining in town, he stays at the best hotels, eats the best filet mignon, drinks the best Scotch. He is genuinely fond of his wife and children, but he cannot ignore the fact that the accommodations and cuisine at home are below the level he has become used to: he lives in a development house that is coming unglued and eats macaroni supreme. Headwaiters in the best restaurants in the country greet him with their broadest smiles, but his wife sometimes has to ask the grocer to wait for his money.

Around this central idea Morgan has grouped situations more or less conventional in the business novel. There is a struggle for control of the hardware company that Peter Cody works for; there is a temptress of almost inconceivable wealth and beauty who dabbles in business and provides another hazard of expense-account living; there is a certain amount of comedy and

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pathos incidental to undercapitalized domesticity in the suburbs. Morgan combines all these elements with easy expertness to make an unpretentious but agreeable novel.

But *Expense Account* is most convincing when it strays from routine and realizes the possibilities for corruption and self-humiliation in the system it describes. The best passage is an account of a long terrible night Peter Cody spends with a thoroughly repulsive out-of-town customer, and his grim realization in the cold light of morning that his usefulness to his employer does not derive from his knowledge of manufacturing or finance or advertising (he knows nothing of any of them) but simply from the fact that he is a reliable pimp.

THE PROXY FIGHT

A GOOD deal of *Expense Account* is more interesting for the information it gives about the way our economy functions than for the human involvements it portrays, and much the same is true of John Brooks' new novel, **The Man Who Broke Things** (Harper, $3.95). Here the most striking character is Hank Haislip, who seems to have been freely modeled in the public aspects of his career on the late Robert Young. Like Mr. Young, Haislip is a Westerner who beats the Easterners on Wall Street at their own game; like him he started out as a speculator and moves on to control large enterprises, chiefly through his ability to convince small investors that if they will give him their proxies to vote their stock he will give them better management and consequently a larger return on their investment. The proxy fight that provides the chief action of the novel, however, concerns control of a chain of stores whose economic situation seems to bear less resemblance to any of the businesses Mr. Young controlled than to Montgomery Ward under the chairmanship of Sewell Avery.

Probably Brooks took no more than a hint for his main character from Mr. Young; I know of no reason to suppose that their private lives bear the slightest resemblance to each other. Yet the fact that Mr. Young committed suicide soon after the novel was completed and before it was published will almost certainly affect its reception, though in what way it is hard to say. My guess is that more people will read the book than might otherwise have done so, and at the same time that judgments of it will be harsher, for the tragic end of Mr. Young's otherwise amazingly successful career suggests that human personality is a more mysterious thing than the kind of motivation Brooks supplies for his characters can account for.

And the truth is that the weakness of the book lies in its characterization. The characters have no personality apart from the roles they play; they illustrate certain conflicts in our economy but they do not have reality enough to cause those conflicts. In this respect *The Man Who Broke Things* is inferior to Brooks' last book, *A Pride of Lions;* in other ways it is much better and will almost certainly be more successful. But the dingy New Jersey family prowling pointlessly about their ill-lit living-room in *A Pride of Lions* had much more independent existence, they were much more like real people, than anyone in the new book.

IN SPITE of the fact that Hank Haislip dominates the book, the main character is really a young man named Bob Billings who serves as the novel's moral conscience and the author's representative on the scene. Though a very different sort of young man and faced with problems of a different sort, he serves much the same function as Peter Cody in *Expense Account,* for he is trying to preserve the integrity of his life against the demands of making a living.

Billings is the son of a highly respected Wall Street banker who is a model of Atlantic Seaboard probity and high-minded devotion to duty. He has been given the kind of education usual with the sons of such men, and has accepted their standards as his own. Then in the course of his career as a financial journalist he suddenly discovers that his father's firm has not always been quite so upright as it is reputed to be, and when his father in a gentlemanly way blackmails him into suppressing what he has discovered, he goes into the employ of "the man who breaks things"—Haislip, the bold buccaneer from the West who challenges the right of men like his father to run the nation's business. In the course of the proxy fight, young Billings discovers that his father was not entirely wrong about Haislip, and in the end he and his father, who has been one of the old directors of the chain of stores whom Haislip has sought to replace, re-establish a certain shy rapport.

Billings has one limitation as a judge of the action he witnesses: except for one incident, he judges what the characters do on a basis of personal honor without regard to the economic consequences of their acts. He deserts Haislip because Haislip commits a shocking breach of personal loyalty in the course of the proxy fight, but he shows remarkably little interest in whether Haislip's management will actually be good for the company or not.

The Man Who Broke Things is at its best when it is closest to reporting. Almost everything that has to do with the proxy fight as a piece of maneuvering and as a technical feat is absorbing, and Brooks has contrived a sufficiently dramatic plot around it to hold the



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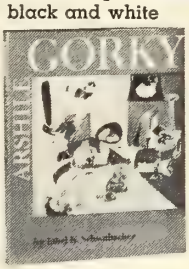
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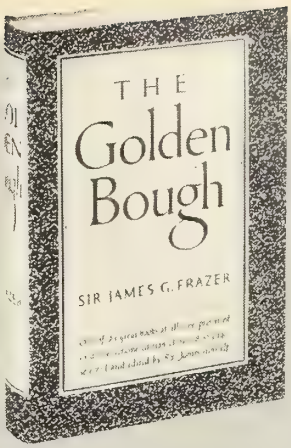
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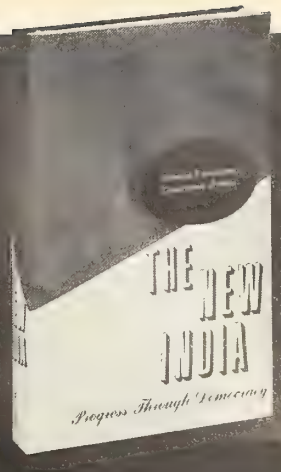
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interest of what seems to be a large audience for novels about American business.

OVERSEAS TOO

Image of a Society by Roy Fuller (Macmillan, $2.75), a recent novel from England, shows that the problem of maintaining one's identity against the demands of one's work is not limited to America.

The "Society" of the title, at least on the literal level, is the British equivalent of our building-and-loan associations. This particular Society has its headquarters in a provincial town, but it is a business of considerable size and the men who direct its affairs are men of consequence. The general manager is reaching retirement age, and the story is built around who will be his successor. One of the two chief contenders for the position is a man of dash and flair, a gentleman with an offhand way with him, who has nevertheless so completely identified himself with his work that not to get the promotion will destroy him; the other contender is a mole-like accountant who never makes a false step and never loses an opportunity to ingratiate himself with his superiors, a man in his own quite different way as completely identified with his work as the first.

By contrast, the main character in the novel, Philip Witt, the Society's solicitor, who is not a candidate for the general managership, has utterly refused to identify himself with the Society and his work there. He regards himself as a writer and intellectual whose real life only begins when he leaves the office, but in fact he is as much victimized and intimidated by his job as anyone else. He is estranged from the parents he lives with and the girl he limply goes through the motions of courting; his writing is an excuse he makes to himself for his own existence rather than an accomplished fact; he is bored and hypochondriacal and probably neurotic.

The decisive incident of the novel is the discovery that one of the Society's large loans is bad and will result in a sizable loss. Responsibility for the blunder has to be allocated, and in the process the question of who will be the next general manager is settled, and Philip Witt (with the help of th unsuccessful candidate's wife) freed from his cringing isolation.

Fuller has the gifts of a first-rat novelist, but *Image of a Society* not quite a first-rate novel. Th power of characterization is bri liant, but the plot is a little t cramped to give full scope to i The plight of Philip Witt is powerfully drawn at the outset th the swift il painful cure he unde goes is hardly convincing. Yet Full is a more serious novelist than eith Brooks or Morgan, and his book h a universality that theirs lack. W read their books to learn somethi about the economy—how expen accounts work, how a buccane operates—and we are grateful for t plot and people that sugarcoat t lesson, but we read Fuller's bo to learn about ourselves. Brooks a Morgan raise questions about t moral effects of certain isolat kinds of economic activity, but F ler more disturbingly suggests h any of us can be corrupted a crippled in the process of earni a living.

IN **The Price of Diamonds** (Kno paperbound, $1.45) the young Sou African novelist Dan Jacobson h written a funny and touching lit story about two old Jewish busin men in a God-forsaken diamo mining town in South Africa. Th names are Manfred Gottlieb a T. H. Fink, and for a good ma years they have been partners a small but profitable and emine respectable business.

The action begins when Fink out of town traveling for the f and a mysterious messenger deli a small package to the office. It t out to contain uncut diamonds. Gottlieb decides that his partne engaged in the illicit diamond t and keeping it a secret from h Gottlieb happens to be wrong this conclusion, but it subtly rupts him and threatens to des the trust that underlies his part ship with Fink. It corrupts F too, because he knows what is go on and does nothing about it. two old friends draw more more apart, and Gottlieb, in efforts to match what he mistak assumes to be his partner's bold

l daring, is drawn into a series adventures that are simultaneıly dangerous, slightly ridiculous, l horrible. The scene in which partners finally acknowledge t pride and rivalry have led them fail each other is as fine as any ıave read in some time.

The Price of Diamonds is an unıal and original piece of work. It killfully constructed without usany of the standard devices of ʼels about businessmen. The racters are equally free of clichés; y are freshly observed, highly ɔsyncratic, yet too full of comn humanity to be freaks; they wrong and foolish, but they are ɔ good and lovable.

NOTHER fine novel that porʼs the subtle interplay between ımercial and personal relationɔ is the new book by the English ter L. P. Hartley, **The Hireling** nehart, $3.50).

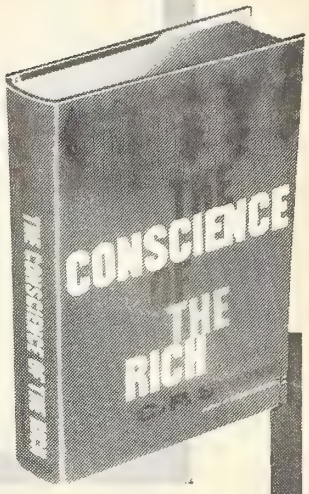
he "hireling" of the title is a rty-five-year-old army veteran ıed Leadbitter who has bought automobile on the installment ı and makes a living by hiring ut with himself as driver. In his ı eyes, Leadbitter is as perfectly onal and as perfectly selfish as hypothetical Economic Man of textbooks. Experience has made distrust emotional entangleits; the army has trained him ive in isolation; and his ambition hopes some day to own a whole of automobiles) has led him trip his life of anything that can d in the way of his success.

hen he acquires as a customer Lady Franklin, a very rich ng widow who is recovering ı a nervous breakdown. She s that she has failed her late hus-d in their marriage, and by way loing penance she sets out on eries of pilgrimages to various lish cathedrals, hiring Leader to drive her. Her doctor has sed her to take an interest in r people, and so she innocently tices taking an interest in other ɔle on Leadbitter, by asking him kinds of questions about his ate life.

eadbitter in effect has no private but as an ambitious young epreneur he knows that he must the customer what she wants.

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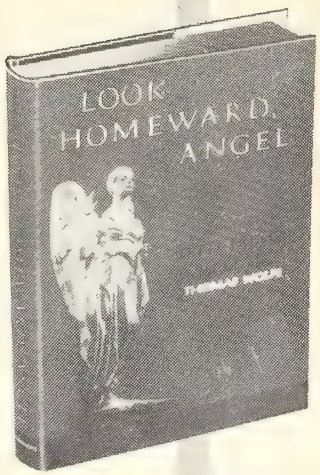
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So he invents a family for himself, complete with three children and a wife who, as his account of her develops in meeting after meeting, bears an increasingly striking resemblance to Lady Franklin. Slowly the fantasy becomes the most important thing in the lives of both of them. For Lady Franklin it has a curative effect; for the first time since her husband's death she is able to forget herself and share the experience of another. The effect on Leadbitter is more complicated; as the fantasy becomes more and more real, the inadequacy of his way of life becomes painfully apparent to him; in his sleep he dreams of his non-existent children, and in his waking hours he is forced to acknowledge that a smart operator like himself has fallen hopelessly in love with Lady Franklin. So he too is emancipated from himself by the shared fantasy, but his effort to establish something like the fantasy in reality proves to be more than he can accomplish, and in the end it destroys him.

The Hireling is a tragic love story, a beautiful book. The complexity of the plot may strike some readers as a little artificial, but Hartley masterfully brings off his effects, writing with delicacy and tact, yet vigorously.

MEDIATOR

MARTIN MAYER'S **Madison Avenue, U.S.A.** (Harper, $4.95) is the most sensible book about American advertising I have seen, and it may be the most sensible book on the subject available. Mayer is not an alarmist; he does not set out to demonstrate that we are all about to lose our political freedom, our leisure, and our libidos to the advertisers. Instead he describes how advertising operates as a business, gives some account of its successes and failures (with a healthy awareness of the limitations on what advertising can accomplish), offers a fascinating survey of the fantastic efforts to turn the necromancy of advertising into a science, looks at the part advertising plays in politics, and tries to see what the economic function of advertising really is.

Mayer's discussion of the last subject, which is the most original part of his book, first appeared in t pages of this magazine in a son what different form ("What Is A vertising Good For?" Febru 1958). As readers of the article w recall, Mayer sees little basis in f for the traditional utilitarian fense of advertising on the grou that it widens the market for product so much that it brings do the cost of the item. In place that idea, he suggests that adver ing actually "adds value" to product. What he means by t is not, of course, that advertisi makes any change in the product a physical fact, but that it d make a change in the product a psychological fact.

Probably Mayer's theory can taken further and more seriou than he seems to have taken What he is saying is that advertis bridges the gap between that th retical creature, Economic Man, a man as he actually is; it attem to make contact between the personality of a market economy the highly personal context in wh the consumer makes his choices; economist sets up his system a men lived by reason, but men fact live by poetry, and the ad tiser takes up the slack.

Unfortunately Mayer puts theoretical chapter last; it wo have been interesting if it had c first and the whole analysis of w advertising does had been conduc with the object of finding out how well advertisers are succeed at the job of "adding valu

A major problem for anyone wants to write about advertisin the problem of what vocabular use. Advertising men have a hi specialized vocabulary of their —they even use their beloved L plural of *medium* as an adjecti and to adopt their lingo is to g them many concessions. But t is probably no practical alterna and Mayer uses the language of trade, although it gives a mea to a word like *creative* that no readers will instantaneously r nize or grant. Mayer also somet lapses into a house-organ hearti especially when he refers to dividual advertising men, but stylistic shortcomings do not ously detract from the value interest of his book.

ENTREPRENEURS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

e Guide, the new novel by the lian novelist R. K. Narayan (Vi- g, $3.50), is the story of a young n from South India named Raju o has St. Paul's gift of being all ngs to all men but no other ap- ent qualifications for saintliness, ugh that is what he achieves.

Raju's ability to accommodate nself to the moods and wishes of er people and his complete dis- ard of the truth make him a fect guide for tourists, because shows all his patrons exactly at they want to see whether it there or not, systematically ex- iting their weaknesses for his own fit. His career is temporarily ted when he takes up with the e of one of his patrons, but then finds a way of exploiting her on even larger scale than he had r exercised with his tourists.

Then he over-reaches himself and ds in jail with a two-year sen- ce. When his time is up he has where to go, and so he takes ge in an abandoned temple re a poor peasant mistakes him a holy man. With the skill in cing the most of whatever comes and that never deserts him, Raju s the part, and soon he finds self handsomely supported and ifyingly revered by the farmers he region. They not only bring quantities of food but consult about their problems and er of an evening to listen to wisdom, which consists of a gab- of half-remembered legends, ie-made aphorisms, and preten- s nonsense.

nally a great drought comes is section of South India, and local peasants are sure that Raju bring rain if he will fast and tice other pious observances. a program of rigorous self- al has no initial appeal for him, he is overcome by his old habit eing whatever the situation or moment requires him to be, and ot only undertakes the fast but by believing that it has worked.

places *The Guide* seems to ise a little more in the way of ing than it in fact delivers, the method of telling the story, h is on the principle of the



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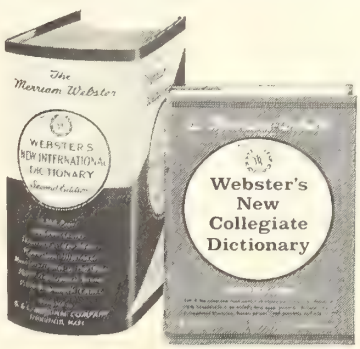
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THE NEW BOOKS

club sandwich, with first a layer of third-person narration and then a layer of Raju's autobiography and so on, is unnecessarily tedious and arbitrary. Yet it is for the most part an entertaining book, with implications about the good and evil in human nature that cannot be dismissed lightly. The background of modern Indian life is fascinating.

IN **The Mackerel Plaza** (Little, Brown, $3.75) Peter De Vries has written a very funny novel about a man who is the exact opposite of Raju; De Vries' main character is a young clergyman in a fashionable Connecticut suburb who refuses to be whatever his parishioners expect him to be, and who ends up the captain of his soul but without any parishioners.

In so far as it is anything more than a merry romp, *The Mackerel Plaza* is a satire on the kind of attenuated modern religion in which psychotherapy, political sentimentality, and humanitarian zeal replace theology. The young clergyman sometimes preaches on a text from Havelock Ellis, and his scholarly activity is directed to the writing of a vast work of pseudo-anthropology which Alfred A. Knopf wisely refrains from publishing (Mr. Knopf plays a delightful role in the book). At the end De Vries gives the True View on religious matters in a passage that will not cause Paul Tillich and the Niebuhr brothers to look to their laurels as speculative theologians.

But presumably nobody will read De Vries for spiritual guidance, and there is no doubt that he manages to get in a good many well-placed licks at some of the more dubious aspects of the current revival of interest in religion.

The story told in *The Mackerel Plaza* is too complex to summarize and too hilarious to spoil in the attempt. It is wonderfully ingenious, with a topsy-turviness that is irresistible. But the book has one serious defect: De Vries' sense of humor has deserted him in naming his hero. What's so funny about a name like Mackerel?

TWO brilliant books from abroad that deserve more than the mention they will receive here are an account

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by PAUL BLANSHARD

Cyprus in the years 1953-56, **tter Lemons** (Dutton, $3.50), by e English writer Lawrence Dur-l, author of *Justine,* and a new lection of six short stories by bert Camus, **Exile and the King-m** (Knopf, $3.50).

Durrell went to Cyprus simply cause he wanted to live there (he a great admirer and student of e Eastern Mediterranean region d speaks modern Greek), and his ok starts off as a leisurely and ex-mely good piece of travel writing. t fairly soon after he had settled wn the trouble over the union of prus with Greece began, and Dur-l, as an Englishman and a devoted end of the Cypriots, found him-in the thick of the tragic con-t.

Although he served for a time press adviser to the British gov-ment in Cyprus, Durrell is no ologist for Britain; he wants atever is best for the Cypriots, ugh apparently he is no longer e exactly what that is or how is to be achieved. His account the island's past is too elliptical l allusive to be helpful to the orant reader, but his description the island itself, of the tangled alties that lie behind the revolt, l of what day-to-day life is like le the revolt is going on are orting of a very high order.

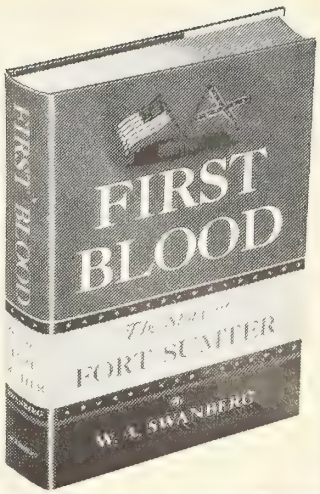
nothing else, *Exile and the gdom* bears witness to Camus' aordinary versatility. The half-en stories in the book are not y highly various in their settings they also display a dazzling array techniques. Some are more or conventional technically, includ-the two stories I like best (prob-because I understand them): ie Silent Men," a moving ac-nt of a group of workmen in a ng industry who lose their strike, "The Guest," a fine story about rench schoolmaster in Algeria the Arab prisoner he is sup-ed to guard. "The Artist at rk" is a bitterly witty allegory; ie Renegade" is a surrealistic y on freedom and bondage; ie Growing Stone," another fine y, is symbolic in its method. *Ex-nd the Kingdom* is a small book, it contains an unusual amount literary skill.

FIRST BLOOD
The Story of Fort Sumter
by W. A. Swanberg

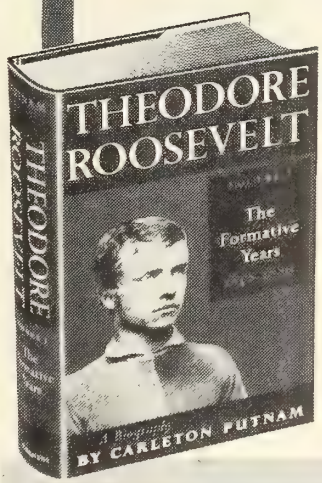
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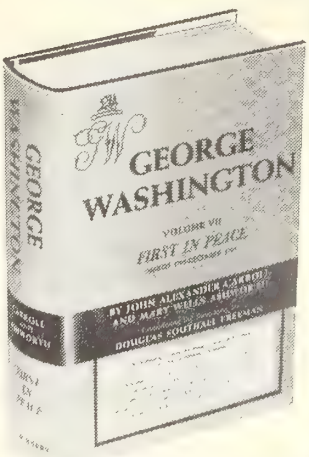
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KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

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Harcourt, Brace, $3.95

The Greengage Summer, by Rumer Godden.

After reading Miss MacInnes' tightly plotted, crisply told story of international machinations on a very intellectual level it is a relaxing contrast to come to Miss Godden's effortless and apparently simple tale of five English children whose summer holiday in a French *pension* has such an unforeseen denouement. The action starts with deceptive calm and one delights in the feel and taste and smell of high summer in the French provincial town outside of Paris. No effort is asked of the reader. One sinks into the atmosphere, is utterly absorbed by the daily activities which are not in the least intricate or difficult to follow, and the mounting tension creeps up on the reader unaware. And then . . . Well, see for yourself.

A beautiful story, for all its terror—of the end of a season; the end of innocence; and the beginning of wisdom—told with humor, warmth, insight, and restraint.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

APRIL BOOKS— SUMMER GARDENS

For people who care about gardens, to sit down in front of a pile of garden books is like sitting down in front of a bowl of peanuts. You can't let them alone. On my table at the moment are six books with recent publication dates. And they are as varied in the delights they have to offer as the peanuts are monotone.

America's Garden Book (newly revised and illustrated) by James and Louise Bush-Brown. Scribner, $7.95

The Woman Gardener, by Frances Perry. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $5

Gardens and Grounds That Take Care of Themselves, by Amelia Leavitt Hill. Prentice-Hall, $3.95

A Joy of Gardening, by V. Sackville West. A Selection for Americans, edited by Hermine I. Popper. Harper, $3.50

The Guide to Garden Flowers, by Norman Taylor. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95

The House Beautiful Book of Gardens and Outdoor Living, by Joseph E. Howland. Doubleday, $10

To the serious beginner, the newly revised *America's Garden Book* will be guide, philosopher, and much-needed friend. And this applies wherever you live in the U. S. A. It tells how to construct and keep up lawns, paths, fences, fountains; how to design and plant any kind of garden; how to choose and take care of trees, vegetables, flowers, and house plants; how to control pests and weeds; how to operate coldframes and greenhouses. And in the new part of the book there are sections on swimming pools, flower boxes, "inviting the birds," penthouse gardens, plants under artificial light, mulches, and lists of gardens open to the public in forty-seven states (Nevada alone has none). The photographs and diagrams are more practical and useful than dramatic (no color).

Each reader will turn to a different section, but for my own use and delectation I find I have underlined such things as: "There are probably more examples of bad

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

foundation planting in America than any other type of planting." This on page 13, followed by a refreshing and informative blast on what is so bad about it. "New clay pots should always be soaked overnight before they are used," it tells me. I hovered over the section on hanging pots, though I never owned one. I marked William Penn's instructions to the three commissioners whom he sent to lay out the city of Philadelphia:

"Let every house be placed, if the Person pleases, in ye middle of its platt as to the breadth way of it, that so there may be ground on each side, for Gardens or Orchards, or fields, yt it may be a greene Country Towne, which will never be burnt and will allwayes be wholesome."

I read every word on "Rock and Wall Gardens" (again, I've never had one). I pored over lists about annuals—kind of soil, exposures they like, how tall they grow, when to plant. Trees ditto. And in the excellent section on mulches I found "Peat moss should be thoroughly moistened before it is applied." Complete news to an enthusiastic peat-moss user. One man's obvious will be another's revelation, of course, but there's something in this book for everyone.

The Woman Gardener, as the title indicates, is somewhat more special with emphasis as one might guess on arrangement, both indoors and in the garden: "Generally speaking the softer shades look best near a building, with the deepest colours kept for distant views across the lawn." (The spelling of "colour" gives away the fact that this book is written by an Englishwoman and has not, I suspect, been as carefully edited for America as V. Sackville West's *A Joy of Gardening.*)

With our northern winters, for instance, I wonder whether autumn sowing is as successful everywhere here as it is in England (though I've tried it in Massachusetts and had it work surprisingly well—once—with petunias). Mrs. Perry says: "Although all annuals are not suitable for autumn sowing, the following may be tried with reasonable chance of success. Cornflower, larkspur, eschscholtzia, viscaria, annual

the SLEEP of the JUST

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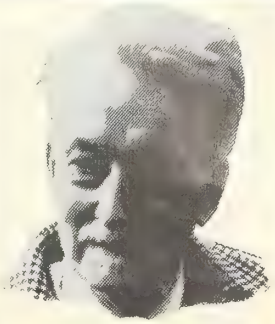
scabious and chrysanthemum, nigella." . . . There is an excellent long chapter on "The Herb Garden," a rich mixture of history and helpful advice. The chapter on cuttings is splendid too—"New Plants from Old."

In the chapter on "House Plants" I learn (attention New Yorkers): "if your tap water is heavily chlorinated allow it to stand for a day before use." And: "we must encourage humidity in their neighbourhood by all the means in our power, for it is the *real key* [her italics] to success with indoor plants. . . . Use an atomizer or scent spray filled with water the temperature of the room and spray the foliage weekly—daily with some plants." From this book I first learned the lovely word "tilth"—meaning well-cultivated soil. And this: "Since ripening apples and tomatoes give off ethylene gas, these should not be stored in a room with house plants."

Gardens and Grounds That Take Care of Themselves is a particular boon to those who have to be weekend gardeners. Mrs. Hill has taken their problem into account as well as the general shortage of labor and she gives some fine sensible advice in the first chapter, "Before Putting Spade to Earth." After she's made you see that you must trim your sails to the possibilities, she goes on to tempt you with varieties of planting and gives very specific instruction on shrubs, vegetables, herbs, flowers, fruits, and berries, and in "Special Projects for Fun" she makes suggestions for The Water Garden—The Alpine Garden—The Swamp Garden—A Garden for the Birds—The Night Garden—The Children's Garden—Other Gardens. And one whole chapter on "A Minimum of Tools."

AFTER these extremely practical-minded volumes it is a new kind of pleasure to come to *A Joy of Gardening* which is fun to read even if you never plan to put trowel or spade to earth, yet is full of useful information too. Here I learned about "layering," whereby one grows new roots on a branch while it is still attached to the mother tree or vine. By this method

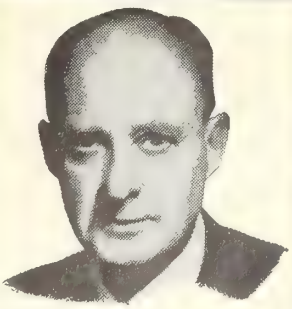
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

one can take the new branch of a grapevine, for instance, loop it down into the ground, and grow another new branch for another new loop, etc. "Fourthly," she says, enumerating the advantages of this kind of husbandry, "you can if you wish, grow this serialized vine a mile long. What a thought! Fifthly, you can eat the grapes."

This is a perfect book for bedside reading, with its short divisions, its pleasing format, and its quick bits of information. Try the page and a half on "Bringing a Summer Look to Winter." And consider the humility-inducing wisdom of the following: "People who are not interested in flowers are not interested in flowers."

The Guide to Garden Flowers can be enjoyed by active or passive gardeners—planters or viewers—provided only that you are not one of those who just aren't interested in flowers. This book is less detailed about how to grow plants. It concentrates largely on shapes, colors, names, and sizes, and contains the most exquisite and delicate colored illustrations by Eduardo Salgado to help in the identification. It gives you "common names, Latin names, family names, time of blooming, height, color, habit of growth, culture, soil requirements, fragrance." And a great deal of satisfaction for the eyes in addition.

The House Beautiful Book of Gardens and Outdoor Living is largely for those who want to learn and plan by looking. It is chiefly visual. It is an enormous book with 906 illustrations, 106 photographs in full color, 741 photographs in "duotone," and 59 line drawings showing what other people all over the country have done with their houses, planting, and gardens.

In addition it contains succinct bits of warning and advice. For instance, it asks you to check your garden by a yardstick of mistakes that gardeners of other eras have made: "Yesterday our garden . . . failed to encourage relaxing; you could see the garden only if you toured through it. Failed to provide extra living space for family from early spring to late fall. Failed to give privacy to house or yard.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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Not surprisingly, it is probably this note—the labor shortage, the do-it-yourself-leisure angle, the (heaven-help-us) "togetherness" of modern living—that is stressed most often and makes for a change of character in all the new garden books. And still another factor, of course, is the modern house:

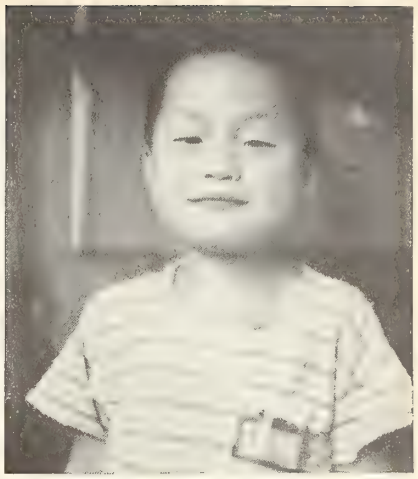
"As houses use glass in greater abundance, their gardens become such a part of daily living that off seasons can't be tolerated. No plant can be part-time occupant of the view. Each really becomes as important as a piece of furniture or a painting that you live with 365 days a year."

Well, choose the book that answers your peculiar and particular challenge, and, as I heard a radio announcer say yesterday in the midst of a blizzard, Be Ready For Spring.

FORECAST

More for Gardeners

While we're at it we will mention a few more books for flower and tree fanciers soon to be published. And forever after—at least for a year—hold our peace. Doubleday is bringing out in April *American Rose Annual, 1958,* edited by Frank H. Abramson. On April 22 Macmillan will publish *The Art of Foliage and Flower Arrangement* by Anne Hong Rutt, and *Amaryllis Manual* by Hamilton P. Traub. Barrows has a book called *The Art of Drying Plants* by Mabel Squires, scheduled for May. (Another book from the same publisher should be out just about the time *Harper's* reaches the stands—*The Tree Identification Book,* based almost entirely on the use of photographs—1,539 of them—taken by Stephen V. Chelminski. The text is by George W. D. Symonds.) In July Holt will issue *Pruning Made Easy: Simple Steps to Successful Pruning,* by Edwin F. Steffek; and in August comes Houghton Mifflin's *A Field Guide to Trees and Shrubs,* by George A. Petrides. So much for the green thumbs.



"I AM GOING TO BE A TEACHER"

Six-year-old Yoo Song Kim entered the first grade last April. He gets good marks and his wish to become a teacher is natural, for in Korea, a scholar is greatly revered and respected. Yoo Song, who was born after his father was killed in a bombing raid, is today supported by a widowed mother. Despite a crippled left hand, Mrs. Kim is a bread peddler and works late into the night to support two boys.

If determination and ambition are all that is needed, both boys will be educated even though free education stops at the 6th grade. From then on it will cost Mrs. Kim from $80 to $100 a year to send each child to school. Won't you help Yoo Song or others like him?

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THE PHILHARMONIC PREVIEWS

Readers who remember this column's comments on Leonard Bernstein a year ago (February 1957) will not be surprised at the announcement from the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, now headed by Bernstein, that it will give a new weekly series of informal "preview" run-throughs as a prelude to the regular concerts. This is a bold, imaginative step. The orchestra will be in civvies, the conductor (Bernstein or others from time to time) will comment freely when he feels moved to do so. "We want the public to feel closer to the orchestra, to the conductor and the composers," says Bernstein.

Who else would have been able to swing such a reasonable and constructive new deal? Last year, I noted in connection with his TV appearances that he was "an original and exciting lecturer until his conducting career silenced him." Now he himself has opened the way to his own best method of presentation—and toward a return of the orchestra to a great tradition of the past, where open preview "rehearsals" were a matter of course, often many times in a row before the final official performance.

Best of all, there will begin, at last, the urgently needed rapprochement between the concert audience and the rest of our new music listeners. Bernstein already commands the other media, from musical comedy to "classical" TV, and he is bound to fill the seating capacity of this new venture. I haven't been to the Philharmonic lately, but I will break my neck to get to these Thursday night open house affairs, and so will plenty of other non-concert-goers.

It has become dismally clear in this age of TV, FM, and LP that the old-style concert is an uncomfortable anachronism for most Americans. We are used to daily close-up, informal contact with all our leaders—in politics, sports, culture, and entertainment. We demand a similar approach in every area, and rightly so. The concert, meanwhile, has scarcely changed at all. The concert audience shrinks steadily and is more and more isolated from the much larger (and more enterprising) mass of listeners who depend on the new informal media for musical experience.

These changes are enormous. It is useless to insist that "live" music can never be replaced by the canned, reproduced sort—it has already been replaced, in many ways, though living performance (as in all arts) is still the foundation.

If film stars can be great by proxy image, then so can musicians. The question isn't "live" versus canned—as Bernstein knows—it is the manner of presentation that counts. Given an acceptable presentation (and good programing), there isn't a record buyer in the country who wouldn't prefer "personal appearance" to a recorded o More power, then, to Bernstein, to others who undoubtedly will fol up his inevitable success.

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Phaeton: Le Rouet d'Omphale; La Jeunesse d'Hercule. N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. Columbia ML 5154.

Wagner: Die Walkuere; Act III (complete); Act II "Siegmund! Sieh' auf mich!" Flagstad, Edelmann, Svanholm *et al.*, Vienna Philharmonic, Solti. London A 4225 (2).

Gesualdo: Madrigals and Sacred Music. Conducted by Robert Craft. Columbia ML 5234.

Beethoven: Symphony #5. Schubert: "Unfinished" Symphony. Vienna State Opera Orch., Prohaska. Vanguard SRV 106.

Stokowski—Landmarks of a Distinguished Career (Bach, Debussy, J. Strauss, Sibelius). Stokowski & His Symphony Orch. Capitol P-8399.

Grieg: Lyric Pieces, Books 5 & 6. Manahem Pressler, piano. M-G-M E3198.

Bruckner: Symphony #4 ("Romantic"); Symphony #7 (Original versions). Bavarian Radio Symph., Berlin Phil., Eugen Jochum. Decca DXE 146 (3).

Sammartini: Symphony in A; Symph for 2 Horns & Strings in A; Symph for 2 Trumpets & Strings in G; fonia dell'Accademia in C. Orch. cademia dell'Orso, Newell Jenk Period SPL 731.

Sammartini belongs to that interes (and until now little known) in-betw generation of composers who w music midway between the two fam styles that we loosely call "Bach-Han and "Mozart-Haydn." It's a kind music that is gaining favor with us as our interest in the background the titans grows.

Sammartini was only sixteen y younger than Bach and Handel he died when Mozart was nine You'll find that his music combines solid quality of the familiar Bach Handel music (also Vivaldi and like) with the turns and graces of ody that belong—for us—to Mozart Haydn. Actually, this man was of the pioneers in that rapid ch of musical style; he's now credited a large influence on the formatio symphony and sonata and the virtu orchestra that were the beginning the modern period.

On first hearing, this music is li to seem superficial. Most listeners, entated toward the Germanic schoo impressiveness, find it too flossy lacking in "emotion." But this, v discover, is a temporary phase, a of mistaken identity; the music Italian, after all, and its aims are own, not those of another way of th ing. In its own terms—which through, given half a chance—it is m of refined expressiveness and exqu shape, clearly progressive and orig within the hair-sharp Italian style.

Newell Jenkins has specialized in type of music in Italy for a numbe years and is a first-rate interprete Sammartini. The playings are nat modest, unassuming, and yet autl tative. (See also a companion dis Boccherini and Cambini—a "new" Concerto by the former.)

The Art of Galli-Curci. Camden 410.

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†The AR-1W

The Saturday Review *(R. S. Lanier)*

"... goes down into the low, low bass with exemplary smoothness and low distortion. It is startling to hear the fundamentals of low organ notes come out, pure and undefiled, from a box that is two feet long and about a foot high."

High Fidelity *(Roy Allison)*

"...a woofer that works exceptionally well because of its small size, not in spite of it ... I have heard clean extended bass like this only from enclosures that were at least six or seven times its size."



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restoration applied to old discs are better and better.

These Galli-Curci items are wonderfully clear and easy on the ears. There aren't any scintillating highs, but the voice itself is almost entirely undistorted, within the tonal range that was possible. Even the old tootling accompaniment sounds convincing. Most of the material dates from 1917 to 1920, but two items, significantly, are electrical recordings, made in 1928, in which the voice is fuller and brighter. Surface noise—thanks no doubt to use of the original masters—is no problem.

It is interesting to note how drastically singing style has changed. Standards are far lower now in respect to musical accuracy (Galli-Curci's pitch is a delight); few singers can race through the fast notes today with the ease that was common in the Golden Age, nor is there much left of the relaxed, fresh evenness of vocal production, uniform from top to bottom, that is so superbly illustrated by Galli-Curci. But it is more than this loss which counts today. Our present norm of vocal sound wouldn't even allow her style of singing—even, I suggest, on the opera stage itself. Most listeners (other than those knowing their opera history) would simply call it thin and childish. I can't imagine Galli-Curci on the Telephone Hour.

It *is* thin, this voice, if you compare it with today's heavy, wobble-ridden sounds (that's my feeling, anyhow), and the musical sense it conveys is out of another and more naïve age in musical America. (The "Home Sweet Home" heard on this record brought a famous thirty-two minutes of applause at the Met and was even interpolated in the middle of an Italian opera.) We are immensely more sophisticated today, but in some ways our musical standards are lower.

Chopin: Mazurkas (complete). Nikita Magaloff, pf. London LLA-53 (3).

The art of playing Chopin has suffered in recent times (perhaps because of the combined influence of the harpsichord and the jazz piano) but, unlike the music of opera's Golden Age, Chopin remains the most sophisticated and subtle exponent of the early Romantic period; it still takes a master pianist's best technique and musicianship to play him well.

Magaloff is for my ear one of the most satisfying Chopin pianists alive, if not the most spectacular. Here are fifty-one Mazurkas, all in three-four time, and there isn't a moment of monotony on four LP sides. To be sure, the credit is Chopin's as well—but few players can read into the printed rigidity of the notes themselves such a constant and subtle variety of nuance.

This Chopin is gentle and warm, with a rhythmic plasticity so beautifully phrased that there is no sense of rubato even though the metronome could not keep time to a measure. The characteristic Chopin harmonies are perfectly sensed, projected quietly, with economy; the melodies are phrased in long shapes, the inner strands of melodic line are balanced, deftly tailored into the whole with never a loose end. The pedal is used a good deal (contrary to most modern practice) but there is not a trace of harmonic blurring.

Above all, Magaloff never bangs, though he plays as loudly as anyone. What is banging? It is simply loud playing without phrasing or shape. Mold the musical whole, tailor the length and duration of every tone to fit, and no degree of sheer finger-pressure will sound noisy and hard.

The recording is full-bodied, but slightly marred by tape flutter, noticeable in the louder and more singing piano notes.

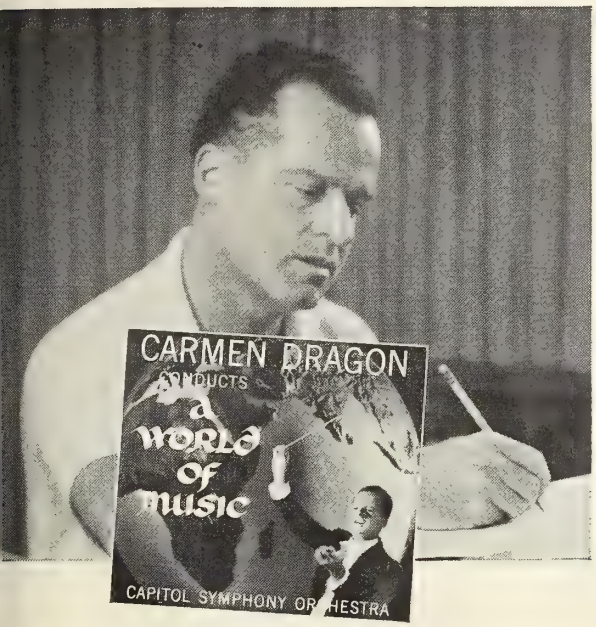
Schubert: Symphony #7 in C. Cleveland Orch., Szell. Epic LC 3431.

This is an exciting "Great C Major" that never flags, is often original and unexpected within a very proper appreciation of the musical tradition that goes with the work. It is quite unlike the classic version by Bruno Walter, more driving, with less subtlety in phrasing throughout—but it has elements that tie it to the Walter reading rather than to such utterly different conceptions as the highly Italian Toscanini recording.

Perhaps Mr. Szell's Central European background has something to do with this. Is it my imagination that gives his playing a peculiarly Czech flavor—an exhilarating, lyric dance quality, polka-like on the strong beat rather than softly phrased as in Walter? In any case, there is a good deal of gentle American brashness and bounce here, clearly far and away from the genteel reverent Viennese approach.

The Szell conception isn't entirely polished up yet as far as the musicians are concerned. They are enthusiastic and warm, but the musical edges here need sharpening. The recording itself is a technical feat—a new and modern hi-fi sound, reasonably close-up, with emphasis on heavy brass, an adequate over-all liveness to mellow the whole and—best of all—no breaks in the long movements. The Epic-Columbia engineers have got the four sections even on two sides without a trace of the familiar inner-groove distortion one usually expect in such long record

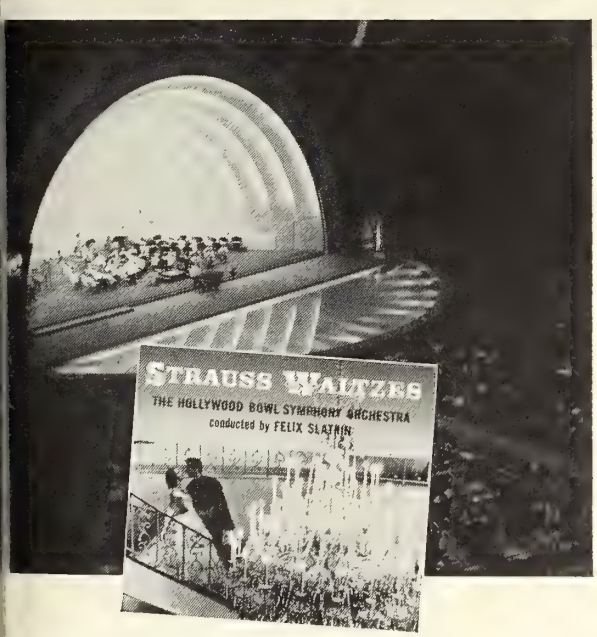
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REFERENCE: "Trading Stamp Practice and Pricing P icy." Dr. Albert Haring and Dr. Wallace O. Yoder, Mar ing Department, School of Business, Indiana Univers

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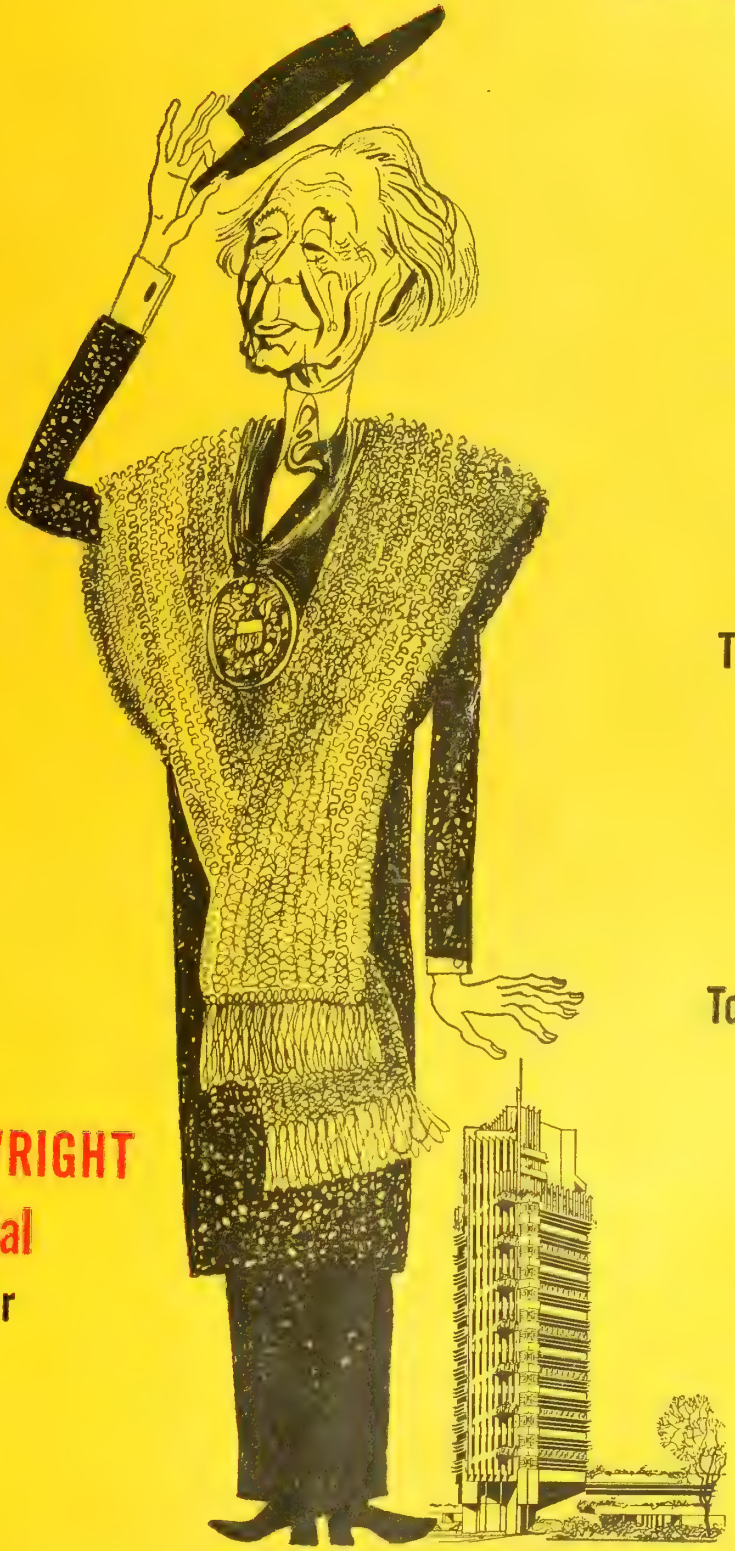


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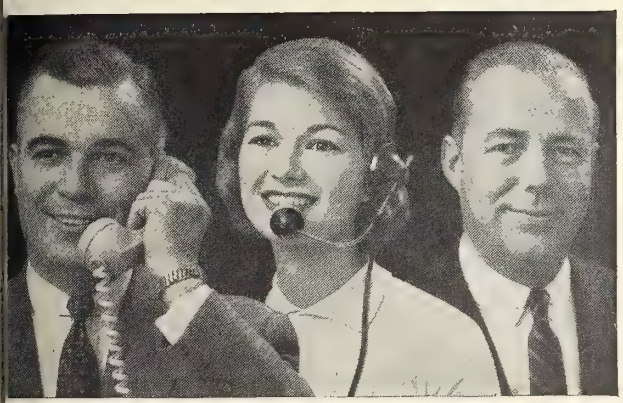
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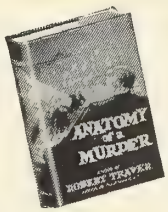
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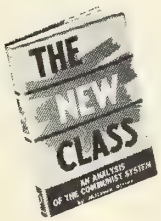
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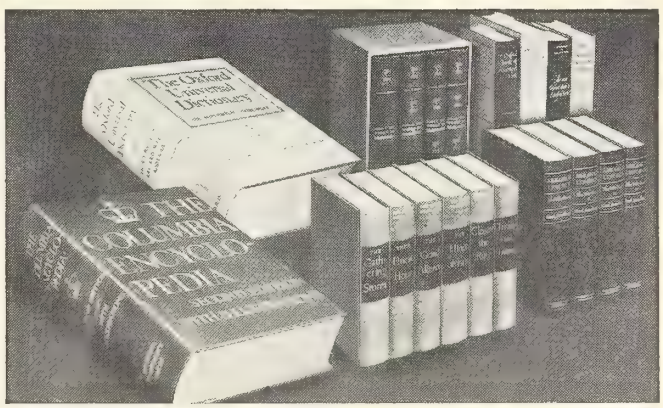
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LETTERS

Freud and Jung

TO THE EDITORS

I found Gerald Sykes' "The Dialogue of Freud and Jung" [March] highly stimulating, but also, from the point of view of a non-New York professional psychologist, possibly misleading. . . .

One erroneous impression that could be obtained from the article is that psychological theory is coterminous with psychoanalytic theory. . . . Psychoanalytic theory, while it represents probably the most significant development in the history of psychology, is not the whole story. . . .

It would also be possible to gain the impression from the article that the relative strengths of the two "schools" are about equal. This is not true. The Freudian school is the dominant one today with the Jungian represented by far fewer practitioners located in a smaller number of places. People in the humanities, I suspect, tend to find Jung's ideas attractive and useful for many reasons . . . and tend to overrate his present significance for clinical work. . . .

The main battlefield today is not between "Freudians" and "Jungians" but between adherents to more or less classical psychoanalysis and followers of the "neo-Freudians." Harry Stack Sullivan is probably the strongest influence of this group, along with Horney and Fromm. . . . The influence of Adler should also be mentioned. His Individual Psychology is probably at least as strong a force today . . . as is the much more elaborately developed ideational structure of Jung's Analytical Psychology.

JULIAN WOHL, Ph.D.
Detroit, Mich.

Let there be no compromise. The qualities of Freudianism are not strained.

As Freud might have put it: An ounce of sex-tension is worth a pound of symbol-lure. Or:

Said Dr. Freud to Dr. Jung
We were friends before you went wrong
Now your ideas are fine (when diluted)
But first they were mine (unpolluted)
While your symbols are as weak as
my sex is strong.

LEWIS NEUBAUER
Philadelphia, Pa.

[Mr. Sykes says] "Freud never had any sexual experience outside of marriage. . . . This . . . suggests that the m whose name . . . is linked with br sexual knowledge had little of it throu personal experience."

He implies that the broadness (a what he means by broad in this cont I cannot imagine) of one's sexual kno edge is a function of the number one's sexual partners. Is it Victorian suggest that sexual experience in context of one personal relationship n be more varied than the same num of experiences with different peop . . . Since Mr. Sykes presumably was at the bedside of Dr. and Mrs. Fre let us not take his word for what th sexual experience was. . . .

JOY CALHO
Hamilton, N

I respectfully suggest that . . . Sykes is wrong when he states there "no truth" in the accusation that Ju was "anti-Semitic" and "pro-Nazi."

Did Jung not say in the Nazi psych ric magazine: "The definite distincti between Germanic and Jewish chology long apparent to sensible sons shall no longer be obscured"? again, "The Aryan unconscious ha higher potentiality than the Jewi And, "my warning voice was suspec of anti-Semitism for decades. This picion originated with Freud. He no knowledge of the Germanic so just as little as all his German parr Has the amazing phenomenon of tional Socialism at which the wh world looks with astounded eyes tau them better?" . . .

LAWRENCE WILLIAM SELINE
Beverly Hills, C

Montana Thataw

TO THE EDITORS:

Thanks to an Englishman, Herb Howarth ["Montana: The Fron Went Thataway," March], for answe a question that has plagued my mind years: What has Missoula got that o towns don't have?

I am president of a club known as "Forest Service Wives Who Have Ne Been to Missoula." At first we had th members in the Washington Office then one visited Missoula, so now th are only two.

No one ever talks about anything if he has ever lived in that town wh is regional headquarters for the U Forest Service in a large part of West. Mr. Howarth needn't worry ab its losing people, though, because



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see it most of the U. S. Forest Serv
plans to retire there.

ELAINE COCHR
Port Republic, M

As a resident of Missoula for thir
six years I feel qualified and obligat
to criticize Herbert Howarth's artic

He is correct in assuming that
we tend to be easy-going and honest.
is incorrect in assuming from this th
our modicum of drinking and gambli
"never culminate in violence or pub
unpleasantness" and "that you can b
confident in every transaction." . . .
are not a Utopia nor are we a de
town. . . .

He is correct . . . that the doub
parking law is not enforced. He is w
off base in saying half our drivers do
have licenses, that no one pays parki
fines or answers summonses to cou
The ignoring of parking fines leads
court summonses which *are enforc*
Car registration dates have been p
poned as much as two weeks, never "
ward month by month." . . .

I believe he must be basing his
marks about Missoula women on a v
small and unrepresentative group.
states "only a few wives can cook (a
even these seldom do)." He wron
assumes that in general "the montl
food budget is modest and is the fi
to be cut." . . .

He says that Montanans prefer pl
wives; that "most wives in the city lo
similar." I should say that Mr. Howa
was a victim of a British meteorologi
phenomenon: the noted heavy fog
that country which obscures the in
vidual is still in his head despite
stay in the United States.

HERBERT L. ANDERS
Missoula, Mo.

. . . It is unrealistic for Howarth
sit in the shadow of Sentinel Mount
and pontificate in such a patroniz
manner upon the whole of Monta
which he admits he has not seen. . .

S. ALI
Great Falls, Mo.

And Californ

TO THE EDITORS:

I finally got the guy who is caus
all the traffic "gems" and accidents
Los Angeles. It is Henry Hope Reed
who in the March "After Hours"
sumed the role of guide and tried
"go carefully *north* on Adams."

The trouble is Adams Boulevard r
east-west. ALEXANDER L
Rivera, Ca

It was a delightful surprise to see
Reed's enthusiastic remarks upon

THE TRADING STAMPS

Over half of the non-stamp supermarkets have lowered food prices because of the ading stamp's competitive pressure

nsumers have benefited from trading stamps in both stamp non-stamp stores. When a leading research organization recently made ional survey among the managers of 541 supermarkets that do not give ps, they found that more than half of them (51.5%) had reduced prices mpete with stamps.

e same time, supermarkets that give s have remained competitive within nor- ice ranges. With increased volume paying cost of stamps in most instances, stamp have been able to maintain prices, or ower them. According to studies by mar- g experts connected with universities, s no evidence that stamp stores, as a class, higher prices than non-stamp stores.

us, the trading stamp can be counted g the anti-inflationary forces operating on food prices. At a time like the present, when there is upward pressure on the prices of everything, it seems we need more and more competitive forces, like trading stamps, in the marketplace.

* * *

REFERENCES: "Status of Trading Stamps in Food and Drug Stores." Selling Research, Inc., New York, 1957.

"Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.

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LETTERS

Civic Center, which is by no means properly appreciated by most San Franciscans. He should have mentioned, however, that the architect of the Opera House was Arthur Brown, Jr. to whom the design of the City Hall should also have been wholly attributed, though the work was carried out under the firm of Bakewell and Brown. . . .

ROLLIN JENSEN
San Francisco, Calif.

Among your letters in the March issue was one by George R. Wadleigh referring to Bruce Bliven's article on San Francisco in which [Wadleigh] mentioned "control of the waterfront by a union dominated by Bridges" and went on to say that, because of this, shipping has been largely diverted to the Puget Sound region and to Los Angeles.

Mr. Wadleigh repeats what may be heard any day of the week in San Francisco. It is a weak and silly alibi.

The Bridges union embraces the entire Pacific Coast and the Hawaiian Islands, and the strike of 1934 which is supposed to have dealt this deathblow to San Francisco shipping included Seattle, San Pedro, and Oakland, and, furthermore, the agreement which was ultimately signed . . . was one whose conditions, if onerous, were such as all the West Coast ports had to meet. . . .

CLARENCE B. CARLSEN
San Francisco, Calif.

Lyndon Johnson

TO THE EDITORS:

In his article on Lyndon Johnson [March] William S. White is rather disparaging of the "liberals" in the Senate. . . . However if there were no "liberals" would Lyndon Johnson move to the right in order to be in the center again? Where is Johnson's direction? Does not the situation of a directionless President require a purposeful majority leader?

BRUCE MARTIN
Cambridge, Mass.

Some of the lines sketched in White's article need to be drawn with heavy strokes if Texas people are to recognize the portrait. . . .

In Texas . . . personalism is the curse of politics. Johnson did not depart from the personalist tradition when he assumed command of the loyal Democratic Presidential convention campaign before the 1956 convention. . . . His reluctant allies observed what was expected of those who sought to ingratiate themselves with Johnson: 200 per cent personal fealty. The short-term objective of the coalition was achieved: the Texas delegation was representative, disciplined, and committed as a unit to

COMING I

Harper's
magazine

NEXT MONTI

THE GANG
THAT WENT GOOD

A bunch of tough New Yo youngsters are trying a brave a uncertain experiment—which, if works, might rescue them fro crime and mayhem which have b come the "normal" way of life their slum.

By Dan Wakefie

THE IOWAN'S CURSE

A striking new short story the author of *The Circus of L Lao.*

By Charles G. Finn

REFORM IN CHICAGO:
Slow But Not Hopeless

Party bosses in America bo they can control city-wide el tions and they usually do. But Chicago, one of the most noto ous of the machine-ridden citi a determined group of citize has been finding that there is way to beat the bosses.

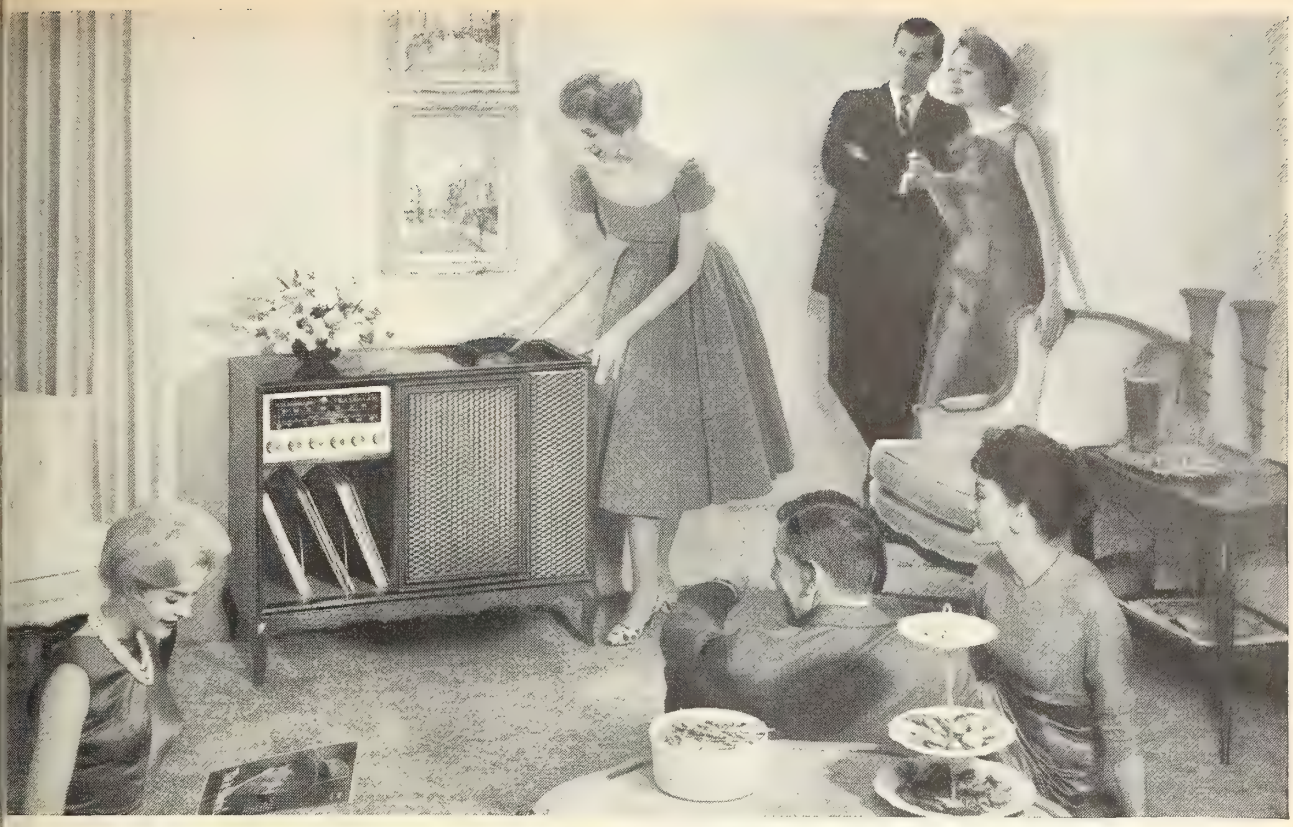
By John Kay Ada

AND LATE

THE CATSKILLS:
Still Having Wonderful Time

An affectionate report on N York's unique and strictly Kos playground in the Catskill Mo tains, sometimes known as Borscht Circuit—the fabul standards it has already set, the new goals at which it is aimi

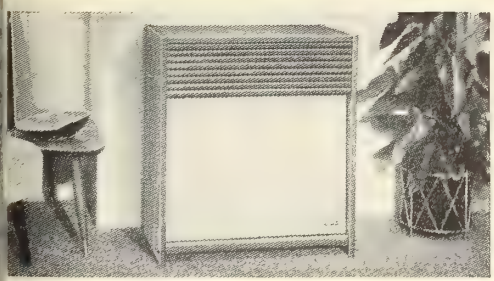
By David Bo



An innovation in beauty and functional design. The Continental *is the only high fidelity FM-AM radio-phonograph with 25-watt dual-channel amplifier, 15″ bass and treble exponential horn speakers. Precision changer with Diamond Pick-up. Select from a variety of styles and fine woods. In mahogany, $389.50.*

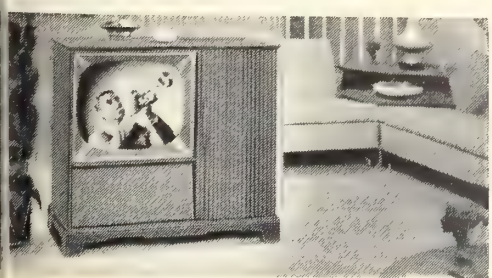
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with the glow of beautiful music



xample of Magnavox value—*The Magnasonic 297* phono with 10-watt amplifier, four speakers in-ng 15″ bass, precision changer, Diamond Pick-up. variety of finishes. In mahogany, now only $179.50.

ı Fidelity in TV, too. *The High Fidelity Theatre,* q. in. Chromatic TV, superb FM-AM radio, precision d changer, Diamond Pick-up, 4 speakers, 20-watt ifier. Magnavox TV priced from $169.90.



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Johnson's Presidential ambition. . . .

The long-term results are more diff cult to assess. One was what can char tably be called the inept manageme of the state campaign for Stevenso . . . Johnson's post-convention trea ment of his pre-convention allies ca be fairly described as petty, vindictiv and downright imprudent. . . . Loc leaders feeling the weight of Johnson displeasure . . . are spokesmen for a increasingly effective grass-roots par organization which would be called mo erate in any state but Texas. Here th papers describe it as a "liberal-labo loyalist splinter group." . . .

By 1961 the Democrats of Texas ar their senior Senator should know fro bitter experience what happens when 20th-century Canute seeks to comma the tide.

MRS. JACK CART
Fort Worth, Te

Egghead Spri

TO THE EDITORS:

In general I cannot quarrel with wh Editor Fischer [The Editor's Easy Cha March] has identified as the major tren in mid-century concerning intellectu It is what he failed to observe that see so alarming. Namely that the only " tellectuals" who have become respecta are the "doers"—those who "apply" th science and serve the ends of what Wright Mills has identified as the "po elite." . . .

The questioner, the skeptic in the isting social order is still thought to "unsound." . . .

The ultimate survival of the world pends not upon military might but up the development of the skills and kno edge necessary to uncover causes develop solutions to man's social pr lems. The philosopher, social scien teacher concerned with these probl is being left to wither on the econo vine.

ROBERT H. SIMM
Las Vegas, N.

. . . The real points of interest 1958 will be politics, recession, and e tivities in outer space and definitely the return of semantics spreaders to sphere which they have not previ occupied. Your theme is absurd. .

P. J. HO
Boxford, Mas

. . . I am persuaded that if you w go back to a time when the popula was about one-third what it is now, would find the eight million hig figure constant, bearing, of cours much higher proportion to the than at present. . . .

You state with a tinge of amaze that Lyndon Johnson taught school

t everybody taught school in the
e scholarly last century. It was usual
each for a while before going back
he farm after graduation from col-
, or going into the law or business.
It is probable that more Members
Congress in that period held degrees
t today. . . . What is now called
egghead was, in those days, almost
man in the street or on the farm.
, the college-bred farmers spoke
heir cows in Latin—soh, bos, soh,
. . . HOMER JOSEPH DODGE
Washington, D. C.

New Discoveries

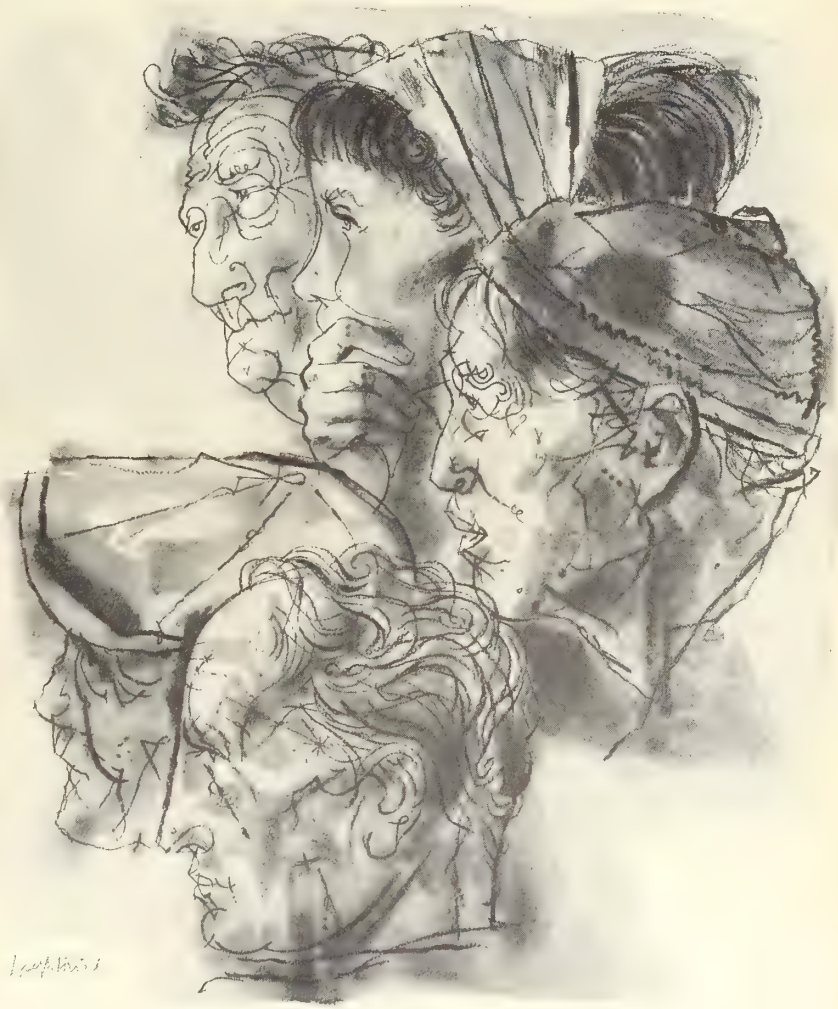
THE EDITORS:
he first article by George W. Gray
rch] was very interesting. However
point puzzles me. The article states
production of a single gram of
um releases 150 million calories [of
]—enough to raise 1½ million quarts
ater from the freezing to the boiling
t." Should this have been 1½ mil-
grams or cubic centimeters instead
uarts? ORVIS MCDERMED
Alva, Okla.

nce it takes 100 (large) calories to
the temperature of a litre (or ap-
imately a quart) of water from the
ing to the boiling point, 150 million
ies would do that amount of heat-
to 1½ million quarts.
GEORGE W. GRAY
Sparkill, N. Y.

Leopard's Spots

THE EDITORS:
the March Letters column Lee L.
ple invokes a leopard with un-
geable spots in support of his argu-
t that Richard Nixon has not and
not change his political views. . . .
hen I was in Africa . . . I had the
rtunity of observing the full cycle
leopard that *does* change its spots.
pardus adaptus does its hunting
he jungle during the summer, and
he open veldt during the winter.
s are just the thing . . . to blend
ith a dappled sunlight jungle scene,
they would be less than useless on
dried-grass veldt. So *felis pardus*
tus discards his spots in favor of a
sant lion-yellow for the winter.
would like to suggest to Mr. Stop-
since even leopards now and then
ge their spots, that he base his judg-
t of Mr. Nixon more on Nixon's
nt actions than on his past behavior.
KEN BISKIT
Ass't. Prof. Zoology
Calif. Inst. Technology
Pasadena, Calif.

The faces look on it
and mirror its trickery or logic . . .
or show a shy approval
. . perhaps bewilderment.
This passing and precarious adventure
that is life demands all instincts . . .
as it maroons the hesitant
and inspires the brave.
Yet strength, we all have found, is often
a matter of preparation.
May we at Columbian National
help you plan your future?



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An enlarged reproduction of this drawing by Joseph Hirsch, without our message, is yours for the asking. Please mention this magazine when you write; there is no obligation.

PEOPLE AND PROFITS:

Both are needed to make America's capitalism work

NEW challenges from abroad and economic readjustments at home make it more important than ever that our distinctive brand of capitalism be understood and encouraged by all Americans.

America's capitalism is a "People's Capitalism" that must draw its strength from the voluntary participation of free citizens. About a half million men and women are owners of General Electric. 10 million Americans—young and old, from small cities and large, bakers as well as bankers—have invested directly in America's businesses; another 100 million indirectly own shares through their insurance policies, mutual savings-bank accounts, pension plans, mutual funds, or other forms of investment.

All people—not just a few—benefit when businesses earn profits. In America's capitalism, the millions of men and women who have invested their savings in businesses may be rewarded through dividends. Millions more benefit indirectly in many ways—in their pension funds, or through the work of research foundations and charitable organizations which entrust capital to business. More important still, everyone benefits when profitable companies—by reinvesting a part of their earnings—are able to undertake the research and development and the expansion and modernization which lead to new jobs, products, and services.

Profit is the incentive to take the bold and imaginative risks needed for progress. Businesses are in free, vigorous competition to anticipate and satisfy the needs, the wants—and even some of the unspoken aspirations—of the American people. Companies that fail to provide what people want will become profit-starved and a national liability. Those that succeed are the underlying resource of a vital civilian economy and a strong national defense.

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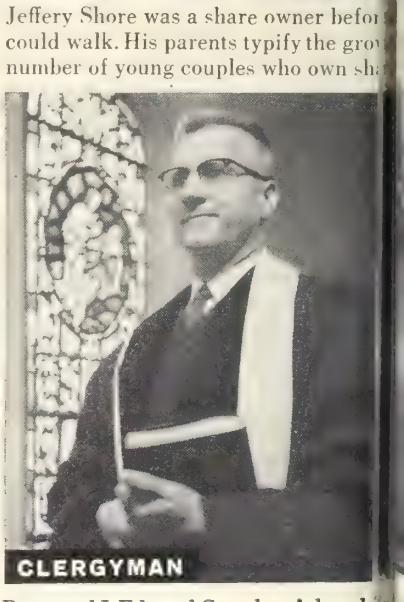
SCHOOLTEACHER

Mrs. Dolores Toporowski has owned sh in General Electric for 4 years. Two-th of U. S. share owners earn under $7,



BABY CAPITALIST

Jeffery Shore was a share owner befor could walk. His parents typify the gro number of young couples who own sh



CLERGYMAN

Reverend J. Edward Carothers' church many churches, colleges, and institut depends on dividends for part of its inc



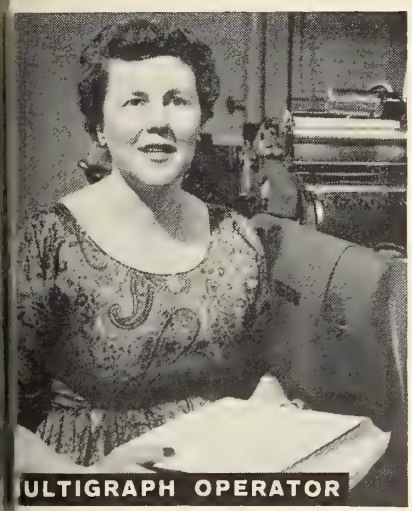
rry Cichy is learning early how Amer-'s capitalism works—his parents gave n his first shares on his 11th birthday.



Amy Jane Bowles is one of a growing number of women share owners; over half of General Electric's owners are women.



Leopold Arbour was one of 14,000 new General Electric owners in 1957. The number of G-E owners increased 50% since 1952.



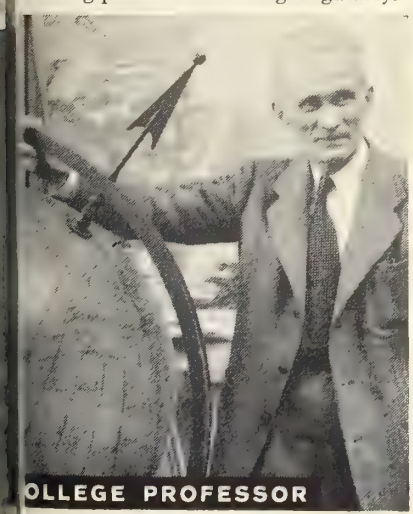
. Longine Furman is typical of people participate in "People's Capitalism" nvesting part of their savings regularly.



Arthur Gallagher is also a G-E supplier. His firm is one of 45,000 which furnish the company with vital skills and services.



Mrs. Ann Shem is one of more than 133,000 employees participating in General Electric's Savings and Stock Bonus Plan.



eph Doty, Professor of History, teaches ut the past and invests in the future n shares of General Electric stock.



Mary Hammond supplements her income from General Electric's Pension Plan with dividends from General Electric stock.



Share owner Allen Merriam also owns one of the 400,000 independent firms which sell and service General Electric products.

JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

How to Keep Congress Honest

THE funniest juggling act since the death of W. C. Fields is the gingerly handling of the FCC investigation by our embarrassed Congressmen.

They had never dreamed it would come to this. Originally they had hired an innocent scholar, Dr. Bernard Schwartz, to make a gently academic study of the Federal Communications Commission and other regulatory agencies. Instead he began to fumble around the hasp of the most dangerous Pandora's box in Washington. They fired him fast, of course, but by that time the lid was ajar and the newspapermen were prying at it with crowbars. The scaly things emerging have stung a lot of Congressmen already, and most of those yet unscarred are living in a trauma of anxiety about what might crawl out next.

Meanwhile the rest of us are getting a brief glimpse at what may be the most serious flaw in our whole system of government—and the hardest to mend. It is simply this: Nowhere in American life is there any agency, public or private, which can check up effectively on the behavior of Congress.

This is the point where our system of checks and balances breaks down. The failure is especially dangerous today because the power of Congress has grown enormously in recent years —as it always does when the executive branch is weak. Yet there is no way for the ordinary citizen to find out, continuously and in detail, how well his Congressman is doing his job . . . how far he may be yielding to improper pressures . . . or when and where he might be slipping into corruption.

Congress can, and usually does, investigate everything else on the political landscape. But nobody can investigate Congress—for reasons to be noted in a moment. It is true that Dr. Schwartz behaved in a tactless and unruly fashion which practically invited his own discharge. But his main offense, to the politicians, was that for one eyeball-searing moment he swiveled Congress's own searchlight back on Congress itself.

For nobody can peer more than an inch below the surface of the FCC—or any other regulatory agency—without spotting a lot of Congressmen in compromising positions. Many of them are deeply enmeshed in the operations of these agencies, as Louis L. Jaffe pointed out last September in "The Scandal in TV Licensing" in this magazine.* The FCC, for example, is empowered to grant, or to withhold, radio and television licenses worth many millions of dollars. Congress has never set up any clear standards to guide the commission in making these decisions, or any procedures such as those which safeguard the operations of the courts. Consequently the awards can be influenced by whim, or undercover pressure, or favoritism. The result is—in Schwartz's somewhat melodramatic terms—"a blow at the very vitals of good government"; but it is also a sweet political asset to a lot of Congressmen.

It works like this. (Along with every other Washington correspondent, I saw it happen many times while I was covering the FCC and Congress for the Associated Press. But, as we shall see, newspapermen seldom get a chance to report such things.) A businessman wants a license to start a TV station in his home town. Naturally he goes to his Congressman for help. Perhaps he had the foresight to contribute generously to good old Joe's last campaign fund; if not, there always is another campaign just around the corner.

Naturally Joe is eager to show how zealously he serves his constituents. He calls up one or two FCC commissioners and puts on the pressure. Naturally they listen. They are politicians too, usually hoping for reappointment or for a better job. They never forget that Congress doles out the money for their agency, and that

* That article was, so far as we can discover, the first full account of the odd goings-on in the FCC. It was cited by Dr. Schwartz in his confidential memorandum to the investigating committee as the work of "one of the country's leading authorities on administrative law" and it was at least in part responsible for the opening of the investigation.

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appointment to most worthwhile federal offices has to be confirmed by the Senate.

If the businessman is particularly eager for that license (and not too scrupulous about how he gets it) he may cultivate friendships with a few commissioners, and maybe with an FCC examiner as well. What could be more natural than remembering his friends (and his Congressman) at Christmas? Or picking up their checks at an industry convention? Or arranging a speaking engagement for a friend at a comfortable fee? Or offering him a loan in a moment of need? Or—if the politician happens to be a lawyer, as so many are—perhaps a little business can be steered to the partners in his firm. These costs can, of course, be charged off against the businessman's income tax, and in any case they are peanuts in comparison with the money he will make if his license is granted.



He hates to be obligated to the Big Boys.

Somebody else is after that same license. Since the number of TV channels is rigidly limited, by nature itself, inevitably there will be competition for the right to use (free of charge) this precious chunk of public property. So the competitor consults *his* friends in Congress, hires a Washington attorney skilled at the practice of influence rather than law, and scurries around to find everybody who might put in a word for him with the commission. At this point the stage is set for what Representative Oren Harris of Arkansas described as "one of the most tragic examples of undue influence and high-pressure tactics." He was referring to the Miami case, then under study by his committee—but any knowledgeable Washington correspondent could tell him about plenty of other examples.

WHY, then, haven't these newspapermen told the public what is going on? Because they are muzzled by two things: (1) governmental secrecy; (2) the libel laws.

Some secrecy, in military and diplomatic matters, is of course essential. But perhaps nine-tenths of the "Confidential" stamps in Washington have no such justification. They are used primarily to cover up the mistakes of our bureaucrats, and to enable them to avoid embarrassing questions. There is no valid national security reason, for instance, why the FCC's licensing functions should not be conducted in a plate-glass window; yet a reporter has little more access to its deliberations than to those of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. So long as its doors and files remain closed to him, he cannot document the story of a brewing scandal—even though he can smell it from the other side of the Potomac.

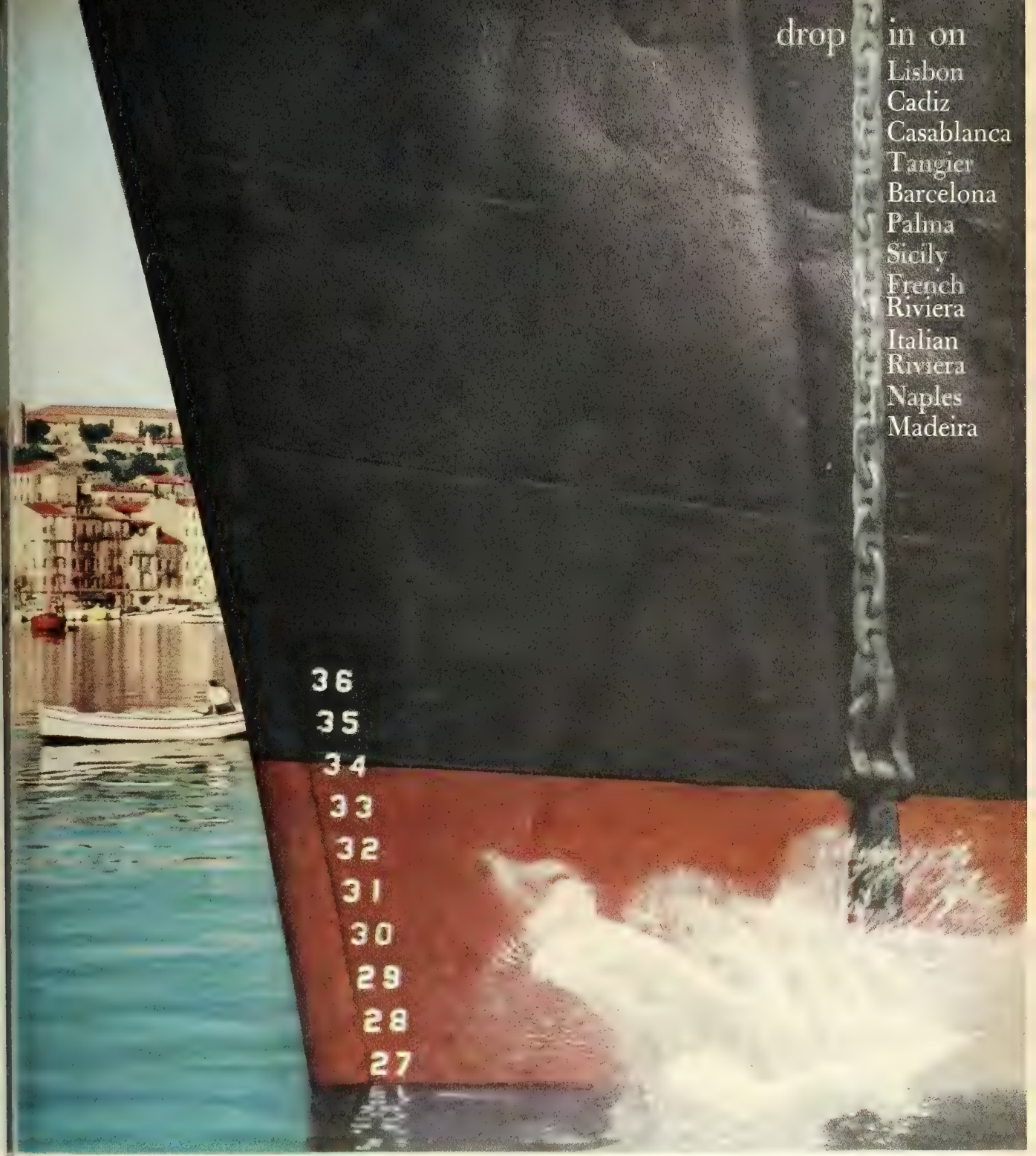
Even if he could get hold of the relevant facts in such cases, a newspaperman seldom would be able to use them unless they are set forth in the official record of an investigating committee, court, or Congressional debate, and thus made "privileged" under the laws of libel. He may know very well that a friendship between a lobbyist and a public servant is ripening into undue influence—but until that fact is incorporated in a privileged record, he cannot print it without risking a damage suit. The libel laws—unlike most secrecy regulations—are sound policy; they give innocent people a necessary protection against irresponsible smears. But they do mean that the press alone cannot carry on the constant scrutiny and exposure which keep government honest.

Moreover—I am ashamed to say—a reporter sometimes finds that his publisher is not particularly eager for him to look too closely into the workings of the FCC. Many newspapers, and some magazines, own radio and TV stations.

So do a surprising number of Congressmen and Senators. They have thoughtfully exempted themselves from the conflict-of-interest statutes which apply to other public servants. And nearly all of them faithfully observe one of the most ancient rules of politics: Never squeal on a colleague. This great principle transcends party lines. It links Democrats and Republicans alike in a silent brotherhood, The Politicians' Mutual Benevolent and Protective Association.

For example, the late Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada was notorious in Washington for his close relationship with a certain large corporation. He looked after its interests assiduously, both in the handling of legislation and in its dealings with the agency (not the FCC) which regulated its affairs. Every member of the Senate knew this. Many of them detested him, politically and personally. Yet no Senator ever mentioned this curious symbiosis in open debate. When reporters suggested -as several of us did- that it might make an interesting subject for Senatorial investigation, his colleagues either laughed or looked appalled.

Similarly, none of them expressed any official curiosity when the late Senator Joe McCarthy accepted $10,000 for writing a pamphlet—worth perhaps $200 if it had been done by a profes-



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nal writer—from a company much erested in pending legislation. d I knew another Senator (since eated) who worked like a slave push through price-fixing legisla- n wanted by several large drug npanies; by coincidence, one of m paid a handsome retainer to law firm. This fact, too, was neath the notice of his fellow makers.

DO not mean to suggest that mbers of Congress are generally honest. On the contrary, the at majority of those I have known thoroughly honorable men; I ubt whether you could find any ier group of 531 people contain- a lower percentage of scalawags. ither do I know of any other islative body with a higher level ethics. The British Parliament, instance, condones conduct which nericans would regard as scan- lous; more than a hundred of its mbers are paid salaries by unions trade associations to serve as kesmen for their interests.

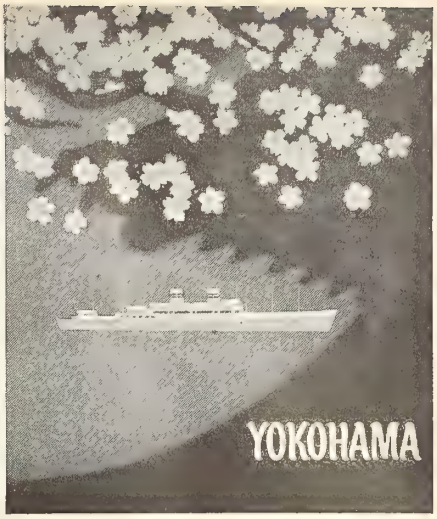
What I am trying to suggest is t Congress cannot be expected police itself. It is extremely re- tant to expose the occasional l apple in its barrel—or to un- er the much more common re- ionship between Congressmen, npaign contributors, and the chinery of government. A no- ious example was the Senate's ction in 1956 to the effort of an and gas lobbyist, with cash in nd, to influence Senator Francis se of South Dakota. When Sena- Case publicly denounced the oil l gas men, his colleagues were ious—at him, not the lobbyists. blic indignation forced them to mise a thorough investigation of buying and campaign expendi- es; but the public's wrath soon led, and so did the investigation. ey are still mad at Senator Case. n like fashion, the inquiry into shenanigans inside the FCC and kindred agencies almost certainly l peter out, as soon as Schwartz's usations fade from the headlines l the voters' memory. A really tained and ruthless investigation uld embarrass too many Congress- n. It very probably would turn even worse cases of pressure litics in the Civil Aeronautics Board—which parcels out lucrative routes to air lines—and in the agencies controlling the use of public lands.

Does all this mean that the situation is hopeless—that there is no effective way to keep an admonitory eye on our Congressmen, and on the agencies most vulnerable to their trafficking in political favors?

Not quite. Several things might be done—but each of them would require a little active interest by a fairly large number of citizens over a considerable period of time. I doubt whether we will get it. The sad fact is that most Americans are not good citizens. Most of them don't seem to give a damn whether their public servants are honest or not. Except in times of crisis—such as war or depression—or when an issue touches their own racial, religious, or pocketbook nerves, they take only a perfunctory and sporadic interest in the public business. If this sounds like a harsh conclusion, then ask yourself five questions: How long has it been since you last wrote your Congressman? Or attended a meeting of your city council? Or protested in any way against laziness or dishonesty in public office? Or took part in a political meeting? Or contributed to a campaign fund?

The last question is the most important. Campaigning is expensive. It takes at least $100,000—and usually many times that—for a candidate to pay his bills for radio, TV, printing, mailing, and travel. This money obviously has to come from somebody. If it doesn't come in $5 bills from thousands of ordinary citizens with no axes to grind, then it surely will come in big checks from a few big operators—the oil and gas boys, trade-union bosses, gamblers, ranchers and lumbermen using public lands, manufacturers who want a tariff raised, applicants for government licenses, and the like. And you can be sure that each of these eventually will try to cash in on his investment.

The candidate knows it too—and he knows, as well as Benjamin Franklin did, that it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. That is why he would much prefer to get his campaign money in modest sums. He doesn't want to be obligated to



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the Big Boys; he would far rather be able to tell them, when they call to ask for a shady favor, to go to hell. Yet only 2 per cent of the American people have ever given a thin dime to a campaign fund.

SO THE one most useful thing any of us can do to keep our public servants honest is to chip in a few dollars to back decent candidates in this fall's elections. Anybody who can't afford it cannot, in good conscience, keep on complaining about rascally politicians.

There are other things—quite effective ones—which the conscientious citizen can do without spending a penny. During the next six months all Congressmen will be moving around their districts, speaking at rallies, attending political teas, and shaking hands on the street. Every one of them will insist that he is eager to hear what his constituents are thinking, and to answer their questions about his own conduct in office. Make a point of meeting your Congressman (and his opponent) and asking some questions. Here are a few samples; if they are mentioned by as many as fifty voters in any district, you can be certain that both candidates will take them very seriously indeed:

"Why, Mr. Congressman, does the government give away, for nothing, the privilege of using valuable chunks of the public domain? Why aren't TV channels and air routes and grazing rights, for example, sold to the highest bidder?* If a television license is worth $5 million, why shouldn't the station owner pay precisely that? Wouldn't this be a good

* A top official of one of the major networks whom I consulted on this point argues that competitive bidding would give too great an advantage to the richest applicants. This is a danger, all right, but not necessarily a fatal one. It could be largely avoided by permitting only two or three stations under a single ownership, giving preference to well-established local applicants as against outsiders, and forbidding a monopoly of all local channels of communication (newspapers, radio, and TV) by a single interest. Moreover, the applicant rich enough to finance the heaviest lobbying and pressure campaign already seems to have a considerable advantage in dealing with the FCC and Congress.

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ıy to stop all the finagling for luable handouts, and at the same ne put a lot of money into the deral treasury? . . .

"Don't you think that all of the deral regulatory agencies should compelled to operate in the open stripped of their veil of secrecy—the public can see who is trying influence them, and how? . . .

"Why shouldn't their officials be quired to abide by the same rules ethics and decorum that now vern our courts? (If a lobbyist—a Congressman—tried to whisper the ear of a federal judge about pending case, or offered him a an, or hinted at political favors to me, he would be slapped into jail fast the bars would rattle.) . . .

"If you are elected, would you willing to introduce legislation create a watchdog for all of the gulatory agencies? How about a rmanent, non-partisan Commis-ɔn of Inquiry—with its members ll paid and appointed for life, just e the Supreme Court—to keep a nstant watch on their operations? would need a modest staff of vestigators, access to the agencies' es, the power to summon officials fore it for public questioning at y time, and the duty to recom-end their dismissal and prosecu-ɔn whenever it turns up anything hy.) . . .

"Do you believe that members of ɔngress should be made subject to e conflict-of-interest laws, just like her public servants? Would you willing to disclose your business nnections, outside earnings, and urces of income? . . .

"Will you support legislation with al teeth in it to control campaign ntributions? (Four teeth would enough. 1. Full disclosure *a ek before election day* of every nny a candidate receives, and ıere it comes from. 2. A realistic nit on the amount that each can-date can spend *and that others n spend on his behalf.* The lat-safeguard is needed to prevent ge, anonymous contributions un-r such guises as The Citizens mmittee for Congressman Joe ; the British have developed a of rules which seem fairly air-ht, and which might well be apted here. 3. Another limit—a total of $5,000—on the amount



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If enough people did, we wo not of course get a government alabaster purity. We never will; long as these forty-eight states inhabited by human beings inst of angels. But we would get the n honest, efficient, and economical ernment yet seen on this contin or any other.

* This month, for the first time history, Republicans and Democrats joining together in a drive to raise million in small and stringless co butions. The idea originated with Ph L. Graham, publisher of the Washin *Post*, and is now being sponsored the American Heritage Foundation the Advertising Council. If it work may turn out to be the most effe weapon for good government since invention of the grand jury.

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

THE UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

AMERICAN public schools have all but dumped the classical languages. Only 6.9 per cent of our high-school students take Latin today, and hardly any take Greek. This change from the nineteenth-century curriculum has been on purpose, not by default. For with 80 per cent of our children from four-teen to seventeen years old in high school and with a good proportion of adults high-school graduates, most Americans consider themselves qualified to make decisions about education. Why not? If you've spent most of your working hours for twelve years on something, you have a right to an opinion. But on the question of the classics, where our practice is an about-face from the European tradition, we feel we have some defending and explaining to do. So when a physicist outstanding in the world community of science comes out with a case for the classics, we roll back before lunging.

The name of **Werner Heisenberg*** has been in the papers in recent weeks because of his announcement in Bonn, Germany, of a new mathematical formula which may lead to a unified field theory and, if proved correct, may win the goal at which Einstein was aiming. According to reporters, the equation which Heisenberg and his associates have recently worked out explains theoretically the events that take place within the nucleus of the atom. From it, all other laws of nature may be derived, and as a consequence, in practical terms, "the exact amount of energy necessary to split any nucleus [of any atom, not just the unstable heavy atoms] can be calculated."

In the lead article this month, Professor Heisenberg describes his boyhood education and relates it to the formation of his tastes and ambitions. He studied the classics partly because this was the normal course in Munich around 1915 and partly, we may suppose, because his father was professor of Greek at the University. The apparent disparity between his training and his career as a physicist who won the Nobel Prize at the age of thirty-two is less odd than it sounds to us Americans. Nor is it strange that Heisenberg worked at the University of Berlin throughout World War II, was captured by American troops and taken to England, and returned to Germany to continue research at the Max Planck Institute for Physics.

Granted the weird convulsions of the twentieth century, Heisenberg's training and experience were conventional. Only his mind was not.

Until more comes out in this country about Heisenberg's new discovery, it is likely that he will continue to be known popularly as the author of the famous Principle of Uncertainty, which rings a familiar, if muffled, bell of recognition with most general readers.

The formulas which express this principle are not very revealing to the layman, but in Heisenberg's own words (in *Nuclear Physics*) it is perhaps deceptively simple. It concerns the behavior of particles within the atom:

> One can never know simultaneously with perfect accuracy both of those two important factors which determine the movement of one of these smallest of particles—its position and its velocity. It is impossible to determine accurately *both* the position and the direction and speed of a particle *at the same instant.* If we determine experimentally its exact position at any given moment, its movement is disturbed to such a degree by that very experiment that we shall then be unable to find it at all. And conversely, if we are able to

* "A Scientist's Case for the Classics" (p. 25) is adapted from a book by Heisenberg entitled *The Physicist's Conception of Nature,* to be brought out in the fall by Harcourt, Brace. Another Heisenberg work will be published on May 14 by Harper & Brothers: *Physics and Philosophy.*



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measure exactly the velocity of a particle, the picture of its position becomes totally blurred.

It would be an intellectual scandal, no doubt, to try to apply this principle to other than atomic or cosmic realms—such as literary criticism or the business cycle or the question of the classics in secondary education. But it is tempting to try.

Since (as we understand Heisenberg) it is the intruding observer (the experimenter) that dislodges the movement and makes certainty impossible, could it not be that Professor Heisenberg (now at age fifty-six)—recollecting his education in Munich (age eight to eighteen)—has himself dislodged the reality of what *was?* Could it not be that the ideal training for a Nobel Prize-winner is still clouded in Uncertainty—and as variable as the observer thereof?

If so, then we Americans, naked as we are of Latin and Greek, can listen respectfully but not shut up. Equipped with more than nine years of some kind of education per capita -we can continue to argue as hotly as before, each man his own expert.

. . . American folklore is developing a special branch for Frank Lloyd Wright, the most renowned and controversial American architect, living or dead. A new chapter—all the better for being true—appears in "How Frank Lloyd Wright Got His Medal" (p. 30). The narrator is **Alfred Bendiner,** Philadelphia architect, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, owner of a csimbalom (his spelling) that was played at the St. Louis World's Fair, and a man of many talents. Muralist and illustrator, he has had work shown in many art museums here and abroad. His book of musical caricatures is called *Music to My Eyes.*

Mr. Bendiner was born in Pittsburgh of Hungarian parents, who brought him to Philadelphia as a baby.

The portrait of F. L. W. on the cover, and the drawings inside were made by Mr. Bendiner. The building on the cover is Mr. Wright's famous skyscraper in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, called The Price Tower.

. . . Second, third, and fourth waves of books about World War II may be breaking toward us, now that more than a decade has passed. The new writing won't resemble either *A Bell for Adano* or *From Here to Eternity,* for the propaganda lines have changed or faded. It is likely to be more factual and, not impossibly, truer. For example, **Richard B. McAdoo's** account of "The Guns at Falaise Gap" (p. 36).

Mr. McAdoo, who was S-2 (Intelligence officer) with the 989th Field Artillery, left Harvard in the middle of his senior year (1942) to enlist as a private. He went to OCS at Fort Sill, served the rest of the war with the battalion he writes about, and came out a Captain. Since the war he has been a book editor at Harper & Brothers.

. . . "Why Canadians Are Turning Anti-American" (p. 46) is a problem that concerns Americans a good deal more deeply than, in their self-absorption, they know. **Bruce Hutchison,** who sums up the issues between us, is editor of the Victoria (British Columbia) *Times* and author of a half-dozen best-selling books about Canada. In his forty years in the newspaper business, he has made innumerable trips to Washington and won many American friends for hi country.

Mr. Hutchison's newest book *Canada: Tomorrow's Giant,* brough out by Knopf, was described in review in the Washington *Post* as "shrewd diary of a nation's moods an eloquent portrait of a nation' mind, a confident prophesy of a na tion's future. There is no one quit like Hutchison in American jou nalism. He is a sort of mixture o Thoreau, Thomas Wolfe, and Wi liam Allen White. . . ."

. . . **Joyce Warren,** who went "Hil Climbing by Boat" (p. 51), is th author of *Our Glad,* a novel abou English small-town theater, and *Peacocks and Avarice,* a book short stories. The daughter of a English rector in a Derbyshire vi lage, Miss Warren worked in th movie industry and came to Ne York with the British Informatio Services during the war. She is ma ried to an American geologist no and lives in Washington.

The British Travel Associatio (336 Madison Avenue, New York 1 has pamphlets about holidays o English inland waterways, and tel us that there are many kinds of cra and waters for tourist cruises in add tion to the Narrow Boats. Thom Cook takes bookings for some these cruises and also British Ra ways (9 Rockefeller Plaza, New Yo 20). Local travel agents can help.

. . . **Leona Train Rienow's** "Lame for Minnesota" (p. 57) comes fro an ex-Minnesotan whose love f her home state is matched by h passion for conservation of natur resources. Born in Duluth, she gr up on the Mesabi Iron Range. S is a graduate of the University Chicago and has an M.A. from t University of Minnesota.

Married to a professor of politic science at the State University New York in Albany, Mrs. Rienc lives in a colonial farmhouse on 1 acres of a woodland wildlife sa tuary. She has written childre books and is now collaborating wi her husband on a book about livi with the atom.

. . . The author of "The Guy Ward 4" (p. 60), **Leo Rosten,** also the author of *The Educati*

William S. White, Capitol correspondent of the *New York Times* for the last thirteen years, has become Washington correspondent for *Harper's Magazine.* He also will write a syndicated newspaper column for the United Features Syndicate.

While he was with the *Times,* Mr. White wrote two books, a Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of Senator Robert A. Taft, and *Citadel: The Story of the U. S. Senate.* He has written a number of articles for *Harper's;* the most recent was "Who *Is* Lyndon Johnson?" in the March issue.

Earlier he worked with the Associated Press as an editor and war correspondent, covering the Normandy landing on D-day and much of the fighting in France, Holland, and Germany. After the war he handled foreign assignments for the *Times* in Latin America and Africa as well as serving in the paper's Washington Bureau.

*H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N*,* hich he wrote under the pen name Leonard Q. Ross. Fiction has een a hobby with him, and a num- er of his suspense novels have been ade into movies, including "The ark Corner" and "Sleep, My Love." e has also written some fifteen ovies; "Walk East on Beacon" was ne of them.

Mr. Rosten has a Ph.D. in social ience from the University of Chi- go, and on Rockefeller and Car- egie Foundation grants, he made three-year study of Hollywood hich was published as *Hollywood: he Movie Colony*. During the war e was Deputy Director of the Office War Information. He is a faculty sociate at Columbia University and ecial editorial adviser for *Look* agazine.

. . In everyday living, the eco- omics of divorce usually over- adows its ethics. For example, in ew York City, where divorce laws e very strict, there are neverthe- ss an estimated half-million women nd children living on alimony and uild-support payments. It is this nportant, practical, money end of vorce that **Judge Samuel H. Hof- adter** and **Arthur Herzog** discuss in Common Sense About Alimony" . 68).

Judge Hofstadter has been a Jus- ce of the New York Supreme Court nce 1933. He was a member of ne New York Legislature from 1925 1932 and chairman of the so- lled Mayor Walker Investigation which Judge Samuel Seabury was ounsel.

Born in Austria, he graduated om the New York Law School in 913. He is the author of *The De- elopment of the Right of Privacy New York* and other works.

Arthur Herzog is a free-lance writer nd a former editor of *Cavalier*. He as an M.A. from Columbia Univer- ty in English literature.

. . Thomas Wolfe—whose Harvard laywriting and other early sorrows e described by **Philip W. Barber** n page 71—died in his thirty-eighth ar; he would have been fifty-eight his September; but somehow the nage he left with his many thou- nds of admirers is that of a quite oung man. A man very much like the one Mr. Barber describes. With "Look Homeward, Angel" (in the stage play by Ketti Frings) now a Broadway hit, that picture of the eternal youth—his hero and himself —comes to vivid life again.

Wolfe's prose can scarcely be bot- tled into a paragraph, but one bit from *The Web and the Rock*, about George Webber, on his twenty-fifth birthday, surely belongs with Mr. Barber's record:

> It is a wonderful time of life, but it is also a time that is pregnant with a deadly danger. For that great flask of ether which feels within itself the illusions of an invincible and hurt- less strength may explode there in so many ways it does not know about— that great engine of life charged with so much power and speed, with a terrific energy of its high velocity so that it thinks about nothing can stop it, that it can roar like a locomo- tive across the whole continent of life, may be derailed by a pebble, by a grain of dust. . . .

Philip Barber's career after the Harvard days with Wolfe has been varied, but he has always come back to the theater in some form. He went to Yale with Professor George Pierce Baker and was technical direc- tor of the Yale University Theater, later of the Group Theater in its early days; and then stage manager and minor actor with the Theater Guild. He has written movie scen- arios for MGM and radio scripts for a number of producers; was New York City director of the Federal Theater. After work with the War Relocation Authority, he founded an industrial public relations firm, and is now chairman of the board.

With his wife, Mr. Barber started Music Inn, next door to Tangle- wood in Lenox, Massachusetts. In 1955 he opened the Music Barn, the first summer concert hall for jazz, and last year helped found the School of Jazz (see "After Hours," November 1957).

. . . "The Academic Overture" (p. 50) comes early this year, from **Rich- mond Lattimore,** who teaches Greek at Bryn Mawr and is the author of *Poems,* a first volume.

"Exchange" (p. 58) is from **Miriam Waddington,** a Montrealer, author of two books of poems, *Green World* and *The Second Silence.*

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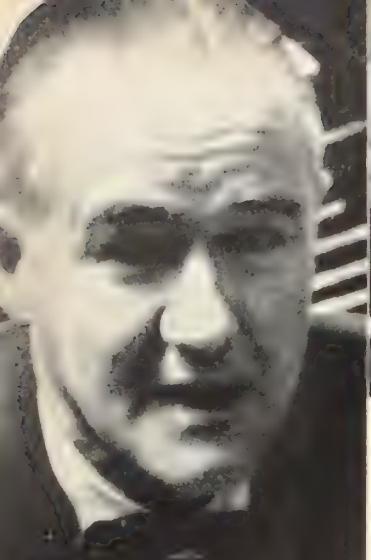
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BACH ON LOCATION

At Zwolle, in Holland, in the 15th-century Gothic church of St. Michael is a splendid, four-manual organ, dating from 1720. It is the last organ built by Arp Schnitger, whose work is considered the culmination of the high baroque era of organ building. It was inevitable that so fine an organ should be visited by E. Power Biggs, who has traveled far and wide in search of the most appropriate instruments for his recordings of the great works for organ. Mr. Biggs' many albums of the music of Bach, Mozart and others, performed on centuries-old instruments—in many cases those the composers themselves once used—are among the most impressive achievements of the recording art. To these he now adds three preludes and fugues of Bach, recorded amid the majestic acoustics of St. Michael's.

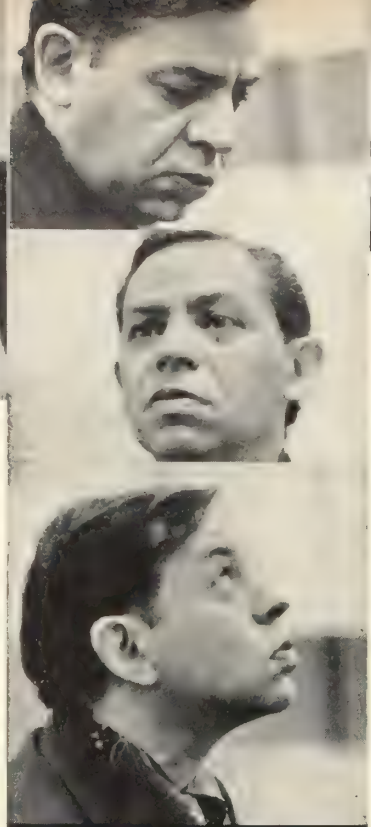
BACH AT ZWOLLE: Prelude (Concertato) and Fugue in D Major ("The Great"); Prelude and Fugue in C Minor ("Arnstadt"); and Prelude and Fugue in E-flat Major ("St. Anne")—E. Power Biggs, organist.
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Harper's MAGAZINE

A SCIENTIST'S CASE FOR THE CLASSICS

WERNER HEISENBERG

Nobel Prize-winner for Physics

The man sometimes described as Einstein's successor tells why a sound training in the Greek philosophers is the most practical sort of education for a scientist—and how he first discovered them while serving as a schoolboy soldier against Communist rebels.

MANY people are asking today whether a classical education is not too theoretical or unworldly—whether in our age of technology and science a more "practical" education would not be much more suited to equip us for life. I cannot deal with this question fundamentally, for I am not a teacher nor have I been particularly concerned with education. My own experience may be of some interest, however, since I had a classical education myself and later on devoted most of my work to science.

What are the arguments which defenders of the humanities usually produce for concentrating on ancient languages and ancient history? In the first place, they rightly point out that our whole cultural life, our actions, our thoughts, and our feelings are steeped in the spiritual roots of the West—in that attitude of mind which in ancient times was brought into being by Greek art, Greek poetry, and Greek philosophy. With the rise of Christianity, and with the formation of the Church, a great change took place; and finally at the end of the Middle Ages, there occurred the tremendous fusion of Christian piety with the freedom of spirit of antiquity. The world, as God's world, was radically altered by voyages of discovery, by science, and by technology. In every sphere of modern life whenever we look at the roots of things—whether methodologically, historically, or philosophically—we encounter those creations of the spirit which arose in antiquity and in Christianity. Thus we may say in favor of a classical education that it is always good to know the sources of our culture, even if they have few practical uses.

Secondly, we must stress the fact that the whole strength of our Western civilization is derived, and always has been, from the close relationship between the way in which we pose our questions and our practical actions. Other peoples were just as experienced as the Greeks in the sphere of practical action—but what always distinguished Greek thought from that of all others was its ability to change the questions it asked into questions of principle. Thus it

could arrive at new points of view which impose order on the colorful kaleidoscope of experience and make it accessible to human thought.

It is this which made Greek thought unique. Even during the rise of the West at the time of the Renaissance, this habit of mind stood at the mid-point of our history, and produced modern science and technology. Whoever delves into the philosophy of the Greeks will encounter at every step this ability to pose questions of principle; in this way he can learn to command the strongest tool produced by Western thought.

Finally, it is justly said that a concern with antiquity creates a sense of judgment in which spiritual values are prized higher than material ones. It is precisely in the tradition of Greek thought that the primacy of the spirit emerges clearly. Today some people might take exception to this fact. They might say that our age has demonstrated that only material power, raw materials, and industry are important, that physical power is stronger than spiritual might. It would follow, then, that it is not in the spirit of the times to teach our children respect for spiritual rather than material values.

DEBATES WITH LUNCH

BUT I am reminded of a conversation I had some thirty years ago in the courtyard of our university in Munich. At the time the city was in the throes of a revolution, and the inner town was occupied by the Communists. I, then a seventeen-year-old boy, and some of my school comrades had been assigned as auxiliaries to a military unit which had its headquarters opposite the university, in the theological seminary. Why all this happened is no longer quite clear to me, but it is probable that we found those weeks of playing at soldiers a very pleasant interruption of our lessons at the Maximilian Gymnasium.

In the Ludwig Strasse there was occasional, if not very heavy, shooting. Every noon we fetched our meals from a field kitchen in the university courtyard. On one such occasion we had a long argument with a theology student, debating whether these minor revolutionary struggles in Munich had any meaning. One of my younger schoolmates said emphatically that questions of power could never be settled by spiritual means—by speeches or by writing—but that force and force alone could lead to a real settlement of our conflicts with others.

The theology student replied that in the final analysis even the questions of what was meant by "we" and "the others," and of what distinguished the two, would obviously lead to a purely spiritual decision. He argued that in all probability we should gain a great deal if we could settle this question more reasonably than was commonly the case.

We could hardly object to this. Once an arrow has left the bow, only a stronger force can divert it from its path—but its original direction was determined by the one who aimed it; and without the presence of a spiritual being with an aim, it would never have been able to start on its flight. Consequently we could do far worse than teach our youth not to undervalue the spiritual.

WAKING UP TO THE WORLD

MY FIRST real encounter with science occurred at the Maximilian Gymnasium. Most schoolboys are introduced to technology and science when they begin to play with instruments. By copying the example of a fellow pupil, or by playing with Christmas presents, or occasionally even through school lessons, they begin to have a desire to handle small engines and perhaps even to build one. This is precisely what I did with great enthusiasm during the first five years of my life at high school.

This activity would probably have remained a mere game and would not have led me to real science, if another event had not also occurred. At the time, we were being taught the basic axioms of geometry. First I felt this to be very dry stuff: triangles and rectangles do not kindle one's imagination as do flowers and poets. But suddenly one day, our best mathematics teacher, Wolff by name, introduced us to the idea that one could formulate generally valid propositions from these figures, and that some results—quite apart from their demonstrable geometric properties—could also be proved mathematically. The thought that mathematics somehow corresponded to the structures of our experience struck me as extraordinarily strange and exciting.

What had happened to me was what happens only too rarely with the intellectual gifts which are presented to us at school. Classroom lessons generally allow the different landscapes of the world of the mind to pass by our eyes without quite letting us become at home in them. According to the teacher's abilities they illuminate these landscapes more or less brightly and

we remember the pictures for a shorter or a longer time. However, very occasionally, an object that has thus come into our field of view will suddenly begin to shine in its own light—first, dimly and vaguely, then ever more brightly, until finally it will glow through our entire mind, spill over to other subjects, and eventually become an important part of our own life. This happened in my case with the realization that mathematics fitted the things in our experience—a realization which, as I learned at school, had already been made by the Greeks, by Pythagoras and by Euclid.

At first, stimulated by Herr Wolff's lessons, I tried out this application of mathematics for myself and I found that this game which went on between mathematics and immediate perception was at least as amusing as most other games. Later on, I discovered that geometry alone was no longer adequate for this mathematical game which had given me so much pleasure. From some books I managed to learn that the behavior of some of my homemade instruments also could be described by mathematics. I now began to read voraciously in somewhat primitive mathematical textbooks, in order to get the mathematics, especially the differential and integral calculus, needed for the description of physical laws.

In all this I saw the achievements of modern times—of Newton and his successors—as the immediate consequence of the efforts of the Greek mathematicians and philosophers. In fact, they were all seen as one and the same thing—and never once did it occur to me to consider that the science and technology of our times represented a world basically different from that of the philosophy of Pythagoras or Euclid.

ATOMS WITH HOOKS AND EYES

ALTHOUGH in my youthful ignorance I was not fully aware of it, this enjoyment of the mathematical description of nature had introduced me to the basic trait of all Western thought: the fundamental inter-relationship between the way in which we pose questions and practical action. Mathematics is, so to speak, the language in which the questions are posed and answered—but the questions themselves are concerned with processes in the practical material world. Geometry, for instance, was designed for measuring agricultural land. Because of all this, I remained far more interested in mathematics than in science or instruments during most of my life at school. It was only in the two upper classes that I acquired a new liking for physics, oddly enough because of a fortuitous encounter with a part of modern physical theory.

At the time we used a rather good physics textbook in which, quite understandably, modern physics was treated in a somewhat offhand manner. However, the last few pages dealt briefly with atoms, and I distinctly remember one illustration. The picture was meant to represent on a small scale the state of a gas. Some of the atoms were clustered in groups and were connected by means of hooks and eyes, supposed to represent their chemical bonds. But the text itself stated that, according to the concepts of the Greek philosophers, atoms were the smallest indivisible building stones of matter.

I was greatly put off by this illustration, and I was enraged by the fact that such idiotic things should be presented in a textbook of physics. I thought that if atoms were indeed such structures as this book made out—if their structure was complicated enough for them to have hooks and eyes—then they could not possibly be the smallest indivisible building stones of matter.

In my criticisms I was supported by a friend from my youth club with whom I had gone on many hiking expeditions, and who was much more interested in philosophy than I was. This friend, who had read some essays on atomic theory in ancient philosophy, had also unexpectedly come across a textbook of modern atomic physics where he had seen visual models of atoms. This had led him to the firm conviction that the whole of modern atomic physics was false and he tried to convince me that he was right. At that time our judgments were obviously very much rasher and more dogmatic than they are today. I had to agree with him that these visual models of atoms were indeed false, but I reserved the right to look for the mistakes in the illustrators, rather than in the theory.

In any case, I wanted to become better acquainted with atomic physics, and here another accident was an unexpected help. At the time we had just started reading one of Plato's dialogues, but because of the troubles in Munich school lessons were irregular. Our military unit had no rigid plan of work, far from it; the danger of lounging about was very much greater than that of over-exertion. In addition, we had to be prepared to be called even at night, and thus we were without any control by parents or teachers.

It was then July 1919, and a warm summer.

Shortly after sunrise, I would often withdraw onto the roof of the theological seminary and lie down there to warm myself in the sun, any old book in my hand, or I would sit on the edge of the roof and watch the day beginning in the Ludwig Strasse.

On one such occasion, it occurred to me to take a volume of Plato onto the roof, wanting to read something other than the assigned school lessons. With my somewhat modest knowledge of Greek, I came upon the dialogue called "Timaeus," where for the first time and from the original source, I read something about Greek atomic philosophy. This lecture made the basic thoughts of atomic theory much clearer to me than they had ever been before. I believed, at least, that now I understood something of the reasons which had caused Greek philosophy to think of these smallest indivisible building stones of matter. True, I did not feel Plato's thesis in "Timaeus"—that atoms are regular bodies—to be fully convincing, but at least I was satisfied to learn that they did not have hooks and eyes. In any case, at that time I was becoming convinced that one could hardly make progress in modern atomic physics without a knowledge of Greek natural philosophy, and I thought that our illustrator of the atomic model would have done well to make a careful study of Plato before drawing his pictures.

THE TWO-HEADED STREAM

WITHOUT properly knowing how, I had become acquainted with the great thought of Greek natural philosophy which bridges antiquity with modern times and which only came to full fruition at the time of the Renaissance. This trend in Greek philosophy is typified by the atomic theory of Leucippus and Democritus and traditionally was described as materialism. Historically this is a correct description, but today it is easily misunderstood, since the word "materialism" was given a very one-sided meaning in the nineteenth century—a meaning which is by no means in accordance with the development of Greek natural philosophy.

We can avoid this false interpretation of ancient atomic theory if we remember that the first modern investigator to return to the atomic theory in the seventeenth century was the theologian and philosopher, Gassendi, who surely did not use the theory in order to combat Christian dogma. Even for Democritus, atoms were merely the letters with which we could record the events of the world, but not their content. In contrast, nineteenth-century materialism was developed from thoughts of quite a different kind, thoughts which are characteristic of the modern age and which are rooted in the division of the world into a material and a spiritual reality, originating with Descartes.

We thus see that the great stream of science and technology of modern times springs from two sources in the fields of ancient philosophy. Although many other tributaries have flowed into this stream and have helped to swell its current, the origins have always continued to make themselves felt. Because of this, all the sciences can benefit from classical studies.

GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS

TRUE, those concerned with the more practical schooling of youth will assert that the knowledge of this spiritual foundation has little relevance—that we should rather acquire the necessities of modern life: languages, technical methods, accounting, and commercial practice. These, it is argued, will set us on our feet; a classical education is said to be merely of decorative value, a luxury for those few who have an easier struggle in life than most.

Perhaps this is true for the many people who want to do nothing more in their later lives than to carry on a purely practical business. Those, however, who find this goal inadequate and wish to get to the bottom of things in whatever vocation they choose—be it technology or medicine—are bound sooner or later to encounter the sources of antiquity. Their own work will benefit if they have learned from the Greeks how to discipline their thoughts and how to pose questions of principle. I believe that in the work of Max Planck, for instance, we can clearly see that his thought was influenced and made fruitful by his classical schooling.

Another personal experience which occurred three years after I had left school seems, in retrospect, to be illuminating. While a student at the University of Göttingen, I discussed with a friend the problem of the atomic model which I had found disturbing even while still in high school. This question was obviously the basis of the puzzling phenomena of spectroscopy which were still unsolved at the time. This friend defended perceptual models, and he believed that all that was needed was to persuade modern technology to construct a microscope with very great resolving power, for instance one en-

ploying gamma rays instead of ordinary light. Then we should be able to see the structure of the atom, and my objections to perceptual models would finally be answered.

This argument disquieted me deeply. I was afraid that this imaginary microscope might well reveal the hooks and eyes of my physics textbook, and once again I had to resolve the apparent contradiction between this proposed experiment and the basic conceptions of Greek philosophy. Here the education in disciplined thought which we had received at school was to help me a great deal; because of it I would not accept would-be solutions.

In contemporary discussion about the value of a classical education, one can no longer maintain that the relationship between natural philosophy and modern atomic physics is a unique or special case. For even if we rarely meet such questions of principle in technology or science, or medicine, these disciplines are basically connected with atomic physics. Thus, in the final analysis, they lead to similar questions of principle. The structure of chemistry is built up on the basis of atomic physics. Modern astronomy is connected with it most closely, and can hardly make progress without it. Even in biology, many bridges are being built toward atomic physics. The connections between the different branches of science have become much more obvious in the last decades than they have at any previous time. There are many signs of their common origins—which, in the final analysis, must be sought somewhere in the thought of antiquity.

FAITH IN THE WEST

WITH this conclusion I have almost returned to my point of departure. At the origins of all Western culture there is this close connection between our way of posing questions of principle and practical action, and this we owe to the Greeks. Even today the whole force of our culture rests on this connection. From it springs all our progress, and in this sense a declaration of faith in classical education is an avowal for the West and for its culture.

However, do we still have a right to this faith when the West has lost so terribly in power and prestige in the last decades? Our answer is that all this does not involve questions of right, but of our *will*. For the activity of the West does not stem from theoretical insights—our ancestors did not base their actions on theories—but from quite a different origin. What is and always has been our mainspring is faith. By faith I do not only mean the Christian faith in a God-given, meaningful framework of the world, but simply faith in our task in this world. Here, faith obviously does not mean that we hold this or that to be true. To have faith always means: I decide to do it, I stake my existence on it. When Columbus started on his first voyage into the West, he believed that the earth was round and small enough to be circumnavigated. He did not merely think that this was right in theory—he staked his whole existence on it.

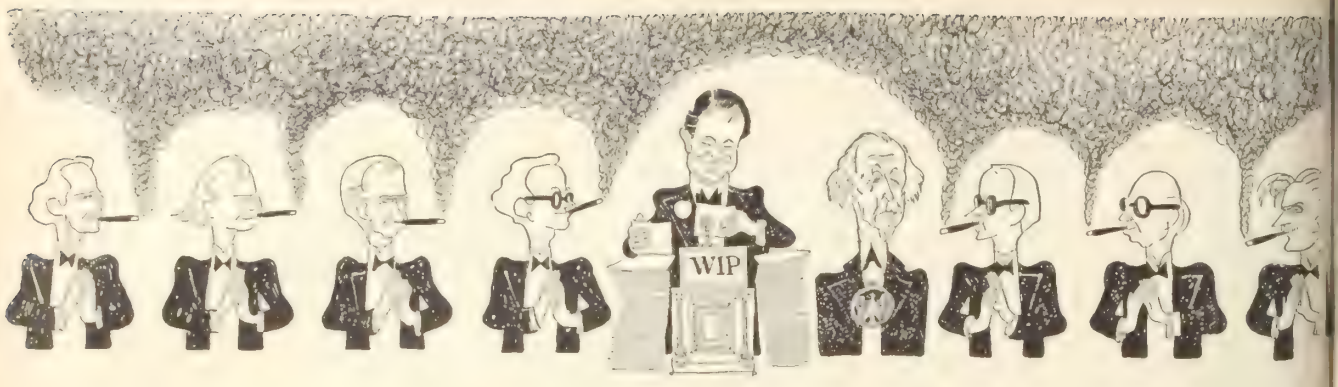
In a recent discussion of this aspect of European history Freyer has rightly referred to the old saying: *"Credo ut intelligam"*—"I believe in order that I may understand." In applying this idea to the voyages of discovery, Freyer introduced an intermediate term: *"Credo ut agam; ago ut intellegam"*—"I believe in order that I may act; I act in order that I may understand." This saying is relevant not only to the first great voyages, but to the whole of Western science, and to the whole mission of the West. It includes both classical education and science.

And there is no need to be over-modest. One half of the modern world, the West, has gained immeasurable power by applying in an unprecedented way the Western idea of controlling and exploiting natural resources through science. The other half of the world, the East, is held together by its faith in the theses of Marx—a European philosopher and political economist. Nobody knows what the future will hold and what spiritual forces will govern the world, but our first step is always an act of faith in something and a wish for something.

We hope that spiritual life will blossom here once again, that here in Europe ideas will continue to grow and shape the face of the world. We stake our existence on this; and as we remember our origins, and recover the way to a harmonious interplay of forces in our part of the world, so will the external conditions of European life be happier than they have been these last fifty years. We hope that despite all outer confusion, our youth will grow up in the spiritual climate of the West, so that it may touch the sources of power which have sustained our continent for more than two thousand years. Let us not worry about the detailed ways in which this might be brought about. No matter whether we prefer a classical or a scientific education, what does matter above all is our supreme and abiding faith in the West.

—Translated by Arnold J. Pomerans

Harper's Magazine, May 1958



How Frank Lloyd Wright Got His Medal

By ALFRED BENDINER

Drawings by the Author

He behaved rather like Moses with a quart of skimmed milk and an aggressive gall bladder—the occupational disease of great architects—but he did put on a show as spectacular as any of his buildings.

A FEW years ago, when I was president of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, a gentleman (who shall be nameless but whom we shall call Oskar Stonorov) called me one day. He said he was preparing for the International Exhibition of Frank Lloyd Wright's architecture, which was going to open its tour on the eighth floor of Gimbel Brothers department store. If I could get the Philadelphia Chapter to give Wright its gold medal, he, Stonorov, would get Wright to come to lunch and receive it.

I got the executive committee, and we voted the medal, and I called Stonorov to say that now he should produce Wright.

Stonorov said to write a note to the master and explain. I got a letter from F.L.W. saying, "I will come if I can." That was the only indication I had that His Majesty would appear, but we got the medal cast and had it engraved. As the time for the opening approached, and still no word, I called Oskar again and said, "What moveth?" He said that he would be in Taliesin, the Wright headquarters in Wisconsin, the following week and would find out.

About two days before the Gimbel opening, Stonorov called, said he had spoken to F.L.W. and he had indicated that he might attend. I set up a luncheon for the Chapter to take place the day after the opening, and before I realized it I was embroiled in a small war trying to arrange to feed five hundred draftsmen, art lovers, and Wright acolytes. Arthur Kaufman, head of Gimbels', said he had no notion whether Wright was going to stay overnight after the opening, but he moved our luncheon from the main dining-room to the auditorium. On the day before the opening, we were set for five hundred people, and I hadn't heard from F.L.W.

For the opening of the exhibition, Gimbel Brothers had invited still another list of guests, of course—about six hundred distinguished Philadelphians, all the wheels in architecture, the diplomatic corps, the press, the Gimbel family, and the arts. The gathering was divided into two groups: the elite were to be received by Wright in a small cocktail room and *hoi polloi* were to have cocktails in a minor convention hall down the tracks.

The room in which we were cloistered was loaded with flash-bulb boys, Gimbels' number

one white carnation floorwalkers, and the select. The small room was crowded and we drank and waited.

There was a flourish of the drums, the yellow doors were opened, and in walked Frank Lloyd Wright.

He was appropriately dressed for the occasion and his eyes gleamed. His white mane had an incandescent blue tinge. He wore a dark suit, a high Dr. Munyon shiny collar, and wound around his neck was a white wool scarf which trailed in back of him like the last act of Eleonora Duse. Hanging from his neck on a wide blue ribbon was a shiny gold medal as large as a soup plate.

Wright stood and waited for the moment. The spotlight hit the medal brassily, the photographers shot off their fireworks, a hush came over the waiters, and Wright started around the room and shook hands with the guests. As I was presented to him, he said, "Bendiner, I'll see you at lunch tomorrow."

Following after him was Mrs. Wright, who looked like one of those little Indian dolls which you buy when the train stops at Albuquerque. She was dressed in a saffron sari.

"Mrs. Wright," I said, "I am very sorry that I did not know you were coming, but will you please come to the luncheon for Mr. Wright tomorrow?"

Mrs. Wright answered in a broad Taliesin-West Montenegrin:

"No, I will not come tomorrow to lunch, but you will please come to my room in the Hotel Warveek at 10:00 A.M. and I will give you Mr. Wright's luncheon menu."

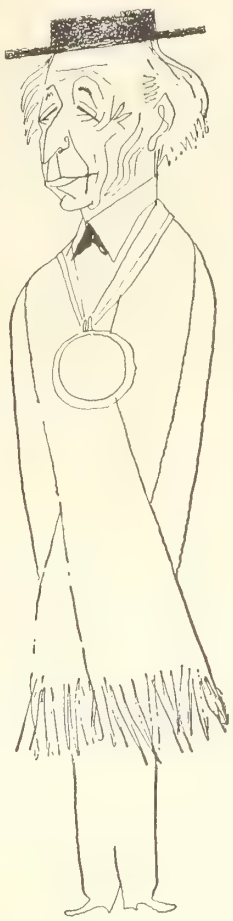
With these instructions off her little chest she shook hands and followed in the master's footsteps.

A LITTLE MIDWESTERN BOY

WE DRANK martinis and the Wrights drank tomato juice. Finally, a beflowered youth stood up and said that Mr. and Mrs. Wright would now withdraw. The Master of Ceremonies returned after they left and we were asked to follow him. We crossed the eighth floor of Gimbels' with all the sales tables shrouded in blue and white checkered muslin, and entered the auditorium. Seated at one long raised speakers' table were men, nothing but men, and in front of us, a sea of Philadelphians in their green suits airing their flat nasal voices, and with them our lovely wives looking lonely.

Finally, came the terrapin soup, steak with mushrooms, ice cream with petit fours, and coffee; then cigars were passed, and Mr. Arthur Kaufman rose and came to the microphone and read telegrams from every Gimbel and seemingly from everybody else. Wright slipped out and we held our breaths hoping that he would return. Kaufman finally dropped the last yellow sheet and looked around to see his guest's chair empty, so he introduced the toastmaster of the evening, Mr. George Howe. Howe rose and delivered an oration to the absent Frank Lloyd Wright, his contribution to architecture, to civilization, to modernism, to the soul. Finally, Wright came back and sat down. Then Howe introduced the representative from the Department of State, who thanked Wright for being an architect so that his work could be shipped abroad to show the world the great cultural values of America.

Then Howe introduced the Italian ambassador, who thanked Wright for first sending the exhibition to the Strozzi Palace in Florence where all the cultured of Italy would welcome it as a masterly achievement. Howe then introduced Fritz Gutheim, representing the Ameri-



can Institute of Architects, and he, with closed eyes and great reverence, proceeded to spill charm all over the microphone. Then Howe introduced Stonorov, who praised the great master as exemplified by a Greek statue in the exhibit.

Wright again rose and went to the men's room, and Howe presented some minor luminaries, who filled in. Wright returned and Kaufman got up and said that Wright was a great lover of music and they had brought a string quartet to play for him.

They wheeled in the string quartet on a float and the quartet played the second movement of the Brahms Fifth. In the darkness a lot of people slipped out.

The quartet finished. It was eleven o'clock, the lights went up. George Howe looked to see if Wright was still there, and introduced Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, the guest of the evening.

Wright arose and said he was nothing but a little Middle Western boy who had tried to make Americans proud of their heritage, and he had tried to create an architecture which was typically American, and all he could say was, "Thank you one and all and come now and let us see the exhibition of my work." On that short note he gave a weak midnight wave, turned and walked off the platform. The evening was over.

We crowded around the master and shook hands and I said I would see him tomorrow. The gleam had worn off and the smoke had tarnished the medal a little, but the old fellow was holding up pretty well and showing all the girls around his exhibit and posturing before his drawings.

DIRECTLY OVER THE FIRE

ALL night I tried to decide how I could get Wright to talk to the architects at luncheon. I sensed that he was displeased with the opening reception and would probably sulk, if he appeared at all.

Long ago, my father taught me that a lady should always be greeted with flowers, so I trailed around Philadelphia at nine o'clock in the morning and finally found a little bunch of sweetheart roses. At ten I was knocking on the door of the Wrights' suite in the Warwick Hotel.

The apartment looked like the morning after of any other couple. Mrs. Wright was dressed, hastily, and thanked me for my flowers, which she stuck into a half-empty glass of water on the disheveled breakfast table. On the hall table was last night's oversized old-fashioned bouquet, yellowed from lack of moisture. There were newspapers on the floor, open to the F.L.W. story, the remains of breakfast on the table, an overgenerous Gimbel basket of wilting flowers with a gold Welcome ribbon strung across it, and a general air of unventilated morning. Frank Lloyd Wright was absent.

Mrs. Wright sat and asked me what kind of a name Bendiner was, and I said I was descended from a long line of Hungarian parents. She brightened and said she was a Montenegrin and they liked Hungarians because they knew a pianist in Hollywood who was sad.

This was a good omen and Mrs. Wright said, "And now, Mr. Bendiner, you will please write down everything I am saying, because when Mr. Wright is leaving this room, his life is in your hands."

"All right, Mrs. Wright," said I, "and I am appreciative of the great honor and the great responsibility."

"First the menu," said Mrs. Wright. "One piece whitefish, and this is to be cooked not in the fire or on the fire or under the fire, but directly *over* the fire, dry without any butter or sauces or mishmash. Then maybe one baked potato but absolutely dry with no butter, and a little fresh peas, and then maybe a little raspberry Jello, and maybe a little coffee, and then you will go and buy one quart skimmed milk, Grade A, and bring it back and show this to me, so I am sure."

I wrote all this down and then I said, "Mrs. Wright, what's the matter with Mr. Wright, has he gall-bladder trouble?"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Wright, "and how are you knowing this?"

"Well," I said, "for goodness' sake, is he just getting gall-bladder trouble now at eighty, Lady, the man is a genius."

Mrs. Wright said, "How do you know?"

"Why, Mrs. Wright, I have gall-bladder trouble; every architect worthy of a name has gall-bladder trouble one day after he matriculates in the architectural school. It is an occupational disease, and if Mr. Wright is just getting gall-bladder trouble *now* it only proves what a great man he is."

"Well," says Mrs. Wright, "is very interesting, very interesting, and tell me please, what is exactly happening when you are getting one of these gall-bladder attacks."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mrs. W.," I said, "when a client is calling me up and saying that her brand-new roof is leaking all over the baby or when somebody says I do not know what I am

doing, I go home and get sore at my wife and martinis don't taste right. I swear off smoking, and feel generally awful, and then suddenly I say, 'Aw, the hell with it,' and everything clears and I make up with my wife, drink, smoke, feel fine, and the roof gets fixed somehow. But the doctors, depending on who you go to, say it is an overactive gall bladder, a psychosomatic nervous upset, a trade psychosis, or just a plain old-fashioned stomach ache and try a bland diet for a while."

Mrs. Wright said, "Young man, this is exactly what is happening to Mr. Wright and please waiting one minute." So Mrs. W. got up and went into the private bedroom and closed the door.

A BURSTING OF PENT-UP EMOTIONS

FINALLY the door opened and in came Frank Lloyd Wright himself, in an old Japanese dressing gown and a pair of slippers, and he said, "Good morning, Bendiner," and sat down.

"Good morning, Mr. Wright," said I, "and I am sorry they gave you such a bad time last night."

"Not at all," said he, "not at all. I enjoyed it to the fullest but, after all, eleven o'clock was pretty late for speaking, and also the second movement of the Brahms Fourth, and I couldn't say more. Mr. Kaufman called me at eight o'clock this morning to find out why I did not speak longer, but I told him I was too touched, too touched."

I said, "Mr. Wright, I hope you are going to say more than a few words to the boys this afternoon because I have five hundred architects, draftsmen, and general adorers waiting to hang on your every word, but now I must leave and get you a whitefish for your luncheon."

"Just a moment, Bendiner, just a moment," said F.L.W. "I understand that you have gall-bladder trouble. And tell me, Bendiner, how does an attack affect you?"

"Well, Mr. Wright," I said, "I just described my symptoms to Mrs. Wright and I will explain them to you."

I did, and Wright sat and listened in complete quiet and when I finished he rose and said to his wife, "You see, Natasha, it is as I said. Bendiner and I are artists and this is nothing but an outpouring of resentment, a bursting of pent-up emotions, it is from the liver. The Greeks always said the seat of the emotions is the liver," said he, pointing to his kidney. "I am sure, Bendiner, that we suffer the suffering of true artists."

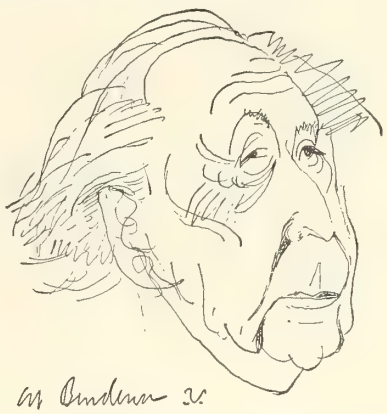
"But," said Natasha, "will you please tell Mr. Bendiner that all night you have been up suffering."

"Enough of this worry," said Wright. "Tell me, Bendiner, who is the great spirit in Philadelphia since Cret died? Who is practicing here?"

"Why, Mr. Wright," I said, "I am practicing here and George Howe and Stonorov and Harbeson, Hough Livingston and Larson, and maybe a couple of others."

"Ah, George Howe and Stonorov, of course."

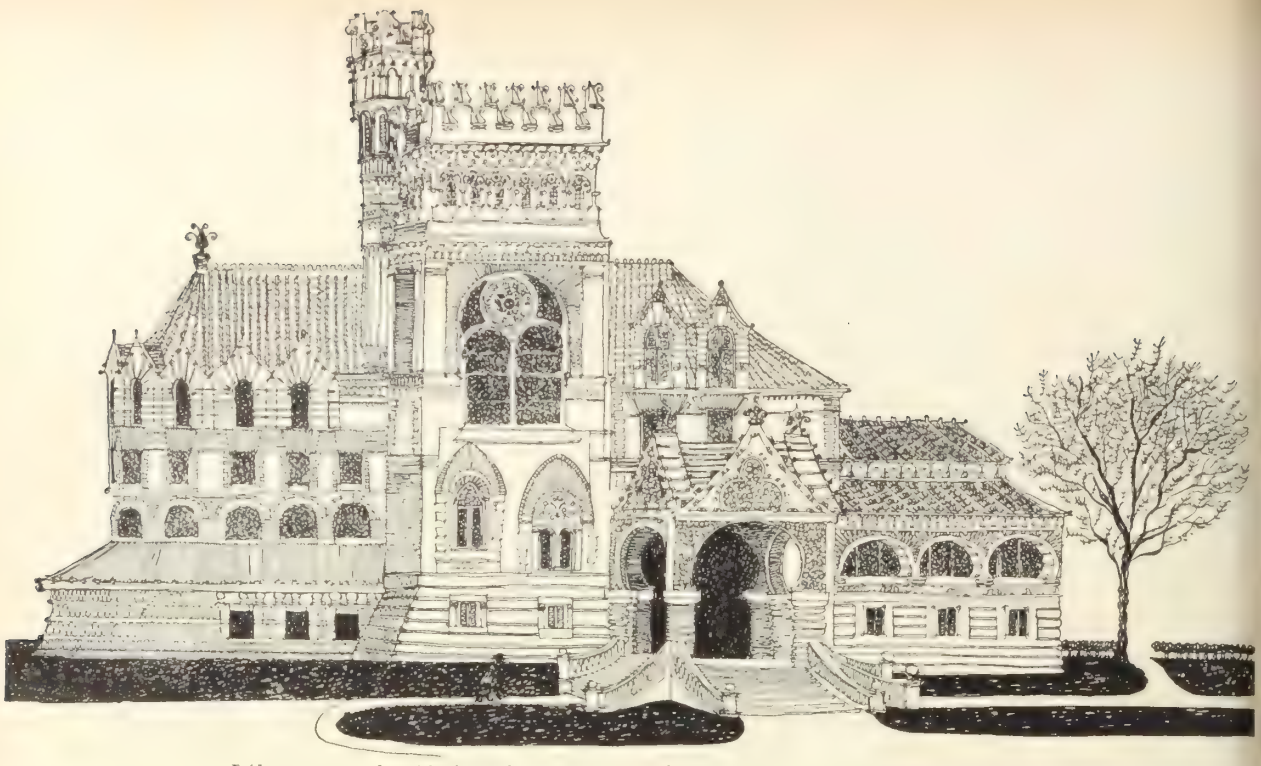
"Well," I said, "Mr. Wright, tell me something. In architecture you are affectionately known as the illegitimate son of the great Sullivan, and Sullivan as the illegitimate son of the great architect Furness, and did Sullivan ever tell you about the time he worked for Furness? Because Furness had an office at Third and Walnut Streets, and if Sullivan had sat on the window sill and looked across he couldn't miss seeing all the details on the Jayne Patent Medicine Building—which looks awful close to some of the earlier Sullivan achievements."



"No, no, son," said F.L.W. "Sullivan never worked here. I don't think Sullivan ever worked in Philadelphia."

"Why, Mr. Wright," I said, "Sullivan mentions working here in one of his books. I think it is *Kindergarten Chats*."

"Well, maybe so," said F.L.W., the biographer of Sullivan, "I wouldn't know. I never read one of Sullivan's books. The old man told me all about himself, but now I do remember him telling me that Furness once told him that his great ambition in life was to get all his clients together in the Academy of Music and then when they were all seated, Furness would come out on the stage and tell them all to go to hell."



Library of the University of Pennsylvania built by Frank Furness

"Mr. Wright," I said, "you must excuse me now. Mrs. Wright tells me that a doctor is coming and you should rest. You have been up all night and you will have to speak and I must get you an order of skimmed milk and some whitefish for your luncheon."

A COUPLE OF VISITORS TO SEE THE SIGHTS

I WENT out and got a quart of skimmed milk, Grade A, and called my secretary.

"Look, darling," I said, "the Great White Father's lunch, one piece of whitefish, not in the fire, under the fire, over the fire, or through the fire, a baked potato, some raspberry Jello, and coffee, black. I am bringing the skimmed milk."

The girl said, "What's the matter? God got a gall bladder?"

When I returned to the hotel Mrs. Wright looked charmingly Montenegrin. The apartment had been cleared of breakfast. The Gimbel flowers were brown and the ribbon read:

W LC ME.

The doctor came out, gave me a glazed professional look, and said, "Bendiner, are you a doctor?"

"No sir," I said, "I got enough troubles being an architect."

"I understand you have gall-bladder trouble," said the doctor, "and after this stop practicing medicine on my patient."

Wright came out of his room and pushed back his mane and said, "Darling, I am feeling fine. And now, I must go. Bendiner and I understand, I must have been unduly emotional last night and had a slight reaction."

He went to a hall closet and took out a solid black pork-pie hat and adjusted it squarely on his head; he took the eight-foot woolen scarf and twirled it around his neck a couple of times and looked at himself in the mirror. I reached for his overcoat to help him. The overcoat was black, featherweight cashmere. I helped him into it.

"Mr. Wright," I said, "you have been telling me what a struggle you had in life and how broke you were. This coat is certainly not proof of such rigorous hardship."

"Not at all," said Wright, "I just got that coat last night. I saw it on one of the stands in Gimbel Brothers and Arthur Kaufman took it off the rack and gave it to me."

As we left, Mrs. Wright told me again that the master's life was in my hands. I assured her that I would wrap the genius in cotton and return him safely. In the elevator, Wright took his hat off and looked at himself in three mirrors and then walked like a lion through the lobby. We got a cab, and the driver took his cigar out and said, "You boys a couple of visitors to see the sights?"

I said, "No, driver, to Gimbel Brothers Store by way of Rittenhouse Square and the University of Pennsylvania Library, and please say no more. This gentleman and I have serious matters to discuss."

As we turned to the green oasis in the city and were halted by the heavy traffic, Wright started to harangue about the obsolescence of cities and the joys of fresh air and life in the open when suddenly he said:

"Seven-Up, ah, Seven-Up." There was a Seven-Up truck and Wright beamed and said, "Bendiner, do you drink Seven-Up? I am taking a case of it back to Taliesin West. Greatest invention since Alka-Seltzer. Wonderful for the gall bladder. Clears the system and the head. I recommend it highly."

"Mr. Wright," I said, "I hope you're going to say more than a few words to the boys."

Wright said, "Bendiner, I am happy. I am



very happy. Your chapter is the first to honor me with a medal, and I have received many medals from the AIA and the Royal Societies and the crowned heads. This is the first time I have been honored by the boys and I will speak to the boys." I sat back and listened.

"You know, Bendiner, the thing which disturbed me about last night was the smoking. The cigars passed at the end of the meal. I am an old, old man, Bendiner and the sight of a sea of faces puffing and blowing smoke into my face was too much. It is a form of self-indulgence. It is for sailors and street-walkers."

When Wright and I entered the giant auditorium seven hundred people rose and gave Wright a big hand. My secretary gave him a big hug and relieved me of a quart of milk. Wright raised his hands like Moses and motioned everybody to sit down. He waited and as soon as everybody was seated, we marched down the aisle to the stage where they had set up a long table with all my AIA board and the executive committee of Gimbels'. Just as we were about to go up the steps a bearded young man in a dirty suit and sandals came up, knelt before Wright, and kissed his hand. I suddenly remembered that I had gotten a telegram asking the privilege of coming and seeing the Great Master make his triumphant entry into the Cradle of Liberty but I thought it was a gag. Wright looked around very pleased and patted him on the head. At the table sixteen photographers flashed away and Wright took a serious attitude and some of the boys said, "Say something funny, Bendiner."

I said, "Frank, how's your gall bladder?" and he said, "Okay, Al, okay," and we were off to a happy start. The whitefish was right and so were the baked potato, the coffee, the skimmed milk, and the Jello. Wright talked to everybody. Stonorov hung on his words and Arthur Kaufman counted the house. I got up to present Mr. Wright with his medal and said this was a memorable day and why.

Wright rose and spoke.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE, LADY?

HE SAID that the present Administration should be hung from lamp posts sixty cubits high. He ranted about our lack of grace and poise and appreciation of our heritage and culture. He proclaimed that the Japanese were the only civilized race and mourned that we had sadly decimated them. In general he was behaving like the expected Frank Lloyd Wright. Suddenly he stopped and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, that is a fine ungracious way to receive this award from your chapter and the least I can do now is to accept your medal and thank you from the bottom of my heart. You are the first chapter to honor me and I accept your honor with the greatest humility."

I rose again and gave him his medal, and he looked at it and said it was beautiful and then he handed it back to me and said, "I am very proud of this medal, Bendiner, and I wish you would take it and have a broad red, white, and blue ribbon affixed to it so I can wear it proudly."

The luncheon broke up and everybody cheered. We walked around the exhibit with Wright and he shook hands with everybody. Finally he veered to the elevator, and as he stood there he was looking up at a big blow-up of himself standing over his drawing board and looking out across Gimbel Brothers. And I heard him say,

"See, there am I and I am saying to the customer, 'What will you have, lady, Colonial, Italian Renaissance, or Mod-ren?' "

Harper's Magazine, May 1958

By RICHARD B. McADOO

Drawings by Burt Goldblatt



THE GUNS AT FALAISE GAP

A firsthand account of one of the most crushing—and least known—American victories of World War II

DURING our first weeks of combat duty, the letters filing through for censorship were peppered with advice to the folks back home that "war is hell." This solemn observation, tinged with self-pity, was largely imaginary; we had seen no serious shooting at all. True, we saw some towns reduced to rubble, and an occasional stiff-legged cow by the roadside—but our personal introduction to combat suggested that war, when it wasn't boring, was a kind of carnival.

We had got off to a false start as soon as we pushed away from the coast of England. While each man wondered in his soul how he would measure up in the face of fear, the convoy got stuck in the middle of the Channel for three days by a fog that muffled the LSTs like cotton. When we eventually did grope ashore on the Normandy beaches, we were met by orders to pitch camp and pursue vigorously the same old training program which the battalion had been rehearsing for the past four years. In our new encampment, even in the dead of night, we could not detect a sound of battle.

The 989th Field Artillery Battalion was an obscure cog in the military machine. Classified as heavy artillery, it was equipped with 155mm guns—or Long Toms—which weighed fifteen tons apiece and were towed by eighteen-ton tractors. It was generally said in the Army that 155mm gun outfits recruited strong backs and weak minds. The Long Toms, which could hurl a shell over fourteen miles, rolled along on ten wheels, each as high as a man's chest. To lower the gun carriages into firing position was a minor feat of engineering; but when the ground softened up from a rain or thaw, the guns sank down and, like stranded whales, defied the straining of chains and tractors to pull them free.

The hard core of the battalion's five hundred enlisted men and twenty-seven officers had come into service through the Indiana National Guard. They talked with the easy, slurring speech of Hoosier towns—Bloomington, Madison, Marion, Logansport, Muncie, Elwood, Kokomo. Those who had worked on farms, or in garages and steel mills of the larger cities, could handle the huge equipment with a finesse that was beautiful to watch. The rest of us had filtered in from different sections of the country as the battalion was being readied to go overseas. We all were bound together by the fact that this was a strictly civilian outfit.

The battalion commander, Colonel Bruce, was a tall, graying Tennesseean who had been a shavetail lieutenant in World War I and still bore a faintly romantic attitude toward war.

Before Pearl Harbor he had managed a plant with some three thousand employees for the du Pont Company. Handling a little organization of five hundred was a holiday for him. He suffered cruelly from ulcers and was often bent over in pain while giving orders in the field. There was an understanding, however, between him and the battalion surgeon that no word of this would leak to any source that might get him invalided out of service. As medicine he took an occasional dose of what he referred to as "drinkin' whiskey."

His executive officer, Lewis Good, had worked in a butcher shop in Kokomo. Good habitually moved and talked with his eyes cast down just ahead of his boots. He could find out nearly everything that was going on in the battalion through his other four senses, and seldom looked up except to give an order or to swap a joke. Good was a master of detail, Bruce was the experienced hand at management; together they kept us in a reasonable state of grace with the rest of the Army.

It was early July 1944 when we crossed from England as part of General Patton's Third Army, which was being secretly assembled for the break out of Normandy. The Allies were packing one and a half million men with all their supplies and equipment into the beachhead. By the end of July they held an area roughly like a triangle with Cherbourg at the apex and the base extending across the Normandy peninsula from Avranches to Caen. The Germans had massed the bulk of their armor, under Panzer Group West, on the eastern end of the line in order to prevent the Allies from breaking into the open plains that stretched toward Paris and the Seine. This was the British and Canadian sector where Montgomery's troops had carried on a slow struggle to take Caen, the ancient capital from which William the Bastard had set out to conquer England nine centuries before. "Pivoting on Caen" was the way Montgomery's dispatches described the British operation, and the phrase traveled as a joke among American headquarters.

GAS MASQUE

ALONG the western half of the front the American First Army faced the German Seventh—not as strong as the Panzer Group but buttressed in its defense by the *bocage* of woods, earthen banks, hedges, and narrow roads where each little field was a natural fortress.

Our battalion bivouac during July was spread across a section of this *bocage* a dozen miles behind the First Army lines. In this patchwork of tiny hedged enclosures, many of the fields or orchards were only large enough to hold a half-dozen pup tents. Movement across the area involved such an intricate course through openings in the hedgerows that we had to memorize the way to the mess truck or to the latrine.

Several other artillery units were camped in the same area along a winding dirt road. Next to us was an 8-inch howitzer battalion, the 999 F. A., composed of Negro enlisted men and white officers. We were to work alongside of them often during the course of the war, and the two battalions got along well together. We respected their skill in manning the giant howitzers which were slightly larger than our own guns. Their crews functioned with such timing as to make of loading, firing, and reloading the howitzers a flawless, slow dance. They were skillful, too, at the technical operations of survey and fire direction. Off duty, though, the men against whom the color line was drawn were ripe for trouble.

On the south side of this encampment was a particularly dense orchard which served as our movie house a couple of times a week. It was dark enough under the apple trees to show pictures before sundown in the long summer evenings. This outdoor theater was the starting point for an incident which demonstrated with embarrassing clarity what an innocent lot of soldiers we then were.

Men were drifting out one night after a run of "Lady in the Dark" when a soldier stumbled on a gas mask at the base of an apple tree.

"Anybody leave a gas mask?" he called out, holding up the mask. "Who left a gas mask?"

"Hey, any of you guys leave a GAS mask?"

The critical word floated through the air to a gunner corporal from Battery A of the 999 who was a couple of hedgerows ahead of the crowd on the way to his tent. As he later explained to a board of investigation, his battery had been rehearsing gas defense the day before, and he knew that his duty was to spread the alarm. He sprinted for his battery area, shouting "Gas!" as he ran. In the darkness he lost his way among the hedgerows, but arrived at an outpost of Battery C. A big sergeant who had been taking a sponge bath and was now dressed in his underdrawers and gas mask was already whirling a claxon over his head to arouse this end of the camp.

The corporal, panting and trying to hold his breath at the same time, asked, "Is this here A Battery?"

The sergeant shook his head and called through his mask, "A Battery's that way. And, boy, you better hurry, because you got a long way to go and not much time to get there."

The corporal, starting off again in the direction pointed for him, ran spang into an obstruction that bounced him on his back. He made another run and was bounced over a second time. He was hitting a camouflage net stretched over a truck. On the third try he charged head down, burst through the netting, and knocked himself cold against the tailgate.

As the alarm spread among the tents men hurried for their gas masks which were habitually packed at the bottom of their barracks bags. Many soldiers who were too desperate to unpack the equipment stuffed on top were slitting the bags open with knives or razors.

For anyone who stopped to sniff the air the evidence of gas was clear: we had been trained to recognize phosgene as smelling like new-mown hay and the night was full of this fragrance. A farmer had been mowing all day in fields nearby.

The officers, uncertain themselves, hustled around in the spilled litter of pants, shoes, letters, bottles, socks, trying without success to control the panic. Our favorite line to quote to each other afterwards was picked up by a battery commander who came on two men with a single mask between them which they swapped back and forth. While one soldier used the mask the other tried to hold his breath. When the officer approached he heard the man who was then unmasked pleading with his companion:

"Man, you just gotta let me have that gas mask a minute. This phosgene is killing me."

Other soldiers who could not locate any mask stuck their heads into their barracks bags and drew the cords tight around the neck.

A gas mask makes a spectral figure any way you look at it, with its bulging eye lenses and long tube like an elephant's trunk. There was just enough light from a thin moon to show up the masked men to each other in this grotesque form. In the gathering terror, someone fired three shots in the air, a standard signal of distress. Others followed suit as soon as they could find carbines and ammunition. The machine-gun crews swarmed to their weapons and joined in with bursts of fire, crisscrossing the night sky with white tracers.

One of our own battalion sentries had come to my tent to report the alarm, and I ran in turn to the battalion commander's tent, adjusting my mask on the way. Colonel Bruce was propped up on his cot, writing on a clipboard



against his knee. Seeing the mask poked through the flap of his tent he said with some annoyance, "What are you?"

"Sir, there's a gas attack reported from the Nine Nine Nine." His own mask was carefully hung in readiness on the side of his tent, so I lifted it from the hook and held it toward him.

The Colonel waved the mask aside.

"Take off that contraption so I can hear what you're mumbling about."

Reluctantly I took off my mask and repeated the report. The Colonel pondered this for a moment, then said slowly, "Ah, shewt. Here, have a drink."

He reached behind his cot and brought up a bottle of calvados. Still I could not accept his instinct that the alarm was phony. I made a quick excuse, picked up my mask, and backed out of the tent.

The shooting by now had risen to the volume of an all-out attack. At the next tent, which was the battalion command post, Major Good was issuing orders to keep our own batteries under control. When he had rung off the field phone he suggested a scouting trip toward the 999 to find out what was up.

Where the route led past our medical station a lone figure was digging furiously. It was the Doc himself, who had not been able to find a mask but was bundled in a suit of impregnated clothing, so that only his nose and thin mustache showed out of the little opening in the hood. He was now trying to vanish into a foxhole.

Beyond that point the air was so full of whistling bullets that we did not dare go into the 999's area. Through an opening in a hedge, however, we could get a dim view of the strange

performance. A group of armed and masked figures was milling about slowly in one of the larger fields. At intervals they fired a mass of shots in the air. This would bring an answering volley from the field beyond. Along the hedge separating the two fields was a third group of men who had no weapons. Caught between the antiphonal shooting they scrambled back and forth in a rhythmic effort to get away from each burst of fire.

Eventually we scattered back to our tents and to bed. The shooting, however, kept up sporadically until dawn. No one was hurt except the corporal who had laid his head open on the tailgate of the truck. Sometime in the course of the night, when they realized that they had been stampeded by a false alarm, I think the segregated soldiers of the 999 must have begun to enjoy a free-wheeling revenge by shooting at the stars. They seemed cheerfully unrepentant the next day.

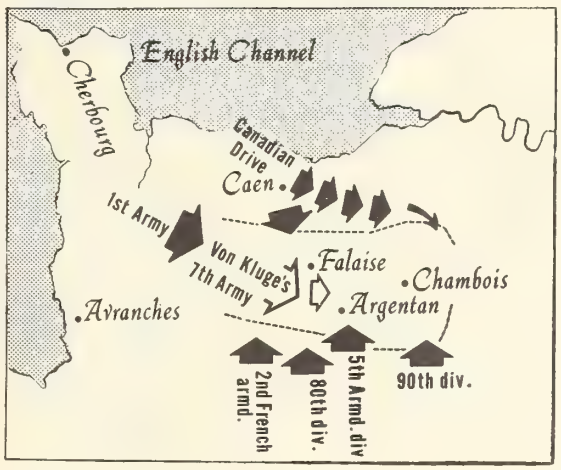
BOOMERANG

WHILE this *opéra bouffe* was going on in the rear, the front lines were being worked into position for the break out of Normandy. Planes from the bases in England shuttled overhead in massive relays to bombard the German defenses. On August 1 the Americans punctured the enemy line on the southwestern end of the front. The troops of our Third Army, which officially came into operation that day, were lined up for twenty miles on the roads above Avranches, waiting to squeeze through the funnel provided by a single highway which led south along the seacoast.

Seven divisions with various supporting units passed over this road within two days—those of the VIII Corps spreading west into Brittany to take the ports on the coast, and the XV Corps going south. As the troops advanced and found only scattered resistance, the XV Corps was wheeled east and headed toward Paris.

The 989 F. A. ground along on the tail end of this parade. Occasionally the column had to snake around a wrecked German or American vehicle in the road; and most of the villages along the way showed scars of fighting—shell holes through the walls and empty eye-sockets of windows. But by the time we passed through, the villagers had come from behind their shutters and were seeking out their neighbors up and down the sidewalks. The café was usually open for business.

At crossroads in the open country clusters of farmers, wives, and barefoot children gathered to wave us by with a heroes' greeting. If the column was moving slowly enough we could reach out and gather their tributes of fresh eggs and tomatoes and calvados which had been earned by men who had cleared the way a day or two earlier. Whether we had to pay for it at the café or got it free along the roadside there was enough drink to keep everyone happy—and some frequently drunk. Riding along in a vacuum, between the fighting behind and ahead of us, we were unaware that events were moving toward a tragic showdown between the weakness of German leadership on one hand, and the flexibility and initiative of the Allied command on the other.



"By a slow retiring action I could have made the Allies pay a fearful price for the victory," Field Marshal von Runstedt was to observe after the war, "but my only authority was to change the guard in front of my gate."

The German plans of action in precise detail were being issued from a concrete bunker a thousand miles away in East Prussia. Hitler had come to France only once since the Allied landings, when he met with his generals near Soissons on June 17. The information on which he was now basing his orders was frequently obsolete. His plans apparently took little account of the condition of his troops, who were becoming acutely short of weapons and supplies, exhausted by emergency movements, and demoralized by the weight of Allied air power. The Germans did not have a single railroad bridge left across the Seine below Paris to carry reinforcements to the front. Prisoners reported that men released from hospitals were being lumped in makeshift units and thrown into the line. Except when our planes were grounded by bad weather, the German motor columns were

subject to such bombing and strafing that they could move on the roads only at night.

Worst of all for the Germans, their generals were afraid to tell Hitler the truth. Since the attempt on July 20 to assassinate him, he mistrusted his field commanders who were not members of the Nazi party or the SS. The conspiracy to eliminate Hitler was known to many of his high-ranking officers who saw the scrawl of disaster on the wall. Von Kluge, who had taken over von Runstedt's command at the beginning of July, was evidently one of those who knew in advance of the plot. If his sympathies were discovered, it would mean death for himself and perhaps further revenge on his family. When Hitler ordered his commander in the west not to yield a foot of ground, von Kluge did not dare to oppose him. Between the pressure of fear for their own lives and positions, and the discipline of their military tradition, the Field Marshal and the generals under him sacrificed their troops rather than bring Hitler's wrath upon themselves.

While the Third Army was spreading south from Normandy through Mayenne and Brittany, Hitler decided from his bunker that he could split the American armies in two by driving a wedge through Avranches to the seacoast. He gave explicit orders to von Kluge for such a counterattack. Von Kluge, realizing the need for speed, attacked quickly on the night of August 6-7 without waiting until every man and weapon was assembled exactly as Hitler had ordered; but American divisions that had been held around Avranches to protect the narrow passage along the coast, coupled with the strength of Allied planes, brought the German offensive to a standstill.

When word of this reached Hitler, he declared in a rage, according to one of his deputies, "Von Kluge attacked too soon. He did that intentionally to show that my orders could not be carried out." Hitler promptly ordered von Kluge to mount a second offensive against Avranches. Not only was the order accompanied by detailed instructions for the disposition of units that were half dismembered or unable to reach the front at all, but von Kluge was required to submit his complete battle plan for approval before launching the attack.

By August 7 the XV Corps had passed through Laval, fifty miles south of Avranches. In another three days we had moved forty miles east to Le Mans. Then our course took a sharp left turn and steered north. It was apparent to everyone with an elementary sense of direction that we were swinging like a giant boomerang far around the German Seventh Army and coming up behind them. The hapless von Kluge, waiting for approval of the battle plans he was required to send back to East Prussia, was mortally exposed to what Omar Bradley has described in *A Soldier's Story* as "an opportunity that comes to a commander not more than once in a century."

THE VALLEY OF ESCAPE

OUR column was halted off the road on the afternoon of August 14, the men dozing in the sunshine or talking together in small groups, when the Colonel called us together for orders. We were to move forward with the Fifth Armored Division as fast as possible, in order to fire on the Germans' narrowing escape route. This rude surprise meant pulling ahead of the organized front lines into unknown territory—which was not the way we had intended to do our part in winning the war. The rule book had assured us that heavy artillery sat securely in the rear and fired over the heads of the men doing the dirty work up front. General Patton was exulting over the fact that his Third Army had by this time "advanced farther and faster than any army in history." To us it appeared that he might be trying to push a good thing too far.

As the column passed between lines of infantrymen resting beside the road, they hollered approvingly at the sight of the big guns. From then on we traveled alone, following the route of the tanks which were somewhere ahead. Toward nightfall we caught up with the armor outside the village of Mortrée, in gently rolling country south of a ridge that borders the River Dives. The twelve Long Toms were towed into positions spread over a mile of open fields, with some tanks of the Fifth Armored scattered around us in a protective ring. By the intricate calculations of map measurement, drift, wind velocity, temperature, humidity, and chance the guns were laid on the town of Trun, in German territory thirteen miles away, and we began to shoot.

In firing position, the ungainly mass of each Long Tom changed into a graceful articulation of power. The long steel trails spread behind in a V and tapered down to the spades buried in the earth to brace the gun in position. The barrel, elevated to fire, carried out the line of the piece to a long, fine point. When the No. 1 man jerked his lanyard, the ground quivered

under the simultaneous crack of thunder and jagged spurt of flame from the muzzle; and before the eye could refocus on it, the barrel was gliding lazily forward from its recoil into battery for reloading. With the beat of the guns going on throughout that first night, the battalion, too, became a machine in full function.

Early the next day a party of two jeeps was organized to go forward and locate an Observation Post covering the German movements. Gordon Crabtree, who had come from a Providence bank to be Forward Observer in C Battery, rode with his driver in one car; Ed Neikum and I in the other. Behind our position the tanks of the Fifth Armored were beating off an attempt of a small roving band of German tanks to break through the area, but ahead of the guns the road was quite clear. Some five miles forward, the road climbed a long grade to an intersection on the crest of a ridge. On the far side of this junction was a stone farmhouse flanked by a small orchard.

We pulled the jeeps close to the wall of the house and Neikum—a burly steelworker from Pittsburgh—began to check radio contact with the gun batteries while Crabtree and I got out to look around. The farmhouse looked as though it were empty, and fortunately it was, for we were still too green at this kind of work to think of checking inside. There was no-one else in sight as we walked through the orchard to the hedge on its northern rim. Beyond this point the ground banked away steeply in a pattern of hedgerows, orchards, and fields to the bottom of a broad valley. Over the top of the hedge we could see five, maybe six, miles across the bowl that has since been called the Falaise Gap. Out of sight to the north the Canadian First Army was pushing toward us against the main strength of German armor. When they closed down, the valley right in front would become the last passage of escape for the 80,000 men of the German Seventh Army, still stranded far to the west.

STILL LIFE, WITH TANK

THIS morning, though, the valley cradled its farms in the full bloom of summer. The only sound of war was an American tank off to the left grinding back and forth on the road running along the top of the ridge toward the town of Argentan, five miles west. After a while the tank settled into position and the countryside became quite still, except for the natural murmurs of August. In the trees overhead yellow jackets were buzz-diving the ripe apples. Cows grazed in their pastures on the floor of the valley; other fields were dotted with haycocks under drifting patches of shadow and sun as the wind reshaped the clouds.

Then a machine gun on the tank started drilling into another orchard down the slope in front of us. It quickly drew fire in return from two German tanks which had been hidden there. The shooting went back and forth harmlessly for a time, and we watched in fascination—until an American officer who had been with the friendly tank came struggling into the OP, dragging an anti-tank gun. To our chagrin he jockeyed the gun into position beside us with its barrel poked through the hedge. As soon as he fired, the German tanks trained the eyes of their barrels on him and let go two rounds of solid shot. One spun overhead with a shriek through the farmhouse, bringing a rain of plaster down on the jeeps. The second round buried itself in the roots of the hedge and split cracks through the earth where Crabtree and I were trying to squirm into the ground, tasting our terror. (I think we were both still sharply aware of the flavor when we met again for the first time in thirteen years on a train between Boston and New York—he was taking his son to see the Yankees play Milwaukee.)



Perhaps the German tank men thought they were being attacked by a powerful American force. Anyhow, after those two rounds they backed out of their positions and clanked away downhill through the trees; and the OP was never fired on again.

The view commanded by this point on the ridge would have suited an Alexander or Napoleon for guiding the destruction of an enemy at his mercy. On the left, or western, end of the valley lay a thick belt of woods, the Fôret de Gouffern, with an oblong clearing in its center. To the right of the forest was a wide open plain crossed by two roads that we could see clearly. These merged into the village of Chambois on the eastern end of the valley.

During most of this day of watching there was no movement to be seen on the roads

except for an occasional farm cart. Toward sundown, a German staff car came out of the woods and made its way into Chambois. This was no target for our artillery, but it was a sign. A few minutes later three horse-drawn supply wagons trotted out of the village in the opposite direction. We called a fire mission over the radio. The rounds landed far behind the wagon train but the horses broke into a gallop for the cover of trees. Not far behind them a truck emerged from the village, then a second truck. The darkness was rising and the Germans were taking advantage of it to move on the roads.

THE GAME OF TIMING

THE second day of our watch over the narrowing trap was still relatively quiet. An occasional car came speeding out of Chambois, headed west. Many more trucks and wagons were breaking at intervals out of the forest to make the run for the village. Bringing fire on them was a game of timing. If we called for an artillery concentration on one of the roads at the edge of the forest, the rounds might hit by luck as a German vehicle emerged. But if we waited until the vehicles were in plain sight the problem was to gauge what point they would reach by the time our guns five miles back could load and fire, and the shells would arc to the target.

Once we called our instructions back to the fire direction center, we could only wait like roulette players for the moment of decision. (A 155mm shell, weighing about ninety-five pounds, was a bullet-shaped casing six inches in diameter and two-and-a-half feet long. On impact it exploded ragged steel fragments across an area one hundred yards or more wide.) If the shells scored a direct hit the report back to headquarters was jubilant. When the timing was less successful, we lied a little: "Column dispersed. Mission accomplished."

By the third day the road up to the OP had begun to blossom with signposts in various colors, marking the headquarters of other American artillery battalions, infantry regiments, and signal companies crowding into the area. The 80th Division was moving up to take Argentan; the Second French Armored was on their left; and the 90th Division deployed along the ridge. The Germans attacked up the shoulder of the ridge on our left, with a force of about a thousand men and some supporting tanks, in an effort to push back this jaw of the trap. The strong new Allied line repulsed the attack. After that the German organization seemed to break down entirely.

For the American troops to cross this valley and join up with the Canadians around Falaise seemed a logical next step. We did not know until afterwards that Patton had started to send some tanks north from Argentan, but had been restrained by Bradley. Montgomery's forces were counted on to come down from the north and meet with us, yet their progress seemed painfully slow. Bradley has written of this blunder:

> But instead of redoubling his push to close that leak, Monty shifted his main effort against the pocket further west. Rather than close the trap by capping the leak, Monty proceeded to squeeze the enemy out toward the Seine. If Monty's tactics mystified me, they dismayed Eisenhower even more. . . .
>
> Although Patton might have spun a line across that narrow neck, I doubted his ability to hold it. Nineteen German divisions were now stampeding to escape the trap. Meanwhile, with four divisions George [Patton] was already blocking three principal escape routes through Alençon, Sées, and Argentan. Had he stretched that line to include Falaise he would have extended his road block 40 miles. The enemy could not only have broken through, but he might have trampled Patton's position in the onrush.

Montgomery subsequently ordered his Canadian and Polish troops to make a fresh thrust on Chambois from the north. By then Bradley had lost hope of closing the trap quickly, and pulled out the Fifth Armored to hurry east with the 79th Infantry Division on a new, longer hook at the Seine.

"For the first and only time during the war," Bradley relates, "I went to bed worrying over a decision I had already made. To this day I am not yet certain that we should not have postponed our advance to the Seine and gone on to Chambois instead."

Meanwhile Hitler had finally given von Kluge permission to withdraw his troops east of the Seine. The Canadians had taken Falaise on the north side of the valley, leaving an escape route barely ten miles wide for the German Seventh Army.

At night stray German soldiers in flight from the pocket filtered around the firing batteries. Flashes from our guns would sometimes light up these figures scuttling along the hedges. Others blundered into the middle of the working crews and quickly surrendered if they were

not shot first by the outpost guards. Most of the men taken prisoner said they had not eaten for several days; a few reported that their officers had driven off in the available cars, asserting that they had to go first to organize the defenses of the homeland.

Yet there were some officers among those we took prisoner, wearily trying to guide little groups of fugitives east toward home. One such group still had the spirit to attack an outpost with a hand grenade which wounded two of our men. In charge was a young lieutenant with whom the others had fallen in that morning. While we were holding them under guard the lieutenant came smartly to attention and saluted any American officer who approached. This brave gesture of military courtesy had to be executed on one leg, for he had a deep wound in the other.



While the pincers pressed tighter on the Germans, our battalion observation parties worked in shifts at the orchard. We tried setting up other OPs at different points along the ridge, but this one spot gave such a full sweep of the valley that it was a magnet drawing the observers back together.

On the fourth day, as Neikum steered our jeep up to the orchard on the ridge, a long column of men in the gray-green uniform of the Wehrmacht was coming toward us from the direction of Argentan. A German officer marched at their head. Beside him was an American doughboy who kept glancing uncertainly over his shoulder at his haul of prisoners—perhaps one hundred of them. When they came abreast of us the American jerked his head at the officer to halt the column, and walked over to the jeep, asking where he could take these men. We told him there was a POW collection point about a mile down the road we had just traveled. He motioned to the officer to get the column moving again, and as he started off with them the GI called back at us:

"Wait'll the folks at home get a load of this. Two hundred of them, single-handed."

In the orchard a half-dozen artillery observers from other battalions were already lined up—each at a Battery Commander's Scope whose twin periscopic tubes stuck up like rabbit ears above the hedge. Down below, German vehicles were running in quick succession on both roads across the plain. The observers at the OP were pleading over their phones or radios for more rounds on these targets. At intervals the Germans would wait under the cover of the forest for the artillery fire to lift. Then a new string of vehicles would break from the edge of the trees and weave around the wrecked equipment.

THE AGONY SOUNDPROOFED

ON THE far left end of the valley, troops were streaming across the clearing in the center of the forest to enter the nearer section of woods. The pressure of this flood gradually became so heavy that the Germans could not wait for a break in our artillery fire to run across the plain. Halftracks and trucks, guns, wagons, ambulances were being pushed onto the roads bumper to bumper by the hundreds. The game of timing between the ridge and the valley gave way to mass destruction.

Nightfall on this day offered the Germans a reprieve. The American artillery slacked off in its firing when we could not see into the gap, and this tactical error undoubtedly allowed a lot of fleeing troops to make their way safely through Chambois. Still there were masses of them waiting to squeeze by when it grew light.

They had managed to clear the two roads during the night. The artillery fire quickly clogged these again with wreckage. The Germans then took to the fields. There were fewer trucks and tanks coming now, many more horse-drawn wagons. Up and down the edge of the forest the teams emerged at a gallop, driving into the hedges that checkered the valley. Some broke through; others somersaulted in a wild tangle of men, animals, and baggage. The

horses that could break free of their traces dodged between the fields in an aimless frenzy, while bursting shells picked them off at random. Twice I saw a wagon race from the trees and turn full circle to disappear into the woods again as the driver could not, or would not, drive his team through the rain of shellfire.

The agony of the slaughter could not be heard from the OP. It was soundproofed by the distance of a mile and a half and passed across our high-powered lenses like a silent movie. The only sounds we could distinguish from the valley were the muffled bursts of our own shells, exploding German ammunition, and —out of sight to the west—a thunder of fighter planes strafing the columns that were being driven into the sluice.

The ridge, though, was noisy with excitement. Many of our own battalion—Colonel Bruce, Major Good, the battery commanders—who had come up to check on operations while the stampede was at its height, could hardly shoulder through the crowd along the hedge. A news photographer pre-empted a BC scope set up by Dick Mahan, the commander of A Battery, and was shooting pictures through one eyepiece. A major general, towing his staff behind him, strode from one BC scope to another, commanding a look. The air whirred with shells—105s, 155s, 8-inch howitzers—converging on the valley. Outside the orchard, columns of Germans shuffled toward the rear from the Argentan road, up the lane from the valley, out of the trees on the hillside. These were the lucky ones who had been squeezed to the edge of the corridor where they could surrender. Their comrades in the middle of the crowd below had no choice but to run into the inferno.

The boiling dust and smoke obscured much of the plain by mid-afternoon. Lacking clear targets to shoot at, we poured our artillery fire into the concealing trees and raked it back and forth indiscriminately between the village and the forest. Sometimes the pall would open briefly, showing columns of men four abreast, being marched across the fields. Then they would disappear again under a splatter of shells.

That evening the gap was closed temporarily by American infantry who pressed into Chambois and joined with Canadian and Polish troops coming down from the north side. Some German SS troops succeeded in breaking through this thin connection the following morning; but a little later the trap was closed for good. At least 10,000 Germans had died in the pocket, and 45,000 were taken prisoner.

INSPECTION TOUR

THE operation at the Falaise Gap has always seemed in retrospect to have been timed like a regular work week; and I am surprised to find from a 1944 calendar that it did in fact begin on a Monday and end on Saturday, August 20. By that time much of the Allied force was already streaming away toward Paris, racing alongside the Germans who had been able to escape. The Americans and British had bridgeheads established across the Seine, and there was no organized German line of defense against them from there to the border of Germany. Von Kluge, who had been relieved of his command by Model on August 16, had taken poison. He was dead when the plane carrying him back to Germany set down in Metz.

In the rush to disentangle the troops concentrated around Argentan and Falaise and move them across France, the 989 F. A. was forgotten. We were left in the fields outside Mortrée for most of another week, and could indulge what was then the limit of our notions of luxury: three full meals a day, a bath, a change of uniform, and sleep.

About three days after the firing stopped, I took a jeep to have a look at the valley. The German prisoners and American troops had



gone their separate ways, and the familiar road up to the OP was deserted except for a crew salvaging telephone line from the tangle of wires left in the ditch. At the farmhouse a woman was sweeping the steps before the front door, as I drove past toward the lane leading downhill on the other side of the orchard.

The floor of the valley looked much as it had before the haze closed over it on the previous Saturday afternoon. The roads from the Forêt de Gouffern to Chambois had been cleared again—this time by Allied troops moving through to the east—but from the ditches out across the flat bottom-lands the ground was still strewn with wreckage of equipment and human beings. Among these countless tortured images of defeat, the sight of the forsaken horses stung most sharply. The dead soldiers were past caring, the wounded had been borne away by the medical corps; all of them had at some point taken their individual chances with the cause that had brought them to this end. But the animals had no choice, and now they were left to limp about the remains of the masters they had dumbly served.

Where the roads entered the forest, the litter was replaced by a certain decorum. Trucks and wagons were parked in solid lines on each side, as they might have been left by drivers hurrying off to a country fair. Some distance into the forest the road I had taken led to the gate of a gray stone chateau set in a level glade. The gate was partly blocked by a staff car, so I got out of the jeep to walk up the driveway. A German colonel was leaning back in the center of the rear seat of the staff car, as though he were taking a nap under a film of dust.

A sense of repose after great strain lay over this place, its quiet broken only by the stray horses moving among the trees. The tall double windows in the front of the chateau faced a rectangular garden pool, neatly bordered with shrubs. The Germans had apparently used the building as an emergency hospital. In one of the second-story rooms there was a table that might have served for operating, for old bandages were scattered around it on the floor. These and a priest's black cassock, hanging in a wardrobe outside a little white-tiled chapel, were the only furnishings I remember seeing in the building.

Behind the chateau was a lawn leading to a separate stone tower. Here someone had tried to mark the place as a medical station by laying out a white sheet and spreading over it, in the form of a cross, two chasubles of watered silk which had probably come from the chapel—one purple for Lent and one crimson for Pentecost. The vestments were wet from a recent rain and the colors had run out from the edges of the silk, mingling in dark stains on the sheet.

I had circled back to the driveway and was headed for the jeep when I came upon a badly wounded horse. He was not bothering to crop the grass, but stood as though propped on his four legs with his head hanging forward. I stood in front of him for a minute, propped on two legs and trying to work up courage to shoot him. With a good deal of sweating I finally got my pistol out of the holster, wondering what was the best place to aim—but before I could put a bullet into the chamber, the horse sagged dead to the ground.

I SUPPOSE nearly everyone in the battalion had a chance to make a tour of that valley during the week that we were waiting outside Mortrée for further orders. We didn't talk much about it though, and the war-is-hell line disappeared from the letters home. During the bitter cold months of the winter and the final spring of the war, the 989th Field Artillery suffered its share of killed and wounded, but the letters concentrated on the trivial and funny details of our day-to-day routine.

The Great Killing Ground

> THE battlefield at Falaise was unquestionably one of the greatest "killing grounds" of any of the war areas. Roads, highways, and fields were so choked with destroyed equipment and with dead men and animals that passage through the area was extremely difficult. Forty-eight hours after the closing of the gap I was conducted through it on foot, to encounter scenes that could be described only by Dante. It was literally possible to walk for hundreds of yards at a time, stepping on nothing but dead and decaying flesh.
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> —Dwight D. Eisenhower, *Crusade in Europe,* 1948.

By BRUCE HUTCHISON
Editor, Victoria (British Columbia) Times

Why Canadians are turning *ANTI-AMERICAN*

A friendly but exasperated neighbor explains how we are upsetting our closest ally—not on purpose but through simple ignorance and indifference.

FOR Americans, the results of Canada's recent elections are more ominous than most of them yet realize. Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's Conservative administration is not hostile to the American people. But it *is* hostile to many American policies, and bitterly critical of what it considers many recent American blunders. Moreover it is pledged to a series of measures which the United States may find disconcertingly painful.

As a consequence, relationships between the United States and what has long been its friendliest close neighbor are likely to become, during the months just ahead, far pricklier than they have ever been in modern times. This would have been true however the election turned out. Although the campaign was fought primarily on domestic issues, a strong flow of anti-American feeling ran just beneath the surface in both the Liberal and the Conservative parties.

This resentment was nourished by Canada's business recession, which originated in the United States; by recent American actions damaging to Canadian interests; and by a number of other grievances, real or imaginary. Now the full powers vested in Mr. Diefenbaker free him —as he was not free in the last, stalemated Parliament—to pursue a Canada First program much bolder than that of his Liberal predecessors.

It will include—according to his campaign promises—new steps to protect Canada from American economic domination, and to take some of its purchases away from the American market. United States restrictions on imports from Canada will be resisted, by means not yet disclosed but probably including higher Canadian tariffs. Ways will be sought to encourage the processing of Canadian raw materials at home, rather than shipping them south of the border. In sum, the Prime Minister can be expected to repel, much more vigorously than any modern Canadian government, the pressures of the giant next door. This suits both his temperament and the mood of his people.

What has gone wrong with the historic continental friendship? Nothing fundamental. Not much that is new. And the visible points of friction are not the main points at all. What is now happening has roots which basically are not economic but psychological—almost psychotic.

To be sure, the visible economic points of friction are sufficiently deranged to alarm any Canadian—and should alarm any American who has mastered simple addition and subtraction. Sixteen million Canadians are spending a billion dollars a year more in the United States than ten times that many Americans are spending in Canada.

Canada is the United States' largest foreign market. Unlike some other markets, it pays in hard cash. It has never borrowed a nickel from the American government. The Canadian deficit is insupportable for any length of time—the equivalent of an unthinkable American deficit of over ten billions in a single market. Yet the United States seems determined to worsen it by dumping farm surpluses and further re-

stricting imports from Canada in disregard of the Geneva trade agreements, good neighborliness, and ordinary horse sense.

Retaining a certain amount of horse sense of their own, after the euphoria of a broken boom, Canadians are naturally disturbed about an American market where they buy nearly 75 per cent of their imports and sell about 60 per cent of their exports to maintain themselves as the world's fourth trading nation.

They also retain a grim, Arctic sense of humor. So they sometimes smile when American industry, producing over four hundred billions a year, screams that it is being ruined by a tiny trickle of Canadian goods less than one-hundredth part of that volume—and most of them urgently required. All this, as in the old fable, is fun for the boys and death for the frogs.

Canadians have always been worried, more or less, on that score because they have always been compelled to support a deficit on the border and cover it by their earnings of hard currency overseas. They are worried more than usual just now because the deficit is far too large, the bargain far too one-sided, and the Canadian economy in a sharp decline—caused mainly by the American slump.

JUST A LITTLE CONFUSION

UNDER these conditions Canada's steady northern nerves have become somewhat raw. Every new American blow against our exports, every foolish speech in Congress, every gaucherie by Mr. John Foster Dulles in any part of the world tends to be exaggerated in the Canadian mind and is often exploited out of all recognition in our politics.

Virtually all previous elections have involved the neighboring giant whether he knew it or not. All Canadian history is more than anything else an attempt to come to terms with the United States in the bread-and-butter business of continental trade. The Conservative party has long stood for the principle of tariff protection, especially against the United States—though this principle, like all others in a highly pragmatic nation, is stretched or shrunk as changing circumstances suggest. The Liberal party has stood for the principle of minimum tariffs and maximum trade—though its lifelong convictions, like those of the late Mr. Dooley, can always be altered to suit.

At the moment this oldest partisan issue of our politics is in wild confusion and will remain so for some time. The Conservative party has threatened, without seriously counting the cost, to divert 15 per cent of Canada's present imports from the United States to Britain. Yet simultaneously it is considering restrictions on imports from Britain, which would be a classic Euclidian exercise in *reductio ad absurdum*.

The Liberal party opposes any diversion and demands a general expansion of trade in all directions. To this end it is ready to consider Britain's offer of a transatlantic free trade area —an offer legal under the Geneva trade agreement but terrifying to the Conservatives and to protected Canadian industries.

The Liberal party knows very well, however, that it dare not appear to be the advocate and chore boy of American exporting interests and—in practical politics, not to say economic theory —it cannot defend the present unbalanced trade of the border.

Behind the immediate issue of daily trade stands an old American specter in a new guise, called economic penetration. It is easy and proper for the American Ambassador to Canada, Mr. Livingston Merchant, and for Canadian economists to argue that massive American investment, at this stage, is essential to Canada's growth. So it may be—but the undeniable human fact is that Canadians fear it, even while they seek and need it. The huge capital flow of recent years nourished the Canadian boom (incidentally overbuilt industry in some places) and kept the Canadian dollar at a premium despite the gaping trade deficit. Any great shrinking in the flow would have grave consequences for Canada, whose living standard is geared to it.

RECOIL FROM A REVOLUTION

THEN why, the American may ask, is the Canadian ungrateful for his neighbor's money? That question begins to penetrate the headlines and speeches, to strike down toward the roots of a continental process 183 years old.

Since Montgomery and Arnold attacked the walls of Quebec on New Year's Eve, 1775, that process, on Canada's side, has always been far more psychological than economic. It is built into a Canadian psychology often dissected but never satisfactorily explained.

All the current wrangles of the border—trade, investment, St. Lawrence Seaway tolls, Columbia River electrical power, farm surpluses and the rest—represent for us Canadians only one thing, precious beyond economic calculation. So far we have been unable to articulate that thing clearly,

have produced no writer to put it into poetry and myth where it belongs. Consequently we are compelled to hide it shyly under a pallid word, Canadianism.

We know what it means just the same. The whole problem of the border today—as always since the American Revolution—is that our neighbors *don't* know what it means and won't bother to find out.

The psychological phenomenon of Canada, the only reason for the modern state, the only cement strong enough to hold its sprawling mass together, began as a reaction to the American Revolution. The dubious embryo of a future state was hurried into the world as a protest against the Revolution. That conflict foreshadowed the Canadian monarchy as surely as it foreshadowed the American republic.

At the start Canada was nothing more nor less than an unlikely plan to build a British nation across the continent, but that plan was doomed by the nature of geography and environment. Canada did not grow into a British nation. It grew into a nation constitutionally British, geographically American, but wholly Canadian.

From the days of the Quebec siege, through the War of 1812, the Fenian raids, the Alaska boundary dispute, the abortive Reciprocity election of 1911, the crushing Smoot-Hawley tariffs of the 'thirties, and now the economic wrangles of the 'fifties, the abiding danger to Canadianism has been our friendly neighbor—or so we think.

Even though the neighbor abandoned the old attempts to conquer or coerce us, his attempts to conciliate us—and above all his wealth—were dangerous to our first frail growth of nationalism. It seemed at one time, indeed, that his wealth would act as an irresistible magnet drawing us by slow, seductive stages into his political orbit.

Having resisted that pull, we find the neighbor not only buying up our basic resources on a gigantic scale but loading his tariff so that he imports mainly the raw materials he needs and bars the more profitable manufactured goods we would like to sell. This is important to us economically. It is far more important if, by any chance, it is undermining our nationalism, as Canadians think.

Our real fear, today as yesterday, is that somehow the prodigy built across the continent by a handful of daring men against all the dictates of geography—the triumph of an idea within an unnatural East-West economy—cannot permanently endure beside the giant. In this Canadian's view, the old danger has passed, but only during the present generation of our almost unbelievable growth in population, in wealth, and (more decisive) in national feeling.

Nevertheless, given our history of struggle against almost impossible geographic circumstances—given, too, a long series of sporadic American pressures—it will not surprise any psychologist to find the Canadian people brittle and resentful whenever the pressure is renewed, even in candid economic form and without the least enmity. A nation in our middle position between the American and British giants has invariably resisted the immediate pressure of the day from either side. At present it is resisting the only pressure left, that from the United States.

ATTENTION, PLEASE

WHAT chiefly infuriates us, however, is not so much the economic lunacy of a neighbor who expects to sell where he does not buy, but his stubborn refusal to look across the border and try to understand us.

That is partly our fault, I suppose. We are not an interesting people to outsiders, apart from the Mounties and the Eskimos, two rather small ethnic groups. We have no international sex appeal and no South American revolutions to provide scenes of carnage on the front pages. We have no great writer to express the Canadian Dream and are horrified by that word. God help us, we don't even have a Canadian flag.

But we do have a piece of real estate absolutely vital to American defense and lying directly in Russia's air path to America. We do have, on and under this land, mineral resources without which the United States could not fight any war and other resources needed to support its peacetime economy.

The result of American indifference is that the affairs of countless weaker nations, much less important to the United States, are on the American front pages every day while the affairs that constantly convulse Canada are seldom noticed.

In one way American indifference is a compliment to us. The Canadians are taken for granted as good, steady neighbors. They seem to be God-fearing, non-Communist, competent folk. They pay their bills and therefore can be disregarded as one disregards the family in the next-door apartment. If high intellectual fences make good neighbors, the friendship of the border is certainly safe.

Unfortunately the neighborhood of North

America is not that simple. As Lester Pearson once said, in an indiscreet but accurate speech, the old, easy, automatic relations of the border can no longer be taken for granted. Nor can Canada—the idea within the economy—be taken for granted. Canada is not what it seems to most Americans. In a few years, even its present blurred image will be obsolete and unrecognizable. What the American people must understand if they are to judge the minor squabbles of today, is that tomorrow they will be dealing not with a small, weak people but with one of the earth's major powers.

Personally I, and many old-fashioned Canadians, take no satisfaction in that prospect, since power provides more kicks than ha'pence, but it is a prospect we cannot escape. The rapid growth of our population, the raw stuff of power in our ground, and the breakneck expansion of our industry must make Canada, by the century's end, a nation stronger than any in contemporary Europe. Barring some cataclysm, the United States, for the first time in its life, will find another giant beside it. The power balance of the continent is shifting perceptibly northward.

DULLES TROUBLE

ALREADY the United States is finding that the half-grown, inarticulate giant possesses a tongue, not of culture and myth but of practical politics. It is finding, too, that Canada has interests and influence far outside America.

This discovery is greatly complicated by a purely American phenomenon, Mr. John Foster Dulles. In considering the immediate problem of the border we must not forget that Mr. Dulles is one of its egregious and craggy landmarks. Canadians are not entitled to discuss Mr. Dulles as the American Secretary of State. They *are* entitled to discuss him as the chief architect of a foreign policy in which Canada is more deeply enmeshed—by geography and all other circumstances—than any other foreign state.

It must first be noted that most Canadians have long been unofficial Democrats, because the Democratic party has generally reduced American tariffs while the Republican party has raised them against us. Moreover, the Democratic party's foreign policy has seemed to us more successful than that of the Eisenhower Administration.

This view (or prejudice) alone cannot account for Canada's present attitude toward Mr. Dulles and all the forces he represents. It is merely factual to say that an overwhelming majority of Canadians, including all their leading statesmen, regard Mr. Dulles as an unmitigated disaster—a disaster affecting Canada as deeply as it affects the United States.

No Canadian government can say these things aloud, of course, but in the last five years the largest preoccupation of Canadian diplomacy has been to repair Mr. Dulles' blunders, as Canada sees them.

It was Mr. Pearson, acting as the honest broker between Washington and London, who first leaped upon Mr. Dulles' doctrine of massive retaliation "by means and at places of our own choosing," who refused to join the project of unleashing Chiang, and who, in one of history's strangest spectacles, flew to the United Nations and devised the rescue of American and British diplomacy from the Suez debacles.

It is merely factual to say also that the former and present governments of Canada have not trusted either the wisdom or the reliability of Mr. Dulles. They have awaited his every statement as a mountaineer watches the slip of an avalanche.

The removal of Mr. Dulles might not alter American policy in the least, for all we know, but it would remove the largest single friction on the border—the symbol and sharp point of all the other frictions. It would give the United States a chance to re-establish the confidence of its friends in Canada and elsewhere. We Canadians doubt that the thing can be done otherwise.

BLOWS STRUCK IN IGNORANCE

ALL these affairs taken together have produced the present squabbles but they should not be exaggerated into a quarrel. There is no quarrel, except in a few excited American newspapers that discovered Canada only last night. There is no issue which will not yield to intelligent argument. Certainly there is no lack of realization in Canada that we cannot afford to quarrel with the giant even if we wanted to.

But there can be no intelligent argument and no solution of any issue until the American people themselves (as distinguished from some of their abler officials) adopt a new attitude toward their closest partner. By that I don't mean that the present attitude is unfriendly. It is rather too friendly, in assuming that ignorant friendship is enough. Friendship of that sort, the right to be left strictly alone, was all that Canada sought in earlier, simpler times. It is not enough in these times when every

American commercial policy directly affects Canada and every foreign policy involves it indirectly.

Canadians ask from their neighbor the old friendship, plus a new understanding of their true position, their strategic importance, their economic problems, and their Manifest Destiny.

If the American people would pay half as much attention to the great land mass lying beside them, in Russia's path, as they may to a score of small, neutral countries in all corners of the world, the problems of the border would soon be solved.

They will be solved in any case, I am convinced, but with unnecessary delay and difficulty. They must be solved in the United States' own selfish interests if for no other reason. For on a border far from the current centers of trouble, the foreign policy of the United States is uniquely balanced and tested.

Canada, a relatively weak country unable to defend itself from the giant, has always been the supreme test of American morality, a test visible to the entire world. A Canadian is bound to say that the test, despite certain lapses, has been magnificently met. No great power in the world's history has ever treated a small neighbor as well as the modern United States has treated Canada. Our survival is the proof of that treatment.

It must also be said that any other sort of treatment would instantly ruin the United States as the leader of the free world. If the United States mistreated Canada, its most intimate friend, in any immoral fashion, no other nation anywhere would ever trust the United States again, about anything.

The American people have understood that fact intuitively and in modern times most of their blows against Canada have been delivered in ignorance—almost in absent-mindedness—not in malice. But intuition will no longer serve, under radically changing conditions of world power. For the protection of its foreign policy at large, its vital strategic interests in North America, its direct commercial interests in a huge, lopsided trade across the border, the United States—preferably without Mr. Dulles—must make a re-appraisal of Canada. It need not be agonizing, in his fashion, but it cannot safely be delayed.

RICHMOND LATTIMORE

THE ACADEMIC OVERTURE

BLACK robes, hoods gold scarlet purple, bright heads
and old beards, the young pacers and the bumbling feet of age
unite now under ceremonial musics, or gaudeamus.

Let us rejoice then in our prime, while how well still
the gown molds the young wrestler's arms, how comely
blond on black as youth models the robes of learning.

Somewhere about the middle of the procession
I thought, too, how our autumnal heraldries
glow upon the bulks and husks of the elders

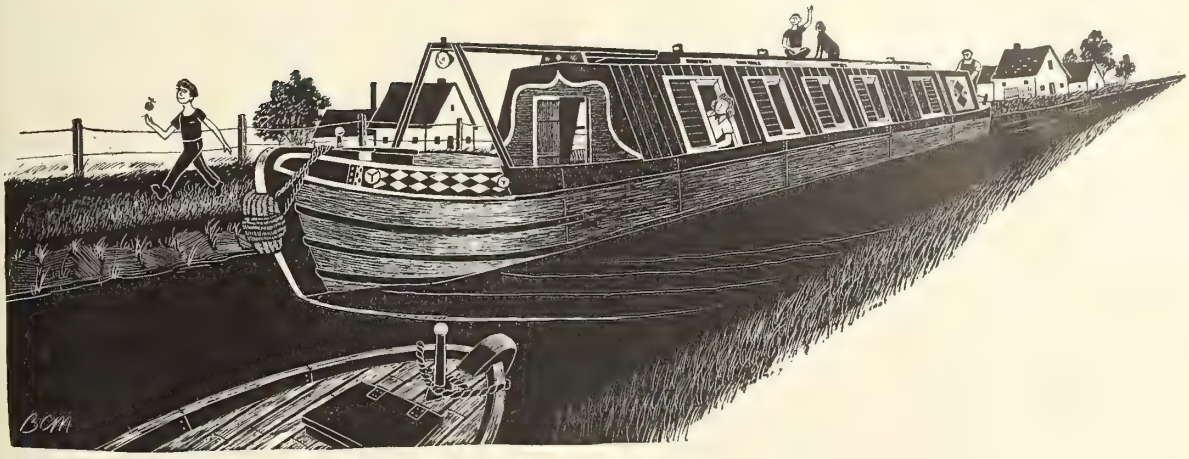
to paint a rubric, red and black, on the folios
of forever; while all these stalks strengths flowers
shall be, in some sense, blown heads and florist's litter

swept into bins, and too soon. Or would it be rather
that the dignity, the enactment, the ceremony,
the time in June, is eternity established? And through it

unchanged brush the light feet and young voices behind where ponderously
the brasses blare and basses deeply deliver the eternal
gaudeamus igitur of the elder students.

Harper's Magazine, May 1958

Hill Climbing by Boat



By JOYCE WARREN

Drawings by Barrie McDowell

A fleet of remodeled canal barges, cruising through the lush meadows of England, now offer one of the pleasantest (and least strenuous) means of sight-seeing yet devised.

MY HUSBAND Charles and I are fond of traveling by water, so it pleased us, the first time we went to England together, that we arrived in London backwards by boat. Tower Bridge, gloriously floodlit, was raised to admit us, and as we sailed stern first between its piers (our boat being too large to turn around within the confines of the Pool), I wondered how many other men had received so pleasantly bizarre a welcome from the country of their in-laws. Actually Charles had been to England before: he was posted there during World War II, stationed at a beautiful house in Warwickshire named Newbold Revel, where, in different and better days, my aunts had gone to parties and balls. Charles and I met at Newbold in 1944, and last summer we went to visit there again. We weren't able to make the journey backwards, but we *did* go by boat. We sailed in the *Mabel* by way of the Coventry Canal.

The *Mabel* is a canal Narrow Boat, built to carry coal, and now converted to carry passengers. She is one of several holiday craft that ply the inland waterways of England during the summer months. Four private companies,* operating, so far as we were able to ascertain, one pair of boats apiece, organize one- and two-week cruises. Their passengers live, sleep, and eat on board. In addition, a government organization, British Waterways, sponsors tours in which passengers ride boats in the daytime but sleep in hotels at night, a system that, though it sounds cleaner (canal Narrow Boats do not come equipped with bathtubs or showers), is considerably more costly.

Since these canal holidays were started some five or six years ago, they have become extremely popular. When Charles and I wrote in February for July reservations, only one company, the Inland Navigators, was able to accommodate us, and we had to cable our confirmation. Thus it was that on July 20, 1957, we went to Braunston Junction, seven miles south of Rugby, to join the *Mabel* and *Malvern*. Traditionally, Narrow Boats travel in pairs, the leader (in our case, the *Mabel*) containing a diesel, which tows an engineless "butty" (the *Malvern*).

It was raining heavily, and as we staggered along the towpath with our luggage, I had some last-minute misgivings: a marriage has to be

* The Inland Navigators, Banbury, Oxfordshire; The Inland Waterway Cruising Co., Braunston, Warwickshire; Waterborne Tours, Penkridge, Staffordshire; New-Way Holidays, Oxford Mews, London.

soundly based to withstand the confining of its partners in a small space for long, while it rains and rains outdoors. As it turned out, however, it hardly rained at all, once the first big storm was over, and the living-space on board the *Mabel* and *Malvern,* though small, is so well arranged that none of the passengers felt cramped.

LIFE ON THE "CUT"

THE Inland Navigators belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rogers, two young architects who not only designed the remodeled *Mabel,* but also did much of the rebuilding. The *Mabel* is 72 feet long, and, like all Narrow Boats, seven feet in beam, intended to fit snugly into locks seven feet two inches wide, on waterways that, except at locks and bridges, are nominally forty-five feet wide at the surface, twenty-five feet wide at the bottom, and five feet deep. Built in 1930 as a horse-drawn craft, the *Mabel* was equipped with an engine two years later. She could carry twenty-five tons of coal in her open hold, to the rear of which were two tiny cabins, one containing the diesel and the other her skipper's living quarters.

The Rogers bought her in 1948, and for a year following their graduation from the Architectural Association in London, worked in the coal business with her, calling for loads at midland collieries and delivering them to wharves up and down the canals. In 1952, they returned to London and to office work, but they devoted the weekends and vacations of the next two years to turning the *Mabel* into a passenger-carrying craft. She now has a well deck, a saloon, and two double and two single cabins. Each cabin is fitted with electric light, running hot and cold fresh water, sliding windows—a sign says, "Please do not climb out"—fitted carpets, and six-foot berths with foam-rubber mattresses.

The Rogers hired the butty boat *Malvern* from Michael Streat, a former newspaperman who is now the owner of The Inland Waterway Cruising Company. The *Malvern,* lacking an engine, rides higher in the water than the *Mabel,* so that her roof is the best place to sit, provided one does not forget to lie down flat at bridge approaches. The *Malvern* includes a well deck, three double cabins, a dining saloon, and a galley. Six passengers travel in each boat; a crew of four is distributed between them; and Miranda, a handsome Dalmatian owned by the mate, shares quarters with the engine.

Charles and I had expected that our skipper, Michael Rogers, and his crew would be middle-aged, and the passengers would be young. In fact it turned out to be more the other way around. Sailing with us were a retired army man and his wife, a librarian and his family, a department store buyer, two students, and two nurses. (One of the nurses, a city girl, found the casualness of life in rural Warwickshire shocking. "Don't they leave the sheep out *late,*" she exclaimed.) As for the crew, it was composed of three lively and highly competent young women, all of whom appeared to share Michael Rogers' willingness to work from dawn to dark seven days a week from May to October, and rather longer during the rest of the year when repairs, repainting, and planning must be done, and cheerfully to perform all kinds of chores. There can be few passenger vessels afloat in which the skipper and mate navigate, wash dishes, polish brassware, and scrub decks.

This quaint attitude toward work—as if it were pleasure—becomes understandable when one actually travels on the "cut," as a canal is called. Once aboard, you are no longer a landsman with a landsman's ideas. You are in another, and quite different, element, in which time seems to become a matter of deliberate leisure rather than deliberate speed.

We had not supposed that on so narrow a waterway we would be treated the way people the world over are treated the moment it is observed that they are afloat, but we were. Everyone was our friend. Dour persons disconsolately fishing, and forced to withdraw their lines from the water as we crept by, ceased to be dour and smiled. Tiny cars stopped on bridges, and their occupants, sitting puritanically upright as people must in British cars, squirmed about until heads and waving arms emerged. Children ran down cottage gardens to where they could be closer to the magic that was ourselves. On the edge of a small town, we passed behind a dowdy-looking factory. Suddenly the dirty windows were filled with girls' faces.

"What do you do in there?" we asked.

"Make pretty hats!" they cried.

A Narrow Boat holiday is not a holiday for anyone with a weight problem. We ate excellently, six times a day: early morning tea, breakfast, mid-morning coffee, luncheon, afternoon tea, and dinner; there was also a fully equipped bar at which, oddly, one purchased one's breakfast fruit juice. Nor is it considered cheap. English friends were horrified when we told them that our week on the *Mabel* had cost us thirty guineas ($90.51), although this included everything except drinks. It is the Rogers' opinion,

however, that they must provide the meals and services of a first-class hotel if they are to attract the kind of passengers they want, *i.e.*, people who will find leisure sufficiently rewarding in itself, without the added charms of organized entertainment. "We used to lie awake at night," Streat told us, "wondering what we would do if the passengers turned out to be frightful, but so far they never have been, and we've always taken everybody we had room for."

The high standard of comfort aboard the *Mabel* and *Malvern* is not common to Narrow Boats. Canal folk who carry coal and timber still live much the way they did in the eighteenth century, sleeping, eating, and raising families in cabins twelve feet long and seven feet wide. To the left of the doorway, in the stern, is a cooking stove and next to it a tall cupboard set at an angle of forty-five degrees to the wall. The door of this is hinged so that when opened it forms a table for meals. A bench along the opposite wall provides a bed, and a second, wider bench, sometimes screened off by a pair of lace curtains, lies athwart the forward end of the cabin. The middle part of this bed is hinged, so that it can be lifted up to provide access to the door into the hold, which can be opened when there is no coal being carried. Cupboards are built into the walls above it. One family we met told us, amid giggles, of a problem on board another pair of boats where lived a father, mother, and seven little children. Next week five older brothers and sisters, now boarding at a Canal Children's Hostel in London, were due home for the summer holidays, and there would be fourteen to sleep in the two twelve-foot cabins, one partly filled by the diesel motor.

Most canal people are the descendants of canal people—a boatman usually isn't able to persuade a shore-raised girl to marry him. The majority of them cannot read or write, but they want their children to learn, and families are willing to separate so that their youngsters can live at special hostels from which they attend school. The children do not like coming off the water any better than their parents do (one retired Narrow Boatman now makes his home in a double-decker bus parked on the canal bank, where the view is familiar and the quarters must seem palatial). But canal children's hostels have their compensations: a bed to oneself, for example, and different clothes to wear at night.

On canal boats, everyone old enough to do so helps with the work. One job that seems frequently to fall to a young member of a family is cycling along the towpath of the "pound," the stretch of water between two locks, and preparing the lock ahead. First, the water-level inside the lock must be made the same as the level of the pound the boats are on. Then the heavy gates are opened, one boat passes inside (there is a two-inch clearance), the gates are closed, and the water in the lock is raised or lowered to match the level of the water in the pound ahead. These changes are achieved by manipulating sliding panels, called lock-paddles, which are



One retired boatman now makes his home in a double-decker bus.

raised or lowered by means of a crank handle called a windlass—the Narrow Boatman's badge. When not in use, the windlass is worn in the small of the skipper's—or the bicycle boy's—back, tucked into the belt of the trousers. The locks we went through had lifts of about seven feet.

CASTLES AND FLOWERS

LOCKS mostly run in series, a group of three or four together, and although some are actually in steps, with the top gate of one acting as the bottom gate of another, there is more commonly a pound a few hundred yards to a mile long between them. Where the pound is short, the butty boat is usually towed along it by hand. We watched one coal-boat skipper and his wife at this, and noticed that there seemed to be a knack about towing, a little like that of ringing a heavy bell—the pull on the rope was not so much a matter of strength as of timing and steadiness. The couple we saw leaned heavily against the towrope, their bodies at a steep angle to the ground. They walked very close to each other, the woman behind the man, their steps tiny, measured, and graceful, as if they were treading a minuet in time with the spring of the stretched rope.

Cranking up lock paddles is also a matter of knack. I couldn't move them at all, but quite small boys off the coal-boats seemed to have no trouble. At the last of a series of locks, the boy and his bicycle would come aboard again, and the bicycle would be hooked by its handlebars over a plank that runs fore and aft along the center of the coal pile. Normally the man of the family handles the motor boat and his wife steers the butty (an unmarried man must hire a mate to help him), but sometimes children are allowed to maneuver the boats, an operation not as simple as it sounds. Canals are apt to be very shallow at the sides, and Narrow Boats, which draw nearly the full five feet when loaded, must stay as near the center of the channel as they can. At bends in the waterway, a pair of boats needs the entire width of the canal, and where approaches are blind, the skipper warns of his presence by blowing on a small, asthmatic-sounding huntsman's horn.

As soon as a coal boat ties up for the night, cleaning and scrubbing usually begin. Decks and cabin roofs are swabbed down, brass fitments are polished to a shine, and spotless socks and shirts are hung to dry above, but not very far above, the black cargo.

Canal folk love bright colors, highly-polished brasswork, and gay decoration. The Narrow Boat's hull is tarred black, but the tiller, the cabin, and the posts that support the tarpaulins covering the hold in wet weather are painted ultramarine, crimson, pink, green, and white. These are decorated with leaves and flowers, especially roses, and with fairy-tale castles of oriental flavor, said to have been introduced by immigrant Carpathian gypsies. Painting these flowers and castles is the one remaining English folk art. An expert can do it quickly, in a kind of painter's shorthand. The main design is painted in, and individual flourishes are added after the first part is almost dry. The boatman's devotion to flowers and castles is understandable—few canal men are ever likely to own a garden, or a house that has too much space.

Most Narrow Boats are repainted every two-and-a-half years, a job that may take the owner as long as a month, since decoration must be added not only to the outside of the craft, but to the inside of the cabin, to seat-boards, and to such equipment as bowls, teapots, and the big cans of fresh water that are kept on the cabin roof. This roof acts as a combined fair-weather nursery and dog kennel, and from it rises a stovepipe, attached by a polished brass chain. When a boat must pass under a low bridge, the stovepipe has to be taken down (sometimes the tarpaulin posts and the baby have to come down too), and the chain prevents the pipe from falling overboard. Close to the stovepipe, on almost every roof we saw, was a carefully tended geranium plant in a pot, or a jar of flowers.

THE *Mabel's* crew was careful to see that our boats did not interfere in any way with commercial traffic. Time is money to a coal boat, and a delay at locks may mean arrival at a destination too late to unload cargo that night, or even that weekend. There is considerable competition between one canal family and the next, each trying to make better time. Feuds have been started by a boatman rash enough to pole past a sleeping rival in the night in an effort to beat him to the next series of locks.

There are still a few horse-drawn craft on the canals. We met one—the animal looked so old and skinny it did not seem as if it could last much longer.* A woman said: "It was a big mistake giving up the horses. We never had any trouble with them, not like these diesels." The marks of horse traffic are everywhere. The abut-

* Since writing this, we have heard that in November 1957 the last canal horse died of pneumonia, after falling into the cut on a cold day.

ments of the arched bridges have grooves half an inch deep worn by the towropes, even in places where an iron-shod guard has been added. At some of the locks there were little footbridges across the water just below the bottom gates, each consisting of two parts cantilevered out from the banks so that the boats' towropes could slip between. A sign outside an inn read: "Licenced to sell Beer, Wine, Spirits, Music, and Singing. Good Accommodation for boat horses. Straw provided."

On a well-maintained cut, loaded Narrow Boats can travel at approximately three miles an hour, a fifty-foot towline linking motor and butty together. Empty, they travel with the motor and butty snubbed up close, and can make about a mile an hour more. The attainable speed is largely controlled, however, by the width of a particular section of canal and its state of repair. A canal boat pushes water ahead of her, and if the cut is silted up and weed-choked, the water level may be affected as much as a mile ahead. We could see the pile-up best when we passed a concrete-faced section of the bank. Opposite *Mabel*'s prow, the concrete was wet to an inch above the moss line, but opposite her stern, two inches of mossy concrete showed; thus we were continuously climbing a hill of three inches in every seventy feet. Try to go faster, and all that happens is that the propeller pulls water out from under the stern, increasing the slope, and producing very little increase in speed. A canal boat must move past the water in the canal, not drive it ahead.

CONSTABLE COUNTRY

ONLY the first part of the *Mabel*'s route was through commercially traveled and well-kept-up canals; the rest lay along neglected waterways almost unknown except to boatmen. Charles and I had supposed that we would find central England overpopulated, with dormitory towns and housing projects stretching from one historic shrine to the next. But morning after morning we awoke to a remote world—those lush meadows and dark woodlands Constable was so fond of painting. One may think of canals as straight thoroughfares, but many English ones wind like rivers—the early navigators worked around obstacles, rather than through or over them, whenever they could.

On several mornings I went walking along the meandering, little-used towpaths overgrown with wild rhubarb and old-fashioned flowers—gooseberry pudding, ladies'-bedstraw, meadow crane's



. . . *Inside the* Mabel . . .

bill. It was easy to keep ahead of the *Mabel*—her average daily run was about thirteen miles, and for hours I saw no sign of her. When I felt I had fought the swampy ground long enough, I would climb up on a bridge and wait for the boats. Ten or fifteen minutes before the *Mabel* and *Malvern* reached me, I would usually see them, apparently moving across the middle of a distant green meadow. The *Mabel* would swing close to the towpath at my bridge, her engine coughing politely, and I would step back on board as she passed.

The diesel made very little noise, and our progress was so quiet that we were often almost on top of the coot, swans, and diving water rats before we disturbed them. Off a moor hen would bustle, her head jerking rhythmically back and forth. A plant we took to be water arum seemed to curtsy to us as the *Mabel*'s wash rose and fell on the stalks.

Just as fascinating, I think, as the natural scenery of the canals (and the place-names: Stewponey Wharf, Sheepwash Staunch, Pluck's Gutter, Bumble-hole Bridge) is the solid and solemn beauty of the architecture. The builders of the canals had strictly utilitarian aims. Their aqueducts and bridges, tunnels, ramps and steps, lock-paddles, bollards and balance beams were made not to look at but to work with and to last. Most of the bridges we saw were made of brick, now well covered with gray or gray-blue lichen. As the brick weathers and crumbles, patches of lichen are carried away, and the warm red shows through. Even the inns are out of this same austere and satisfying mold.

Canal construction has been known in Eng-

land for centuries (the Fossdyke Canal in Lincolnshire, originally built by the Romans to carry wheat, was scoured out by Henry I in 1121), but the idea did not take hold of the imagination of the country until 1761. That year, James Brindley, a brilliant and almost illiterate engineer, built a canal from Worsley to Manchester at the request of a rich duke, whose name, appropriately, was Bridgewater. Fortunately for the British, the Duke of Bridgewater had been disappointed in love, and he drowned his disappointment in work on his estates. The Duke owned "a large mountain of coal" which it had hitherto been uneconomical for him to mine because of transportation difficulties. Brindley overcame these with ten miles of navigable waterways, four-and-a-half feet deep.

The Bridgewater canal had no locks, but it had aqueduct bridges over roads and rivers, and it convinced Josiah Wedgwood, among others, that canals were worth spending time and money on. Wedgwood had been subjected to enormous losses from breakage on the china he shipped by packhorse, and he himself cut the first sod of the Grand Trunk, now known as the Trent and Mersey, a Brindley canal that, when it was finished, ran for 140 miles and had 160 aqueducts, 109 road bridges, 75 locks, and 5 tunnels. A later engineer built a canal that linked the manufacturing districts of West Yorkshire and South Lancashire, lifting boats the whole way over the Pennine mountain chain. Where a boat had to go through a tunnel not wide enough for a towpath, it was propelled on its way by legging—two men lay on their backs on board and "walked" the tunnel walls.

The canal boom lasted for approximately eighty years. Then the railroads killed it. Ironically, the early railroad men learned their job on canal construction. It was the canal men who first thought of avoiding grade crossings by overpasses and underpasses for roads, and of maintaining levels by cutting through hills, by tunneling, and by building embankments across depressions, with culverts and bridges for crossing streams. The word "navvy" for a railroad laborer comes from navigator.

After the London to Birmingham Railway opened in 1838, the railroad companies began steadily buying out the canal companies. By the time the railways themselves were nationalized in 1948, some two thousand miles of inland waterways—almost the whole of the existing system—became national property too.

The British government has now set up a Transport Commission with a Waterway Section with its own Narrow Boats (painted blue and yellow, and either without roses and castles at all or with a few decalcomania decorations). It is also making some effort to weed the canals more efficiently—a job that until last summer was always done by hand.

BUILT-IN TRANQUILIZERS

OPINION is divided over the wisdom of using the canals for commercial transport. No one knows how long the official sponsorship will last. The industrial map of Britain has changed since Brindley's day, and the courses of many canals no longer follow important trade routes. On the other hand, costs are lower on water than they are on road or rail. For certain types of non-perishable matter such as coal, sand, bricks, and timber, speed is less important, in a country where distances are relatively small, than a steady flow. For fragile articles, as Wedgwood knew, water transport is the safest of all.

One proposed use for the canals which has met with widespread approval is that they should be turned into elongated National Parks. If the waterways can be kept in shape, the British people will never need tranquilizers—here are hundreds of miles of them already built into the lovely Midland countryside. This is the aspect that is so attractive to holiday-boat passengers—approximately a third of them, Michael Rogers told us, come back for a second trip.

The last part of our journey was on Wedgwood's Trent and Mersey Canal, and it ended at the little town of Stone, in Staffordshire. We came ashore feeling overfed, underwashed, completely rested, and in that euphoric state in which one might well be wearing, instead of walking shoes, a small puffy cloud on each foot. (When I remarked on this to Charles, he said his walking shoes felt different too—they had been put away wet under his bunk, and their soles now had a thin coating of mold.)

Later, friends in Edinburgh asked us about Newbold Revel. We told them it had been turned into a school. A fluttery nun had come to ask why we were trespassing on the front terrace before breakfast—she did not think she could admit us to the house without the permission of the Sister Superior. Unromantically, that is all we remember. Whenever we try to think about Newbold Revel, all that comes to mind are the canals: those wonderful works of eighteenth-century man by which boats climb mountains, cross bridges over roads and rivers, and disappear into the sides of hills.

Leona Train Rienow

LAMENT FOR MINNESOTA

One Hundred Years of Pillage

WITH the celebration of Minnesota's first hundred years of statehood, on May 11, 1958, Minnesotans have established a record at which all the world may marvel. Nowhere else on earth has so rich a territory been so efficiently pillaged in so short a time. Today Minnesota's trees are second growth, its minerals second class, and vast areas of its farmlands are submarginal, burned-out soil.

When Minnesota entered the Union it boasted natural wealth that staggered the imagination. Despite at least a century of active fur trapping—first by the French, then by the Hudson's Bay Company (whose fur-scraping sheds at Grand Marais employed hundreds of white men and Indian squaws), and finally by John Jacob Astor—the state's solid treasures had not even been surveyed, much less touched.

I was born and bred in the great forests, and I saw them topple. I was raised beside the raw new iron mines of the Mesabi, and I saw them worked out. I grew up near lakes jumping with fish, and I saw them fished dry. I was familiar with forest wildlife on every hand, and I saw it shot, trapped, and clubbed—some species almost to extinction.

I watched the transformation of a paradise of primeval beauty and a treasure trove of economic wealth—which, properly husbanded, might have lasted forever—into a grim, gray landscape. I saw it all because, unlike the ancient civilizations whose unthinking exploitation we deplore, it didn't take two thousand years—or even five hundred—for these natives to plunder their land. They accomplished it in less than fifty.

From the narrow prairie belt on the south, right up to the Canadian border, stretched 72,000 square miles of almost unbroken forest—climax conifers mixed with white birch and soft maple. "Our white pine," exulted the Duluth *Herald* in 1890, "is inexhaustible!"

THE DOOMED FORESTS

THE first logging mill was set up just about the time Minnesota became a state, but logging in earnest didn't start until years later. Then it vaulted upward until Minnesota drew up shoulder-to-shoulder with Wisconsin as the biggest lumber producers in the world. At the start of the new century, the state's cut topped 2,340 million board feet!

So fast did the big pines fall that by 1919 the cut had dropped to 700 million board feet, and by 1938 to less than 120 million. Here truly is an unequaled record.

In my childhood the only way to get through the forests to any of the ten thousand lakes north of us was by way of the new railway logging spur. My father bought a handcar, and of a Sunday he and a husky male friend would pack Mama and me into the rear box with the lunch, and pump us up through the big timber to a lake.

We whizzed through the split in the forest wall, the cold dank air redolent with balsam, cedar, and pine. Deer and elk leaped from the rails; partridge catapulted away in feathered blobs; cinnamon bears gaped at us in outraged surprise. Porcupines waddled indifferently off; clouds of canvasbacks mottled the sky; and sometimes at a bend the regal silhouette of a

bull moose, headdress aloft, made our hearts leap.

From the logging spur we hiked in to the lake, hauling food and tackle. I can still smell the arbutus, the crushed moss and fern. I can still see the lady-slippers and yellow dog's-tooth and wintergreen. I can still taste the icy water that bubbled up through the toes of an old cedar.

Then—almost overnight—everything was gone, reduced to a sea of white, bleeding stumps. Fires swept through the slash and tops, burning out the centuries-old carpet of humus, killing every pine seed, right down to the sanded shores of the lakes.

Men lied and cheated and murdered to gain possession of this lumber empire. They claim-jumped and swindled and bilked the government. The big-money manipulators came in, and they hired fraudulent settlers for $250 each to gain an average of $10,000 per hireling in timber fortunes.

"The district north of Duluth is honeycombed with fraud," wrote a U. S. land agent despairingly. "I doubt that there is an honest settler anywhere between here and Hudson Bay."

Trees are replaceable; virgin forests with their centuries of evolution and ecological build-up, their exquisite balance of flora and fauna, their peculiar species development—*never.*

When the smoke of the holocaust cleared, hardly a virgin pine remained outside of a park or somebody's lakeside back yard.

It is not possible to slaughter three million ducks a year and expect to enjoy them in masses on the wing. Partridge don't last long when you put twenty or thirty in a family stew; and what chance does a porcupine have with its trusting, unhurried ways, when it is such sport to club the defenseless little fellow on the head?

Over four thousand square miles of northern Minnesota were under water, and every lake pulsated with life. The town of Chisholm was built on a gem of a lake with a rock-rimmed shore; the natives could step in a flat-bottom and in twenty minutes pull in a washtubful of pickerel, wall-eyes, bass, perch, sunfish, crappies, and perhaps six or seven other kinds of fish. Every brook leaped with brown trout; lake trout huddled in schools in the deep lake caverns.

But even billions of fish give out when man really sets about exterminating them. Store windows were cluttered with the longest or the biggest hauls and the prizes bestowed for them. Catches six feet long on the string dangled between the trees; and, just to hurry it along, the fishermen dynamited the lakes to bring up tons of floating bodies to scoop easily into their boats. Fifty years ago Minnesotans threw away anything under five pounds. Now you can fish all day in almost any lake outside the canoe country and hardly get a strike.

There was no Conservation Department in the state of Minnesota until 1931. Today chipmunks, deer, and rabbits persist; but one seldom sees any other wild animal.

THE MESABI STORY

THERE were great hopes for the fabulous new Mesabi iron fields when my father left the security of a teller's cage in a Duluth bank to venture up into the black forest eighty miles to the northwest and set up his bank in a tar-paper shack on the brink of one of the new mines. All around us stretched millions of acres

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EXCHANGE

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

WHEN brandy burns in the air,
and forests hold their winter sleep,
when Byron dark and Shelley fair
their appointed places keep;

When rhyme and reason fancy free
join inside my heart and head,
when you become the voice of me,
and I, the rib of all you said;

Then will the core of this exchange
fall and grow into a tree,
with leaves embroidered rare and strange
with gloss of you, and text of me.

of big timber, and the main street of Chisholm was ridged in muddy ruts the color of blood in the rain.

These little gingerbread-front towns, four-fifths saloons, were the beginning of the greatest iron communities in history. With the very minor help of the Cuyuna and Vermilion secondary ranges, Minnesota was able to supply not only most of the iron and steel used by this nation in both world wars, but also much of that used by all our allies.

The red ore lay rich and heavy right under the moss, to be scooped up by steam shovels—a revolutionary practice. It extended in pockets and troughs for a hundred miles east and west; and the pioneers exultantly forecast that the bounty would "last till Doomsday and the morning after."

The towns boomed, and the Great Gouge deepened. And while the red gold ran rich, the slightest mention of a diminishing lode was not only ridiculed—it was treason.

The wars came, and shovels dug deeper. Millions of tons of first-grade hematite poured down the railway to Duluth, until that frigid city became the second port in the world in tonnage.

And "the morning after Doomsday" came in less than fifty years. Outside of some last rich gleanings, most of what is left now of the incredible Mesabi is a low-iron-content rock called taconite which requires tedious, expensive processing to make it fit even to ship to the furnaces. And the brash, lusty little towns have settled down to a more sober future—punctuated with loud talk about the great new booms the coming billion-dollar taconite plants will bring.

ADDING UP THE SCORE

ASTOR made his fortune on Minnesota furs, but his was only the first of many. Some of the biggest names in American money dug a great part of their wealth out of Minnesota. Rockefeller bought in for $1 million "or so" on the Mesabi and sold to U. S. Steel for $80 million (when, had he but known, J. P. Morgan was in the anteroom waiting to pay him $150 million).* J. J. Hill paid $4 million for an old logging road and realized $100 million in ore. Carnegie, reluctantly forced into a $1.2 million corporation with Henry Oliver, found himself the startled possessor of a property worth more than $500 million. And there were dozens of others.

Unless one can place a dollar value on the psychological exultation of killing, most of the wildlife and fish taken were wastage, since only a minute proportion was used for food. Hardly 46 per cent of the timber reached the market—much sank water-logged in the lakes, rotted in log jams, or burned up in forest fires.

The Minnesota pioneers, abetted by Eastern capitalists, perpetrated these crimes; the whole of our society joined the Minnesota exploiters in gutting the Mesabi iron fields. Their ore won two world wars—and that is, perhaps, enough. Let the next generation figure out how to win another.

When the skinners got through with the forests, fireweed, scrub jackpine, blueberries, and aspen took over the ravaged land. But Nature, after a period of shock, is back on the job. You can do a lot with a few thousand lakes when the water in them is still drinkable.

It is discouraging renovation, however. By the terms of an old law even the border canoe country must bring in cash revenue in board feet, so cutting timber is permitted up to a thin shell of trees along the trails and around the lakes. Now they might legislate against the July storms that inevitably blow down the shorn remnants.

To be sure, Minnesota's man-made wealth is impressive, and some of it grew out of the same practices that destroyed the state's natural wealth. It was the gluttonous appetites of the shanty boys in the lumber camps that encouraged the setting up of the first flour mill. The mills, in turn, encouraged wheat-growing in the Red River Valley—an industry without peer in the countryside today.

On the other hand it was the stolid persistence of the sod-hut farmers that built up the southern strip. Living under constant threat, not only of mud in the eye but of mud in the mouth while they slept, these hardy souls opened the way for the dairy farms that created the greatest butter empire in the nation.

And the people? They're the friendliest, most genuine folk east of the Big Horns. Push open any kitchen door in the state and you will be "just in time for a cup of coffee."

Minnesota today has to work hard for her living. The fact that she is willing to pull her load, and more, has made her successful in her new lines of endeavor. But what might have been . . . that is something her natives would like to forget.

* These transactions are covered in the American Historical Society's *Duluth and St. Louis County*, Vol. I, edited by Walter Van Brunt.

A Story by LEO ROSTEN

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson



The Guy in Ward 4

CORPORAL James Bowie Tompkins was from "Kaintucky," he said, "right from the hill people an' sour-mash." He always said it with mockery, with crafty eyes and a smile he kept on his face like a Halloween mask. He was only twenty-one, but he had an old man's face. He was just over five feet five, wiry, compact, and he walked with a bantam cock's bravado. He had the special courage of the small or the weak, the courage of necessity. He came to our Air Force post in the American Southwest with fifty-two missions behind him, a Purple Heart, a citation for valor, and a battered guitar.

He lived in the pleasant and unhurried world of the Convalescent Ward, where he won no friends, made no enemies, shared no secrets, offered no portion of his self or his past to the others. Each night, he stole out of the ward with his knowing and insolent smile and cat-footed into the Rec Hall, where he took a wicker chair in the darkest corner and strummed on his guitar and drank booze from a long-necked beer bottle until he drowned in insensibility. No one could figure out how he kept getting the booze and where he kept hiding it.

We might never have known any of this had it not been for one of the orderlies, Private Jackson Laibowitz. One hazy afternoon, when the burning sun was veiled by clouds, Laibowitz brought a glass of hot tea into the office of Captain Josiah Newman, Chief of the Neuropsychiatric Section (Ward 8), taking the occasion to declaim without warning, as was his wont, "In Ward 4 is a guy you should take right away to Ward 8."

Captain Newman put down his reading glasses and sighed. "Can't you ever find a man in Ward 8 who would be better off in Ward 4?"

"Games," said Laibowitz acidly, "are for children."

"So is sarcasm," said Captain Newman.

"On children, sarcasm is wasted."

Captain Newman sipped the tea and winced as he burned his tongue. "Dammit, Laibowitz, did we run out of ice?"

"Ice freezes the muscles," said Laibowitz, who had many original theories about men and medicine. "Heat relaxes the same."

"Tell me about the man in Ward 4," said Captain Newman glumly.

"I'm glad you brought up the subject," said Laibowitz. "Well—last night, in Rec Hall, I find this joker sleeping in a chair, passed out and stinkin' from booze. When I shake him to get up,

he mumbles, 'Okay, Big Jim, let's cream them tonight.' His name is Tompkins. My diagnosis," said Laibowitz sagely, "is depression, acute and severe. I told him to go see you."

Captain Newman groaned. "Jackson, for the hundredth time, it is *not* part of your duties to go around the hospital drumming up business."

"From such business, who except the sick can profit?" And Laibowitz left, with an expression that showed that the Captain would bear watching.

The next morning, Newman entered his office to find a short, lean Corporal behind his desk, in his chair, tilted far back, his feet on the desk. Newman paused. The young man grinned, waving a hand, "Come in, Captain. I been waitin'."

"You've been doing more than that," said Newman.

The Corporal smirked. "I just like to put m' feet up." He got up abruptly and picked up the guitar he had leaned against the wall. "I ain't stayin'. You want me to talk, come to Rec Hall. At night. When I'm swacked. I ain't promisin' nothin' . . ."

Newman let his glance rest on Tompkins. "Do you want to talk?"

"Hell, no. And no head-shrinker like you is gonna slip me no needle and fill me with no goddam flak-juice either! I'm wise to the way you hook 'em—get 'em talkin', then slip 'em the needle."

"No," Newman said. "Never, unless a man asks for it."

"*Asks* for it?" Tompkins repeated. "Say, that's pretty cute. Well, Little Jim ain't askin' for it. I hear that flak-juice knocks you out, an' you start gabbin' and gabbin' an' when you git up you don't remember a single thing. Right?"

"Something like that."

"I knew I had you taped," Tompkins said slyly.

Newman shrugged. "'Flak-juice' is sodium pentothal. It gives you a kind of twilight sleep. It helps you remember."

"Remember? Remember what?"

"What you can't forget," said Newman.

Tompkins stared at him and licked his lips. "Nuts! That's for psychos. Not me! I ain't one of your flak-happy goof-balls."

"Hold out your hands, Jim . . . I won't touch you."

Tompkins held out his hands and grinned. "Steady as rocks."

"Sure," said Newman. "Now turn them over."

Tompkins turned his hands palms up. They were glistening with sweat.

Newman said, "Thanks, Jim," and turned away.

Tompkins studied his hands thoughtfully and wiped them on his shirt. "Some things ain't purty, Doc. Some things jest *ain't purty!*" He grabbed the guitar and hurried out.

In a moment, Private Laibowitz materialized in the doorway. "What is your diagnosis, Doc?"

"It is customary," said Captain Newman coolly, "to greet an officer in the morning by saying, 'Good morning, sir.'"

"I said 'Good morning, sir,' yesterday."

"How time flies."

"You don't have to hide your emotions from me, Doc," said Laibowitz cryptically and left.

AFTER dinner that night, Captain Newman returned to his office and left the door wide open. But Tompkins did not appear. He did not appear the next morning either, nor the next. Every time Laibowitz caught Captain Newman's eye, he looked disgusted.

One night, just as Newman was about to go home, the short, defiant Corporal appeared in the doorway with his guitar. He looked a little unsteady. "Hello, Jim," said Newman.

Tompkins snorted. "I guess you didn't want to hear me talk after all, Doc, huh?"

"Why do you say that?"

"You didn't come to Rec Hall."

"It's better to talk here."

"Not for me, it ain't. You come alone, an' if I'm swacked enough—" Suddenly, Tompkins dropped the grinning mask of his deception, his face gaunt, and cursed, muttering, "It ain't purty, Doc. Jeeze, it ain't purty."

Newman nodded. "No, it ain't, Jim. It ain't purty at all."

A light flared in Tompkins' eyes and burned out the panic. "I ain't beggin', see? You want me to talk, you know where you can find me. Goddam you, Doc!" Tompkins swung his guitar into the air and lunged out of the door.

The next morning, Private Jackson Laibowitz announced, without warning, "It is my opinion that Tompkins is ready for treatment."

"Laibowitz—" Newman began, "—it is *not* the function of a wardman to advise the chief of the neuropsychiatric service—"

"From peasants I expect pride. From psychiatrists I expect imagination."

"Jackson!"

"You say that like in front is written 'Stonewall.'" He hated to be called Jackson; he resented being addressed as Laibowitz; he felt the warm, redeeming glow of equality only when his Captain called him Jake.

"You *must* get it through your head," said Newman firmly, "that I know what I'm doing."

Laibowitz shrugged. "Who doesn't?"

Captain Newman said carefully, "Tompkins is not ready to talk. He wants me to come to him. If I do, he'll interpret it as a triumph—"

"So let him. All his life a loser, this once throw him a hand."

"Laibowitz, *will* you listen?"

"What *am* I doing," cried Laibowitz, "skiing?"

Newman sank into his chair, wondering for the thousandth time what it was about Jackson Laibowitz that could drive you to despair—intransigence? arrogance? pride? the inability to conform? the wild joyousness of dissent? an egomania so vast, so impenetrable that—whatever it was, it was a force that was unyielding, unreachable, unswayable. It was, by God, the sort of thing that had made our country strong. "Listen, Jake," Newman sighed. "Tompkins is very sick. I can't help him as long as he makes a contest of this, as long as he sets up tricks to test my strength." He wondered—vaguely—why in hell he was taking the trouble to tell Laibowitz all this. "Tompkins will come to me when he's ready, really ready; when his defenses against asking for help crumble, when his suffering surmounts his hostility, when his need overwhelms his fear. Then—perhaps—I can help him."

Laibowitz listened to all this with the air of a savant grading the recitation of a precocious student, cocked his head to one side and pronounced judgment. "Doc, you have changed my whole opinion of the case. Have some cookies."

That afternoon, when Captain Newman returned from lunch, he found a sealed envelope on his desk, addressed:

Big shot
Cuckoo Squad

Inside, on the back of a prescription blank, in a cramped, childlike hand, was printed:

Rec Hall. Tonight. After Lights.
Jim T.
P. S. Please come, Doc.

AFTER the lights were turned out in the wards, that night, Captain Newman went down the ramp that led from Ward 8 to the main building of the hospital. Several table lamps were burning dimly in the empty Rec Hall. Newman turned them off and went to the farthest corner and sat down in a wicker chair. He turned that lamp on, picked up a copy of *Baseball*, and waited.

In a moment, he heard a shuffle near the side door and a hoarse, heavy whisper. "Doc . . . turn off the light."

"Not yet, Jim. Come in."

Tompkins hesitated. The guitar hung limply at his side. "They'll gig me if they find me in here."

"I'll take care of that."

Tompkins entered slowly and dropped into a wicker rocker, putting the guitar across his knees, studying it. "You like to hear the gee-tar, Doc?"

"I'd rather you talked."

"I can't talk unless I play!" Tompkins blurted. "Goddammit, I ain't even swacked. Wait. I'll—oh Jeeze." Tompkins struck some angry chords on the guitar. "Hell, Doc, that's a lie. Little Jim's swacked already. I got me tanked up good before I come in. That's a fact." He was plucking out a melody that sounded like a hundred other songs from the hills two thousand miles away. "Oh, Jeeze. Oh, Jeeze, Doc. I feel it acomin' on. I'm gonna talk. An' it ain't purty! I want to forgit it. I *got* to forgit it!"

"You can't," said Newman. "You can't really forget until you've remembered."

The fingers on the strings arched like talons. "Hey, that's pretty good, man. That's pretty damn good! Well, I'm not gonna tell you, see—not all of it anyway. . . . Jim da Silva, that was his name. Big Jim, an' one hell of a flyer. Man, could he handle that crate! Only guy in the whole goddam outfit knew how to handle a B-24." He gave the foolish, vacant laugh of inebriation.

"I'd get me loaded every damn night, hidin' in different places, every night before we had to go up. Know what it means if you don't show up for a mission, Doc? But Little Jim always showed up. Yup. You know why? 'Cause *he'd* find me. Big Jim. No matter where I'd hide, I'd feel this big paw shakin' me and hear that bastard's voice saying', 'Come on, kid, time to go. This is Big Jim. Come on, Little Jim, we got to take a ride. We got to kill us some Jerries!' An' I'd open my eyes and see that guinea grinnin' at me, an' I'd say, 'Yeah, man, you're Big Jim an' I'm Little Jim an' no one's ever gonna get us two.' An' he'd pull me to my feet and walk me out that goddam field and get me in that goddam crate. . . . Only buddy I ever had, Doc. Only guy ever took care of Little Jim. An' I—I—"

The tears began to course down his cheeks. "Goddam it, Doc, don't let me talk no more! Please. Stop me. If I remember about Big Jim, I'll—blow—my—top. I'm tellin' you, I'll *blow—my—top!* Stop me, Doc. Please stop me. I'll

smash up that lamp and throw around them chairs and push m' fists through all the goddam glass in the windows!"

"Sure," Newman growled with deliberate harshness. "You'll smash up the lamp and throw around them chairs and push your fists through all the goddam glass in the windows. And it won't help one bit, boy. Not one goddam bit. And you know it! You've done it before, and it didn't help; and it won't help now."

Tompkins looked at Newman with bleary eyes, sobbing. "That's where the flak-juice comes in, don't it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Jeeze," Tompkins moaned. "I'm in a sweat. I don't want to think of it."

"But you're thinking of it all the time, day and night, week after week, month after month after month. You can't stop thinking of it."

"It ain't true!"

"That's why you play the guitar—to use up your thoughts. That's why you fight off sleep—so you won't dream. That's why you get swacked—to deaden memory." Newman changed the timbre of his voice abruptly. "What a stupid way to live! What a goddam stupid way to live!"

Tompkins was crying, fumbling with the guitar, fleeing down the avenue of tears.

"When did it happen?" asked Newman. "Come on, boy. When?"

Tomkins sniffled. "Last time up . . . November 17. We took off, 6:05. Me an'—" he caught himself and cried, "Yeah! You're right! I'm goddam stupid. I'm a no-good yellow-belly who —oh—Jeeze, okay, Doc, gimme the flak-juice. I'm askin' for it. Give it t' me. Please. Right now!"

Newman made himself yawn and got to his feet slowly. "Okay, Buster. Come to my office tomorrow. Around eleven."

Tompkins regarded him with astonishment and distress. "You ain't gonna do it now? Right now, when I'm askin' for it?"

"Nope. I'm bushed. I'll see you tomorrow. Eleven o'clock."

Tompkins wiped the corner of his eyes with the back of his hand. "Sure, Doc. Anything you say, Doc."

Newman started for the door. Tompkins was not following him. He was nestling down in the chair, working his shoulders like a cat. Newman paused, frowning, then pushed his voice into the simulated emotion of a shout: "Goddammit, Tompkins, what's the matter with you? Why don't you go to bed? Haven't you beaten yourself up enough for one night? *Don't you have any pity?*"

Tompkins gave a cry, leaping out of the chair. "Okay, okay, don't blow a gasket! I'm goin'. Jeeze, they sure picked the right guy to boss the loony squad!" He staggered past Newman with a clutter of elbows and knees and unguarded emotion.

He was halfway to Ward 4 when he reeled, hiccuping, stumbling, trying to use the guitar as a crutch, sinking at last to the floor like a melting candle. Captain Newman called for an orderly once, twice, but no one answered; so he picked up Corporal James Bowie Tompkins and carried him down the deserted corridor through the doors to Ward 4, the guitar still clutched in Tompkins hand. As he put the limp, surprisingly light body down on an empty bed, he heard the boy mumble: "Hey . . . Big Jim . . . knew you'd come back . . . thanks."



FROM 10:50 to 10:59 the next morning, while Captain Newman was finishing his rounds in Ward 8, Private Jackson Laibowitz kept clearing his throat, groaning, hacking, looking at his watch, making grandiose references to the passage of time, announcing at last in a bell-like tone, "It is eleven o'clock."

"Why didn't anyone keep time for me before?" Newman asked dryly.

"Before," said Laibowitz acidly, "you were surrounded by apple-polishers. Now you are assisted by realists."

"How did you find out Tompkins is coming?"

Laibowitz blinked his eyes with monumental innocence. "In case he'll need flak-juice, I boiled all your needles. You want I should help you?"

"I want you should attend to your own work."

"Progress does not come from turning down talent," said Laibowitz darkly.

Newman went to his office. Tompkins was not sitting in the chair this time. He was standing just inside the doorway, pale as a blotter, his shoulders turned inward, not carrying his guitar, his face harried and anxious. "Let's git goin'. I want to git it over with."

"Okay. Lie down, Jim. On the cot."

"You—gonna squirt the stuff in me?"

Newman picked up a hypodermic. "Yes. This is no different from any other shot. When I tell you to, start counting—backwards, from 100." He pulled 20 cc of a 2½ per cent solution of sodium pentothal into the needle, put a tourniquet on Tompkins' arm to make the vein bigger, and rubbed a swab of alcohol on the skin above it. "Ready, Jim?"

Tompkins swallowed, a ring of sweat forming on his neck like a bracelet. "Roger."

Newman jabbed the needle into a cubital vein, depressing the plunger gently. "Start counting . . . backward."

Tompkins emitted a brief "Oh!" then a sigh, then began counting: "Hunderd . . . ninety-nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . Hunderd—hey, where am I? . . . forty . . . oh . . . give me more . . . good . . . seven . . ." By the time the calibrated plunger showed 16 cc. had gone into Tompkins' vein, the boy was making obscure, muttering sounds and tossing his head. His mouth opened and his lips made faint sucking movements; his breathing changed, deepening, devoid of control, devoid of apprehension, as the narcotic cloak enveloped him. It was 11:04.

NOW Newman leaned to Tompkin's ear and began to talk, softly, his voice infinitely reassuring, mimicking the accent and inflection of the boy on the cot: "Okay, Jim . . . we're goin' up now . . . okay. It's Tuesday, November seventeenth—6:05 in the morning. Come on, Little Jim. We got to take a ride. We got to kill us some Jerries. . . . Man, that crate's all warmed up . . . we're in it . . . ready . . . Let's go, boy . . . come on . . ." His tone was coaxing, wooing, promising, in its very hushed resonance, that all would be well, that pain was agonizing but not fatal, that it was not an end of days nor a floodgate of punishment and horror, that it was safe to enter the past again.

Tompkins' head moved from side to side, and he moaned. "Oh, Jeeze . . . no . . . I don' wanna go up. This one's a sweat-job. . . . Okay, Big Jim!" he shouted. "Here we go . . . hot, it's so hot. Hi, Buck, you gonna get fried the minute we get back? . . . Goddam them motors. . . . Up—up—*up*. Go—Jim—*up!* Jeeze, won't he never get this goddam coffin off the groun'—yih! We're up! . . . This is a cinch, sure. Nothin' comin' at us, nothin' shootin'. Gunner to pilot; gunner to pilot: 'Okay if I take a practice shot? Roger.' "

Tompkins' hands came up as if he were moving a big gun, sighting, and his voice imitated a burst of gunfire. "Pr-r-r-! P-r-r-r-! . . . Shoot the breeze . . . Cinchy . . . *What's that?* Down there! No, oh, Jeeze, comin' at us! Go back! Cap, please, the flak . . . *Where?* Four o'clock. M.E. 109 . . . You dirty murderin' Heinie—" His whole body shook as, holding the imaginary gun, he rattled off a burst of fire to the Messerschmitt that was once more coming in at four o'clock.

"I got him! Jim! Look't 'im bust open. He's goin' down! Burn! Yellow bastard! Burn!" He stopped, burbling, and screamed. "We're *hit!* . . . Oh, no! Omigod. Oh, Jesus! Dear Jesus. Save me, please, God. I'll be good. I'll be a good boy . . . The number 2—We're droppin'. Ma! *We're gonna crash!* Jim! Pull 'er up, *up* please—lookout!"

A long, attenuated "Oooooh!" of terror, the sound pulled out like taffy; then a scream from the boy, his face gray paste, dripping with sweat, his head jerking, tossing, turning, a bubble of foam trickling out of the corner of his mouth.

Captain Newman leaned closer and depressed the plunger he had never removed from the boy's vein, sending another cc into the vein, murmuring. "C'mon. Okay, boy. C'mon. Little Jim. You're down. You crashed. You're in that plane." He withdrew the needle.

Tompkins' hands flew up over his head and grabbed the iron rung of the cot. "Smoke! Lemme out! Oh, Christ. *We're burnin'!* Out—*out!*" He pulled himself against the frame of the cot, straining, bulging his arms, astonishingly quick, his body trying to repeat an earlier escape through a hatch. "Oh, Jeeze. Outa my way—Buck! Mother o' God, he ain't got no head! Buck! Oh, God! *Put back his head.* Please—someone—he don't *look* right. *Fire!* Tanks. They'll *go.* Get out . . . Pull . . . *up* . . . I'm out! Yay! Jump! Run . . . What's that? . . . *Who's yellin'?*"

Tompkins' face and arms and writhing body froze, just as the voice from the burning plane had frozen him that morning as he'd run away. "Big Jim—still in there—callin'. 'Little Ji-i-m!' "



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Of course, your guess won't always be right. Just as well perhaps. What on earth would you expect to find at Blubberhouses, Wrangle, Sinwell and Ugley? The latter is one of the prettiest villages in Essex—the county that Constable lov

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Tompkins' voice spilled out in a thin, high echoing wail. "'Help . . . Save me. Little Ji-i-m.' *Go back!* Pull him out—but the tanks . . ." From the boy's mouth came a whooshing, hollow roar like the roar of a plane catching fire. "Run! *Run!* Run!"

Tompkins' head snapped sidewards, insensate, and his lips parted and sound rattled in his throat and he lost the consciousness he had lost once before.

Captain Newman watched him for a moment, hearing the rasp of his own breathing, feeling the sodden weight of silence, and he felt the perspiration running down his face. He stared at Tompkins absently, his face sagging, and he could feel the blood squeezing into his legs. It was stifling hot in the room. He unbuttoned his collar and stood up and opened the window. The sun was hammering on the drum of the sky. He wiped his face with his hand and looked at his watch. It was 11:13.

He felt dry and spent now. He wondered how much men can endure—how much fear and terror and unutterable pain. "God . . ." he thought. No. In this universe of another man's soul he had entered, God was silent. He felt a sudden rush of protest. He was no angel of deliverance. He felt suddenly alone, abandoned, and unaided in some darkening arena where beasts of horror roved. "We ask too much of them," he thought. And who was *he* of whom they asked so much—in strength and insight's intercession?

He wiped his throat and neck with a towel and noticed that his hands were shaking. He poured some water into a glass from the carafe his orderlies had given him for Christmas, and dipped his handkerchief into the glass and cooled his temples. He got a cigarette and was about to light it, but put it down, troubled, looking at Tompkins.

In time, Tompkins gave a massive, arching yawn, and stretched his arms and rubbed his eyes. "Jeeze . . . I musta dozed off."

"Mmh."

"Jeeze, I feel tired. Best I slept in months." Tompkins sat up, yawning, and moved his feet to the floor. He noticed the stains on his shirt and pants. "Chris', I'm sweatin' like a pig. That's what I'm sweatin' like—a goddam pig."

"How about a cigarette?" Newman held the pack out and Tompkins yawned again and took a cigarette, mumbling, "Man, I musta got me ten, twelve hours shut-eye." He yawned and rubbed his eyes again. "Hey, Doc, d'I talk in m' sleep?"

"Uh, huh."

He hesitated, blinking his eyes; then he licked his lips nervously. "What d'I say, Doc?"

"Omigod," Newman groaned, "every one of you guys thinks you're so damn special. I'm not passing out any prizes for suffering! And if I did, you wouldn't even be in the running. Hell, I was expecting stuff would blow me right out of my seat. No, you're not even in the running. I've got guys in that ward make you look like Little Miss Muffet."

"But I—Big Jim—"

"I know all about it," said Newman harshly. "Come in tomorrow. Now get the hell out of here and run around the track or play some volleyball. I've got *work* to do."

Tompkins grinned weakly and left. He was whistling.

In several minutes, Private Laibowitz entered. He studied Captain Newman and sat down without a word. After a while he ventured, "That kid from Kentucky. It wasn't pretty, huh?"

Newman glanced out of the window. The heat was shivering across the face of the earth. "No, it wasn't pretty, Jake."

WHEN Tompkins came into Captain Newman's office the next morning, he was strutting. "Hi, Doc!" he called, tilting back in a chair, putting his feet up on Newman's desk. "Feel great this morning. Shoot."

Newman surveyed Tompkins icily. "Take your goddam feet off my desk, soldier. And don't ever pull that kind of stuff on me again."

Tompkins brought his feet down to the floor with a slam, his eyes simmering.

"When you're here," said Newman, "you'll show respect—for me, and for yourself. I'm not going to let you cheapen any guy who did fifty-two missions and wears all that spinach on his chest! Listen. I'm going to help you—even if you fight me every inch of the way. I can be just as rough on you as you are on yourself. So let's take the gloves off and give you a real good shellacking."

Tompkins glared at him in silence.

"Attaboy," said Newman sarcastically. "Keep torturing yourself. Keep blaming yourself. Keep rubbing your face in it. . . . So you ran away when you heard Big Jim yelling . . ."

Tompkins turned ashen and half rose. "Stop!"

"Stop?" Newman asked in astonishment. "What the hell for? Are you the only guy in the world has a right to treat you like a dog?"

"I ran out on him!" cried Tompkins. "I let him die! There wasn't a piece of him left even

to bury—and that's what *I* did, see! And it wasn't purty! And I ain't never gonna fergit it—never, never, never!" He pounded the desk with his fist.

Newman nodded. "Good. Now we're getting somewhere."

"I'm no good!"

"You sure ain't."

"I'm a goddam low-down yellow-belly coward!"

"Right," said Newman. "You're not worth the ammo to shoot your brains out. You never did a decent thing in your life. *You* never flew no fifty-two missions. *You* never got no Purple Heart. *You* never won three combat citations."

"Lay off—"

"You were scared when that crate crashed—like any other guy would be. But Jim Tompkins isn't *allowed* to get scared, is he? You ran for your life—like any other guy would. But Jim Tompkins isn't *allowed* to be human, is he?"

"I shoulda gone back! I shoulda pulled him out!"

"Right. You shoulda tried. But what makes you so damn sure you'd been able to pull him out?"

Tompkins looked up. "Huh?"

"The plane would still have exploded—and blown you, too, into all those little pieces no one ever found. So the Jerries would have chalked up another guy—a pretty sharp gunner, fifty-two missions. *That* would have been smart, wouldn't it? Handing the bastards who shot down Jim another guy on a platter, for dessert."

"But—"

"Stop interrupting!" Newman hit the table with his fist just as Tompkins had done. "You heard Jim's voice and turned and saw the plane and the flames and you froze—like any guy who isn't off his rocker would do. That was being a rat, wasn't it, a yellow-belly who *always* runs out on a pal crying for help—"

"No! I once dived in a burnin' cockpit—dragged out a guy—"

"Oh, let's not put *that* on the score card," Newman said ironically. "Let's not let Jim Tompkins off the hook, boy. We got to punish that Tompkins real hard. After all, he personally shot down that B-24 himself—"

"Me? You're crazy! It was flak—Messerschmitts."

"Oh," said Newman with a grimace of disappointment. "I thought we could hang the whole crash on you."

"That don't make sense!"

Newman hesitated, nodding, shifting the level of his voice: "Neither does what you've been doing to yourself." He leaned back and let the silence hang in the air and lighted a cigarette. "You feel guilty? You should. You need to suffer? Go ahead. But let's figure out a reasonable amount of misery to pay off that guilt. . . . Jim, I've got an idea. Why don't you chop off your foot?" Tompkins' eyes widened and he stared at Newman. "You heard me, boy. Why don't you go out and get an axe and chop off your foot?"

"I don't git it."

"How about your hand, then? Lots of guys pay off with an 'accident'. You can, too. Go out, get careless."

"Don't talk crazy!"

Newman shrugged. "Is a hand too much? Then how about some toes? Or a finger? I think that would—"

"Stop! None of that'll bring Big Jim back!" Tompkins cried.

"And neither will what you've been doing to yourself," said Newman quietly.

Tompkins looked up, bewildered, gaunt, and buried his face in his hands and wept. Newman let him weep and weep and weep, until Tompkins moaned into his hands, "Oh, Jeeze. Me cryin'—cryin' like a kid."

"It's about time. You're crying for Jim. You ought to. You loved him. And he's dead." Newman paused. "You can let yourself *feel* now, Jim. That's good." He looked at his wrist watch. "Well, have we beat you up enough for one day? Wash your face and get some coffee. . . . See you tomorrow."

EVERY day at eleven, for a week, Tompkins came to Captain Newman. And every day—in varied ways, with varied intensities—Newman acted out the role of another man's relentless conscience. He knew that only by taking over the harshest features of the harshest self could he reach a man whose self had closed itself off to mercy.

Each night, as he lay sleepless in his bed, Newman thought of the next day's requirements: he would have to present Tompkins with the naked image of his own self-hatred, his own unreasoning harshness. And when punishment had run its course and pain cried out for surcease, he had to offer the boy a new conscience, a conscience which could replace and relax the frightful demands of the old.

Yet it was not these thoughts that tore deepest at the fabric of Captain Newman's sleep. These were insights from which to shape a design for healing. It was something else that reached through the darkness to rend his heart. "If I

let him stay sick, the boy will live. If I make him well, the boy will die . . ." For Newman knew that if what he was doing succeeded, Tompkins would surely ask to go back into combat. But if he let Tompkins stay ill—a bundle of incapacitating guilt, a ball of internalized hate—the boy could live on in Ward 8 until this war, and perhaps another, would end. "My job is to make them well," Newman thought, "well enough to get killed."

Was this the goal of his calling? Was this what he had dedicated himself to?

ONE morning Tompkins came in late and said, straight off: "Think I can get back overseas, Doc?"

Newman felt the beat of his pulse quicken. "Why?"

"It figgers that way, that's all. *I* didn't kill Big Jim. You know who did? The Jerries. Them goddam Nazzies. So I want another crack at them, Doc. To even up the score. Whadya say? You goin' to fix it for me to git back to some shootin'?"

That was the moment Newman had hoped for, wanted, hated, dreaded. "I hear the missions are getting rougher and rougher," he said.

"Bound to."

"A lot of our guys are getting shot up."

"Sure are."

"You can get your goddam head blown off in one of those raids," said Newman.

Tompkins shot him a quick look. "You sure can, Doc."

Newman took a moment to pour some water. "You know you can stick around here a little longer . . ."

"Nope, Doc. I got to git out of here. A couple more missions, Doc, that's all I want."

"Why?"

Tompkins hesitated. "I jest owe it to Big Jim, I guess. And them other guys that went down with him."

Ten days later, Corporal James Bowie Tompkins, AAF, gunner, was shipped out, out of the hospital, off our post on a desert palpable with heat, to an Eighth Air Force squadron somewhere in the green and mist of England.

It was two months later, just after Easter, when the heat was beginning to crack our lips and each night came on wings of blessed chill, that Laibowitz came rushing in with a letter from a pal in England: Corporal James Bowie Tompkins, of Boonefort, Kentucky, was in the lead plane on a block-buster raid on Berlin, had shot down two Nazis, and was last seen going down



with nine comrades in the pyre of a Flying Fortress, down, doomed, headlong, flaming. "Christ, Doc," cried Laibowitz, "you *saved* that boy."

Captain Newman went into his office and closed the door. He wanted to lock the door, but he didn't. He wanted to take a drink (it would be wonderful to get drunk) but he didn't. He sat down in his chair and turned it so that his back was to the door and he stared across the parade grounds into the baking and merciless sunset. His temples were throbbing, his throat parched, but he could feel his palms breaking into sweat. And even then, he made himself remember that his next patient—a panic-ridden Major from a fighter group—would be plunged into unutterable despair if good old Captain Newman kept him waiting.

Judge Samuel H. Hofstadter
and Arthur Herzog

Common Sense about ALIMONY

Our out-of-date divorce laws ignore the facts about modern women—and do a lot of unnecessary harm both to them and to their ex-husbands.

LAST year a husband and wife in their mid-thirties who had been married for five years and had no children sought a divorce in Florida on grounds of cruelty. It was granted, and the husband was ordered by the court to pay his ex-wife $30 a week alimony. He, as it happened, made $100 a week, out of which he helped to support his parents. She, on the other hand, earned $150 a week at an advertising agency and had no dependents.

This preposterous court decision is not, unhappily, an isolated instance but rather typical of our current divorce laws all over the country. As a result there is a new and growing class in our society which might be called alimony drones—women who, regardless of their own abilities or resources, depend on their former husbands as their major or even sole means of support. Since the great majority of divorces occur within the first five years of marriage and 65 per cent do not involve minor children, most of these women are in a good position to provide for themselves, if only they were required to do so. Yet in almost all of the divorces granted the husband is required to pay alimony.

Theoretically the amount is based on several factors: the man's ability to pay, the couple's previous standard of living, and which party is at fault. In practice, the husband's bank account is usually the crucial element. (The rule-of-thumb figure mentioned by experienced attorneys is about one-third of the man's income.) The other side of the coin—the wife's age, income, earning potential, and the duration of the marriage—is not sufficiently considered by the courts. So a young California woman can feel free to ask, as one did recently, $1,500,000 after one week of marriage.

The effect of this state of affairs on the men involved is obvious. What is not often realized is that excessive alimony can also be harmful to the women who receive it. A few years ago a man in show business making $30,000 a year agreed to give his thirty-two-year-old wife $10,000 a year, one-third of everything he earned over $30,000 (which turned out to be a substantial sum), and all property held between them, including a car and a house. He further pledged to keep up the mortgage payments on the house and the payments on his life-insurance policy of which his wife was the beneficiary.

The man in this instance has plenty of money left, though he may well wonder what will happen to him if his ratings tumble. Alimony arrangements, when privately settled by separation agreements, as these were, are fixed and cannot often be changed by the courts—even if the man no longer has the income to make the payments.

Though the wife in this generous arrangement did not get quite enough to send her to Paris for her clothes, still with no dependents she could comfortably winter in Florida and summer at Cape Cod. But her underlying problems seemed to be aggravated by the alimony. She had no pleasant memories of her marriage and little faith in her ability to succeed in a new one. Furthermore, she was afraid of risking her financial security. So she entered into one romantic situation after another, only to back out at the first suggestion of marriage. Alimony has kept this woman from putting herself in a position where she would be forced to reorganize her life on a new and better basis and to deal actively, not passively, with experience. She does not work and has developed no talents. She can neither reject the past, accept the present, nor anticipate the future.

At the other end of the scale, our present procedure of treating almost all divorce cases alike, instead of each one for what it is—a highly individual problem in domestic relations

—may leave a woman who actually needs it with too little alimony. Given poor legal advice or a husband who lies about his income, a woman who has given up her own career, contributed to her husband's, and borne him children may not get enough money to live on comfortably, although her husband can well afford to pay. Other women who refuse to identify themselves with the victimizers of husbands may forgo alimony altogether. There are many such cases where alimony was badly needed, but there was no public agency available to advise the women about it.

MODERN VS. MEDIEVAL WOMEN

OUR matrimonial laws are what they are today because the law, ever slow to change, does not quite believe what statistics tell us about modern women. Alimony was originally an innovation of the English ecclesiastical courts, meant to provide for wives in the days when there was no such thing as absolute divorce. The best the courts could offer, and this only on proof of the gravest fault, was a separation *a mensa et thoro*—from bed and board. The separation was physical, never financial, and the husband paid "alimony" (from the Latin "to nourish") in view of his continuing marital obligations. Neither spouse could re-marry, nor, of course, could the husband assume the responsibilities of a new wife and children, as so often happens today. Since the wife—who had no legal identity apart from her husband's and could not own property—had no way to support herself, it was her husband's job to see that she did not become a public charge.

Today, of course, there is absolute divorce and women's equality has been established by law, custom, and economics. It is estimated that women control 70 per cent of our national wealth; and of our twenty-one million women workers, two-thirds are married. Although there is not yet complete equality of opportunity for women, a woman who is young enough and wants to work can support herself—often as well as a man can.

In this kind of society, alimony has severe psychological drawbacks for both parties. It perpetuates a relationship both would like to sever. A woman who has always thought her husband was stingy finds additional fuel for her anger in his reluctance to pay alimony—or as much alimony as she feels she deserves. A man who has complained about his wife's extravagance is confronted by fresh evidence every time an alimony payment is due. In both cases, the original dislike or irritation can deepen into something close to truly pathological hatred and vindictiveness. A woman may take perverse pleasure in her new power to force her husband to do something he doesn't want to do; or she may try to punish him for past wrongs by making it impossible for him to marry again. A man who believes that his wife was to blame for the failure of the marriage may fight against paying any alimony—even if it means losing more in prestige than he can hope to win in cash—and end by despising both his wife and the legal processes.

But perhaps the most compelling argument against our present alimony practices is that, by making it extremely difficult for a divided couple to reconcile, they contribute to the large divorce rate. One experienced marriage counselor believes that 50 per cent of the couples who start divorce proceedings hope that something will stop them before it's too late. Nothing does. The original area of dispute between them soon becomes a sort of legal No Man's Land where each side is separated from the other by snarls of legalistic barbed wire. Negotiations across these barriers are conducted not by the two people involved—unacquainted with the law, they might make crucial mistakes—but by lawyer intermediaries, each anxious to do the best possible by his client, each aware of all the worst possibilities.

In most jurisdictions, the first question to be settled by the court—or by the spouses in mutual agreement—is fault. As the law now stands, guilt or innocence in ending the marriage is an important consideration in deciding whether or not alimony is to be awarded, and, if so, how much. Even if neither spouse is really "guilty," an offending party must be named; and alimony is paid, or forfeited, accordingly. Consequently each lawyer will advise his client to try to make the other party look as black as possible.

Once fault is established, it is up to the spouses—or their lawyers—to prove how much alimony the husband can afford to pay, if the guilt has been declared his. If the application is for temporary alimony, the spouses submit the pertinent facts in affidavits. These are often wildly contradictory. In one recent action, a wife claimed her husband's annual income was $25,000, while he put it at under $4,000. The court has no facilities to make independent investigations of such conflicting claims, and there is usually no hearing. The judge must rely on

experience to extract from the documents before him some approach to the truth.

The procedure is not substantially different when the case goes on to final court action. A new judge presides, both spouses and their lawyers are present, and there are charges, countercharges, examinations, and cross-examinations. Like the judge who awarded the temporary alimony, the trial judge has no adequate facilities to investigate the ingenious claims put before him, and almost always he reaches a figure very close to the temporary one.

To be sure, most alimony questions are settled out of court before the final trial, by separation agreement. But the bargaining is based on the well-known attitudes of the courts, which will be the final arbiter if negotiations break down. No matter how alimony controversies are settled, they rest on outmoded considerations which ought to be changed.

ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE JUSTICE

OUR alimony laws should be revised in three basic ways: First, the position of women in the modern world should be recognized.

Second, fault—except gross fault like adultery or willful abandonment—should be eliminated as a criterion.

Third, courts should be able to force the spouses to give an accurate picture of their finances.

The best yardstick courts could use in awarding alimony is what might be called the woman's "net need"—that is, what she really needs, consistent with her former standard of living, after her assets and earning power have been evaluated. Where there is no true need, no award should be made. The question of fault, except in extreme cases, such as adultery or willful abandonment, should be set aside because, in most contemporary divorces, both sides are responsible for the marriage's failure, no matter which spouse asked to end it.

Finally, all courts should follow the enlightened example of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, St. Louis, and Detroit and adopt a sociological approach to alimony awards. The well-staffed courts in these cities require both spouses to fill out detailed financial questionnaires that force some degree of exactness. Furthermore, they are equipped to investigate the truth of the claims.

These reforms could be made without changes in statutory law—that is, laws passed by state legislatures. As most of the laws now read, alimony should be "adequate" or "sufficient," but the actual amount is left to the court to determine. The judges work from what is called decisional law—the body of legal theory built up over the years by the state courts deciding similar cases before them. In most instances the courts themselves are free to make the needed alterations.

Under medieval law there was a kind of rough-and-tumble justice by ordeal in which the parties stood with their arms crossed over their breasts, and the one who endured the longer was declared the winner. We are still too close to this kind of justice in our divorce cases. Alimony will never be an easy problem to solve, but we can help both husbands and wives by bringing our alimony customs up to date.

SO *THAT*'S WHAT'S BEEN HOLDING US BACK

WHEN we were boys, boys had to do a little work in school. They were not coaxed; they were hammered. Spelling, writing, and arithmetic were not electives, and you had to learn.

In these more fortunate times, elementary education has become in many places a sort of vaudeville show. The child must be kept amused and learns what he pleases. Many teachers scorn the old-fashioned rudiments; and it seems to be regarded as a misfortune and a crime for a child to learn to read and spell by the old methods. As a result of all the improvements, there is a race of gifted pupils more or less ignorant of the once-prized elements of an ordinary education.

—New York *Sun*, October 5, 1902.

Philip W. Barber

Tom Wolfe Writes a Play

His stay at Harvard to study playwriting was a drama in itself. . . . An old friend describes Wolfe's explosive days there and tells of the tragic death of the man on whom he based one of his most intriguing characters.

I MET Tom Wolfe when he was twenty-two and in his second year of graduate work at Harvard. I was nineteen, fresh from Iowa, and like Tom, painfully self-conscious, and hostile to everyone who seemed to be at ease with the New England culture that we had come so far to absorb; it was on this basis that our relationship was established.

Tom was a member of George Pierce Baker's English 47 A (advanced playwriting) and I was in English 47, the first year course, so it was some weeks before we met. One October afternoon, knowing few people and having nothing better to do, I headed for Massachusetts Hall, the red-brick, gambrel-roofed building dating from 1700 and the oldest building in the Harvard Yard. Here the maintenance superintendent had his offices, and here Baker's famous 47 Dramatic Workshop had been allotted space, as President Lowell considered the practicing theater socially and academically on a level with carpentry, plumbing, and minor repairs. Baker occupied a tiny box of an office, partitioned off in one corner of a large two-story open space that was used for building, painting, and storing scenery, and for rehearsals and playwriting classes.

As I crossed the Yard I saw a familiar figure approaching—Kenneth Raisbeck, Baker's assistant and a playwriting student with the advanced group. Rather fragile without being particularly small, he walked smoothly and gracefully, as though he knew who he was, where he was going, and why. At his side was a shambling giant, hatless, without a topcoat, shaggy uncut brown hair tumbling about, lumbering uncertainly along, almost balancing from one foot to the other as he tried to slow his naturally long and rapid strides to Raisbeck's gait.

It was Raisbeck, however, who held my attention. A rather cherubic face with apple cheeks and curly dark hair was balanced by eyes that had an electric intelligence and were at the same time warm and merry. I had had an experience in class with his sharp criticism and sympathetic insight. He joined in argument with the zest of a seventeenth-century bravo testing his sword in a street fight, and with the grace of a skilled duelist. He would indifferently take on Baker or the whole class, but abstained from group attack on a bleeding playwright.

Now on this bright Indian summer afternoon I felt how well Raisbeck would have fitted into an earlier, more colorful century. He was flamboyantly blended in shades from wheaten to light brown; English tweeds, tan topcoat, brown shoes, and an elegant hat that had never been jumped on, thrust into a corner, put under the mattress, or otherwise made to resemble the classic Harvard hat; these items were set off by a yellow Malacca cane that he lightly and precisely whisked along, and by a jaunty young Irish terrier, pure wheaten color, who amazingly had somehow been taught perfect English manners and who trotted along as precisely as Raisbeck, wearing his bright green collar with an air.

We met near the door of Mass Hall and Raisbeck nodded and smiled at me as though the meeting were a real pleasure; he spoke a few words to his terrier, hung his cane on the low limb of a nearby tree, and as the dog settled obediently under the cane I found myself being introduced to Tom Wolfe. Raisbeck had business in Baker's office and he left us together. Tom and I, still shaking hands and mumbling greetings, looked each other over. I was reassured by Tom's embarrassment and awkwardness, and he, I imagine, by mine. We relaxed and started tossing exploratory questions and answers back and forth.

However far apart, Asheville, North Carolina, and Mason City, Iowa, had given to Tom and to me a good deal in common. Tom was like a hundred people I had known in the Midwest. His hunger, violence, physical vigor, and run-of-the-mouth were thoroughly familiar. To do too much, eat too much, talk too much, and dream too much were characteristics that I knew

from childhood. Tom seemed flatteringly interested in me, and I answered his questions eagerly, but these moments of give-and-take conversation were to be rare. Tom talked essays, dramas, and narratives, and he no more expected to hear from his audience than an actor on stage would expect comment from beyond the footlights.

PSYCHIC CANNIBALISM

ON THIS afternoon he chose the essay form; his topic, recent graduates of the Workshop and the more challenging playwrights in his own class. Philip Barry, whose comedy writing Tom neither understood nor wanted to understand, was demolished by a bear's-paw sweep of heavy ridicule. Roscoe Brink, whose charming play, "Catskill Dutch to Her," was to be the second production of the year, was next. Kindly, gentle, witty (usually at his own expense), Brink was a more difficult subject for Tom, so challenging that Tom was still grappling with the problem of what to make of Brink when he was writing the Cambridge sequences in his novel *Of Time and the River,* where Brink is lampooned as Oswald Ten Eyk.

To Henry Fiske Carleton, later a radio writer of distinction, he gave his enthusiastic attention, however. A play by Carleton had been the first Workshop production of the fall. Dealing with the itinerant workers of the wheat harvest, it was a type of play that Baker seemed to favor—the regional character study. Its rather unfortunate name, "Slug," gave Tom his text, and he joyously ripped into the plot, characters, and dialogue; the dramatic feeling was sluggish, the characters were slugs and worms, and spiritual inspiration absent as in the slug of a ponderous fist.

As Tom cut and carved and tore and pounded, his excitement grew, and vitality entered into him. His eyes, usually wary and distant, became more prominent; his chest expanded, his voice took on volume and power; and he held himself taller and straighter. His head thrust forward, fiercely nodded for emphasis. Even his shirt seemed to become excited, the drooping points of his collar turning up and out, his tie slipping to the side. Words seemed to be coming into his mouth in great groups, to be spit forth one at a time. Remembered now, it seems virulent gossip raised to high intensity, but Tom's lusty pleasure and pure happiness in demolishing made his verbal brawling exciting, even as I mentally footnoted his critical diatribes with dozens of factual exceptions.

At some moment during Tom's psychic cannibalism Raisbeck had reappeared. He did not like Tom's performance. His face was tight, his eyes blank, as though by mechanical control he had turned off his human reactions. Somehow he dammed the flow of words. Perhaps it was simply that Tom, with his terrible sensitivity, grasped the unspoken disapproval. They went off across the Yard together, Raisbeck leaving the feeling of a warm smile behind, Tom waving back at me with a sweep of the arm, and the Irish terrier trotting at Raisbeck's heel.

During the winter I saw little of Tom beyond greetings in passing, a wave, or a nod. In April, however, I began to spend three or four hours with him daily. Baker had put Tom's play, "Niggertown," into rehearsal, chastely rechristened for Cambridge audiences, "Welcome to Our City," and I was stage manager. Tom's play was an hour-and-a-half overlong, by pre-O'Neill standards, and Tom had refused to cut it in advance of rehearsals, confident that the enthusiasm of the actors for his lines, and the sheer magic of his writing would work a spell on Baker. Professor Baker, with his firm belief that all human beings, even playwrights and actors, were susceptible to reason, was equally sure that the need for drastic cutting would be evident to Tom as soon as the play was "on its feet."

The first days of rehearsal were without incident. The principal actors read through the play, sitting in a semicircle in the paint-spattered wooden chairs, the same chairs we used for playwriting class. A single droplight provided illumination, but breaking with theater tradition, this "work" light was shaded, and cast its light in a great pool, leaving most of the two-story room in shadows. Baker sat well inside the circle of light, facing the actors, his script resting on a narrow wooden table. A little to the side of Baker was the stage manager's table, where I laid my script, pencils ready for cuts or notes. Tom sat close by to glance at my script, though he never did. He must have known every line in the play by heart.

Beyond us in the shadows the scene-docks loomed, filled with scenery of past productions. There was a smell of paint and glue and lumber, wonderfully unlike classroom or college.

As the actors started their readings, Baker leaned forward eagerly. His eyes, flashing behind his beribboned pince-nez, darted back and forth from script to actors' faces with a driving will, occasionally illuminated by an expression of sardonic humor.

Tom lounged back in one of the small chairs, stretched out almost horizontal, as though to bring himself down to the level of the rest of the world; at times he would lunge upright, twisting sideways and winding a long arm around the back of the chair; and then restlessly he would throw himself forward, chin on his fists, elbows on his knees, but always intent on the words issuing from the actors' lips. He was quick with joyous laughter at a line he considered humorous. This pleased the actor, of course, and irritated Professor Baker.

AGASSIZ HOUSE THEATRE
MAY 11 and 12, 1923

THE 47 WORKSHOP
PRESENTS
WELCOME TO OUR CITY
A PLAY IN TEN SCENES
BY
THOMAS CLAYTON WOLFE

TOM'S play was exciting to me because it struck savagely at the pretentiousness, hypocrisy, and cultural absurdities of a small town that happened to be in the South but might as well have been in the Middle West. Woven through the play is a satire on boosters and Babbitts—the secretary of the Board of Trade and other representatives of the commercial interests of Altamount—who are all hell-bent for bigness and regard size as the essence of "Progress." From time to time Tom stopped the action of the play and used minor characters to lambaste the YMCA, politics, the Governor of the state, and the local community drama group.

But all these lampoons and satires are sideshow entertainments. The dramatic heart of the play is the struggle between Mr. Rutledge, a Southerner of the magnolia and Grecian columns tradition, and Dr. Johnson, a mulatto doctor who now owns and lives in the old Rutledge family home. Rutledge is negotiating to regain possession of the house when Dr. Johnson discovers young Lee Rutledge seducing his daughter. He "insults" the boy by "laying hands on him" and angrily refuses to sell his home to the boy's father. The "insult" is eventually revenged by young Rutledge (in the uniform of a National Guard officer) who shoots Johnson during riot duty in Altamount, and the disputed house is burned by white rioters.

Tom's portrayal of the white hypocrisies and injustices to the Negro seems modern, but he is fascinated by the old aristocratic tradition, and it is largely the "white trash" whom he makes responsible for what is ugly in Altamount.

Dr. Johnson is a Negro of strong character and intelligence, Tom leads us to believe, only because of his white heritage. The aristocratic Mr. Rutledge is suitably unhappy when the violence that erupts is climaxed by his son's murder of Dr. Johnson, and he expresses his sorrow poetically:

"My life is creeping home on broken feet."

A moment later he gives Tom's epitaph for the dying Dr. Johnson:

"Poor fool! Why did you choose to become a man?"

Of course there were no Negro actors in the 47 Workshop, and in 1923 it would not have occurred to anyone to bring them in. Baker, with an eye for realism, cast the Negro characters as far as possible with young men of Southern background belonging to the Harvard Dramat. The cast was very good. Among those that I remember as outstanding were John Davis Lodge as the young Southern aristocrat, Lee Rutledge, who shoots Dr. Johnson; Richard Aldrich, who doubled in the play as a schoolteacher dismissed because of his belief in evolution, and as the tight-lipped colonel of the militia; Leon Pearson as the absurdly pretentious little politician who becomes Governor; and Dorothy Sands who played Dr. Johnson's seductive daughter.

The play as published last October in *Esquire* was somewhat longer than the cut version performed at Cambridge. In its original state it contained more burlesque and lampooning of small-town manners, which even then seemed embarrassing, although I was fiercely sympathetic to the play. It was primarily these passages, which held up the story, that Baker was determined to eliminate. As he went about the cleaning away, a second drama was played in the rehearsal room.

About a week after rehearsals had begun, and the actors were moving about in the scenes, Baker stopped the rehearsal, turned to Tom and suggested that he would like to make such and such cuts, or at least to have the actors replay the scene with the cuts to see whether anything was gained. Tom made a gesture of agreement, promptly followed by reasons why he felt the lines in question should be left in. Baker listened politely, then turned to the actors and read them the cuts. As he read, Tom, now sitting

erect, began weaving back and forth in his chair like a polar bear suffering from the heat, and as Baker finished giving the cuts to the actors, Tom sprang to his feet with a tortured yell, and rushed out into the night.

There was a moment's astonished pause. Then Baker matter-of-factly asked the cast to reread the scene, with the cuts. Rather subdued, they did so. At the end Baker said, "Let's keep it that way for the time being," and the rehearsal went on.

Ten or fifteen minutes later Tom walked in, quietly and casually, and took his seat as though he had been out for a cigarette. There was no further reference to that cut, and no visible pain manifested by Tom when the scene as cut was played the next night.

But this electrifying explosion, this leaping up, hands waving, with a bellow of distress, took place every time a cut was made for the first time. It began to be something we rather looked forward to, since the blow-up was apparently harmless, always followed by Tom's matter-of-fact return to rehearsal.

At all times Tom's attitude toward us who were working on the play was friendly, amiable, encouraging. He showed a capacity for pleasant small talk and he even listened to people, asking polite questions, uttering small words of agreement, and generally acting suspiciously like a Southern gentleman.

Raisbeck sporadically attended rehearsals, as he did of other productions, expressed no opinions, and in general effaced himself, sitting well back in the unlighted area. He was present one night when Tom erupted; shortly after, and before Tom returned, he quietly left.

Opening night went off well, as did the second and final performance. The invited audiences, having their coffee in the large room behind the stage in Agassiz House at Radcliffe, seemed to me lively and far more interested and excited than was usually the case. On the second evening Theresa Helburn of the Theater Guild came up to see the play at Baker's invitation, and the excited rumor that spread among us was that she liked it, and that Tom was to send his script to the Guild for consideration.

The next I heard of Tom was the following fall. I was sitting in Baker's office when he looked up from a letter he was reading and said:

"Listen to this from Tom Wolfe:

"'I have been having "Welcome to Our City" copied to submit to the Guild. The young stenographer who is copying it for me has just come to the first cut that you made. She broke into laughter at the comedy lines. Needless to say I am putting back everything in the play that you cut out, so it will be exactly as it was before production.'"

Baker put the letter down and sat quietly for a few moments with a rather grim look. Then the sardonic smile triumphed, though there was an unaccustomed weariness on his face.

The next time I saw Tom was the summer of 1924. I had stayed on at Harvard summer school to work off some deficiencies in French, and I ran into Tom one afternoon in Harvard Square. He was lonely, was doing nothing in particular although he told me he was supposed to be doing some research in the Harvard library.

We made a date for the next evening. Neither of us had money beyond that required for



Thomas Wolfe has already said *everything, I tell you!*

the bare minimums, we neither of us knew anyone in Cambridge whom we could drop in on that summer, so the only recreation open to us was walking. My stride was as long as Tom's so we could walk in harmony. Tom seemed preoccupied, until I touched on the subject of food. Our imaginations soared, we described meals we would like to be eating. Perpetually hungry, we compared notes on the quantity that we could consume at a sitting. This was painful, under the circumstances, and we dropped the subject, ending up at the Waldorf Cafeteria in Harvard Square, sipping hot cocoa (five cents each).

THE FORGOTTEN CLUE

SITTING over this thin nourishment, Tom told me a recent experience that was bothering him. He had met with some casual friends who had a car, they had too much to drink, and had ended by being picked up by some small-town cops in South Carolina. Tom had been thrown into a cell; later he thought he saw a Negro in the cell with him. He had been so upset that he had screamed and banged at the door until he passed out; when he came to, the Negro was gone. The question disturbing Tom was: had the Negro ever been there, or had he imagined him? This was all the story amounted to, but Tom told it in the greatest detail, describing minutely every remembered impression during the evening.

On the third evening that we walked, Tom began going over the story for the fourth or fifth time, as though he were seeking some forgotten clue. I became impatient. I could not see that it made the slightest difference whether the Negro had been in the cell, or Tom had imagined him. I said so. Tom turned on me.

"It doesn't make a Goddamn bit of difference, but I want to know!"

"So he was in the cell."

"They wouldn't do that in South Carolina; put a white man in a cell with a nigger."

"You're so much better than a Negro?"

"Damn it, if they did it, it was an insult to me, and they meant to insult me!"

"So they meant to insult you."

"Maybe I made him up!"

"Maybe you did. So what?"

"If I did, why? Why did that come into my mind?"

"Because 'Welcome to Our City' put Negroes in your mind."

"You think so? And I made him up? He wasn't in the cell?"

"I don't know, and neither do you."

But it seemed he had to know, and he kept worrying it until my impatience finally silenced him.

I avoided Tom for a week or more and by then he'd left Cambridge. In the fall he and Raisbeck went to Europe; in that same fall of 1924 *Of Time and the River* records that Eugene Gant, who is Tom, and Francis Starwick, who by every physical description and detail of life we must identify with Raisbeck, also went to Europe, where their close relationship and its "tortured, tangled web of hatred, failure, and despair" came to its disastrous end.

Back in Cambridge the 47 Workshop suspended for the year while Baker took a sabbatical; and in February it was announced that Baker, and the Workshop, would resume at Yale, under the patronage of Edward L. Harkness, who was providing a million-dollar theater plant and an endowment for a School of Drama. This was probably a great relief to President Lowell, who evidently had not felt that it was politic to toss Baker out of Harvard, but who had done his best to make clear how unwelcome the living theater was. Massachusetts Hall had been taken from Baker in the fall, for rebuilding in fireproof form as a historic monument, and for use as a dormitory, and Baker had been offered in its place an opportunity to share a shabby brownstone building with Harvard's janitorial staff. Reluctantly he made the choice of giving up his comfortable Brattle Street home and starting afresh at Yale.

THE DEATH OF STARWICK

AFTER a little time in New York in various odd jobs in the theater I ended up at Yale teaching in the new Drama School, assisting Baker in the teaching of his playwriting course.

I believe it was in 1929 that Raisbeck paid us a visit there, the first time I had seen him in four years. I was happy to see him. His brightness and warmth were pleasant memories of Harvard. Now Raisbeck looked tired, and lacked that quality of hopeful expectation he had had. I chattered along to cover my concern and, of course, had to ask the obligatory question.

"How's your play coming?"

"I'd be grateful if you'd read it."

I told him I'd be glad to, but his request confused me. Raisbeck had always seemed so penetrating and wise in his analysis of plays, so sure of himself.

"I've sold it, but they think it isn't right. I've re-done it at least three times. Please tell me what you think."

His play was a comedy of manners, but as tight and unhappy as his face. I tried to find ways of talking creatively about it, but there was no essence of personality in it. Raisbeck couldn't find Raisbeck, so how could I? I had a low opinion of my criticism but it seemed useful to Raisbeck for he said he would rework the play and asked if I would read it again.

"Of course, and good luck with it." I didn't mention Tom, for their quarrel had been gossiped about for some time.

Raisbeck died six months later.

It was a few days after I had heard of his death that I came into the front office about four o'clock one afternoon and found Tom sitting on the edge of a desk waiting to see Baker. His continuing attachment to Baker seems curious, for his actions and words never indicated any fondness, and the portrait of Professor Hatcher in *Of Time and the River* seems to me a cold one. Evidently Baker's kindness and warmth were more important to him than Tom ever admitted.

Tom and I said hello as though we had met yesterday. I asked if he had heard about Raisbeck, and then I was sorry, for he reacted as though I had pulled a trigger. His voice deepened, he grew large, and I listened to a fantastic story of Raisbeck's death—a story that I later learned Tom told to a good many people.

He said that Raisbeck had borrowed a car to drive to New Haven (with the rewritten script?) and had picked up a young man for company. On the way, somewhere near Greenwich where Route One passes a cemetery, Raisbeck, overcome by lust (this was Tom's word) had abruptly stopped the car, dragged the young man out of the car and into the cemetery in an attempt to assault him; the young man had fought back but was losing the fight when his hand found a stone with which he hit Raisbeck on the head, killing him. Leaving Raisbeck among the graves the young man had run away. Later, the police seeing the parked car by the cemetery, had investigated, found Raisbeck's body, and had reconstructed the crime.

I thought the story nonsense and said so. Aside from Raisbeck's comparative physical fragility was the evidence of his character. His gentleness, his kindness, his taste made it impossible.

Furious, Tom shouted at me, "Raisbeck was nothing but an Illinois farm boy. That's where he was born, on an Illinois farm!"

The fury in Tom's voice and face and the ugliness of his story sickened me, and I left him abruptly.

Several hours later Tom had gone and I saw Baker, told him the story Tom had related. Baker's face turned grim and sad. He told me that he had given Tom the report of the examining physician. Tom had just nodded his head. The facts of Raisbeck's death Baker had learned from the doctor were these:

Raisbeck died of acute spinal meningitis, which can be fatal within a few hours from the first feeling of illness. During these hours the victim suffers almost unbearable pain. Raisbeck had evidently felt ill, stopped the car, and staggered into the cemetery, tearing at his collar, floundering about until he fell among the gravestones.

THE ACT RETURNS

FIVE years after Raisbeck died, *Of Time and the River* was published. My distress over Tom's distortion of Raisbeck's death came between me and the book. I did read through the Cambridge sequences, and flinched at the cartoons of men and women who thought they were Tom's friends. Recently, thinking about Tom, I picked up the book again and read it through.

Most of the characterizations of the people I had known still seemed to me to be cartoons, but I found gentle, even tender and warm words mixed with the derision. I found that Tom had decided it was better to be insulted by the state of South Carolina than to believe that he had dreamed up the Negro in the cell as a bugaboo.

As for Tom and Raisbeck: in *Of Time and the River*, after Eugene Gant denounces Starwick as "a dirty little fairy," after his raging attack on Starwick, there is a passage that seems an answer to my anger at Tom's slander of Raisbeck:

"There are some people who possess such a natural dignity of person—such a strange and rare inviolability of flesh and spirit—that any insult, above all, any act of violence upon them is unthinkable. If such an insult be intended, . . . the act returns a thousandfold upon the one who does it; his one blow returns in all the shame and terror of inexpiable memory. Starwick was such a person."

Reading this, I realized that any pity I might feel belonged to Tom rather than to Raisbeck; for the love and interplay and hate between them has been recorded by Tom, and will go on and on; Tom's act of violence and his shame.



After Hours

GET IN THERE AND LENS!

derick Lewis Allen in *The g Change* said that he had stonished, when he and Mrs. were collecting photographs eir several historical picture on the American scene, to dis- how few photographs existed inary scenes of daily life. What graphers seemed to like to re- vas the extraordinary, the dra- the romantic, high life and e, but not just life as it is lived st people. It is barely possible, hat the picture magazines de- much of their energies to try- pin down "normal" families, ture historians will not have llen's problem when they in- te our era. Futhermore the camera and the indiscrimi- shooting" which it encourages ave added mile upon mile of ves to family archives.

if this happens, it will be the everse of what I saw encour- at the National Photography at the Coliseum in New York February. I went there on a ay afternoon with a young who is a budding professional grapher. We had hoped to ut what was new in film and and cameras, but we never did.

place swarmed with men omen carrying cameras slung l their necks; the floor was with used flashbulbs and otive folders; the air was filled he conflicting strains of half-a- manufacturers of tape record- ers demonstrating the hi-fi quality of their wares with bits of "South Pacific," operatic arias, and band music. Through the din you could hear the soft sell going on as soft sellers poured their honey into microphones. The virtues of flashbulbs were being extolled from one beribboned booth; the Polaroid Land Camera (you now get a negative as well as a print in sixty seconds) from another; and techniques for lighting portraits from another. In other booths as gaudy as stalls on a midway, men and women sat on folding chairs with glazed eyes and hands limp in their laps, all too obviously benumbed by the noise and the crowd and wishing, surely, that I and my kind would go away and leave them alone.

To me the most surprising aspect of this corner of bedlam was the number of people carrying cameras. Had they come to show their cameras off? Surely not. Were they so addicted to their cameras that they never took them off except in the shower? Unlikely. Why, then? They must have come to the photographic show to take pictures which, as was soon apparent, is just what they did. The exhibitors had thoughtfully made it possible for them to take pictures that would look just like everybody else's pictures and something like the pictures in popular photography magazines.

"Follow that girl," I said to the young man with me. A ravishing blonde in what looked like a wedding dress with a considerable crinoline under it was working her way through the crowd. We lost her. But we found other girls who were sitting prettily on platforms surrounded by lights and smiling the undying but lifeless smile of the professional model. They held a pose for a few seconds, then moved their heads, canted their shoulders, raised and lowered their arms and their eyelids and the shutters clicked around them. In the section of the exhibition devoted to cameras made in Japan (big threat to the American manufacturers, mark you!) a little Japanese lady in a kimono stood under the slightly projecting eaves of a sort of tea house. She held artificial carnations and looked up languidly at Japanese lanterns. My young friend took a picture of her. He selected an oblique angle.

"What a waste of film," he said.

We headed in the direction of a young lady in a red dress and red hat, the feast of several dozen pairs of eyes and half as many lenses. (Incidentally, did you know that there is now a verb *to lens* and that *lensing* is its participle? I came on it in one of the press releases.)

"What a way to earn a buck," my friend said, but he seemed beguiled in spite of himself.

From the pictures that were displayed it was plain that the "extraordinary shot" is the desirable ambition set for amateur photographers. What life is like seems to be of little interest; that would be recording the humdrum. The ultimate goal of amateur photography seems to be technique, not pictures; it is not *what* but *how*. Just as many hi-fi fans care less about what music they hear than about range and balance, so the amateur photographer worries about print quality, grain, film speed, and depth of focus. He cares

passionately about the craft of photography, its lore, and its language.

This will obviously never solve the problem that Mr. Allen had in finding photographs of the commonplace. The trouble lies in the fact that there are very few people (Mr. Allen was one) who know when the commonplace is uncommonly revealing. The fact that there are now millions of people snapping pictures with increasingly foolproof equipment does not mean that our era will be any better recorded than the nineteenth century. It will merely have been seen by more lenses with their almost uncontrollable tendencies to romanticize, and their natural inclination to overlook the merely interesting.

But maybe, just maybe, out in Dubuque, somebody is doing for Iowa in this century what Atget, who was a Frenchman with a box camera, did for Paris in the last century. It's one road to immortality.

DAMN SCANDAL

ONCE upon a time there was a good foreign movie. It won the Grand Prize at Cannes and the Golden Gate award in San Francisco, where it ran for two months; in London the *New Statesman* called it "a masterpiece." So it came to New York, where there are thirty-six theaters devoted to "art" films and an audience of thousands. No sale. No theater wanted it.

Why? *Time* magazine quizzed a number of managers and elicited the following replies: "No sex . . ." said one. "I like it," said another, "but it wouldn't make money . . . besides a little girl dies. . . ." And again, "These peasants live in huts. My customers live on Park Avenue." Opposite his column in the New York *Post,* where Archer Winsten lambasted the theater owners for their short-sightedness, could be seen the enormous, bosomy ad of the Little Carnegie for "The Adulteress" —"in the terrifying tradition of 'Diabolique' . . . "

Not to put too fine a point on it, the so-called art theaters are now in the business of sex and sensation. They began years ago with a missionary and a clientele, and they struggled for the name "sure-seater"—meaning that you could always find a seat—which not willingly earned. "Harvest," *"Quai des Brumes,"* "The Baker's Wife," "Carnival in Flanders"—one can scarcely think of the magnificent prewar importations without thinking of the theaters that were courageous enough to show them, to the passionate few. But no longer.

The unshown film in question is called "Pather Panchali." It was made in Bengal, after heart-breaking delays and financial difficulties, by an Indian director named Satyajit Ray. It is in the great tradition of documentary carved out, at similar pain, by our own Bob Flaherty; and it is a worthy descendant of that tribe. It is beautiful, it cares, and it understands about the camera. I don't know what more we can ask. It is still being offered for distribution by a man named Ed Harris, who has gone to bat for unostentatious films of great merit before. There are indications it will break through into some theaters in the early summer. If in doubt, go.

The story is taken from a novel of the same name (it means "the little road") written by Bibhutibhusan Bannerji and serialized in a popular Bengali magazine during the 1930s. The book was published a year or so later and has been



THE MENAGERIE AT VERSAILLES IN 1775

(From a notebook kept by Dr. Samuel Johnson)



CYGNETS dark; their black feet;
on the ground; tame.
Halcyons, or gulls.
Stag and hind, small.
Aviary, very large: the net, wire.
Black stag of China, small.

Rhinoceros, the horn broken
and pared away, which, I suppose,
will grow; the basis, I think,
four inches 'cross; the skin
folds like loose cloth doubled over his body
and 'cross his hips: a vast animal,
though young; as big, perhaps,
as four oxen.

The young elephant,
with his tusks just appearing.
The brown bear put out his paws.
All very tame. The lion.
The tigers I did not well view.
The camel, or dromedary with two bunches
called the Huguin, taller than any horse.
Two camels with one bunch.

Among the birds was a pelican,
who being let out, went
to a fountain, and swam
about to catch fish. His feet
well webbed: he dipped his head,
and turned his long bill sidewise.

—JOHN UPDIKE



ıdian best-seller list ever since. movie takes the plot only part and prunes a good bit of it; even so the narrative is far tightly constructed.

he script had to retain some of mbling quality of the novel . . ." Satyajit Ray in the magazine *and Sound.* "Life in a poor ıli village does ramble."

en I first saw "Pather Pan- last year, in the course of ings for an international film l, what struck me most was the e to which it is mercilessly ic about India. Normally I ot think of the vast sub-conti- as overly eager to examine its rue state of affairs, as opposed dreams and pretentions. Fan- of Indian "culture," as op- to actual and unbearable are precisely the subject of er Panchali," and its moral is self-delusion does no good. I t honor an Indian movie so for arguing this case that I know how to begin praising ıat is, in addition, marvelously lone.

ce again, if you can, make it.

A POET, SIR?

R. JOHN UPDIKE, who is a poet of parts (his first of poems, just out, is called *The ntered Hen and Other Crea-* deposes that while reading lly through the unabridged *f Samuel Johnson,* by Boswell, ne across some notes Johnson in France.

ıeir texture seemed startlingly n," he says, "especially the ı on the zoo at Versailles."

Updike then discovered that on's prose broke very well into and stanzas—with the results e on page 78. —Mr. Harper

But Why Don't YOU Pray To The Saints?

Praying to the Saints, we know, is almost solely a Catholic practice.

Many other people, it seems, regard the practice as silly, futile and even idolatrous. They imagine that all prayers must be addressed directly to God, and that there is no need for such intercessors and mediators as Saints. Indeed, some seem to think that the Catholic veneration of the Saints is in opposition to the doctrine that Christ is the one Mediator between God and man.

If it is hard for others to understand why Catholics pray to the Saints, it is equally hard for Catholics to understand why other Christians do *not* so pray. It is a custom which has been observed in the Church since the time of the Apostles. Its merits are clearly indicated in both the Old Testament and the New, and Catholics the world over can testify that God does, indeed, listen with special favor to the prayers addressed to Him in our behalf by His friends, the Saints.

It sounds illogical to Catholics to recite in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in . . . the Communion of Saints . . ." and then to scoff at prayer to the Saints. The difficulty, it seems to us, is that there is confusion concerning just what the Saints are. There is certainly confusion concerning the Catholic attitude toward Saints, and Catholic customs with respect to them.

Belief in the Saints depends upon the conviction that we can help one another with our prayers. Catholics have no doubt about this. We read, for example, in Genesis, God's instructions to Abimelech to ask Abraham to pray for him: "He shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live" (Genesis 20: 7,17).

God had mercy on the children of Israel because Moses prayed for them. At another time God said ". . . and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him I will accept" (Job 42:8). The new Testament contains equally convincing testimony. St. Paul asks repeatedly for the prayers of the faithful. In the Epistle of St. James, we find: "And pray one for another that ye may be healed" (James 5:16).

If God heeds the prayers offered by sinful mortals in behalf of one another, how much more surely will He listen to His friends, the Saints in Heaven, who are in a position to know the needs expressed in our prayers to them? If the individual appeal "of one for another" is heard in Heaven, how much more certainly will God hearken to the swelling chorus of prayer rising up from the "communion of the faithful" in Heaven and on earth? And if the Saints in Heaven are not concerned for us, why should there "be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:10)?

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Numbers and Enigmas

IN A curious little book, his first addressed to a popular audience in many years, the famous Swiss psychologist C. G. Jung has set down some of his ideas about what is wrong with the world and what can be done about it: **The Undiscovered Self** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3). The point of departure is essentially very simple: we should not accept statistics as a final description of reality. According to Jung, the "distinctive thing about real facts . . . is their individuality; . . . absolute reality has predominantly the character of *irregularity*."

At bottom, Jung is defending a religious view of human life against a statistical view, defending the uniqueness of the individual against whatever denies that uniqueness, whether it is the external pressure of the totalitarian state and other impersonal social organizations or the internal collapse of the individual's sense that he is anything more than a collection of data to be processed by an IBM. If you translate Jung's terminology into more conventional language, what you have left is a sermon on the reality of the human spirit and the need for brotherly love.

The book is not strikingly original, its message is not very different from what a good many people are saying and have said in a variety of ways, and what is most personal about it—its reliance on the view of the human psyche that Jung has spent a lifetime in developing and elaborating—may not be entirely clear to those who do not have some slight previous acquaintance with the system. Yet it is a pleasure to follow the somewhat discursive talk of its eighty-three-year-old author, and one need not accept all of his system to acknowledge the value of his insight into the important theme he explores.

THE LAND OF STATISTICS

JOHN GUNTHER faces a formidable task in his new book, **Inside Russia Today** (Harper, $5.95), if he is not to fall beneath the very high standard he set himself in his last, *Inside Africa*, and probably it is now harder to write a lively book about Russia than about Africa. For one thing, most readers can be counted on to bring to a work on Africa an almost unblemished ignorance of the subject, and consequently whatever they learn will be news to them. But books and articles about Russia have been coming at us in such numbers for so many years that it is hardly possible for a literate American not to regard himself as something of an authority on the subject by this time.

For another thing, a lot of Africa still exists in the pre-statistical era. Much of it can only be presented through its sights and colorful customs and vivid personalities, because precise figures about population, production, and so on simply are not available. Russia, on the other hand, is the land where the statistical mind has triumphed. Statistics in Russia are so ubiquitous, Gunther says, that the traveler even finds them on signboards along the roads. The statistics may not always be right but they are certainly plentiful, and the reporter on Russia faces a double problem—as a writer he must give the reader the facts without inducing the boredom that comes to most people when they read endless numbers, and as an interpreter he must assess the accuracy of the statistics as a guide to reality.

Gunther has solved these problems very satisfactorily. It would be worth any aspiring journalist's while to study how he solves the problem of holding the reader's interest while giving him the facts. It is not a feat of style; Gunther's prose seldom rises above the workmanlike, and occasionally it is not that good. One device he uses is to move back and forth between figures and observations; if, for instance, he gives a list of the most popular writers in Russia he will immediately follow the tabulation with some detail he observed in a Moscow bookstore. Or if a good many figures are inevitable, Gunther gives the reader fair warning—"It's going to be dull for a page or two," he says in effect, "but hold on and things will improve." He does not

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*THE Undiscovered Self



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By C. G. JUNG

*The Eye of the Storm

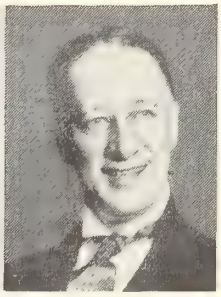
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overdramatize figures; he will ordinarily give some basis of comparison (number of Russian physicians per 100,000 people versus the number of American physicians per 100,000) but he does not tell you that if all the people who have been in Soviet slave-labor camps were stood on top of one another they would reach from here to wherever.

ANOTHER strategy of Gunther as a writer is that he never flatters the reader where it matters. When Gunther says that the atmosphere of a certain Moscow restaurant resembles the atmosphere of a certain German restaurant, he permits the reader to regard himself as a pretty worldly fellow, on terms of easy familiarity with the more celebrated dining places of the world, but when it comes to something important like Khrushchev's speech to the Twentieth Party Congress, Gunther wisely does not assume that the reader has ever read it, and spends several pages summarizing and analyzing the contents.

What Jung would call the statistical view of life Gunther calls puritanism, but as he uses the word it means more or less the same thing—the attitude that nothing counts in life except what can be counted. And this outlook Gunther certainly found predominant in Russia. Part of the dominance of puritanism may arise from the fact that a great many prominent Russians have come up from nothing (one man of consequence, with an advanced technical education, told Gunther that he is the first member of his entire *tribe* to learn to read and write), and these newcomers doubtless feel a little uncertainty about social usage. Consequently there is an enormous interest in what is called "culture," which apparently means what is proper and socially acceptable. When the middle classes of the West were new they too were puritanical in that way.

But Gunther uses puritanism to describe far more than the manners of the *arrivistes;* he uses it to indicate the drabness, uniformity, the denial of fun that he finds the chief characteristic of Soviet life. There are islands, of course: music, theater, and ballet are superb; Gunther mentions an occasional individual with a sense of play; and some of the people at the top obviously enjoy the exercise of power tremendously —Khrushchev, for instance, pretty clearly gets a bigger kick out of running things than any Western politician seems to, possibly because he has to put up with so much less back-talk. But for most Russians life is certainly very drab.

Probably a good deal of the spontaneity and inventiveness and love of fun that in most societies goes into daily life goes into science in Russia. Puritanism and science have often gone hand in hand, because science is the one place where fooling around may pay off in something that can be counted. Certainly Gunther found Soviet science extraordinarily bold (and extraordinarily well financed); such schemes as a plan to induce a false spring in the northern part of the country by painting the snow black get a serious hearing and are tried out.

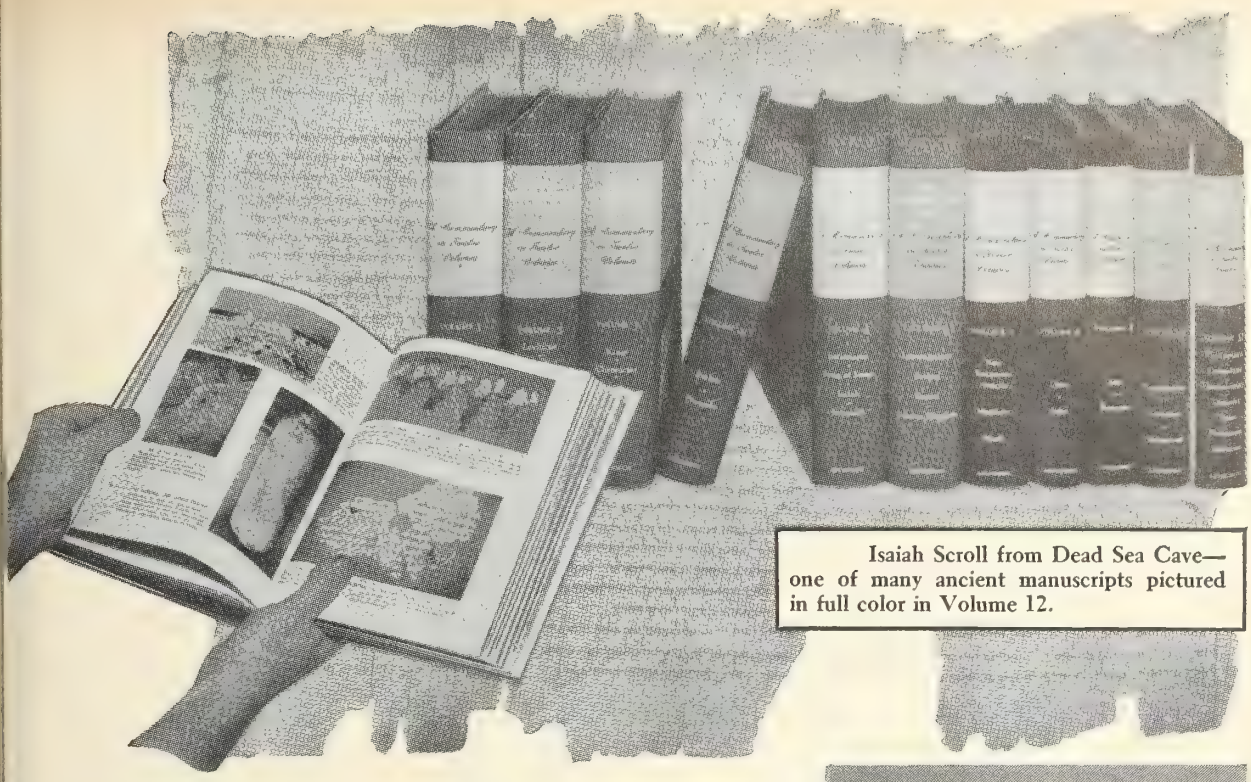
Gunther has an extremely good sense of the kind of thing that will interest the readers and of what kind of question will present itself. One exception comes to mind. Early in the book he describes the terrible drabness of the Moscow crowds, their horrible housing, and the very low standard of living. Then he says that practically everyone in Moscow would look better if he lost thirty pounds. Does he mean that in spite of the low living standard people are well fed? Apparently the explanation comes many pages later when he offers the information that the diet is 80 per cent starch (bread and potatoes).

Although Gunther traveled extensively in Russia in the winter of 1956 and certainly lost no opportunity to look at things for himself, *Inside Russia Today* is to a considerable extent a work of scholarship. Many of the sources are no more obscure than the *New York Times,* and there is probably no subject discussed that is not more fully treated in some other book or article or newspaper column. But he has brought an enormous amount of information together, uniting it under the general problem of finding out how much Russia has changed since Stalin's death. He leaves no doubt that there has been a thaw, but he is by no means sure that spring is here. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

INSIDE RUSSIA YESTERDAY

A Very Far Country by E. M. Almadingen (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4) is a fine book about an Englishwoman who married a wealthy Russian and spent seventeen years in Imperial Russia in the middle of the last century. It would be well worth reading in any company, but to read it along with Gunther's book is particularly enjoyable.

Ellen Southee, the woman who dominates *A Very Far Country,* was born near Canterbury in the same year as Queen Victoria, 1819. She had a fairly conventional girlhood, and then her father lost so much money by gambling that the family had to pull up stakes and go abroad in search of less expensive living accommodations. After several years in cheap lodgings in various European cities, they landed in St. Petersburg, and through the machinations of their devoted French governess (the daughter of a French emigré who had been brought up in the family), they were introduced to local society. There Ellen met and fell in love with one Sergei de Poltoratzky, essentially a scholar but a man of



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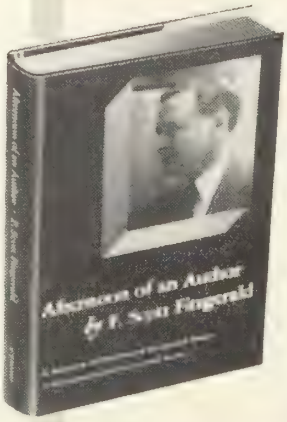
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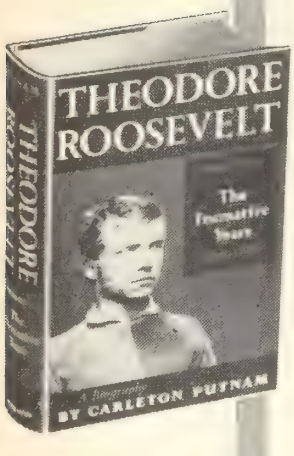


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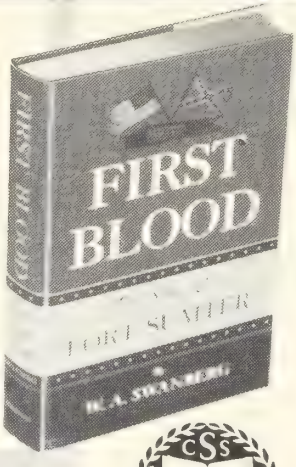
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

vast fortune, with seven estates in five provinces. Not only was he much older and richer than Ellen, but he had a wife who had disappeared in mysterious circumstances some years before and now must be declared legally dead before he could remarry. But at last all difficulties were surmounted; the couple were married in two services, one Orthodox, one Anglican, and they went to live on an extensive estate near the town of Kaluga.

After seventeen years and half-a-dozen children, Ellen and Sergei discovered that through misplaced trust the seven great estates had melted away; they had little left except her jewels and a large amount of money Sergei had deposited years before in Paris. So they went to Paris where Sergei quietly pursued his scholarly career and Ellen supervised her scattered family. They survived the Siege of Paris in 1871, but thereafter their scale of living was reduced, and when Sergei died a few years later, Ellen discovered that their money was all gone. It had never been invested; Sergei had deposited it as spending money when he was very rich and apparently it did not occur to him to alter the arrangements. Fortunately Ellen never faced actual want, and lived out the last years of her long life in Rome, where one of her daughters had married into the Italian nobility. Miss Almadingen, who has written *A Very Far Country*, is a granddaughter.

The heart of the book, the account of Ellen's Russian years, is like another chapter from *War and Peace*. Ellen and Sergei lived on an incredibly sumptuous scale—even when there were no guests forty people regularly sat down to dinner. Everything was lavish, open-handed, wasteful. Ellen tried to fight the waste and she hated serfdom from the moment she encountered it, but she came to love the Russian countryside and her marriage was very happy. She was a brave and charming and forceful woman, who fortunately was much given to expressing herself in letters and journals, some of which survive.

In an absorbing passage in *Inside Russia Today* Gunther attempts to assess how contemporary Russians are faring in comparison with the

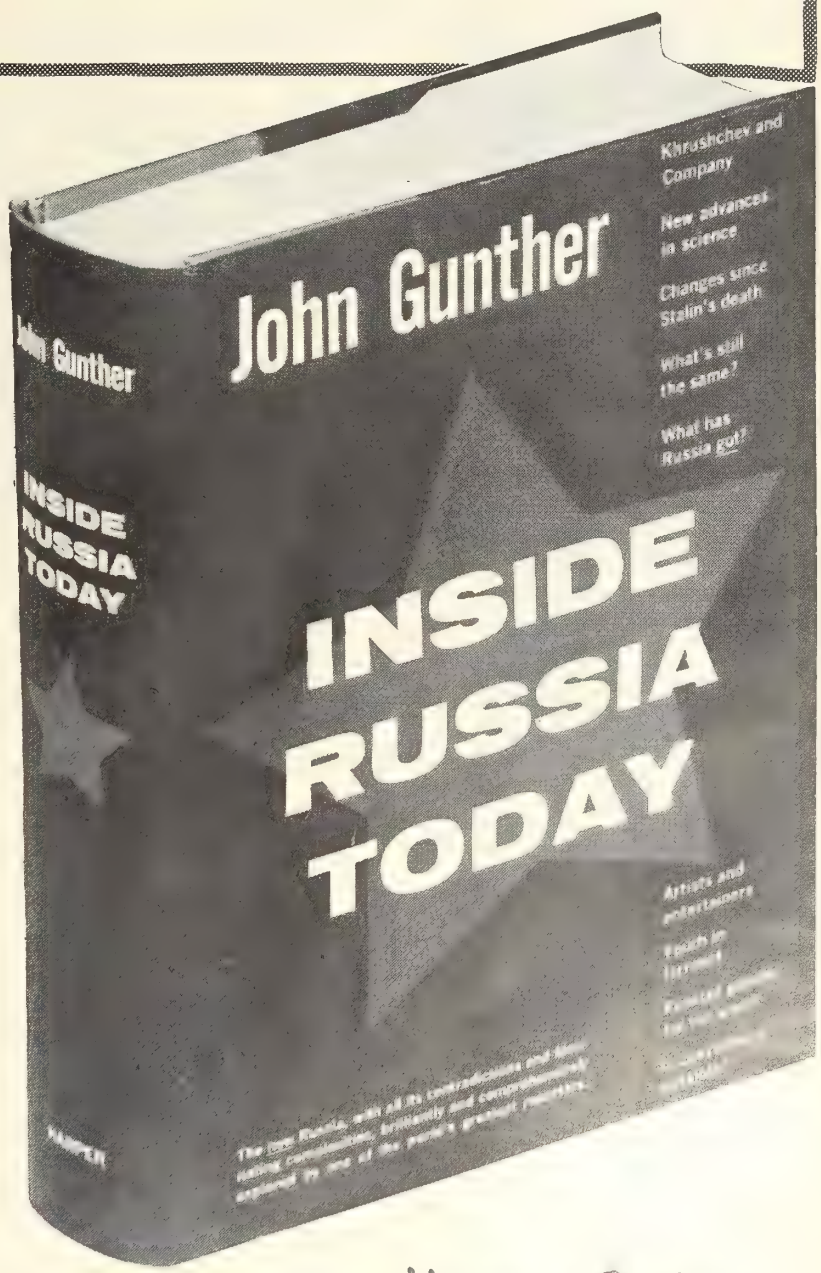
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one that every American — at home or abroad — needs. The book has no equal for its penetrating analysis of Russian problems and her place in the sun." —JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY

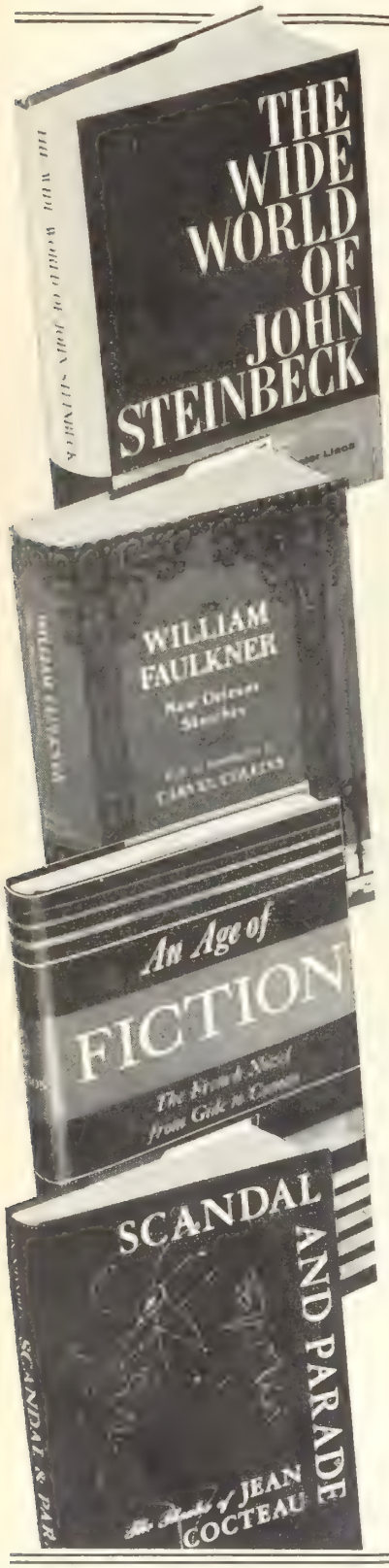
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way they fared under the Tsars. H conclusion is that most of them fe that they are better off. Many the things that they lack—most p ticularly, civil liberties—most them never had, and the gains th have made in literacy, in increase opportunities for people of abilit and so on are undeniably remar able. From *A Very Far Country* is possible to see that even on t estates of landowners as enlighten as Sergei and Ellen life for the se was a mixture of ignorance, supe stition, and brutality, spiced with little occasional low cunning. Y now that they are so irretrievab gone we can grant that sometim those great households with th ruinous extravagance had a gra deur, a magnificent disregard f consequences, that testify to a dime sion in human nature that elud statistics.

INDIA: THREE VIEW

IN **The Heart of India** (Knop $5) Alexander Campbell has p duced what must be one of the m entertaining books about India ev written. Campbell, a Scotsman birth and education, has lived South Africa as well as India, a is now head of the Tokyo bureau *Time* and *Life*. He is a report through and through. He has a fi eye for the colorful or comic or o rageous detail; he sets it all dow with verve; and, though he has broad acquaintance with Indian li not only in the cities but also the villages, his point of view mains distinctly that of the u involved onlooker.

So much recent writing on Ind is the work of either sentimentali or inside-dopesters that it is a co siderable relief to come across a bo on the subject by a man with Can bell's clear hard focus and cool tachment. He does not pretend th he cares very much for Indians, a he seems to be willing to leave t impression that he regards Ind as a mess.

Yet as brilliant detail follows br liant detail, one begins to wonder the author has not taken up t detached a position to do justice the country he is describing. T very style of the book, vivid and f quently amusing as it is, someh

ies depth to the life described. en Campbell writes, for instance, ut *sadhus* (holy men), the very guage assumes that they are all s. Campbell is in some ways a er writer than Gunther, but Gun- gives the impression of making ffort to participate imaginatively he life he describes before he es it, and Campbell does not.

he Heart of India is a misnamed k; it should have been called *Look of India* or *The Face of ia* or something of the sort, be- e it is a very diverting account he kind of appearance India pre- s to a sharp Scots eye, but that ll it is.

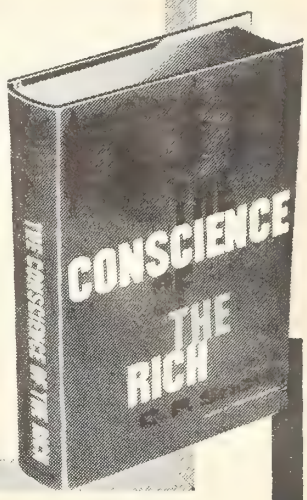
ANK MORAES is a leading ian journalist, for a number of s editor of the *Times of India* well known in this country for recent life of Nehru. His new k, **Yonder One World** (Mac- an, $3.75), is a rather scrappy ection of observations on his nsive travels throughout Asia the West. Some of the book s to have been put together in offhand way, possibly by dicta- , and none of it has been shaped any particular audience. There remarks about differences be- n Asia and the West of an emely elementary sort (*e.g.*, Mo- repeatedly informs the reader the West is more highly in- rialized); yet the observations on tics in Southeast Asia require iderable knowledge if the reader follow them.

ut the book is at least worth ing into because Moraes is a intelligent and very well in- ed *Asian*, and often there is ething interesting in his attitude n there is nothing very new in nformation. What he says about Philippines, for instance, is not icularly revealing, but his con- ension toward the Philippines e regards the country as neither ly Asian nor really Western, and t impressed.

he chapters on India and Pak- n are fine, and offer a useful ective to more brilliant report- like Campbell's. Moraes is a onsible citizen who does not erestimate the seriousness of the lem his country faces, but he vs that behind the tangle of ap-

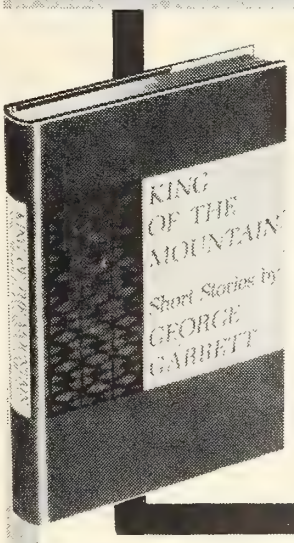
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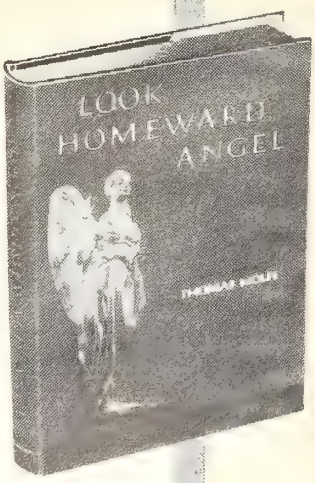
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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

pearance that Campbell describes there are plans and policies. His criticisms of Nehru are extremely interesting—he thinks that Nehru has gone too far in expressing sympathy for Communism, but he points out that Nehru's only consequential opposition in India is on the left, Socialist or Communist, and that like any other politician, he makes remarks on international affairs that are designed to spike the guns of his domestic opponents. Moraes does not underestimate the importance of Nehru to India, but he is worried that there is no well organized democratic party to oppose Nehru's Congress party. He also offers an intelligent if not wholly new reminder to the West that India will have to work out her own economic system, which cannot be pure free enterprise.

Seasons of Jupiter (Harper, $3.50), a new novel by the Indian novelist Anand Lall, presents still a third view of Indian life, utterly different from either Campbell's or Moraes'. It is the story, told in the first person, of one Rai Gyan Chand, the descendant of a well-to-do landowning family in the Punjab. Gyan Chand takes little interest in any aspect of public affairs or business; he devotes himself to seeking personal fulfillment in a series of relationships—with his two (successive) wives, with a mistress, with a shepherd boy, even with a thrush. For seven years he lives like a *sadhu,* and masters many of the Sanskrit scriptures and traditional techniques of meditation. It is a life completely devoted to the non-statistical dimensions of human experience.

Gyan Chand never achieves the ultimate experience he seeks, either in his sensual or his spiritual pursuits, but few books manage to give as convincing accounts of such pursuits as *Seasons of Jupiter.* It is a remarkable achievement, the kind of book that might have been written by a calm, contemplative D. H. Lawrence, except that a calm, contemplative D. H. Lawrence would be a contradiction in terms. Without being pornographic or obscene, it is deeply sensuous, deeply sexual; at the same time anyone who reads it would hesitate to dismiss the life of all Indian holy men as pure fakery.

LOW BOILING POIN

Declaration (Dutton, $3.75) is a introduction to a world that is stil as strange to most American reade as India or Russia, the world of th young English writers and intelle tuals who are coming to be know as the "angry young men." Act ally this label seems to make mos of the angry young men even a grier, and like the French existe tialists of a few years ago, they spen a good deal of their appallingl abundant energy in quarreling ove labels, in announcing that they a or are not angry, or that if so-and-s is an angry young man they certainl are not and will be very angry anyone says they are, and so on.

Declaration is a collection of pe sonal statements by eight of th younger English writers; the co tributors best known in this count are John Osborne *(Look Back Anger),* Colin Wilson *(The Ou sider),* Kenneth Tynan, the dram critic, and John Wain, the noveli (not to be confused with Joh Braine, also a novelist). It is a ve interesting book if you can stan to read it. The contributions rang from a rather academic essay by young critic named Stuart Holroy to Osborne's brilliant, utterly min less piece of rhetoric, mostly abo the Queen, pigs, and the differenc between his father's and his mothe families, a wild and wonderful fligh

In a very general way you cou say that what upsets these writers that the shift in the statistical bas of English life that took place aft the second world war was not a companied by a shift in the spiritu basis. "Fair shares for all" shou have meant "new souls for all," b it didn't. The leveling out of i come, the new scholarship progra for education, and the increase social services have not produced spiritual rebirth, nor have they, these writers are to be believe altered the form of English socie The obsession of younger Engli writers with social class is not Ma ist; rather it seems to be fury wi a society that is stupidly preservi the forms of class-society when much of the content (difference income, education, and so on) h been wiped out. An essay by anoth rebellious young Englishman pu

ed in *Harper's* in January, "The n Corset on Britain's Spirit" by rtin Green, which describes Eng- society as still smothered in od manners, mummified ideas, l dried-up sentimentality," is a d introduction to the attitude t dominates *Declaration*.

What the contributors want is a freedom of feeling. Most of m call it religion, a few call it ialism, though when one writer nes Socialism as "a desire for dness and compassion," the dif- nce between Socialism and re- on does not seem to be very great. e of their favorite books, men- ned in several essays, is William nes's *Varieties of Religious Ex- ience*. G. B. Shaw and Bertolt cht are other favorite writers; ng (with whom we started) is pre- ed to Freud.

THE most intelligent and mature y in *Declaration* is by John Wain, ose new novel, **The Contenders** Martin's Press, $3.95), has re- tly been published. This is a y about three men who grow up n English pottery town, a "place stop at on the way to Man- ster—the one where you look out he train window when it's slow- down, and think, 'Well, at least n't live *here*.'"

One of the men, who tells the y, stays on in the grimy place becomes a pudgy, uncompetitive, ll-town newspaperman, but the er two have more spectacular ers. One becomes a very success- businessman, the other an equally cessful artist, and they continue nanhood the intense competition h each other that had begun n they were boys.

The book is a study in the cor- ve effect on human character of ition, rivalry, and the passion be accepted. It is not "angry" the sense that Osborne's play *k Back in Anger* is; its criticism not directed against a petrified s structure but against the career- who know how to take advantage the opportunities of postwar iety.

Wain is an excellent writer, but language is more alive than his racters. There is an unfortunate itrariness about the book—the racters seem to be pushed around



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to make a point that left to their own efforts they would make a good deal less neatly. The most interesting character is the stick-in-the-mud narrator, but we never learn very much about him.

WHETHER Thomas Hinde regards himself as one of the "angry young men" I do not know, but his new novel, **Happy as Larry** (Criterion, $3.95), bears a certain family resemblance to the books they have produced.

Happy as Larry deals with a group of youngish, semi-artistic, semi-Bohemian people in London, more or less the kind of people who in New York have been written about by John Kerouac under the title *The Subterraneans.* Hinde's Londoners are more intelligent, better educated, probably sicker, much more cowed, and get considerably less fun out of their neuroses than Kerouac's New Yorkers. Hinde's writing is much more conventional than Kerouac's, and very good.

Most of Hinde's characters are unemployed and nearly unemployable; they move from one cheap rooming house to another; they are not very clean; but they somehow find enough money to spend a good deal of their time in various unattractive bars. Hinde portrays this kind of life brilliantly, though there is a slight trace of sentimentality in his attitude toward it.

The plot of *Happy as Larry* concerns Larry's muddled efforts to find a compromising photograph that has been lost by a friend of his, a young man with political ambitions who could be seriously embarrassed if the photograph came to light. The search becomes more than a gesture of helpfulness; the need to find the obscene picture becomes all-important to Larry, and its discovery the only basis on which he can build a healthier, saner life. The plot is partly just a device for stringing together a series of wild and sometimes funny episodes, but it carries some implications that are central to the book's meaning.

FEW writers have created a world as strange and varied and wonderful as Charles Dickens did, and so it is worth mentioning that the Oxford Press has recently completed its ten-

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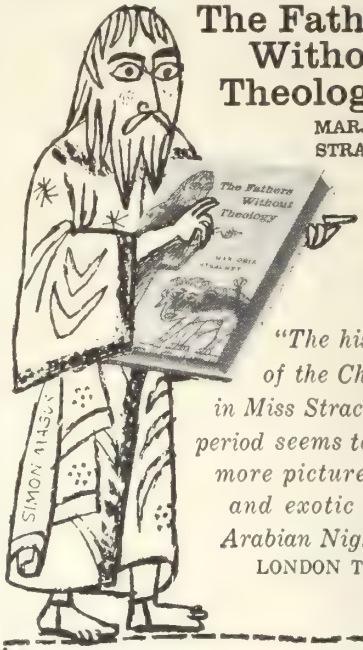
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Those who are really interested in Dickens will greatly enjoy **Dickens at Work,** by John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson (Essential, $6.25). This is primarily a scholarly study of the effect of periodical publication on the novels, but it offers a great variety of fascinating information about how Dickens wrote the books.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FIRST NOVELS

Because this spring is unusual in number of first novels on pub- ıers' lists—many by very young ɔple—the fiction column here is lusively devoted to five of them.

e Sergeant, by Dennis Murphy. Tom Swanson was one of the ıngest, easiest, handsomest, and st discerning of all the Americans the postwar Army base outside deaux. He loved the French ıntry, the people, even his routine rk at the base. He loved a French . He was happy with the world l with himself. Then one morn- Sergeant Callan appeared in the lerly room. He had come to stay. e psychological struggle that fol- s is as vivid and moving and dible as anything I've read in a g time. Mr. Murphy's ability to mood into almost palpable terms ɔ describe feeling and value in ms of landscape and weather and ells—is most unusual. A first novel tten with power, beauty, and raint. Viking, $3.50

e Narrowest Circle, by Katharine ttuck.

The narrowest circle is made up of usband and wife and a somewhat ınger friend—a girl—whom they e into their home in return for help in taking care of their small ghter. The inevitable happens and the girl, Edith, and the husband, George, fall in love. The plot is almost routine but Miss Shattuck's handling of it is anything but ordinary. The husband is a professor in a Middle Western college and the summer house where most of the action takes place is in rural Kansas, but the author's treatment of the story is excessively urbane. Her situations crackle with sophisticated wit, cumulative intensity, and sometimes with primitive violence, and one becomes very involved with this family circle. The style at first seems brittle and artificial, but the people—except for some minor characters which seem to me overdone to the point of caricature—are real and the narrative is so full of dynamics that one gets swept into it and in the end admires it, style and all, very much. It is an intellectual exercise on an emotional volcano.

McDowell, Obolensky, $3.75

The Month of September, by Frédérique Hébard.

With the freshness, delight, passion, and despair of young marriage, this novel tells of a summer in the lives of François and his wife—the narrator—and their child. They live in an old mill at Chauvry, outside Paris, where the wife paints, and the husband, a novelist and publisher, returns each night after his day in the office. Their life has been idyllic for seven years, until the day Fran-

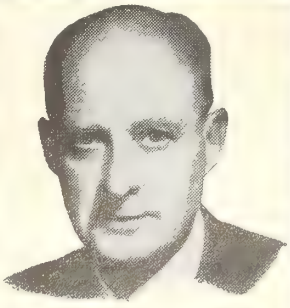
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by Samuel Selvon • A haunting novel of West Indian immigrants in London written in poetic—calypsolike—prose. "A nearly perfect work of its kind." —*The New Yorker* $2.95

5. THE TRUE BLUE

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by Michael Alexander • A sensational biography of the author-adventurer-soldier whom Henry James called "thoroughly English . . . opaque in intellect but indomitable in muscle . . ." Never daunted, Col. Burnaby rode like a Don Quixote through adventures in Spain, Central Asia, Turkey to a dramatic death at the hands of the "fuzzy-wuzzies." Illustrated. $5.00

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cois starts translating the work of an Italian actress, Sandra, the Panther of Mantua. Their whole world changes. Reading the story is a thoroughly satisfying experience. Down to the most minor characters these are all real and likable people, caught in a very human trap. The solution of their problem matters, and the intimate summer atmosphere of literary Paris and its environs is charmingly portrayed. The author is a young actress who has written children's books and an autobiographical story of her own interesting life. She is married to the playwright, Louis Velle. Her novel is full of humor, and affection for the human race. Little, Brown, $3

Mary Ann, by Alex Karmel.

There are not many novels in which the heroine is brutally raped in the first sentence. Yet this is where Mr. Karmel's story begins, and it is both the strength and weakness of his book. The picture of the slow disintegration and slower re-integration of a personality (she tells no-one what has happened) is told with a matter-of-fact terseness that is very effective, and the beauty-and-the-beast ending becomes possible if not quite convincing. The weakness of the story in relation to its beginning is that one doesn't know enough about the character or her life before the attack; only that she was a somewhat withdrawn young girl living with her mother and stepfather in an ordinary middle-class home in New York City. Thus one simply has to accept the author's picture of what happens as the inevitable one, and it is a credit to the sureness of the writing that one follows it as trustingly as one does. In a way the story is a small parable for our times—a coming to terms with the violence of change, through love. It is a remarkable performance for a young man of twenty-seven. Viking, $3

The Year of the White Trees, by Jane Mayer.

Technically, this is Jane Mayer's "first novel," though she has, in collaboration, and under the pseudonym of Clare Jaynes, written four others. First or fifth, it is a most effective and affecting performance. One would think that there were very few changes to be rung on the story of an affair between a brilliant, talented, worldly violinist and a beautiful, starry-eyed young schoolteacher from a Chicago suburb. But here is the almost intolerable joy and excitement of such an attachment, the anguish of waiting for telephone calls and assignations and in the end real dignity and gentleness learned from suffering and the growth of understanding. Though one often wants forcibly to stop the young girl in her too abject pursuit of her sometimes abstracted lover, there is nothing sloppy or mawkish about this book. It is a moving and compassionate story.

Random House, $3.50

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

In recent weeks many books have been published dealing in one way or another with the ever-increasing problem of the mentally disturbed in our society. Four of them are noted here.

Fortunate Strangers, by Cornelius Beukenkamp, Jr., M.D.

Eight troubled people, four young men and four young women, joined with the author psychiatrist (most of them reluctantly at first) in an attempt to get at the problems of each through group discussion. It was the first time that any of them, including the doctor, had tried this method of therapy and some of their excitement carries through to the reader. Each person here, though disguised, is real and so are the problems. Dr. Beukenkamp is a psychiatrist and not a writer but no one interested in this field of therapy can fail to be moved by his true though somewhat fictionalized report and the way in which eight lonely and desperate people became less lonely and more secure by sharing their miseries and their hostilities. Rinehart, $3.5

The Unbelonging, by Alice M Robinson.

By rights this book should be among the group of first novels, but it is so moving as a case history and so undistinguished as a novel that include it here instead. The author who in her job as Director of Nursing Education in the Vermont State Hospital "has walked hundreds of miles through the corridors and

ds of mental hospitals," has from warmth of her attitude and ex- ence invented a composite char- r, a deeply lost young woman in of these hospitals, and around has created a story of life and apies and people in such an in- tion. It is done with so much ing and care that one reads with ect and admiration and learns a t deal. A hopeful and intelligent k. Macmillan, $3.95

of Their Fathers, by Marjorie wagen, M.D.

his book, described as "a story of dren, not for children, told by ew York juvenile court psychi- st," is far and away the best ten and organized book of the . Dr. Rittwagen is not only a hiatrist but a first-rate reporter vell and her compact stories of vidual tragedies, her discussions parole, training schools, parents, all the various happenings of five years (1952-57) spent work- with ninety-six probation officers, simple, dramatic, extremely well mented, and compel one's at- ion like a slap in the face. An ortant, highly readable book full nformation on a sorry subject. Houghton Mifflin, $3.50

Highfields Story, by Lloyd W. Corkle, Albert Elias, and F. Lovell by.

ne of the places that take over n the courts are through is High- ls, once the Lindbergh estate in bewell, New Jersey. It is a resi- tial home—no fences, no bars of kind—for a carefully selected few nquents, set up at first on a five- experimental basis. It has been per cent successful. The authors the founders of the home, Dr. by, Director of Correction and ole, Department of Institutions Agencies in New Jersey; Mr. Corkle, now Warden of the State on in Trenton; and Albert Elias, ent Superintendent of High- ls. Partly because of the joint horship, the book is uneven in nterest and tone, but as in all the r books mentioned here, the s themselves are heartbreaking terrifying, leaving one with the iliar feeling: "There but for the ce of God" . . . A humbling erience. Holt, $3.50

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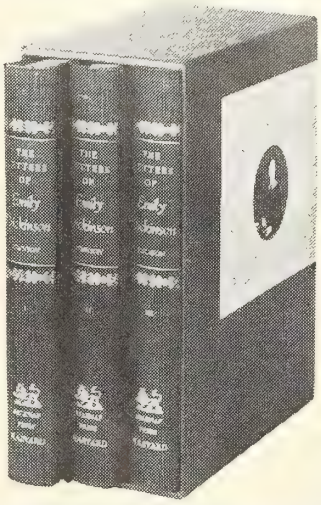
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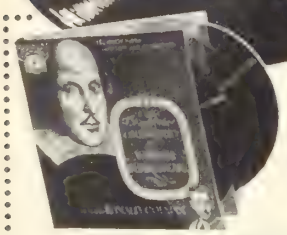
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

LITERARY TALKS

Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews, edited by Malcolm Cowley.

Over the last few years a series of distinguished interviews has been appearing in a little quarterly called the *Paris Review.* The editors have talked with some of the most notable writers of this century and Mr. Cowley in his excellent introduction calls the book "the best series of interviews with writers of our time that I have read in English." The authors are: E. M. Forster, François Mauriac, Joyce Cary, Dorothy Parker (a wonderful exchange), James Thurber, Thornton Wilder, Frank O'Connor, Robert Penn Warren, William Faulkner, Georges Simenon, Alberto Moravia, Nelson Algren, Angus Wilson, William Styron, Truman Capote, and Françoise Sagan.

Viking, $5

FORECAST

Collections and Anthologies

The publication in April of Charles Rollo's *The World of Evelyn Waugh* (Little, Brown) and Arthur Mizener's collection of stories and essays by F. Scott Fitzgerald called *Afternoon of an Author* (Scribner) leads off a season interesting in its variety of anthologies. From Farrar, Straus & Cudahy in May will come a book called *From the N.R.F.*—a selection of forty-five of the best critical essays from the two hundred and fifty-two issues of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* published between its founding in June 1919 and June 1940. It is edited and translated by Justin O'Brien. In May, too, from Viking comes *All Aces: A Nero Wolfe Omnibus,* by, of course, Rex Stout; and from Doubleday *Four Existentialist Theologians: A Reader from the Work of Jacques Maritain, Nicholas Berdyaev, Martin Buber, and Paul Tillich,* selected and introduced by Will Herberg. In June Random House will publish *Selected Essays* by this year's winner of the Book Award for poetry, Robert Penn Warren, while later on in the fall Macmillan acknowledges that even barristers have time on their hands with *Lawyer's Leisure,* an anthology of readings for lawyers edited by William Davenport.



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e new RECORDINGS

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JAZZ WITH A FUTURE

ric Larrabee's new column on jazz is an inevitable addition to these al- y crowded pages. As an old "classi- man, I only wish that I had grown within the jazz idiom and could do job myself.

or a while, up to the last war, jazz ed headed for a musical dead end. ld rigidities were distressing to out- musicians; the eternal sixteen-bar s, the conventionalized harmonies, neo-primitive variation form that d not expand, above all the endless "beat" that made jazz sound like -all this and more made proponents 'real" music feel that jazz was a ialty without a future.

ut since the war jazz has burst loose. ady it has gone a long way toward cal freedom—and that applies even upposedly conservative jazz, which is loping in its own way, like the con- ration of the Bach style beyond the er Baroque. Jazz is growing furi- y and so is its audience.

'e must keep in mind that until ively recently there was no "classi- music—there was just the musical as a whole. New blood, too, has tantly come into the musical art spontaneous "outside" develop- ts, often zany enough at first and uently very lowbrow. "Why should devil have all the good tunes?" said preacher. The dignified Bach Suites from dance music, both courtly and ant-style. Many an older sacred ch Mass is based on a popular tune he day and even named after it. As it, jazz is merely the latest of many fecund influences on the whole body of music, on the way to blending itself into the higher form of musical expression that is "art."

The real potency of present jazz is that it lies so close to the great long-time musical traditions of the past—closer, perhaps, than much modern "classical" music-making. Jazz is based on composer-performer identity; it is alive with improvisation, within an understood style and framework. (Nowadays, the "improvisations" are being written down, in true classical manner.) Jazz has a strong and developing sense of style, as all powerful classical movements have always had; it has a language, and an audience that knows and appreciates its subtleties: it is a medium of intense musical interchange of ideas, between musicians, between them and an argumentative public. Jazz, to use an old term, is in a ferment.

Nobody can say exactly what constitutes first-grade music. But these signs of ferment have always been the essentials for important artistic development in the past. Too many of our present "classical" composers, in contrast, work by themselves (not for audiences but for "performances")—or for well-meaning foundations who give them a shapeless freedom, in the name of artistic democracy. Art won't flourish in a critical vacuum—not even a foundation vacuum.

Jazz, of course, is no longer apart. Most younger jazzmen are now "classically" trained, out of the best schools; jazz already is nibbling at every modern idiom and theory you can mention. It's getting so that the really creative graduates of our musical system go straight into jazz—the re-creators go classical. No improvising required. On every front the march of jazz is on. It still isn't my business; "classical" music still offers a far wider variety of expression. But, I do believe, jazz is here to stay.

ORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

g: Peer Gynt Suite #1; Symphonic ices; Elegiac Melodies. Hallé Orch., birolli. Mercury MG 50164.

e Wonderful Waltzes of Tchaikov- and Strauss. Phila. Orch., Ormandy. ambia ML 5238.

Dog's Life (CBS Radio Workshop). ceived and Recorded by Tony wartz. Folkways FD 5580.

Gilbert & Sullivan: The Gondoliers. Pro Arte Orch., Glyndebourne Festival Chorus, Sargent. Angel 3570B (2).

Kenneth Patchen Reads His Poetry with the Chamber Jazz Sextet. Cadence CLP-3004.

Moore-Benet: The Devil and Daniel Webster. Soloists, Festival Choir, Orch., Aliberti. Westminster OPW 11032.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony #6 ("Pathetique"). N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. Columbia ML 5235.

The "Pathétique" is in a ferment too, these days, with new interpretations like this one wrenching the old score into taut, spare modern form! Mitropoulos is best in the early Romantic; here he wrestles so violently with time-worn conventions that the result is both exciting and rough-edged. Orchestral perfectionists will deplore the too-fast first movement, not too fast for the sense, but too rapid for the musicians, under the circumstances. (They must adjust collectively to a new viewpoint, after all.)

But it's worth the constant roughnesses, just to hear Tchaikovsky burst out like Stravinsky, in the first movement's allegro! This is no definitive performance, but it may turn out to be an influential one.

Bach: Unaccompanied Sonatas #1 in G Minor, #4 in D Minor (with Chaconne). Ruggiero Ricci, violin. London LL 1706.

Above all considerations of style and tempo, these unaccompanied fiddle works require a flawless violinist ear, and Ricci has the best in the business. The music is in skeleton form, implying a structure, both in harmony and rhythm, that could easily be filled out to orchestral size. The player who hears the music that way at least has a chance to convey its meaning; but no amount of pure technique will ever get the message over if it isn't there in the first place. It very often isn't.

Ricci's unaccompanied Bach, then, is by all odds the best today for intelligible listening. His pitch is marvelous, his sense of the total harmony is easy and accurate, his rhythmic phrasing is plastic but never a bit confusing. With London's pleasant reverberation to back him up, Ricci's Bach is marvelous listening, and effortless too.

Bach: Two- and Three-Part Inventions. Alexander Borovsky, piano. Vox PL 10.550.

Bach on the piano is outmoded but still pleasurable and useful for those who play piano and enjoy inspiration on their own instrument. Borovsky's Bach is an interesting half-in-half sort, out of older pianistic tradition but restudied to include much that the harpsichordists have taught us, notably a

consistent use of the ornaments, arpeggio cadence chords, and the like.

Like many a pianist, Borovsky does best with the more complex Inventions, plays the simpler ones rather ineptly. There's still a good deal of the old feeling that these are nice little finger exercises; too many are in the same monotonous tempo, the style and finger touch are seldom varied, the phrasing is undynamic. But some Inventions, especially the slower, more "Romantic" ones, are lovely.

Dvorak: Symphony #2 in D Minor. Hallé Orch., Barbirolli. Mercury MG 50159.
Elgar: "Enigma" Variations. Purcell-Barbirolli: Suite for Strings, Winds. Hallé Orch., Barbirolli. Mercury MG 50125.

These are two of Mercury's current and interesting Hallé series with Barbirolli (also on stereo tape), displaying that familiar unpredictability—both good and bad—which we in New York remember when he was the Philharmonic's conductor. The Elgar, British music to the core, is absolutely lovely—I can say no less. I heard the stereo tape and recommend it for its warmth of sound, too. But the Dvorak, one of his more difficult works at best, comes off weakly. In this symphony in the minor key, Dvorak follows his mentor, Brahms, into some of the same difficulties that beset the Brahms First Piano Concerto and other severe-toned works. Barbirolli is evidently not the temperament to adjust the iron in the music to fit the sweeter parts. The recorded sound is fine.

The Purcell Suite was once familiar concert fare (and was recorded before the war); it is an out-of-date, romanticized arrangement, but its sincerity is still pleasing though we can take our Purcell straighter these days.

Beethoven: Fidelio. Rysanek, Seefried, Fischer-Dieskau, Hafliger, Frick; Chorus Bavarian State Opera, Bav. State Orch., Fricsay. Decca DXH-147 (2).

Maybe opera specialists won't be as moved by this as I was—I found it the best "Fidelio" yet, and this even though the solo work is not outstanding on an individual basis, and the tenor is a small, quite weak voice. What is good is that here, at last, is a unified, over-all presentation of Beethoven—the solos, chorus, orchestra, spoken voices (included complete) teamed up with a rare sense of style. Even the weak tenor is good; after all, the prisoner Florestan is supposed to be at the point of death!

The integration is tops in every aspect, including the excellent joining of sung and spoken passages—too often tape-edited together with little sense for dramatic continuity. The orchestra under Fricsay is superb, and, unexpectedly, so is that much-maligned operatic fixture, the chorus. Complete German-English text keeps you on the track.

Gesualdo: Madrigals and Sacred Music. Conducted by Robert Craft. Columbia ML 5234.

It is wonderful to see a renaissance in the Italian vocal composers of the very late Renaissance, who are so superbly singable and listenable—but to date the movement has been sometimes oddly styled, the singing more instrumental than vocal. Robert Craft, chief Stravinsky lieutenant, here directs a crack team of matched voices in performances that, for once, have both instrumental accuracy and a fair degree of rhythmic flexibility, according to the shape and sense of the words.

But there is still lacking one vital ingredient—freely untempered pitch. For my ear, these people still sing by the piano's pitch, and in places they do not hear the harmony in its splendidly dramatic free dynamic color. Gesualdo did not write in tempered pitch or anything remotely near to it.

Curiously enough, amateur singers who tackle his music discover the true pitch for themselves, without benefit of tempered-pitch education. Professionals must un-learn their solfège intervals! (This disc was recommended in April—on a second playing I figured it was worth discussion too.)

Walton: Cello Concerto (1956). Bloch: Schelomo (1916). Piatigorsky; Boston Symph., Munch. RCA Victor LM 2109.

This Walton Concerto is an unexpected pleasure, an expertly written piece of neo-Romanticism, grateful to the cello, full of the traditional cello expressions, yet by no means a show-off piece for cello bravado. In this spirit, Piatigorsky plays with perfect discipline and the RCA microphones place him exactly right for an ideal balance between solo and music. It is a work of quiet, almost retrospective maturity, this, a synthesis of much in Walton's own generation, with strong Prokofieff leanings here and there, much lyricism, a good deal of nervous explosiveness and, inevitably, a measure of British sentiment. A concentrated piece that has no room for extra polemics.

"Schelomo," the familiar Hebraic Rhapsody, was out of the RCA catalogue while the other big firms each had a version; this one will probably jump straight to the lead, and deservedly. Same excellent hi-fi balance and the same disciplined high-level solo playing.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

MILE

In 1957 a thirty-one-year-old trum peter named Miles Davis won fir place for the instrument in both th *Metronome* and *Down Beat* readers' pol thus making it official. What Louis Arm strong was to the "classic" era of jaz Miles Davis is to the "cool."

To be a new voice the jazz musicia must first find his "sound," a way o expressing himself too characteristic t be mistaken for anyone else's. Mile solution is to play quietly, evenly, a most without vibrato—each note s steadily breathed as to seem like single, tubular jet of tone.

Drawn from East St. Louis to Harle by Charlie Parker, and encouraged b a friend to go to Juilliard, Miles is n stranger to the rhythmic and harmon sophistication that bebop and bett training have added to jazz. But, eve while taking the lead for tighter orche tration and a "cooler" style, he has n lost touch with the sources of deligh and warm lyricism, as well as deep-run ning anger and sorrow, in jazz.

"You don't learn to play the blues," he has said. "You just play. I don even think about harmony. It jus comes. You learn where to put note so they'll sound right. You just don do it because it's a funny chord."

The famous recordings made in 194 50, which Capitol now calls *Birth o the Cool,* include the two, "Israel" an "Boplicity," described as "incontestabl masterpieces" by the French critic Andr Hodeir. The arranger Gil Evans playe an essential part in them, as he also di in Columbia's *Miles Ahead,* a mod recent album Miles himself lists amon the few he really likes. But the listene will discover, from any of these record that there is more to the 1950s tha being "beat."

Miles Ahead. Miles Davis + 19. Di by Gil Evans. Columbia CL 1041.

Birth of the Cool. 1949-50 sides wit Mulligan, Konitz, etc. Capitol T 76

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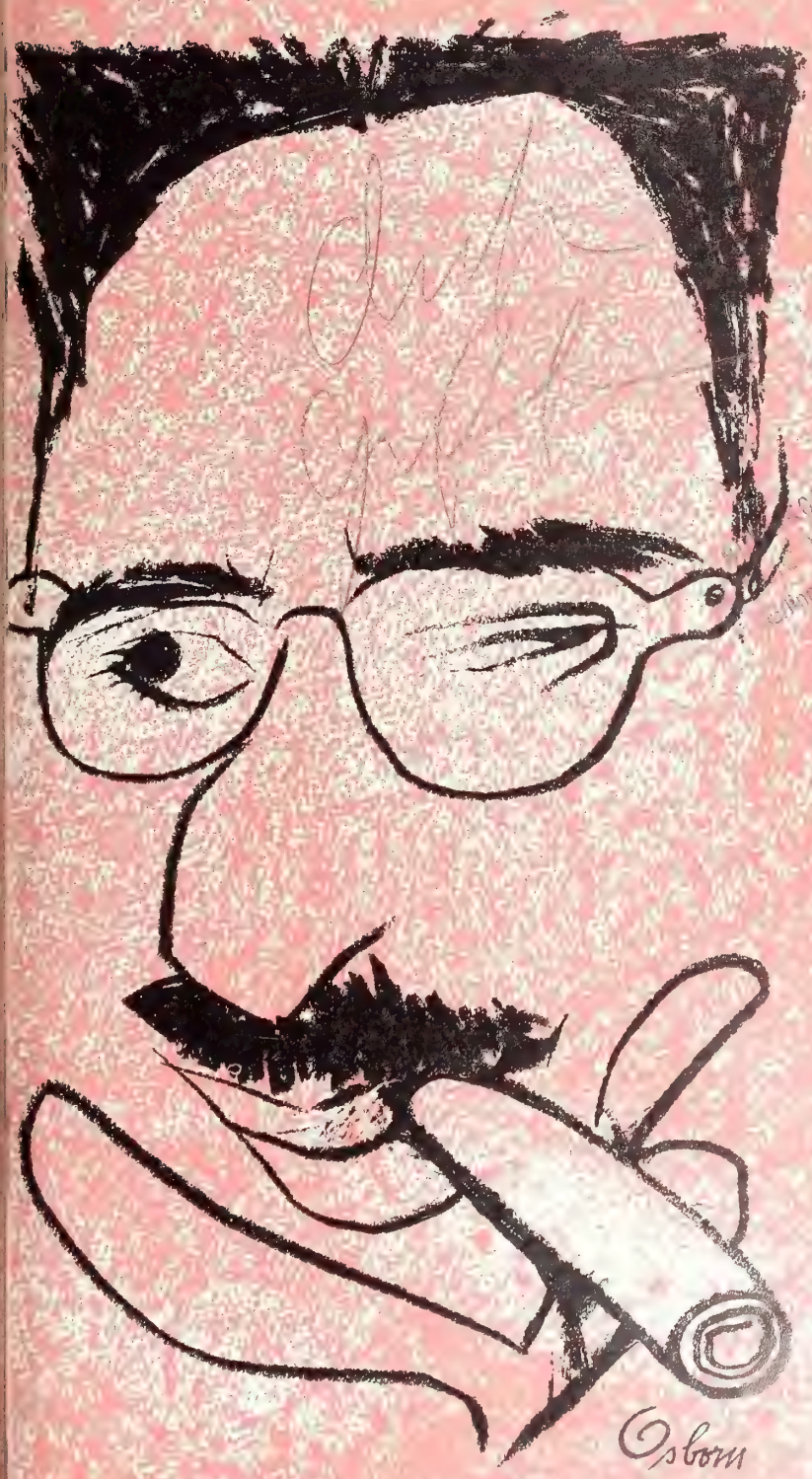
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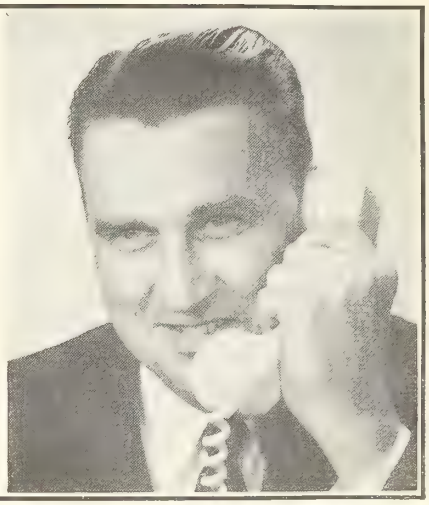
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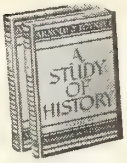
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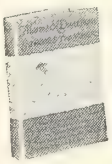
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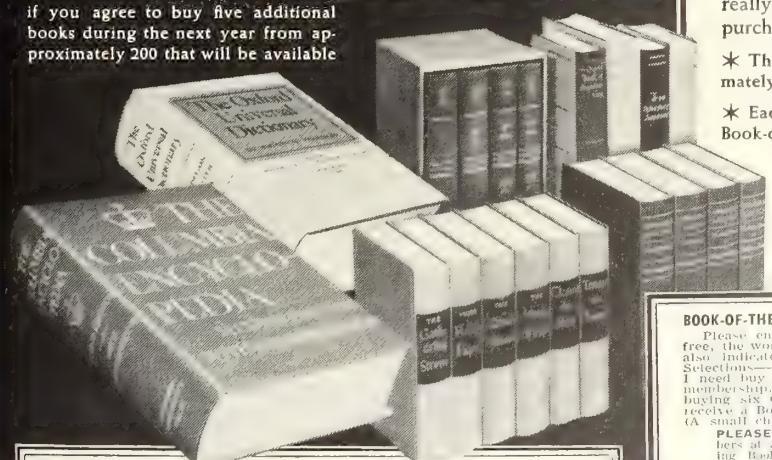
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LETTERS



Sounding Off

To the Editors

"A Combat Veteran Sounds Off" [April] is very good and [Colonel Crabill] obviously knows what he is talking about. And while I do not agree with all of his conclusions, I concur entirely in the general tenor of the situation as he sees it.

James M. Gavin, Lt. Gen. (Ret.)
Washington, D. C.

. . . Colonel Crabill and this ex-Marine would get along fine. He has the guts to shout out loud and clear what I and other "troops" have been thinking for years. Get the Red Cross girls with their tight slacks out of the area, keep the Mothers of America's fingers out of the necessary tough training programs, and let's keep men like Colonel Crabill, the Marine's Chesty Puller, and others of their caliber in the military where they will do the United States the most good.

Joe Rychetnik
Portland, Ore.

. . . I have sent this article to my Congressman, asking only that it be read to the Congress every morning immediately after prayer and by a taxpayer.

M. V. Niland
Ogden, Utah

Colonel Crabill paraphrases a Pentagon argument: "Wars of the future will be decided by atomic bombs, airplanes, and guided missiles." He attacks this: "Russia can march across Europe in about three months. . . . They might possibly be stopped at the source by bombing Russian cities and bases."

He seems to imply that these weapons will not have an influential voice in any future war. Who is he to say? Who is anyone to say what will decide any future war? What does the Colonel think the mission of wartime air power is, if not to destroy the source—the cities and bases? Does he think we would use airplanes and missiles as grapeshot?

James P. Smith
Denver, Col.

Colonel Crabill's next sentences, which Mr. Smith does not quote, were: "Are we prepared to sacrifice the east coast of the United States for this? . . . Any Air Force officer knows that no defense will stop all the bombers. It would take only one to destroy a city."

The Editors

[The introductory note to Colonel Crabill's article] states "he served as an infantry officer in three wars, won twelve decorations, and led the 329th Infantry Regiment in combat from Omaha Beach to the Elbe river." And he came out a full colonel. It would be interesting to know how many officers who were lieutenants when he was of that rank, or became so later on, and who never got within a combat zone, are now generals.

Fred G. Huntington, Lt. Col.
Billings, Mont.

Standing Room Only

To the Editors:

The solutions to overpopulation outlined by Arthur C. Clarke ["Standing Room Only," April] are far from happy ones. However it seems to me we could accomplish much the same ends more easily by devious means. . . .

Housing authorities and unions could simply work together to encourage the construction of ever-smaller housing units. This could be accomplished by requiring open featherbedding on the construction crews, squaring the number of men required each time a bedroom was added. This, coupled with judicious use of taxes on land, improvements, and building materials, would drastically reduce the number of houses and apartments having two or more bedrooms. Further refinements could include prohibitions against sleeping in any space not designed for a bedroom. . . . Since suitable housing for large families would not be accessible, the majority of people would voluntarily limit the size of their families. My own, for instance, has already been stabilized—shelter for even three children cannot be located readily in every city to which the Navy sends me. . . .

In event of population explosions, remedies could be invoked singly or even combined with such relatively small efforts as increasing the size and cruising speed of automobiles without improving roads, etc. . . .

Byrum A. Bolerjack, MC
FPO, New York, N. Y.

Of course there are alternatives to the depressing array of futures Mr. Clarke lines up. . . . What we hope for are ways to induce people to want to limit th families to a socially desirable size. O a totalitarian country could impose coercive measures which seem to be that have occurred to Mr. Clarke.

Some of the democratic alternati were formulated by Richard L. Meier the University of Michigan's Men Health Research Institute at a conf ence sponsored by the American H manist Association at Ann Arbor December. (I do not wish to adverti but the substance of Mr. Meier's rema is published in the Number Two *H manist* for 1958.)

Many people, he says, have am valences about raising a family, and t art will be to make other ways of so attractive that enough [people] will choose the alternative course. example, many women are admiral fitted for careers and professions whi would interfere with child raising; addition there are the delights of tra and "the new active leisure." Swed found its birthrate falling drastica when the standard of living became hi enough. Mr. Meier sees the need removing 20 to 40 per cent of wom out of the child-bearing field, and th thinks the others could safely be left have as many children as they chose.

Indeed the experience of the femini of fifty years ago . . . may take on new relevance. One thing is certai the present climate of feeling puts a c tain number of artificial pressures young women to have children. . . .

Priscilla Robertson, Edit
The Human
Anchorage, A

There is probably more "standi room" than we think.

Ever since man's beginning we ha had prophets of doom. They used worry about too few people due to enough food. Now they worry abo too many people due to too much of I don't know which is worse, dying starvation or drowning in a sea of manity.

Malthus thought we would overpo late the earth because of the accel tion of material progress. Althou there *is* an increase in population tends to decelerate with the accelerat of civilization. Perhaps this decrease the rate of increase will continue un by coincidence, it reaches a point stability just short of "standing ro only."

However, if in the meantime m does manage to destroy himself, it probably be only from the exhaust of predicting such a destruction.

Lorne H. W
Azusa, C

. . . Striding headlong in its sev league boots . . . science is even s stepping over the threshold of enlight

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LETTERS

ment and will soon know what makes a cabbage a cabbage and a man a man. Unquestionably in the future it can bring about mutations so that the "fundamentally new approach to the nature of man" will be through a genetic upheaval. The result will be a sturdier, more intelligent, more adaptable, less fertile creature: a creature whose lifetime reproductive powers will be limited, in union with the female of the new species, to but two of his kind. These spawn will survive against all odds except accidental death (perhaps even that), for they will be disease-proof, intellectually capable of understanding the new world, happily adjusted to the two-child family. . . .

LAURA W. DOUGLAS
Terrace Park, Ohio

Beberman Math

TO THE EDITORS:

With reference to the article, "Math Even Parents Can Understand," by Peter F. Drucker in the April issue: from whom can I secure the texts of the Beberman course?

JOHN C. LAUGHLIN
Montgomery, Ala.

We suggest that you write to Professor Max Beberman at the University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.—*The Editors*

Jazz

TO THE EDITORS:

I was highly disturbed to see such a large amount of space in your April issue devoted to the subject of jazz, a questionable art form at the very least ["What's Happening to Jazz" by Nat Hentoff]. . . .

Jazz will never rise above the "saloon" audience. For those beyond the mentality found there, it has nothing to offer.

LEONARD F. VINCEN
Venice, Cali

As one of those jazz "disc jockeys" . . . Hentoff mentioned, I would like to thank you for publishing a thoughtful article on an oft-misunderstood subject.

To those of us in the field of radio commentary on jazz, critic Hentoff is a voice of sanity and perception. . . .

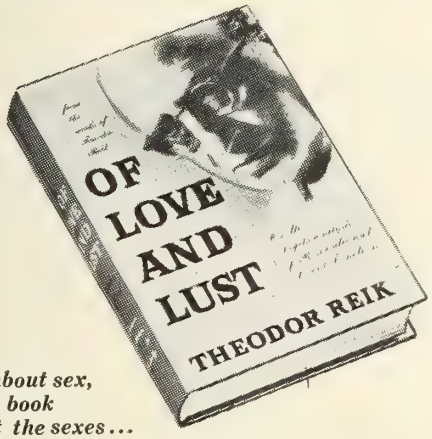
GENE FEEHA
WFUV-F
New York, N.

The Nat Hentoff article was precise if only slightly prejudiced against many managers of jazz musicians.

Papa Celestin, a beloved member of our board, suffered and died because



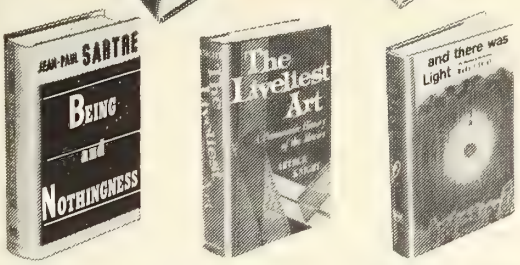
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A veteran with a partial disability—for which he has refused to collect—tells how the veterans' groups are pressuring Congress into one of the most flagrant misuses of public money this country has ever seen.

By John E. Booth

GUIDE TO '58 AND '60

A noted political analyst sums up his findings state by state—and forecasts the issues, candidates, and trends which will make the next chapter in American history.

By William G. Carleton

TIME ON OUR HANDS

The more leisure we get, the more people worry about it. A well-known commentator on American manners and social habits comes up with some unexpected answers on how to make the most of our play time.

By Russell Lynes

SOUTHERNERS
Who Set the Woods on Fire

More than 80 per cent of the nation's forest fires occur in the South . . . many of them are deliberately set by firebugs. Why do they do it? And is there any way they can be stopped?

By Ed Kerr

the pressure of such managers on Bourbon St.

There is another facet of the problem: discrimination. We find that many Negro jazz musicians cannot find suitable audiences and support. We have tried and are trying to help.

J. Ashton Greene, Pres.
International Jazz Foundation
New Orleans, La.

Welfare Disease

To the Editors:

What the upshot of the Egalitarian Age and the Welfare State will be is of interesting import. . . . Norman Mackenzie's "The English Disease" [April] has raised the issue. . . .

Whether the English will ever recover from the opiate the Leftists, aided and abetted from time to time by soft-hearted and soft-headed aristocrats, have prepared for them I don't know. . . .

When England was great, I seem to recall, there was the usual natural inequality stalking lustily through her population and her institutions. . . .

Henry C. McGavack
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Not So Dumb

To the Editors:

We were much intrigued by Arthur C. Clarke's "Our Dumb Colleagues" [February], especially since we have in the past ten years [in our work in applied animal psychology] trained pigs to run vacuum cleaners and pump water, chickens to sell postcards, rabbits to paint Easter eggs, and raccoons to turn egg beaters.

Seriously, many of the ideas Mr. Clarke suggests are practical possibilities. Recent advances in psychology have shown that workable, humane control can be economically achieved over wide ranges of animal behavior, and that behavior so controlled is, in many cases, more reliable than machinery or electronic devices. Mrs. Keller Breland
Hot Springs, Ark.

Stopping the Slump

To the Editors:

Ross M. Robertson's article ["Four Steps to Halt the Slump," April] is written with precision and elegance. However, except for his sweeping "unbalance the budget," his four steps suggest remedies more procedural than material.

A policy of unbalanced budget, pursued with the abandon of Mr. Robertson's suggestion, is more likely to bring about deep economic imbalances than lasting full employment. It's like vitamins: take too many, and the body throws them away.

What Mr. Robertson's words "consistency" and "coherence" imply—but do not clearly say—is that our economy lacks an overall economic projection, a goal, especially in the total of yearly national investment for consistent and balanced yearly growth; that the Council of Economic Advisers has failed to prepare one; that the Administration has also failed to propose a corresponding system of incentives (or restraints) to attain it. We have used the brakes of credit tightening. Now we will have to apply the accelerator of deficit spending. What we actually need is the steering wheel and steady pace of economic programing.

Otto Burianek
Atlanta, Ga.

Team Doctors

To the Editors:

I have read with great interest Mrs. Sanders' excellent article on "Country Doctors Catch Up" [April].

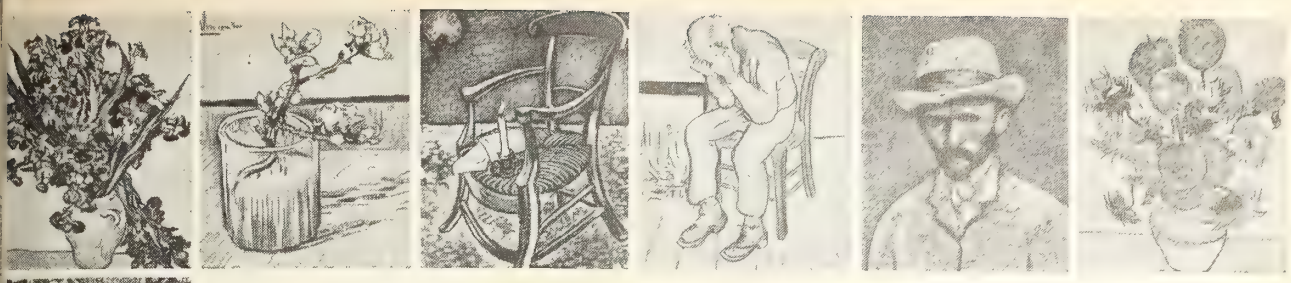
I feel Mrs. Sanders has somewhat exaggerated the opposition of organized medicine to group practice; so far as I know the American Medical Association has never opposed this form of practice. This Association, consisting of 112 full and 9 associate members, although independent, works closely with the AMA on many matters of common concern.

A large number of our members are in "rural" areas or small cities. We believe that properly constituted private group-practice clinics offer one means of bringing good medical care to the residents of communities large and small.

Edwin P. Jordan, M.D.
Amer. Ass'n. of Medical Clinics
Charlottesville, Va.

I believe I understated the stubborn rear-guard action organized medicine has fought against group practice. . . . The real targets have been the groups offering day-to-day medical care which inevitably compete with the general practitioner. The battle against them has been chiefly waged, as I pointed out in my article, by local county medical societies which are the components of the AMA. . . . A review of the position of organized medicine will be found in Chapter VIII of *Medical Care for Today and Tomorrow,* the excellent book by Michael M. Davis (Harper & Brothers, 1955). It contains a detailed indictment which cannot be adequately documented within the space limits of a magazine article or correspondence column.

Marion K. Sanders
New York, N. Y.



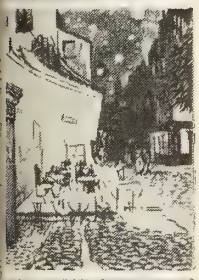
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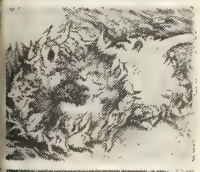
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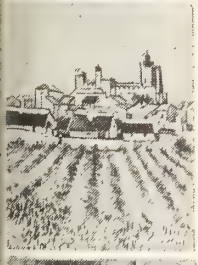


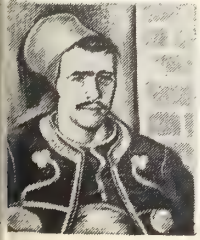












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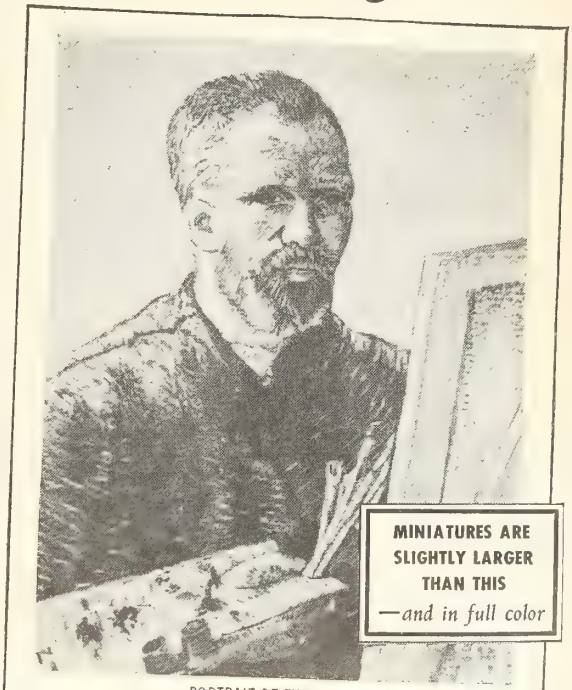
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The Untold Story Behind Little Rock

The executive editor of the Arkansas Gazette *and author of* Epitaph for Dixie*—widely acclaimed as the best of recent books about the South—examines the failure of our press, TV, and radio to report what really happened in his city. His paper won a Pulitzer Prize this year for meritorious public service and Mr. Ashmore himself received another for his editorials during the Little Rock crisis.*

FOR some months now I have served, in addition to my other duties, as something of a public monument, a sight to be seen by distinguished visitors on safari to Darkest Arkansas. They still come in a seemingly endless stream to view the scene of the Battle of Little Rock—small, brown men from the Orient, lady parliament members from Norway, earnest students from Eastern universities, pipe-smoking professors of sociology, ecclesiastics of every rank and denomination, and journalists without number. They go, usually, to look upon the site of Faubus' charge and Eisenhower's envelopment, visit the governor in his marble sanctuary, and come finally to what a friend of mine has termed, inaccurately I hope, Ashmore's Tomb.

These visitations often provide unique intellectual exercise. It is stimulating, at least, to discuss, through a French interpreter, the states' rights doctrine of John C. Calhoun with a Japanese professor of European literature. But I encounter a besetting frustration, too. With only rare exceptions the visitors—domestic no less than foreign—come with an image of Little Rock firmly fixed in their minds, an image fashioned by the millions of words sprayed through the communications media since the balloon went up last September. And I doubt that the image is perceptibly altered even when they gaze upon a quiet, attractive city built upon tree-clad hills where civilized people still go about their ordinary business without visible trepidation.

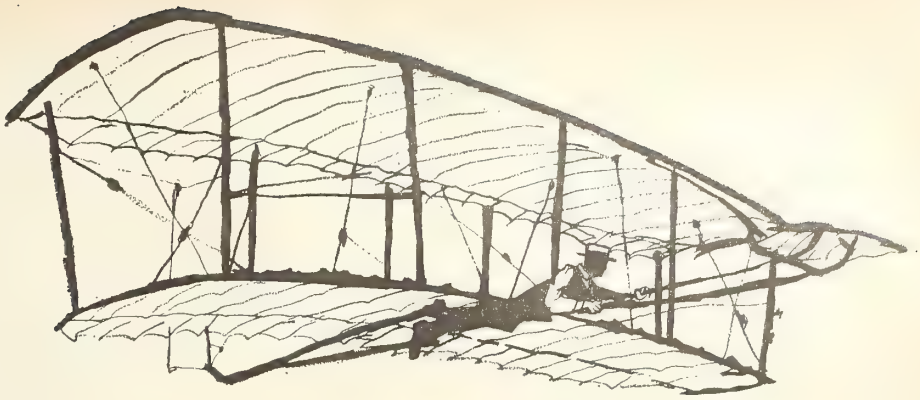
There is, of course, good reason why Little Rock has become a symbol that arouses strong emotions among people everywhere in the world. Events have made the very name of the city a battle cry for those on both sides of the great moral issue that has divided this nation through most of its history, and still divides it. "Remember Little Rock" proclaims the great seal that adorns propaganda-bearing envelopes going out from the headquarters of the Southern Citizens' Councils. The same words have been sounded by Negro hoodlums moving with drawn knives against whites in the slum streets of Northern cities.

It follows that there has been considerable deliberate tinkering with the image at home and abroad. Little Rock was about as handy a package as the Russians have had handed them since they set out to woo the colored peoples of the earth. In the South (and among some of the copperhead columnists who espouse states' rights above Mason and Dixon's line) a whole new mythology has evolved to fit extant prejudices against the central government. Westbrook Pegler, for example, has solemnly contended that Old Applehead sent his stormtroopers into Little Rock to assault innocent citizens not only without legal sanction but without cause, and John Temple Graves maintains on several Southern editorial pages that the mob which overran the Little Rock police force was "Harry Ashmore's imaginary lion in the streets." The effort is far advanced to expunge from pliant Southern memories the salient fact that Orval Faubus moved first with force of arms when he sent his state militia to seize Central High School in naked defiance of a federal court.

WHAT THE REPORTERS DIDN'T SEE

BUT this I regard as incidental, a natural hazard of my trade and my time. What gives me professional pause is the odd, distorted, and grossly incomplete image of Little Rock carried around by those who got their facts straight, and in great abundance. Among my present afflictions is the gloomy suspicion that somehow as we improve the mechanical means of communication we are losing the fundamental ability to communicate; we are talking more, that is, and saying less.

In my time I have seen the mass media expand to include the formidable newcomer, television, and add a new dimension to the raw stuff of history. In the same span, newspapers, although financially weakened by the additional competition for attention and the advertising dollar, have improved their techniques; we get the news faster and dish it up in prettier packages. We are as free as we have ever been—which means that we are as free as our proprietors have the heart and the will to be. [*Continued on page 12.*]



The man who wants to

KNOW

ways, since the dawn of mankind, there
s been the man who wanted to KNOW
e thing or many things.

Often that instinct to know was merged
th the instinct to survive; in this there
nothing new.

To know how to grow food, how to build
e, how to turn a wheel—to know why
baby could die or a flower grow... all
ese desires play their parts in the long
story of man, thinking.

Man today is still man thinking, man seeking and studying and searching.

Anything that elevates thinking man to new importance must in the end favor free men over slave men.

Thus, the current upgrading of the man who wants to KNOW finds an answering upthrust in the American mind and heart.

TIME—The Weekly Newsmagazine

Yet with all of this, we seem to be no nearer a solution to the fundamental problem that has beset us since Gutenberg perfected movable type —how to present the day's events in meaningful perspective. Indeed, in some important ways, we seem to be moving in the opposite direction. The concentration on technique can, and often has, become a sort of refuge from this more complex problem. One of the major wire services is still bemused by Dr. Rudolph Flesch's formula which seeks salvation through syntax, and holds that public understanding can be improved through shorter sentences and more frequent paragraphs. It seems to me it doesn't really matter what tools we use so long as we are prone to wake up each morning and discover a whole new world and write about it as though nothing relevant had gone before.

The Little Rock story is a case in point. It was, by universal judgment, the second biggest news story of the year—topped only by Sputnik. It attracted a concentration of correspondents, photographers, and radio and television technicians comparable to that which assembles for a national political convention. The newspapers, wire services, and networks sent their best men, too—seasoned hands to handle the fast-breaking spot news and think-piece experts to back them up. For many days the story had top priority on every news desk in this country and abroad—which meant the men on the ground could count on whatever space or time it took to report their findings in full. It is fair to say that contemporary journalism's best effort went into the Little Rock story.

Yet Harold C. Fleming, the perceptive executive director of the Southern Regional Council, whose business it is to chart the shifting pattern of race relations in the South, has written of the result:

> . . . what do the millions of words and television images add up to? Have they given Americans—to say nothing of foreigners—a clearer understanding of the South's malaise? As a result of them, will the national shock be less or the insight greater if a similar eruption accompanies desegregation in Dallas or Charlottesville or Knoxville? We can hope so, but not with much optimism. Only a few major newspapers, like the *New York Times*, a few thoughtful television and radio commentators, and a few good magazines sought to give a meaningful perspective to their reports from Little Rock.
>
> Conspicuously lacking in most interpretations is any sense of continuity. The upheavals in Tuscaloosa, Clinton, and Little Rock were not isolated events, but episodes in an unfolding drama of social change. . . .

I can file no dissent from Fleming's verdict. I was there when the cowboy reporters rode in to the scent of blood. They did not have to seek for drama; it was thrust upon them, with a complete set of heroes and villains—and these readily interchangeable, depending upon your point of view. I do not charge that the press sensationalized the Little Rock story; the facts themselves were sensational enough to answer any circulation manager's dream. Moreover, I believe that—with rare exceptions—the men and women who reported the Little Rock story were competent and conscientious. Similarly, I have no reason to believe that any but a tiny handful were bound by home-office policy or blinded by their personal prejudices.

They performed their traditional function, within the traditional limits. They braved the mob that formed for some days around the high school, they interviewed the principals on both sides and many of the minor characters, they sketched in personalities and filled in color, and some at least tried hard to define the feeling of the community. Over a period of weeks they did a reasonably accurate job of reporting what happened at Little Rock—but as Fleming has said, they have failed to tell why it happened.

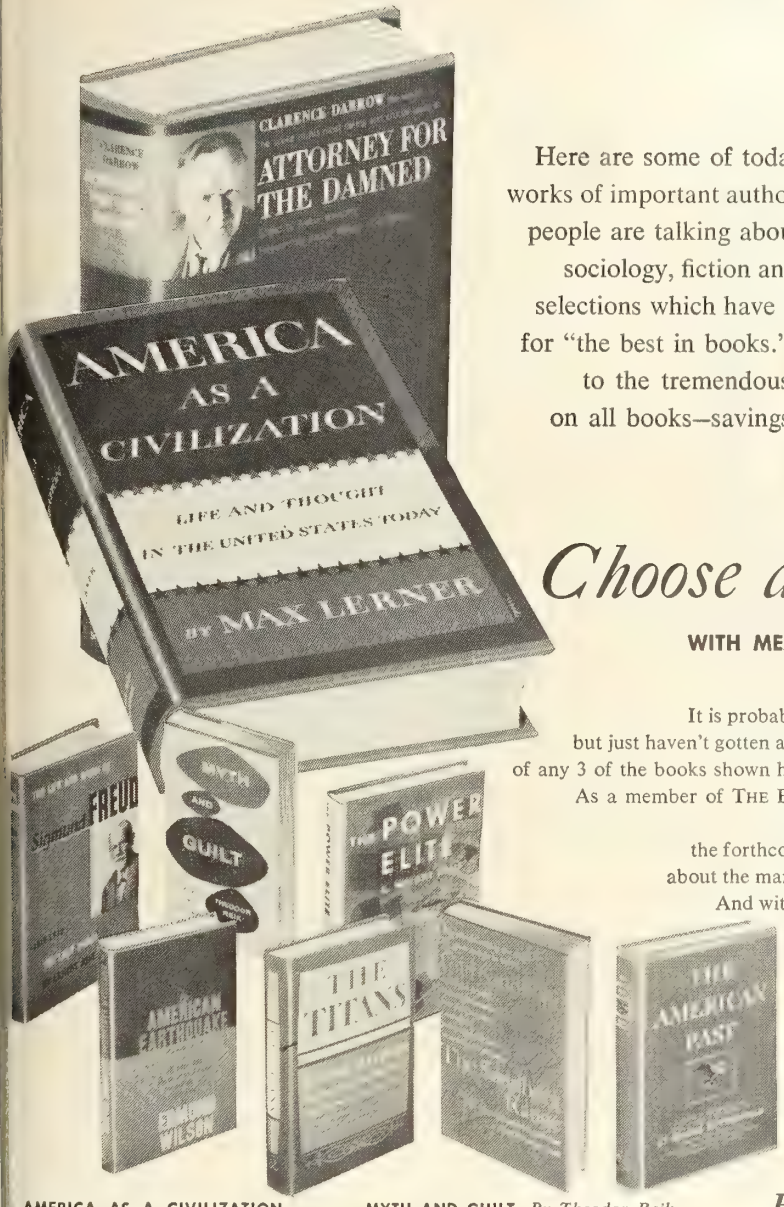
THE UNFINISHED STORY

AND the reason, I think, is that to American journalism the Little Rock story had an arbitrary beginning and end. It began the day Governor Faubus surrounded Central High School with his state guard. It continued so long as there was a naked edge of violence. It ended when federal troops restored a surface order to the troubled city. It has had subsequent footnotes only when the edge of violence re-emerged in clashes between white and Negro children inside the school. It survives in the press today largely in the sort of occasional oblique reference that passes for background of more immediate news.

Yet it is quite obvious that the Little Rock story did not begin in September. It is equally obvious that it has not ended yet. For Little Rock was simply the temporary focus of a great, continuing, and unresolved American dilemma which touches upon fundamental concepts of morality, of social change, and of law. Journalism has concentrated on only the exposed portion of the iceberg; the great, submerged mass remains uncharted.

It was, admittedly, an extraordinarily difficult story to handle. A journalist is trained to seek out spokesmen for both sides in any controversy. They were readily and anxiously available in Little Rock. The case for resistance to the Federal Court's desegregation order was made at length by Governor Faubus, and bolstered by the more flamboyant utterances of the unabashed racists in the Citizens' Councils. The case for compliance was made by the local school officials,

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the mayor of the city, and—belatedly by the President of the United States, with somewhat more passionate arguments freely offered by spokesmen for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

But this was a controversy that had three sides. Caught between the committed and dedicated partisans was a substantial and silent mass of plain citizens—confused and deeply disturbed. They were people who deplored desegregation and also deplored violence. They felt, many of them, a deep compassion for the nine Negro children exposed to the anger and contempt of a white mob. But they also felt that the Negro children should not be attending the white school in the first place. They had been, most of them, willing to undertake what they considered the unpleasant duty that had been required by the courts.

But then, at the last moment, their governor had stepped forward and proclaimed that what they had accepted as the law was without substance—and that their failure to resist desegregation amounted to treason to their own traditions and to their own people.

It is true that most of those who accepted this thesis (and the majority have, to some degree) did so with conscious rationalization. But it is also true that when emotion triumphed over reason they did not actively join the crusade of the governor and the Citizens' Councils; rather they simply subsided into troubled silence and by so doing withdrew their support from those few who attempted to stand against the tide. And because they were silent, their attitude went largely unreported. The press took due note of the fact that in fairly short order Governor Faubus was in command of the field; but here again it did not explain why—which is the heart of the story.

It can be argued that these matters are too subtle for the proper practice of journalism—that those who rode to Little Rock as though it were a four-alarm fire could not be expected to plumb the hidden attitudes of the populace, and indeed that the effort to do so would represent a dangerous departure from proper standards of objectivity. Perhaps so. But there were other aspects of the Little Rock story that were equally vital and by no means so elusive. There was, conspicuously, the failure of leadership in Washington which matched the default of Southern leadership, and made the ultimate showdown between state and federal force inevitable.

NEWS THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN

BEFORE pursuing this thesis I should, perhaps, note that I am (to borrow Sam Rayburn's description of himself) a Democrat without suffix, prefix, or apology. It should be noted too that I spent ten months in the wilderness with Adlai Stevenson in 1956, when the Democratic candidate's cries on this subject, along with all others, were largely unheeded. But, making all due allowance for my prejudice, I submit that the record shows that from May 1954, when the United States Supreme Court reversed the old Plessy doctrine, until September 1957, when the chickens finally fluttered in to roost in Little Rock, the Eisenhower Administration took no affirmative action to pave the way for the sweeping legal change the Court required or to temper the inevitable dislocations it would occasion. Indeed, the incredible fact is that the Administration, without preliminary, moved directly to the ultimate resort of armed force, and then was confounded by its own belated audacity.

It required no delicate fingering of the public pulse to chart the course of growing defiance in the South. It was evident in violent utterances by some of the South's public men and in the silence of others. It was made a matter of record in the passage of a variety of restrictive laws in the Southern legislatures. A conspicuous public monument was erected in Washington when one hundred Southern members of the Senate and House signed their breast-beating Manifesto in the spring of 1956.

Yet Mr. Eisenhower's only reaction to all this was an occasional bemused press conference statement about the difficulties of changing the minds and hearts of men. His Administration, it is true, made token

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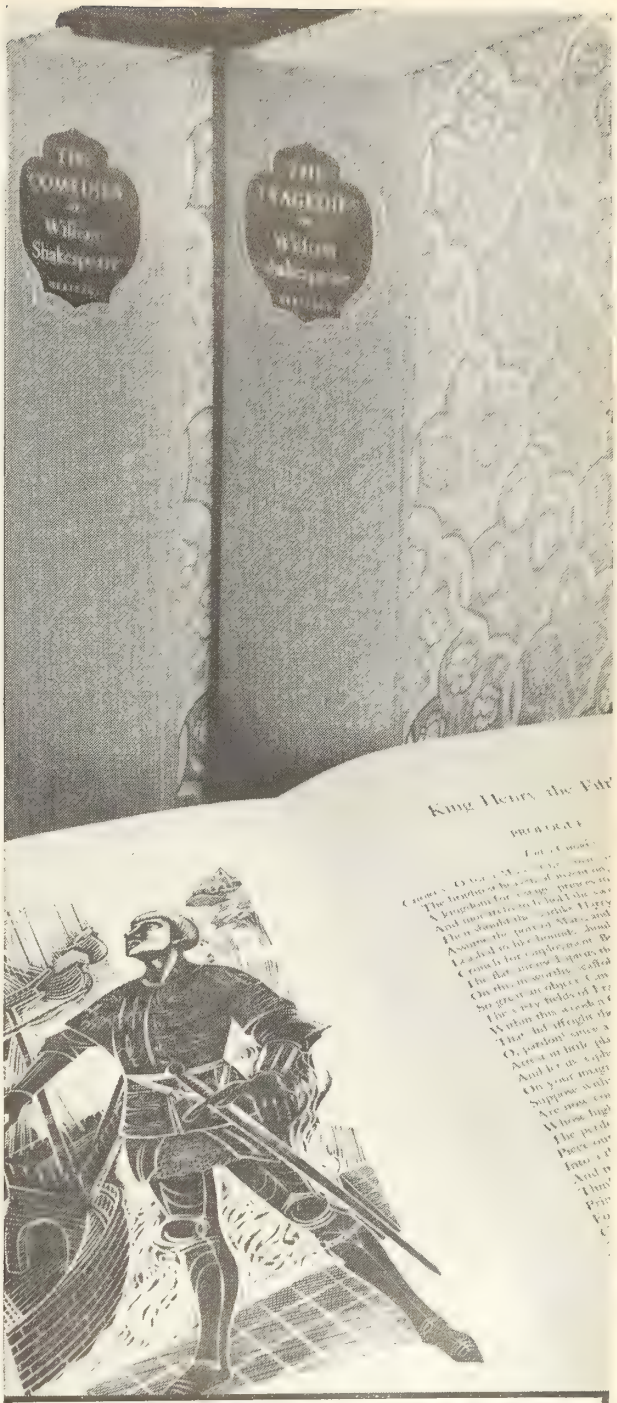
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efforts to pass stringent civil-rights legislation which only served to lacerate the Southerners in Congress and certainly had an adverse effect upon their minds, hearts, and spleens. And, of course, Vice President Nixon, in the days before he sheathed his hatchet, joined other Administration spokesmen in making proper obeisance to their party's Abolitionist tradition when campaigning in those areas where the Negro vote is heavy.

But at no time did Mr. Eisenhower attempt to use the moral force of his office to persuade Southerners of the justice of the course the Supreme Court required of them, or his great personal prestige in the region to allay their fears that they were being forced into a revolutionary rather than an evolutionary course. Nor did he employ the vast political powers of his office to negotiate with the recalcitrant Southern political leaders from a position of strength.

I am not one who supports without reservation the thesis that the Republican allegiance of most of the proprietors of the press has been translated into a conspiracy to wrap Mr. Eisenhower in bunting and protect him against criticism. I do not believe that this was a primary cause of the conspicuous failure of the press to take due note of the troubles that were shaping up in the South, and of the Administration's apparent unawareness. I suspect that it stems rather from the limiting journalistic axiom that what happens is news, and what doesn't isn't.

Thus the reporters rode into the region only when there was action—when a couple of red-necked hoodlums in backwoods Mississippi dropped Emmett Till into a river, or a mob ruled that Autherine Lucy couldn't attend the University of Alabama, or John Kasper incited the citizens of Clinton to wrath. In between, an occasional reporter, usually from one of the magazines, toured the region—but these too often caught only the sound and the fury on the surface. A notable example was the series in the *Saturday Evening Post* last summer, "The Deep South Says 'Never!'" The author, John Bartlow Martin, is a competent and conscientious practitioner, but his pieces were largely distilled from the utterances of the extremists without qualifying balance. The certainly unintentional result was to give national credence to the contention of the Councilmen that they spoke for the whole of the Southern people, and the Council leaders themselves regarded the *Post* series as invaluable propaganda in their campaign to enforce the doctrine of brute resistance upon the silent majority. But the other and equally essential part of the story—the drift in Washington—went largely unnoticed except by a few peripheral critics who address a limited audience.

THE POLITICAL DEAL

IF THE reporting of the prelude to Little Rock was conspicuously inadequate, it seems to me that the postlude provides an even more distressing example. The stirring martial events of September were, it is true, somewhat confusing—particularly when President Eisenhower and Governor Faubus held their historic peace conference at Newport and there remained some doubt as to who emerged with whose sword. Out of the communiqués issued by the White House on this occasion, however, and the later meeting with envoys from the Southern Governors' Conference, there emerged an assumption that the executive department of the federal government was prepared to back to the utmost the orders of the federal judiciary.

This notion was reinforced by the arrival of the 101st Airborne Infantry, and by the presence in Little Rock of so many FBI agents they created a problem of hotel accommodations. Indeed, there was public and official talk of a vast document compiled by the FBI, at the direction of the United States Attorney General, presumably in preparation for court action against those who were clearly defying the injunctions of a federal judge. During those fall days the embattled Little Rock School Board—under fire from the state government for carrying out the judge's order and deserted by a city administration intimidated by a show of political strength by the Citizens' Council—waited for the federals to ride to their aid. All they got, as it turned out, was withdrawal of the regulars of the 101st and a perfunctory detail of federalized national guardsmen, under orders to observe but not to arrest any malefactors within the school.

It soon became apparent that this was far from enough to preserve any semblance of order. The mob which once came close to forcing entry into the school did not re-form, it is true, but it didn't need to. A far safer course was to inspire a small group of white students to undertake a campaign of harassment against the isolated Negroes. And as it became apparent that Washington had done all it was going to do, the Citizens' Councils became bolder and bolder in their campaign of intimidation, coercion, and boycott directed against any who dared dissent from the defiant course they had charted. The campaign bore tangible fruit in the expulsion of one of the nine Negro children who had responded in kind to calculated mistreatment—an event greeted by the appearance of cards on the lapels of the student activists bearing the cogent notice: "One down—eight to go."

Here again, in spasmodic, uncoordinated fashion the surface of these events has been recorded by the press. But the other and more significant portion of the story has attracted little attention. In Washington, the decision to leave to the Little Rock School Board the entire burden of carrying out the court order against impossible odds has never been officially announced, but has been clearly acknowledged by the Department of Justice. The new Attorney General, William P. Rogers, said that there were no present plans for further legal action in Little Rock. He further noted that the Administration would not press for additional civil-rights legislation at this session of Congress—a matter of some moment since the Justice Department had previously used as an excuse for inaction at Little Rock the failure of the enforcement provisions in the last civil-rights bill.

These pronouncements were followed by one of the most remarkable scenes enacted on Capitol Hill since the passage of the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Rogers appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee to be interrogated as to his fitness as

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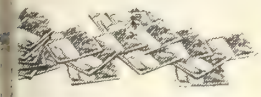
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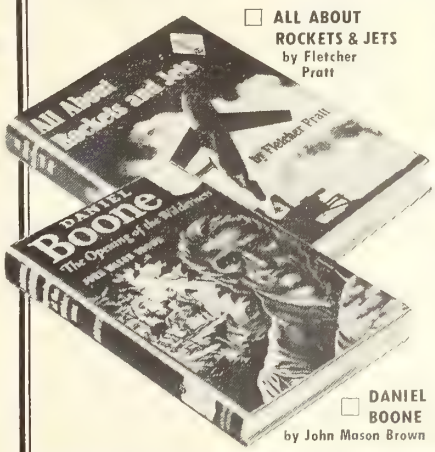


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Attorney General, received cordial greetings, and was recommended for confirmation without a single question being addressed to him regarding his past or future course in the Little Rock case—and this before a committee that counts among its members Senators James Eastland of Mississippi and Olin Johnston of South Carolina. This singular occurrence was accorded no more than passing mention in the press and no one of consequence speculated in print or on a television tube as to the dimensions of what must have been one of the most singular political deals in recent years.

TIME FOR WHAT?

JUST as the Little Rock story did not begin in Little Rock, it will not end there—whatever the ultimate fate of the eight children still remaining in the beleaguered high school at this writing. These events have already had tragic consequences in Arkansas and the South; those who were disposed to support an orderly adjustment to the new public policy have been discredited and disarmed—not alone by the extremists who are now in control, but by a national Administration which deserted them in the first collision between federal and state force and declared in effect that the rule of law propounded by its own courts is not enforceable. And so, by default, what began as a local issue has been built into a national constitutional crisis.

And it is no less than that—perhaps the most critical the nation has faced since 1860. I do not suggest that civil war is imminent, because of course it isn't. I do say that the drift in Washington has gravely compounded the dislocations that were made inevitable by the historical developments affirmed by the Supreme Court in 1954, and has left the country sharply divided on a complex moral and social issue at a time when national unity could be the price of national survival.

There are many who share the blame. There is reason to wonder if our system of education has served us adequately when in its ultimate flowering it has produced a generation, North and South, that appears not only unable to grasp the implications of the race problem but unwilling to face it squarely. I have said of the South that its besetting problem is not the accommodation of the rising aspirations of its Negro people, difficult as that may be, but its inability to reduce the issue to rational terms. In slightly different context, the same thing is true of the non-South—called upon now to translate its pious principles into action and blinking painfully over the mote in its own eye.

BUT my concern is with journalism. No one can say with certainty that the course of events in the South could have been altered had the President exercised firm leadership—or that Mr. Eisenhower would have been disposed to act even if the alarm had been sounded by those who are supposed to man the watchtowers of public affairs. And now, after the fact, this is perhaps not of consuming importance. But the watchtowers remain largely silent still, and I suggest that this is a matter of pressing concern.

For it seems to me that the American people are still not aware of what Little Rock really demonstrated—the shocking fact that not only did the Administration have no plan to meet the crisis at Little Rock when it came, but even now, with all the bitter lessons before it, still has charted no effective course of action nor displayed any disposition to do so.

I am the first to argue that time is of the essence in any resolution of the problem. In so delicate an area of human relations change must be evolutionary. Yet time is of value only if it is put to some practical use; perhaps the most cogent single question yet raised was that put by Francis Pickens Miller of Virginia to a group of Southerners who at a national conference were pleading for a breathing spell.

What, he asked, did they propose to do with it?

It is clear that the Southern leadership has no program and no policy except the negative one of delay at any price—and part of the price will be a steady deterioration of race relations across the whole of the nation, with a corollary impact of great significance on our saggi foreign policy. In the face of th

THE EASY CHAIR

he Administration has offered noth-
ng except the politician's usual
evice for postponing unpleasant de-
isions—the creation of a study com-
ission, which, if it does not founder
n its partisan division, at some dis-
ant date presumably will come up
ith the facts the press should have
een setting forth all along.

These then are some of the aspects
f the Little Rock story which seem
o me to be largely unrecognized or
enerally misunderstood despite the
illions of words that have adorned
he front pages and boomed through
he loudspeakers. I suppose that a
atient man with endless time on his
ands might have put together the
rid fragments that were hurled at
im and divined their meaning—but
aders and listeners are usually both
npatient and busy. It remains,
en, journalism's unfulfilled respon-
bility to somehow provide perspec-
ve and continuity—to add the why
the what.

OW can it be done, in the face
the real, and in many ways grow-
g, limitations of time and space
at beset all of us who live by the
ock? I will confess that I have no
ady answers. But I do know the
sk is urgent and steadily becoming
ore so.

And I think perhaps it begins with
cognition that this is so—and that,
lid as they may be, the excuses we
wspapermen have made to our-
lves in private, and the proud
asts of rectitude our promotion
anagers commonly make in public,
e no longer good enough. I think
e have got to get over the notion
at objectivity is achieved by giving
sinner equal space with a saint—
d above all of paying the greatest
tention to those who shout the
udest. We've got to learn that a
of indisputable facts does not
cessarily add up to the whole
ith.

Perhaps what we need most of all
simply the courage of our own
nvictions—to recognize that news is
t merely a record of ascertainable
ts and attributable opinions, but
chronicle of the world we live in
t in terms of moral values. We
ll err, certainly, and we will be
used—but we will at least be in
sition in the watchtowers, trying to
l the story in all its dimensions.

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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

LIFELINE

THE Nutrition Laboratory of Yale University occupies a few well-worn rooms on the third floor of the Sterling Hall of Medicine. By the windows in a plainly furnished conference room, Dr. William H. Adolph, Lecturer in Nutrition and Public Health, has a broad desk, some boxes of slides, a few files and books (one of them his own chemistry textbook in a Chinese edition). Dr. Adolph is a good-looking tall spare gray-haired man with a gentle manner, modest answers, and an odd assortment of tastes—only some of which appear in his article, "Fashions in Food" (p. 57).

Since most of his books and papers stayed behind in his office in the Peking Union Medical College in 1951 when he left Communist China, he now collects materials for writing by simply dropping piquant items into the proper folder from time to time. When it is fat enough, he takes them out to work over. He spent the better part of thirty-five years teaching in China, and his four children were born there but came home for college. Traveling light, he and his wife transplanted themselves to the American University in Beirut for another three years before coming to settle at Yale.

Dr. Adolph has published some hundred papers, mainly on nutritional metabolism, and he continues to be interested in the digestive processes of the rats in tiers of cages in the air-conditioned laboratory adjoining his study. But his works in progress range outside.

One project is to record his recollections of "The Last Frontier"—the conquest by Western science of the Oriental mind, which began about fifty years ago when China opened the door to Western teachers. When Dr. Adolph went to Cheeloo University right after getting his Ph.D. at Pennsylvania in 1915, the hardest job was to try to change the mental habits of students whose whole education had been rote-learning and to persuade them to do things with their hands. (Dr. Adolph makes his own slides for illustrating lectures today, typing them himself and drawing fine little rats to throw on the screen.) He reads and speaks Chinese, and he feels his best work was helping students who were writing their theses in English.

"That's teaching!"

A second project is one on which he has been collecting items for years: over-nutrition—a disease to which Americans still have exclusive world rights. Dr. and Mrs. Adolph were interned by the Japanese during World War II—he was then Professor of Biochemistry at Yenching University—and they were among the lucky minority to be brought home on the *Gripsholm* in 1943. It was the husky stevedores who met the boat at San Francisco, compared with the emaciated Chinese coolies who had loaded it, that dramatized for him the difference between the United States and the Orient. "No class in America is underfed," he says. Years later when he lectured in the Near East on over-nutrition, a smile would go round the class at such a problem.

There are a few overfed rats—gorged on coconut oil and peanuts—in the lab next door. Dr. Adolph pulled out one of the drawer cages to show a visitor from *Harper's*, and a gargantuan white rat with a definite rubber tire at midriff and hips, staggered over and pulled himself up to peer out. Dr. Adolph patted him affectionately. "They are very responsive animals," he said. The rat sparkled.

A third and most cherished project is to write about Chinese painting—how it is done and what it means. During his house arrest in Yenching, Dr. Adolph got a Chinese tutor to come in regularly to teach him painting, a pursuit he had to give up when he was taken to a prison camp. One of his own works now hangs downstairs in the Sterling Hall of Medicine. The formula, his tutor said, was: In twelve inches of line, no more than one inch of straight. Formula for a lifeline too perhaps?

Dr. Adolph took his visitor to lunch at the Coffee Shop in the new hospital, where Yale faculty wives in cherry red smocks prepare and serve the food as volunteers. We asked whether he had ever eaten grubs or grasshoppers. It happened he hadn't, but, "Once you know it is all good food, prejudice fades. Man's taste is sound nutritionally if you go back five thousand years. It's only in the past two or three millennia that it has been corrupted."

Ever adaptable, Dr. Adolph lunched on pineapple and cottage cheese, toast, milk and chocolate ice cream, "a special weakness of mine."

. . . The place of an honest man in politics is one of the main themes of "Notes on Political Leadership" (p. 23) by **Joseph S. Clark**, Democratic Senator from Pennsylvania. He records also how he became mayor of Philadelphia, his native city, after his return from the Army Air Force in the China Burma-India Theater in World War II.

Senator Clark took his Harvard B.S. in 1923 magna cum laude, and his Bachelor of Laws from the University of Pennsylvania Law School three years later. He practiced law before and after the war and ran for the Philadelphia City Council back in 1934. His first elected office was that of city controller; he won the Senate seat in 1956. Recently people have been talking about him as a Presidential candidate in '60.

. . . **Leo Rosten**, who conjures up "The Lunar World of Groucho Marx" (p. 31), is the author of a scholarly study of prewar Hollywood and of a number of suspense novels and movies, including "Walk Easy on Beacon" and "Sleep My Love." But perhaps his best title to interpretation of the egghead slapstick comedian Groucho is his own great funny book, *The Education of Hyman Kaplan*, which he wrote as Leonard Q. Ross. He is also a special editorial adviser for *Look*.

. . **Dan Wakefield** learned the facts bout "The Gang That Went Good"). 36) during six months when he ved in their neighborhood to work n a book called *In Spanish Harlem,* hich Houghton Mifflin will publish. Ie is a recent graduate of Columbia Jniversity, a former newspaper re-orter, and a frequent writer for the *Tation* and other magazines.

One question that neither Mr. Vakefield nor anyone else has nswered finally is why gangs of city oys get into habits of fighting and elinquency in the first place. One ieory, advanced by a Los Angeles sychologist, deserves more atten-on than it has had—simply for its icturesque quality. Dr. W. H. lanchard has compared modern ivenile delinquents to the knights f the Middle Ages. Writing in the *merican Imago* (Vol. 13, No. 4, 956), he pointed out that the de-nquent boy, rebelling against domi-ation by his mother, "is almost in-ariably protesting his masculinity, is physical strength, his powers in ombat, and his hatred of weakness. 'his type of aggression is quite dif-rent from the assertive impulse to after what one wants in life. . . . elinquents will fight over trivialities and often . . . merely 'for the ove of fighting.'"

According to Dr. Blanchard, the iedieval knight had similar charac-eristics and his frequent fighting or the "joy of combat" was similar both a boast of strength and a re-ction against female domination in home from which the father was ften absent.

The code of chivalry was an "at-empt to restrain the more extreme nd brutal expression of hostility. . . The controls were quite brittle nd easily gave way to outbursts of ggression. The manners and morals f chivalry were more of an ideal ian an actuality. The knight was ude and swaggering. Despising lasphemy, he was frequently blas-hemous; honoring virtue, he was equently a scoundrel."

One youth whom Dr. Blanchard iet in an institution had "acquired ible manners that would put a ociety matron to shame. But this re-nement [did] not prevent him from ipping a spoon into his trouser cuff be sharpened on the wall of his oom and used later as a weapon."

THE BEST

SOME of the most coveted awards in magazine writing have gone to four authors for work published in *Harper's* last year.

Dr. David D. Rutstein has just been chosen to receive the Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award for his article on "The Influenza Epidemic" (August), which the judges call "the best article about science and health" to appear in an American magazine during 1957.

Among the *Prize Stories 1958: The O. Henry Awards* are Robin White's "First Voice" (January) and Peter Matthiessen's "Travelin Man" (February). This annual volume is edited by Paul Engle.

Martha Foley's *The Best American Short Stories 1958* includes Robin White's "House of Many Rooms" (December) and Ray Bradbury's "The Day It Rained Forever" (July).

. . . "A Friendly Talk" (p. 44) is a new story by the author of *A Cup of Tea for Mr. Thorgill, The Hidden River,* and many other best-selling novels. **Storm Jameson** was born in Whitby, Yorkshire, and took honors at Leeds University; she is married to Professor Guy Patterson Chapman. She has traveled widely in Europe, worked on behalf of European refugee writers, and lectured in this country. Her next novel will be *One Ulysses Too Many.*

. . . **Wolfgang Langewiesche's** "The New Jet Air Liners" (p. 50) is a prospectus for tomorrow, based entirely on the facts of today. A former test pilot, Mr. Langewiesche usually takes a turn at piloting the planes he writes about. He is the author of many articles and books on flying, weather, and climate control, and he last wrote in *Harper's* on the Polar route from this continent to Europe. He flies his own plane, cruising the continents with his wife.

. . . Politics on the ward and precinct level rarely get the kind of inside reporting given by **John Kay Adams** in "Reforming Chicago: Slow but Not Hopeless" (p. 69). Mr. Adams is suburban editor of the Chicago *Sun-Times* and studied the vote fraud situation while covering various stories about reform groups. In April 1957 he received the Page One Award of the Chicago Newspaper Guild for his series spotlighting problems of the Chicago suburbs.

Born in Chicago, Mr. Adams graduated in journalism from the University of Minnesota and studied political science and economics at a graduate summer session at Oxford.

. . . The paradox of Australia is a brave one. Despite a strong national preference for an easy-going life, the Australians are striving to import people who will work, multiply, and set an uncomfortable pace of zealous effort. They don't talk of a population of twenty millions, doubling the present; they aim at a hundred millions in a generation, **D. W. Brogan** says in "The Innocent Continent" (p. 62).

Mr. Brogan, Glasgow-born and now Professor of Political Science at Cambridge University, is the author of a dozen or more books chiefly about France, England, and America (his latest is *The French Nation).* He made his Australian notes after a first visit to that continent last summer. His observations about the typically relaxed tone of Australian life (in contrast to hopes for the future) are borne out by a recent report in the *Wall Street Journal* by Ray Vicker, who quoted one employer as saying:

"If, at quitting time, the average Australian worker needed to drive only one more nail to keep the house from falling down, he would drop his tools without driving the nail."

. . . **Ted Hughes** (p. 30), Yorkshire-born Cambridge graduate, 1954, is the author of *The Hawk in the Rain* and has been teaching at the University of Massachusetts. He was a mechanic in the RAF.

Robert Graves (p. 35), Oxford graduate and author of many, many books, including the recent *Five Pens in Hand,* lives on Majorca. He was a captain in the Royal Welch Fusiliers in 1915.

George Starbuck (p. 52), Ohio-born former graduate student at Harvard, now works for Houghton Mifflin. He used to write correspondence tests for USAFI.



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Harper's MAGAZINE

NOTES ON POLITICAL LEADERSHIP

JOSEPH S. CLARK
U. S. Senator, Pennsylvania

A potential Presidential candidate tells how he won his surprising victories in Pennsylvania—and how the mayor of a big city operates, in a job that is sometimes subtle, sometimes rough, and always fascinating.

LATE one afternoon in the fall of 1943, I was sunning myself on the terrace of an Air Force billet at 26 Ferozshah Road, New Delhi, India, looking through a copy of *Life* Magazine. There was a picture of Bill Bullitt in a Chesterfield and Homburg inspecting slum property in Philadelphia. Bill was running for mayor on the Democratic ticket against Barney Samuel, the incumbent Republican.

I thought to myself: "That's what I'm going to do when the war is over and I get out of this uniform." World War II was really just beginning then so far as we in the China-Burma-India Theater—known in the Pentagon as those "Confused Bums in India"—were concerned. Two years went by before I turned in my Air Force suit.

While I was overseas, oil was discovered at my mother's family home at Avery Island, Louisiana. When I came back to Philadelphia I could afford the luxury of seriously going into politics. I had only dabbled in it during the 'thirties, for I had been pretty well occupied with making a living out of the law.

The Democratic party in Philadelphia was looking for new blood in 1946. Despite the long record of Republican misrule, the Democrats had not elected a mayor since 1884 and the Republican political machine was solidly entrenched. The depression had created a Democratic party where none had existed before; but although it came close to winning the mayor's office in 1935 and 1939, Bill Bullitt took a bad beating in 1943. When 1947 rolled around, Democratic chances were dim indeed.

Luckily, I found myself in excellent company when I first got involved in local politics. Dick Dilworth and Jim Finnegan had also come back from the war interested in working with the Democratic party. By the spring of 1947 the three of us—with the help of Mike Bradley, Democratic city committee chairman—had moved into positions of local party influence. Dilworth and I helped organize an effective independent group largely through Americans for Democratic Action. Finnegan was Bradley's right-hand man at the city committee. Without Jim we would never have succeeded. His untimely death this

spring deprived our party of one of its ablest and most respected leaders on the national as well as the local scene. He made the art of practical politics an honorable profession.

Dilworth made a valiant but unsuccessful campaign for the mayor's office in 1947. Next year a series of Republican scandals hit the headlines. In 1949, with Finnegan as city chairman (Bradley having become Collector of the Port), Dilworth was elected city treasurer and I city controller. Two years later I was mayor, Dilworth was district attorney, and Finnegan was president of City Council. A new city charter was approved and the Democrats controlled the Council fourteen to three. The ball had certainly been thrown to me. The problem was what to do with it.



Senator Clark by Alfred Bendiner

WHEN I first took office as city controller in 1950 I came into contact with Frank Short, who had been budget clerk under the Republican regime. Frank was an old newspaper man turned municipal financier by accident. In those primitive days he—together with Ed Harris, Republican leader of the 16th Ward, and Bill Shellenberger, formerly an employee of the Pennsylvania Economy League—had the job of throwing together an annual city budget which would meet the requirements of the Republican city committee as expressed through City Council and the mayor.

Frank and I became warm friends. His advice was disinterested and intelligent. During my two years as controller I rarely made a move affecting the budget without first talking over the details with him. When I became mayor, Frank moved over to the city representative's office, where his newspaper training and wide knowledge of city hall made him invaluable as a consultant on public relations in the widest sense of that much abused term.

One day in 1951 we were talking together about the scandals in city government. Frank commented: "They never would have happened if Judge Lamberton had lived."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because he was a completely honest man," Frank replied, "and his own high standards of integrity spread from the mayor's office all over the city."

Lamberton, an incorruptible judge, had been drafted to run as mayor by the Republican machine in 1939 to save it from that fate worse than death—the election of a Democrat. The maneuver was successful, but after slightly more than a year in office Mayor Lamberton died; city hall slumped back to its normal pattern of unimaginative inefficiency and small-time graft.

The chance conversation with Frank Short led me to some thinking about the function of leadership in an urban democracy. Surely if Lamberton's integrity had the result attributed to it, there must be other ways in which the impact of a mayor's character and political philosophy could make itself felt—not only in local government but throughout the community generally.

An old and favorite story of politicians involves the late Senator Clyde Swanson of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy in the first Cabinet of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Swanson, beloved by all who knew him, was once asked to what principles he attributed his political success.

"To three rules of conduct from which I have never deviated," he replied. "First: Be bold as a lion on a rising tide. Second: When the water reaches the upper deck, follow the rats. Third, and most important of all: When in doubt do right."

Perhaps the second maxim is as essential for

political survival as the first and third are for political success. It was my good fortune as mayor never to have the water reach the upper deck, although there were a couple of times when it came pretty close to the gunwale. But often it seemed wise to be bold and, at least on occasion, doubt was resolved on the side of virtue.

The mayor of a large city has heavy executive responsibilities—especially in a city such as Philadelphia, which operates under a charter giving strong powers to the mayor and relatively little authority to the City Council. Within his limited field, such a mayor carries responsibilities which differ only in degree—not in kind—from those of the President. Philadelphia, with a population of more than two million, has more inhabitants than twenty of our forty-eight states. The mayor's problems, therefore, are more difficult than those of many a governor. It has been said that the second most demanding executive job in America is held by the mayor of New York; the mayors of our other great cities can feel, with good reason, that they follow close behind—and that the qualities of political leadership demanded of a President, a governor, and a big city mayor are not very different.

WHAT DOES A MAYOR REALLY DO?

IT IS hard for a mayor to plan his day, for he has no fixed routine—or at least I was never able to arrive at one. Speaking dates, to be sure, are lined up in advance. Ordinances passed by City Council must be signed or vetoed within ten days of passage; and Council passes a batch every week. Cabinet meetings took two hours at lunch on Wednesdays. A large group of commissioners, deputies, and often their wives, met with me in the evening four times a year. The budget message has to go down to Council on a day in September. Most of that month and all of October each year found a high priority given to political campaigning, in support of candidates for everything from clerk of the Quarter Sessions Court to President of the United States. And every February and March there were endless meetings in the traditional smoke-filled rooms to work out a "slate" of candidates which would prevent that anathema of all professional politicians: an open primary fight.

But, in between, I was never certain of what was coming next. Arriving at the office at 8:30 A.M., I would unload my briefcase, turn over to my staff for processing the papers acted on at home the evening before, and send back to the files the reports I had read. Before leaving the office around six, the mail would be signed and the briefcase repacked. In between, each day was different and therefore fascinating.

Much of my time was spent listening to other people's plans and problems. On a typical day, for example, the city's managing director and fire commissioner were having a rough time with the head of the firemen's union (they kept on having it for four long years). The director of finance was concerned lest our campaign to have new loans authorized at the spring primary would fall on its face (it did). The city representative wanted help in determining whether to serve sherry, bourbon, both, or neither, to Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands at 11:00 A.M. at the reception at the art museum (we settled for sherry in the Dutch Room). The city solicitor was concerned because the Board of City Trusts refused to admit Negro orphans to Girard College (as this is written, the question is still unsettled). A delegation was waiting outside to protest open dump burning at 83rd and Buist Avenue (we finally closed the dump). The Greater Philadelphia Movement wanted the city to put millions of dollars into a new Food Distribution Center in South Philadelphia but Albert M. Greenfield said it was a waste of the taxpayers' money (the city is now financing the project).

Throughout this crowded routine, a man new to the mayor's office is compelled to hammer out for himself the principles that should guide him in exercising power over the life of a city. One of the first things that struck me was how true—and how terribly difficult to apply in day-to-day reality—were the copybook maxims which have been the old standbys of political commentators and teachers since Thucydides.

WHERE THE BUCK STOPS

IT SHOULD go without saying, for instance, that a mayor must be honest—not only money-honest but intellectually honest. Honest not only with other people but, even more important, honest with himself. "To thine own self be true" is as good advice to a mayor as it was to Laertes. And this is especially difficult, for wishful thinking can so easily convert "I want it" into "This is right."

But simple honesty is not enough—not nearly enough. It is here that Lincoln Steffens—who spent years studying corruption in American cities—vastly underestimated the complexity of American municipal government. Steffens

Chin Up, Boys!

THE following headlines appeared top right and top left on page one of the *Wall Street Journal,* March 18, 1958.

Federal Seers Predict Deeper Recession, Now Doubt Mid-'58 Upturn

Many Firms Use Yachts, Retreats to Aid Execs' Morale, Spur Business

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thought that if the business interests would keep their dirty hands out of politics, honest citizens would elect honest officials who would then collect the garbage and reform the police department and everything would be fine. Maybe that was a sound analysis of the problem in the old days, but things are far different now. Every mayor soon learns that there are both honest and earnest conflicts of interest which involve *every* quarter of the community; he must strike a balance among them.

An equally obvious requirement is that the mayor should be a good administrator. Harry S. Truman, as President, had the cardinal rule of sound administration posted on his White House desk: "The buck stops here." No matter how complex the issue and however meritorious opposing plans may seem, the mayor, like the President, must make the decisions—and he must make them promptly and firmly. He may get some help from the briefing of competent advisers, from prayerful—and preferably secluded—thought and analysis, and from a few well-chosen personal contacts on the grass-roots level. But in the end the chief executive must act on his own responsibility and his alone.

This is a rule much easier stated than followed, and so are the other ancient precepts of sound administration. Every political leader will agree with them wholeheartedly—while regretfully remembering the many times during his own career when he violated them. Here are a few of the classics:

. . . Pick able subordinates, delegate responsibility, follow up to see that orders have been carried out, support your administrators unless they are clearly wrong; then either fire them or take the rap yourself. (If I had it to do over again, I would not appoint a half-dozen men whom I chose at that time.)

. . . Remember that with each individual you have a cup of good will. You can gulp it down or sip it slowly. And if you sip—it tends miraculously to renew itself. (I drank too quickly the cup of good will of at least three Philadelphians, whose resulting opposition delayed or defeated many a pet project.)

. . . Order your life so you can work hard and still get adequate rest, some time for your family and friends, and a chance not only to keep up with your profession but with the major currents of creative thought in the world about you. (At least twice a year I had to make bonfires of the papers which had languished unread in my briefcase for months.)

THE ART OF MOVING FAST

AS I made my sometimes fumbling way through the administrative labyrinth of the mayoralty I found, curiously enough, that my four years in the Air Force were my salvation. Lawyers, as a rule, get no experience in administration. I did not even know what the word meant when I got myself a captain's commission in August 1941. Imagine my surprise on finding myself a year later "Director of Organizational Planning" for the Air Staff. I knew nothing about organization and less about planning, and I had to learn fast.

A few months later I took a nine-week cram course in personnel administration at the Command and General Staff School in Leavenworth, Kansas. Next thing I knew I was in New Delhi drawing organization charts in five colors to show the relationship between the British Army, Navy, and Air Force; the Chinese Army and Air Force; the Indian Army and Air Force; the American Army Engineers, Air Transport Command, Tenth Air Force, Air Service Command, Headquarters AAF India-Burma Theater; Joe Stilwell, Claire Chennault, Lord Auchinleck, Chiang Kai-shek, Lord Louis Mountbatten (known as "The Supremo," no kidding!), Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin and his RAF colleagues, and—finally—my own boss, Major General George E. Stratemeyer, in whose debt I shall always be for his warm friendship and support.

You can't be a part of an organization which grows a hundredfold—from two thousand officers and twenty thousand men—in four years, without learning something about administration in the

process. Without the Air Force I would have been lost in the mayor's chair.

Beyond the timeless and universal rules of public ethics and administration, the political leader must also try to master a more sophisticated set of tactics. The art of handling his friends, his enemies, and himself in a constantly changing local political situation can be very subtle indeed—and in learning it there seems to be no substitute for experience.

Suppose, for example, that you have just won a great political victory in a city like Philadelphia. Temporarily, at least, you are a local hero. You will accordingly have a honeymoon (unhappily without a bride) during which you can accomplish easily a good many things which will be difficult, if not impossible, later on.

It is important, therefore, to strike while the iron is hot—if I may mix a metaphor. Our reform administration came into office in January 1952, on a wave of good will and civic virtue which drowned effective opposition for well over a year. During that period we were able to push a $20 million tax increase through a reluctant City Council. We were also able to establish both the foundations of a sound personnel system —based on merit instead of patronage—and to hire the best available people for executive jobs, despite the fact that some of them came from as far afield as Denver and Oakland, California. Moreover, the marriage was still a happy one when we beat back the first attack of the combined Republican and Democratic organizations to cripple the new city charter in the spring of 1953.

At every point in your administration you will be subjected to flattery—much of it, to be sure, obvious and nauseating, but a good deal of it subtle, insidious, and disarming. Remember, therefore, with Lord Acton that all power tends to corrupt and take frequent measurements of the size of your head.

There are, I found, three good antidotes for a swelled head:

(1) Subordinates who aren't afraid of telling you the truth. While there were many in this category, I was blessed with two particularly able and candid administrators in Lennox Moak, director of finance during the first two years, and his successor, Vernon Northrop. The former, with the finesse of a battering ram, the latter with the skill of a trained diplomat, kept the mayor in his proper place.

(2) Continued association with very old friends who knew you before you became Mr. Big Frog in a relatively small puddle. I lunched quite often with four—my college roommate, Morris Duane; my lifelong friends, Geoffrey Smith and Philip Wallis; and my former law partner, Carroll Wetzel. A frank, relaxed talk with men like these was bound to send one back to city hall with a better understanding of one's assets and liabilities.

(3) A wife who tempers affection with understanding of human frailty. For this there is no substitute. I have one such.

You must constantly and carefully assess the powers of your office in relation to other power groups. You must know where you stand with City Council, with the local judiciary, with the governor and state legislature, with the administration in Washington and the Congress and the multiple federal agencies to which you will inevitably look for help.

The Philadelphia charter gives the mayor great advantages in dealing with City Council. His appointments do not need to be confirmed; he has comparative freedom to administer as he sees fit; not much substantial municipal legislation is called for. Only with respect to the budget can the mayor be checked. Luckily, as I've noted, we got over the tax increase hurdle during the initial post-election honeymoon. And so long as Jim Finnegan was president of the council all went well. By the time he left, early in 1955, a pattern of co-operation had developed which even the constant and bitter rows I had with the Democratic organization did not destroy.

In other governmental agencies—local, state, and federal—we cultivated assiduously those people who could help us most, whether they were Democrats or Republicans.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

ANOTHER preoccupation that every prudent mayor should have constantly on his mind is his relations with the local press, radio, and TV stations. Here I found that hard work pays off handsomely.

When our reform administration took office, many reporters, commentators, and editors had a healthy skepticism about both our motives and our abilities. Some of them suspected that the mayor's hat was high and his shirt stuffed. We did our best to play everything on the top of the table—to be friendly, available, co-operative, and frank. Gradually the image of the typical Harvard man—whom you can always tell, though not much—began to dissolve. One incident that may have had something to do with this was the mayor's press party one hot August evening; our

rendition of "Sweet Adeline" at about midnight was so outstanding that neighbors called the police. Whatever a politician's platform may be, the reporters' most important judgments about him are personal ones; if he is trying to cover something pretentious or phony under high-sounding phrases, they soon find it out.

A political leader also needs to know at every minute just where he stands with his own party and the opposition. So far as the Republicans were concerned, we were lucky indeed. They were so demoralized by their defeat in 1951, so lacking in leadership, so inept in opposition, that for four years we were able to ignore them. With the Democrats it was different. The philosophy of our administration was completely opposed to that of many of the leaders of the city organization. They were in politics for profit, power, and prestige—nothing else. Yet we could not win elections without them.

So, for four years there was brush warfare for limited objectives—never massive retaliation on either side—probably because neither antagonist was able to select a time and place of his own choosing. Each spring we would quarrel bitterly over candidates in the primary. Each fall we would kiss, make up, and have pictures taken with our arms around each other's shoulders. I always kept thinking:

"This spring we must knock them out of the box."

But the time never came. And in 1955 when question of the succession arose the organization swallowed Dick Dilworth as its candidate for mayor like a brave little boy taking castor oil.

Yet as I look back on my administration I think that one of my most serious early miscalculations was thinking that I could ignore the Democratic city committee and get away with it. So far as defending the city charter and getting our budget through Council were concerned, we were successful. But for three long years Bill Green, the Democratic city chairman, and his ward leaders held on to their power in the county offices. And in the state legislature in Harrisburg no legislation affecting the city of Philadelphia went through without Green's consent. This situation resulted in many frustrating failures and I had to eat a lot of humble pie. Even today, the governor must look to the city committee rather than to the mayor if he wants help in carrying out his state program.

A successful politician must learn what he can expect from his local business and financial leaders and from organized labor.

We came to expect nothing from the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce. Like its national parent, it kept repeating ancient and obsolete dogma. For sixty-seven years it had got its way in city hall—low taxes, inadequate municipal services, favors for those who would pay for them and it was slow to realize that times had changed. Yet I now feel that if I had been more tolerant and friendly toward the Chamber, we might have avoided at least two rows which set our program back. And today new leadership in the Chamber is giving Mayor Dilworth co-operation I never could obtain.

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE PEOPLE?

FORTUNATELY, the Chamber did not speak for all the city's businessmen. The top-flight business leadership was organized in the Greater Philadelphia Movement, and it was eager to co-operate. These men supported the Penn Center development—a vast project (reported by James Reichley in the February 1957 issue of *Harper's)* which is remaking the center of the city. They developed the new Food Distribution Center, replacing the city's old and inefficient markets. And they organized and helped finance the citizens' charter committee, which was of tremendous help in getting and keeping our basic political reforms. Most of them were Republicans, but they were "Greater Philadelphians" before they were partisans—and therefore as anxious to get our help as we were to get theirs.

Organized labor had supported us on our way up, although there were a few rough moments at the summit. For over a year I was unnecessarily at odds with Joe McDonough, the AFL leader in Philadelphia, because of my own tactlessness. He wanted a representative of labor on the civil service commission, which I did not think appropriate. Of necessity, he had to espouse the cause of Jim Forbes, flamboyant leader of the firefighters' local union. He was also concerned because we had abolished the forty-hour week for city employees two days after we took office—not because we opposed it, but because the lame-duck Republican Council which had voted it in had failed to provide the tax money to pay for it. From where Joe sat, he had a strong case, and I should have been more sympathetic to the difficulties which confronted him inside his own organization.

But, on the whole, the unions stood solidly behind our administration and asked for little they weren't entitled to. Many of their leaders

served faithfully and well on the non-paid citizen boards and commissions which were an important feature of the new charter.

Winning and holding the loyalty of the civil servants was a major undertaking because of the sleazy methods of administration and resulting low morale we inherited. We fired a few crooked cops and firemen, made friends with the AFL blue-collar employees union, and gave everybody a long overdue pay raise. We finally convinced them, I think, that they didn't have to grease their ward leader's palm to hold their jobs or win promotion. I believe we ended up with as fine a group of hard-working, loyal, courteous employees as any large corporation could boast of.

Finally, a political leader must know how he stands with the people, and what steps he should take to keep them constantly informed of his program, so that he can rally popular support at critical moments.

This was a major preoccupation for me. We tried to operate in a goldfish bowl. We solicited criticism and suggestions. Once a week we were on radio explaining our plans and programs. Twice a month we had television shows—"Tell it to the Mayor" on which we solicited gripes on everything from trash collection to traffic control—and "Report to the People" on which I reviewed the last month's happenings in city hall. Press conferences were held once a week. In addition, all reporters could see the mayor on short notice at any time, and had my phone number to call at any hour. Cabinet officers spoke whenever they were asked.

Through these channels and from our political friends flowed a daily stream of information which we tried to dissect at cabinet meetings. In spite of a good many mistakes, I think we came fairly close to knowing the day-to-day public reaction to what we were doing and to what extent we could rally support for our next move.

HOW HIGH TO AIM?

NO MATTER how carefully a mayor may remember all these things, he is not likely to succeed unless he also remembers his single most priceless asset. This is simply the fact that he is the directly elected representative of all the people in his city.

They look to *him* for leadership, not to the members of the council or to the party hierarchy. They expect him to carry out his party's campaign promises. They cheer him if their interests are successfully defended, and blame him for any failure.

No appointed official—city manager, managing director, or chief administrator—can possibly get or keep the prestige of an elected mayor. Top leadership in American politics is never hired; it is always elected. This is the mayor's great strength. It is also his heaviest responsibility.

For the essence of leadership is to lead, not to follow. It means staying ahead of the crowd—far enough ahead so that people can clearly see which way you are heading—but not so far that you lose sight of your followers and they of you. Deciding how far ahead you should be at any moment is a matter of intuition, not something you can settle according to the formal rules of administration. It is said *ad nauseam* that politics is the art of the possible—but in his heart every successful political executive knows that what *is* possible depends largely on the quality of his own leadership.

One great danger to democracy is that power will fall into the hands of men who react to new challenges in obsolete ways. Toynbee has warned us that the men who have successfully responded to one challenge are rarely able to supply the leadership needed for the next one. They tend to think the same policies and methods will work again. More often than not, they won't.

So the primary function of sophisticated leadership is to use the experience of the past as a kind of arch, through which to look at each challenge as something quite new.

A SHORT DISTANCE

SOLVING these new problems requires the aid of skilled planners. They are practically all in short supply—whether they are technicians in shelter, traffic, water resources, or race relations. They cost money. One of the leader's jobs is to get that money at almost any cost. No mayor of any major American city can possibly succeed today unless he has at his elbow the very best planners—for the city, metropolitan area, and region—that money can buy; and money alone is not enough. Often he must persuade them to enter public service at considerable personal loss.

He can do this only if he holds a high conception of the purpose of political leadership.

He must set worthy goals for himself, for the men who work with him, and for the people he hopes to lead. Nobody can be expected to follow a mayor with clay feet.

Alexis de Tocqueville, in his classic study of

the United States, concluded that such a high standard of leadership was impossible in a democracy. Our form of government was not suited, he believed, to "give a certain elevation to the human mind . . . to inspire men with a scorn of mere temporal advantages, to form and nourish strong convictions, and to keep alive the spirit of honorable devotedness." On the contrary, he thought that democracy was more likely to "divert the moral and intellectual activity of man to the production of comfort . . . to insure the greatest enjoyment and to avoid the most misery to each of the individuals who comprise it."

I TAKE a more cheerful view. I believe it is the function of modern democratic leadership to do both—to provide a floor below which misery will not be permitted to sink, and also to provide an environment in which the mind and spirit can flourish and rise to new heights of achievement. To do this, a leader needs that sense of history which was always a part of the thinking of such men as Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. A mayor does not come to office to preside over the dissolution of his city, any more than Churchill became prime minister to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire. He must be proud of his city's past and anxious to play his part in its future. And in his daily life he must make it clear that he has not—in Tocqueville's phrase—"acquired the supreme power only to administer to . . . coarse or paltry pleasures." In short, when ridding Philadelphia of corruption it was also necessary to rid it of contentment.

Together with this sense of history, a good political leader must have the ability to look ahead for the best way to the ideal future of his city. Then, when he has discerned it as clearly as he can, he must try to lead his community a short distance in the right direction—remembering that it is his high duty to bring out the best in that imperfect and imperfectible being who is created nonetheless in God's image: Man, on whose support his claim to leadership depends.

OF CATS by Ted Hughes

THAT man's subconscious mind is constituted
Entirely of cats, no wise man for an instant disbelieves—
Father to daughter, mother to son inherited
(Whereby the least of cats gets fully nine lives).

But these cats are strange cats: scruff cats, queenly cats,
(Crowned too), they jig to violins or go stately
In a vast processional pageantry that celebrates
A burial, or crowning (of a cat); or may sing sweetly

Indeed at your ears and in harmony left with right
Till the moon bemoods them: then, to the new, or the full,
Only look up—taking possession of night
Cattic Bacchanal! a world of wild lamps and wauling,

And darkness and light a cat upon a cat.
One who, one nightfall,
Sank a cat in a sack with a stone to the bottom of a canal
(Under the bridge, in the belly of the black) and hurried a mile home
Found that cat on the doorstep waiting for him.

So are we all held in utter mock by the cats.

Envoi

A cat on a shop doorstep gazes steadily through the thick
Street-width of legs, wheels, exhaust: deep in his centuries as in cushions.
From a shop doorstep a cat returns her look:
Thus, in the clutter of your brain, the eternals make their assignations.

Harper's Magazine, June 1958

By LEO ROSTEN

Drawings by Robert Osborn



The Lunar World of GROUCHO MARX

Groucho, the ad-libber's ad-libber, is a social critic at heart. . . . A man of gentle ways and viperish tongue, he has an eye for the phony as penetrating as X-ray.

ANY social historian who tries to capture the spirit of our weird and wonderful time, will forfeit his credibility—in my eyes at least—if he ignores the social criticism which Julius Marx has strewn through three decades of our lives. I do not mean the puns, epigrams, and galloping *non sequiturs* with which Mr. Marx garnishes his television program. I mean the mordant running commentary he has directed against the mores, the foibles, and the idiocies of our civilization.

Mr. Marx, one of the truly original minds of the twentieth century, is a comedian only by profession. He is a logician in temperament and a satirist in practice. He is the only actor I have ever known who was meant to be an intellectual. He has an infallible and rapacious instinct for the phony and the pretentious. He conducts a merciless one-man war against bombast, deceit, and prudery. And he does it with a precision of language and a deadliness of insight which make the social commentary of the other Marx sound like the mumblings of an elephant. The difference between Groucho and Karl is the difference between the rapier and the shovel.

It is an index of the low state of our perspicacity that we have been bamboozled into thinking of Groucho as a clown. He is as much of a buffoon as Swift or Rochefoucauld.

Those who sniff in disdain at this point might ponder the remark which Marx made during the last war (the last world war, that is; there have been some ten exercises in bi-national lunacy since V-J Day), when he was scheduled to entertain the troops at an American Army post. He was waiting in the general's office, when the phone rang. Marx picked up the receiver and crooned: "World War Two-oo."

No apostle of civil rights ever put his case as succinctly as Marx did when he (a Jew, married to a woman who wasn't) expressed interest in swimming at a certain beach in southern California and was told that in order to use that particular beach he would have to be a member of a particular club.

"And Groucho," a friend said uneasily, "you don't want to apply for membership in that beach club."

"Why not?" asked Marx.

"Well, frankly—they're anti-Semitic."

To which Marx replied: "Will they let my son go into the water up to his knees?"

Or consider the *coup de grâce* he administered to a club from which he resigned with these words: "I do not wish to belong to the kind of club that accepts people like me as members." I leave it to logical positivists to figure out what kind of club a man of such refined sensibilities *can* join, and I recommend the remark to those scholars who think Zeno's paradoxes insoluble.

It has been my good fortune to observe this great man in the flesh at scattered intervals for over fifteen years. I have by no means been accorded the accolade of intimate friendship, but I have often been his dinner guest and, more frequently, his "pigeon"—which is theater argot for anyone who is a sucker for dead-pan badinage.

In person, Mr. Marx is a soft-spoken gentleman, dry in manner and surprisingly gentle, who moves slowly and regards the world with conspicuous skepticism. He exudes disenchantment—with the state of the nation, the plight of the arts, and the sorry record of the human race. He is deeply interested in politics but given to no hero worship of politicians. Like all great comic talents, he is discontented with the role in which fate has cast him. He wanted to be a doctor. He is in awe of learning, writers, thinkers, and *belles-lettres*. He thinks a career spent in eliciting laughter not especially laudable—and certainly not as noble as a life spent in writing books, healing the sick, or advancing the frontiers of knowledge.

His uncle was Al Shean, of the memorable Gallagher and Shean act. Marx's mother, a woman of prodigious enterprise and fanatical confidence in her brood, put all five of her sons into show business at a tender age. The five shrank to the Four Marx Brothers, and adopted stage-names of faultless acuity: Groucho, because he never laughed and dripped pessimism; Chico, the irreverent card-sharp and pianist; Harpo, of the angelic chords and lecherous goals; and Zeppo, who had the profile of Apollo and an incapacity to progress beyond the "straight lines" he fed his zany brethren. They became the greatest clowns in vaudeville. Groucho became its Voltaire.

UNRECONSTRUCTED FREEMAN

TAKE the time Marx put the premises of immigration policy to the acid test. Driving back from Mexico, he was, like hundreds of others, stopped at the California border. The immigration satrap asked him the same questions that are asked a million times a month throughout the border-lined world. "Are you a citizen?"

"Yes," replied Marx.

"Birthplace?"

"New York."

"Occupation?"

"Smuggler."

It should be obvious that Mr. Marx has a mind of blinding clarity, exceptional rigor, and electronic speed. He believes in truth. He believes in reason. He is the last unreconstructed freeman since H. L. Mencken.

Marx abhors the affectations which parade as manners. A dowager once violated his privacy, while he was dining at the Brown Derby, to gush: "Oh, *do* pardon me—but are you Groucho Marx?"

"No," said Marx, "are you?"

When a tippler slapped him on the back with the 100 per cent American gambit, "Groucho, you old son-of-a-gun, you probably don't remember me," Marx fixed the poltroon with his wall-eyed glare and declaimed: "I never forget a face—but in your case I'll be glad to make an exception."

When a curvaceous actress tried to flatter him with nauseous phrases and murmured seductively, "You're a man after my heart," Marx leered, "That's not all I'm after." And he left one dreary dinner party by telling his hostess, "Don't think this hasn't been a dull evening, because it has."

No idols escape. In 1948, when Dr. Gallup statisticated that Governor Dewey would walk

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Films Like "I was a Teen-age Werewolf," for Example?

HOLLYWOOD, March 24. Bob Hope reviewed his six-day trip to Moscow today, enthusiastic over "the wonderful treatment" he had received there. . . .

"I found them very anxious to establish trade relations with us for motion pictures, and I can see no reason why we shouldn't. Get the pictures in there and let them see how we live," he observed.

—Oscar Godbout, in the *New York Times*, March 25, 1958.

all over Harry Truman at the polls, and the voters proved the reverse, Marx issued his own post-mortem: "The only way a Republican is going to get into the White House is by marrying Margaret."

SOME KIND OF HIGH PRIEST

HE IS as implacable in exposing quacks as he is in puncturing pretensions. Some years ago the natives of Hollywood were falling for the "supernatural powers" of a spiritualist who was cashing in on seances for the gullible. This sorceress might still be plying her occult wiles had not some friends challenged Marx, who listened to their reports with icy skepticism, to attend a seance and appraise the psychic's wizardry for himself. Marx went. He sat silent and baleful through a demonstration in which the spiritualist broke the barrier between those who are here and those who are hereafter, answered the most difficult questions with aplomb, revealed awesome secrets from beyond the grave, advised, warned, instructed, and uplifted. After two hours of exhausting omniscience, the seeress intoned, "Now my spirit grows weary. Our journey into the unknown draws to a close. There is time for—for only one more question."

Marx asked it: "What's the capital of South Dakota?"



I suppose that what most deeply gratifies us in Marx's wit, apart from its deadly acumen, is its unabashed directness. He says things most of us dare not think, much less utter. But he is more than a master of insult; he is the high priest of rationalism.

In my book, Marx is the most incorruptible skeptic alive, and the most deft practitioner of the *reductio ad absurdum* ("I'd horsewhip you—if I had a horse"). His wit is pure surrealism; it frees our mind from bondage to the literal. He once asked a professional wrestler if it is true that the grunt-and-groan matches are fixed. The gladiator replied archly, "That's just a dirty rumor."

"How many dirty rumors have you wrestled lately?" asked Marx.

He is ruthless with the fraudulent friendliness of business practice. When a bank sent him an effusive form letter, ending with the obligatory sentiment: "If we can ever be of any assistance, do not hesitate to call on us," Marx did not hesitate to reply:

> Gentlemen:
>
> The best assistance you can give me is to steal some money from the account of one of your richer clients and credit it to mine.
>
> Groucho Marx

He loathes back-scratching, in or out of business. He once wrote Arthur Murray, the ballroom pedagogue: "When an actor mentions a product on a program, it has become customary for the manufacturer to show his appreciation by sending a gift-in-kind. If I were to mention Old Taylor on my show, for example, they would send me a case of bourbon. Well, I am going to mention the Arthur Murray dancers on next week's program. Will you therefore please send me a medium-sized dancing girl, about 5′ 2″, with the customary measurements. I am not particular what kind of hair she has, as long as she has hair."

And when *Variety* editorialized that the Marx Brothers could earn $20,000 a week if they would only work together again, Marx wrote the editor as follows:

> Dear Sir:
>
> Apparently you are under the impression that the only thing that matters in this world is money. That is quite true.
>
> Groucho Marx

A master of verbal ambush, he uses frontal artillery on the trite. He startles the literal-minded with comments such as: "I was always awkward, even as a young girl." Or, "Certainly my mustache is real; it belongs to my maid." Or, "I want to apologize for not returning your call. I've been so busy not returning calls that I just couldn't get around to not returning yours in time."

His comedy of complaint would have delighted Dickens, or Sholom Aleichem. During a low spot in his career, he told a friend: "I am up to my ears—in activities that don't bring in a dime. Last week, I did a show for the Army—free. Then I auditioned for radio—no money. Then I wrote a guest column—*gratis*. Today I'm recording a speech for the Heart Fund in Chicago. The only thing I can get out of *that* is that

someday I may be lucky enough to have a heart attack in the Loop."

Groucho Marx possesses the rare faculty of *hearing* with originality. One night, while he was driving me to a preview, I suddenly remembered that it was my father's birthday. "Would you mind stopping at a Western Union office?" I asked. "I want to wire my father."

"What's the matter?" inquired the master. "Can't he stand by himself?"

When a girl on one of his programs said, "I'm from Australia. I flew here, by plane," Marx sighed, "A girl would be a fool to try it any other way."

He detests sentimentality. He once introduced S. J. Perelman, no tyro in the schizophrenic league, at a banquet in his honor: "Our speaker is a man who has not let success go to his head. He is unassuming, unspoiled, as comfortable to be with as an old shoe—and just about as interesting."

THE ART OF THE AD-LIB

HE IS the one man I know whom it is suicide to banter with. During the years that the Marx Brothers cast their luster on the stage ("Coconuts," "Animal Crackers," "I'll Say She Is"), Groucho's siblings often tried to throw him off-balance with outlandish ad-libs. Once, while Groucho was in the middle of a love scene with Margaret Dumont, the memorable *grande dame* with the Social Register bosom, brother Chico suddenly appeared on stage to announce, "The garbage man is here."

"Tell him we don't want any," said Groucho.

In another play, in which Groucho played Napoleon with a contempt that taught me more about the mighty than Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship*, brother Zeppo, in the wings, blew the opening chords of the "Marseillaise" and cried, "Our national anthem—the Mayonnaise!" Groucho rose, saying, "The army must be dressing." It was on a New York stage that Marx, feeling an actor's pulse, scaled Parnassus with the line: "Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped."

He can push puns to the fine edge of dementia. In the middle of a discussion of football, Marx remarked: "I have been studying the Notre Dame line-up and discover there is only one Irishman on the team, and his mother is a Pole—a ten-foot pole, in fact. They are the best kind for football, because when they die they die by inches—so it takes them that much longer to kick off."

He toys with ideas the way a mathematician plays with a slide rule. He once asked a friend, "How did you like my show last night?"

"I only caught the first ten minutes," said the friend sheepishly. "I was called to the studio. . . ."

"A fine friend you've turned out to be," Marx said. "*I* listened to the whole program from start to finish. That's the kind of friend *I* am."

When an aspiring actress asked his advice on how to win fame in the theater, Marx, appalled by the invitation to pomposity, replied, "My advice to you and to all struggling actresses, is this: Keep struggling. If you keep struggling, you won't get into trouble—and if you don't get into trouble, you'll never be much of an actress."

Marx loves baseball, but this does not seduce him into tolerating for an instant those whose eyes well up when discussing "our national pastime." I was his guest once at Hollywood Stadium during a night game. My concentration on the contest was undermined by the antiseptic asides which Marx uttered throughout the nine innings. When one batter poked feebly at an outside curve, Marx shouted, "You haven't enough strength to beat your wife!" When the home-team pitcher was yanked and began his sad trek to the showers, Marx rose, put his beret over his heart, and bowed his head in thirty seconds of silence. When the second baseman (who had struck out, popped out, and grounded out) finally managed to get a base on balls and advanced to second on another walk, Marx said bitterly, "That's the first time tonight that guy has been on second without his glove."

Marx was once dragooned into managing the movie Comedians in their annual charity match against the Actors. He told Jack Benny to lead off.

"All right, Benny. Get up there and hit a home run." Benny struck out. Marx resigned.

"I can't manage a team that won't follow instructions."

AT HOME WITH A GUITAR

BEHIND the acidulous wit and scorn, Marx—like most humorists—is a serious, sensitive, somewhat depressed man. He lives a quiet life, adores Gilbert and Sullivan, whose lyrics he can sing by the hour, accompanying himself on a guitar, and prefers reading to raillery.

I have never heard him tell a joke or "funny story" or utter a wisecrack other than his own. I have also never heard him laugh; he smiles, with singular gentleness, at the comedy of others.

Marx's wit is a masterful series of exercises in

dementia praecox. His humor may well be, as it is with most comedians, an unconscious defense against internal depression. He creates dialectical straw men whom he annihilates with lunar logic. He is ferociously adept in setting up verbal contexts within which his listeners cannot be sure whether he is serious or satiric, and do not know whether to respond with gravity or laughter. He aims a murderous barrage of irony from behind an ingenuous façade of banter.

The bite which underlies his humor often turns on him, or on whoever is nearby, in a way the Freudians would call compulsive. When in a mood of melancholy, which casts a blight of disenchantment on even his phenomenal success, Marx acts as if he cannot control the machinery of his wit, like an IBM machine which has been set for ridicule and cannot stop. He will turn any line, any phrase, any name, any monosyllable into persiflage. It is dazzling —but it is too much. He has been known to bombard friends with such a barrage of puns, cracks, and *non sequiturs* that conversation is difficult and rapport overwhelmed.

During his early days in radio, Mr. Marx was criticized for being too sharp in his humor, too rough on his contestants. I think he could not abide the mediocrity of his "guests" or the abysmal poverty of their mental processes. He did not hesitate to mock some of the more hallowed institutions in American life: Mother, Home, Our Leaders. He asked one member of the House of Representatives, whose hunger for publicity was so great that he volunteered for "You Bet Your Life," "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm in Congress."

"How long have you been incongruous?" Marx asked.

His television show, "You Bet Your Life," is filmed and carefully edited before exposure to the public eye. The dull passages, in which the contestants ramble, or in which Marx ad-libs too-barbed remarks, are cut out. The masses would never stand for pure, unadulterated Marxism.

Marx has mellowed in recent years. At sixty-three, he has learned to accept security. He says he will never again appear in movies: "It's too hard."

Television has showered him with lucre and honors and has made minimal demands on his energies. But it can never be the medium in which this considerable artist can find full freedom to puncture the follies of the world he surveys with so unerring and ironic an eye.

AUGEIAS AND I by Robert Graves

NOW like the cattle byre of Augeias
My work-room, Hercules, calls for the flood
Of Alpheus and Peneius, green as glass,
To hurtle down in catastrophic mood
And free me from accumulated piles
Of books, trays, journals, bulging letter-files.

In memory often, I remount the stairs
To that top room where once a sugar-case
Served me for chair—the house was poor in chairs—
A broken wash-stand lent me writing space,
And one wax-candle cast a meager light;
Where all I wrote was what I itched to write.

Augeias, though, if he had dunged the trees,
Cornland, and pot-herb garden studiously,
Would not have needed help from Hercules;
We stand accused of careless husbandry
When nothing less than floods or cleansing fire
Can purge my work-room and his cattle byre.

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The Gang That Went Good



. . . and the boys lay inert on the cross
of a yawn and stretched muscle.

—Lorca's *The King of Harlem*

By DAN WAKEFIELD

Drawings by Charles W. Walker

A tough bunch of New York teen-agers are trying a perilous and uncertain experiment —which, if it works, may save them from the crime and violence which have become the "normal" way of life in their neighborhood.

BETWEEN a plumbing and heating supply store and the Veteran Bar and Grill on New York's upper First Avenue is a boarded store-front painted black and covered with silver prints of hands. There is no other mark of identification, unless the door swings open and the sign that says MEMBERS ONLY stares with its high silver letters at the street.

Any passer-by from the neighborhood knows that the sign, though not inviting, is at least not menacing. This is the clubhouse, the home, and the hope, of a teen-age gang that has given up fighting and "gone social" in a world of poverty and violence. The gang (now the "club") is composed mainly of Puerto Ricans, but also includes some Negroes and several Italian and Jewish boys. They call themselves The Conservatives.

In another neighborhood, The Conservatives might be the name of a political club, but in the precincts that cover the east side of Harlem, it is much more suited to a teen-age gang that has changed its ways. Questions of politics seem far removed from the life of the district, but the "New Conservatism" of the kids is a burning issue that is met every day: preservation of life in a neighborhood with a tradition of violence.

The gangs are only one part of that tradition, which was born when the neighborhood began to decay into what is now considered one of the world's worst slums. The answers of violence were passed on from strangers who speak Italian and strangers who speak Russian to strangers who speak Spanish.

A young father born to this neighborhood of parents who came from the narrow and settled streets of San Juan, explained:

"You even get used to it, man. It don't get to you unless it's someone right in the family who's the one that gets hurt. There isn't as much gang-fighting now as there used to be but it still goes on, and so does the regular killing, besides the gang stuff. People think all that stuff was over in the 'twenties with machine guns shooting out of cars and all that, but it's still really here—it's just got more under cover. You can still get

a guy killed anytime. You hire a kid who's high and you promise him a fix. For a fix, he'll do anything. Then, if you want to make sure nobody knows about it afterward, you give him an overdose and that does it. They call it suicide."

A mother who has three daughters agreed, and added: "Yes, there are times when you see a car pull up and they push out a girl all beat up and her clothes torn. After a while you get used to seeing it—violence. The thing you learn, the first thing you learn is 'I didn't see anything.' No matter where you were or what happened, you didn't see anything."

A LIVING BATMAN

SOMETIMES the people who live in it call East Harlem "The Jungle," and that is its law—you didn't see anything. When you really don't see it, you hear about it later. There is always a story of violence past or the threat of violence to come. Some people make a living from it, and some make a living from its by-product—fear.

For several years in the 'forties the neighborhood was plagued by "The Batman." The Batman appeared on roofs of tenements, stretching his great, black arms, extending his terrible claws, and then running off to another roof or down a fire escape—some people swore he flew away. He robbed apartments, and the times that brave souls gave him chase he stopped and stretched out his winglike arms, and few men were ready to follow. Parents told children that the Batman would come off the roofs and carry them away if they were bad. Once the police saw the Batman and finally caught him—not a bat at all but a man with a large imagination and a large black cloak and two small garden rakes with clawlike prongs. Every American neighborhood has its imaginary witches, and its Batman summoned by mothers to discipline the kids—but in Harlem the Batman is real, and adults do not chase him.

Nor do adults chase the kids of the teen-age gangs. The gangs in many ways are born of the neighborhood fear, and they compound it, leaving their own particular scars, inside and out. Alicia, a frail, dark-haired girl of thirteen who looks much younger, came to ask a friend's advice about a girl who was living in terror of a gang. The girl, Alicia's friend in school, had been going out with a boy from a gang. One night she went out with a boy from up the street who was not in the gang. The old boy friend's gang came and got her and took her to the East River and picked her up and said they were going to throw her in. She screamed and cried and they put her down, but told her that if she wasn't careful they would get her again and really throw her in the river.

"She is sick all the time now," Alicia said. "She's scared they'll throw her in the river, and she gets all out of breath sometimes, like she's having a heart attack or something."

The grownups understand that these kids are different from other kids. A man stood across the street from the silver-and-black painted storefront that marks the home of The Conservatives Club, watching the boys go in for pool, and said, as if in admission and discovery, "You know, we call them kids, just because they happen to be a certain age—fourteen or fifteen or sixteen—but they're not kids. They've seen too much."

This was the essence of the difficult decision the gang made to give up fighting and become Conservatives—they had seen too much. Most of them were members of an old and greatly feared gang called The Enchanters. In the fall of 1956 the simple fact was that all the old leaders were either dead, in jail, in New York's narcotics hospital, or moved away. A few of the oldest veterans who were left (ages seventeen and eighteen) found themselves leaders by virtue of survival. Their first concern was to continue to survive, for the gang was greatly weakened and rival gangs still were strong. An eighteen-year-old boy named "Monk" Wescott, and several other weary veterans, decided that the best thing to do was give up fighting and "go social." But the problem was how to do it.

Monk and several other veterans went to Ramon Diaz, a man on the block who always had answers. As a young man in his early twenties, Ramon came from Puerto Rico on a pilgrimage to the Bahai temple in Chicago and stopped off in New York on the way. That was about eight years ago, and he still hasn't left. He worked on and off around the neighborhood as a helper in a law office, a furniture store, and a campaign for the state Assembly. He soon became a familiar figure, not so much for whatever work it was he happened to be doing but rather for the fact that he "knew everyone." Wherever he happens to be, Ramon is The Insider. He moves through the neighborhood always in a hurry but always at ease, and his high-cheeked, light tan face—usually topped with a natty cap that he is quick to tip to the ladies—breaks quite readily into a broad, white smile.

When the guys from The Enchanters asked Ramon to help them figure out how to go social, Ramon took it with a grain of salt.

"I told them go way—you guys don't mean it."

But they kept on pestering Ramon and pleading with him. He asked them why they wanted to change, and one of them explained:

"We are in so many troubles."

Finally Ramon went to Norman Eddy, who lives on the block and is a pastor of the East Harlem Protestant Parish, and asked if the gang could use the church for some meetings to discuss going social. The request was granted, though against the wishes of some of the members of the church, who knew the gang's history and had little faith in its future intentions.



THE ENCHANTERS AT WAR

THE Enchanters began in the postwar era of growing teen-age gang activity throughout New York. In the early 'fifties they had a total of seven "divisions" in the neighborhood, grouped according to age—from nine to twenty, with classifications such as "Tiny Tots," "Mighty Mites," "Juniors," and "Seniors." Their legend and influence spread through the other parts of New York and across the river into Jersey. Branches of Enchanters grew in the Bronx, in Brooklyn, in Hoboken; their lower Manhattan arm still exists as one of the most active fighting gangs of the city. As one grown veteran explained the days of power, "Man, The Enchanters weren't a gang—they were an organization." A member could pass in acceptance to many far worlds in that era of empire. The eighteen-year-old leader, Count Benny, on 103rd Street, was Caesar in a slum-scarred Rome.

The empire's boundaries reached to new territory, not only geographically but socially. The Enchanters were the first of the gangs in the area to extend their membership past the limits of a single racial or national group. Though composed mainly of Puerto Ricans, The Enchanters had Negroes and several Italians in their organization. A former Enchanter, a Puerto Rican, now the head of a family, recalled that this was a radical departure:

"The gangs used to be strictly according to whether you were a Puerto Rican or an Italian or something like that. Now, you hear all this talk about Italian gangs and Puerto Rican gangs, but it's not all one way or the other. The Italian gang that's left up north has maybe twenty guys who are Puerto Ricans. It's not so much that stuff now as it is cliques—which clique is strongest. Ten years ago I couldn't walk down 105th Street or I'd get it because I was a Spic."

When the Puerto Rican colony formed in East Harlem and as it began to grow, the fear among the old Italian, Jewish, and Irish inhabitants became: "The Puerto Ricans are taking over—they are running us out." The parents said it and the kids absorbed it. The new boys were enemies, threatening tenement house and hearth. Gangs "defended" their neighborhood against the encroachers by beating them up. And, in protection, the newcomers organized to fight back.

The pattern is nothing new to Manhattan. The only things that change are the neighborhoods and the old nationalities. A New York reporter's analysis of the typical nineteenth-century gang member, published in *The Gangs of New York* in 1928, could easily fit below today's headlines. Herbert Asbury wrote of the "bopping" kid of a century before:

"Poverty and disorganization of home and community brought him into being . . . his only escape from the misery of his surroundings lay in excitement, and he could imagine no outlet for his turbulent spirit save sex and fighting. . . ." The only outdated point seems to be that in the old days, when the grown-up criminal gangs were low on members because of death, jail, or defection, they called up recruits from teen-age gangs.

One of the few distinctions so far between the Puerto Rican migrants and the early immigrant groups in New York is that the Puerto Ricans have developed no criminal gangs of adults, as the Irish, Jews, and Italians did. This is perhaps a happy fact for the social workers, but may in the long run be a sad one for the progress of the Puerto Ricans. Many old-time observers in the city believe that this lack of an adult underworld is one of the reasons why the Puerto Ricans have not yet achieved any power in politics. Whatever the merits of the case may be, the kid who grows out of a teen-age gang graduates into a

social club, a card-playing club, or merely becomes a part of the group that hangs around at night in the neighborhood barber shop. He can't go on to membership in a Puerto Rican criminal gang of adults because there is none.

But much of the story of the modern gang is the same as it was a century ago. When Asbury talks about the need for escape from the misery of surroundings and the yearning for fame and glory, he talks about The Enchanters. The name of the gang expresses its highest promise.

The name of The Enchanters was one of the biggest issues in the gang's debate about going social. When a kid becomes a member of a fighting or "bopping" gang, or when his gang decides to start fighting, the member changes the way he walks. A gang member can watch a guy walk down the street and tell you whether he is bopping or not. A bopping gang that was going social obviously needed a different name to signify the change. The majority decided on "Conservatives" but there was stiff opposition.

GIRLS AND GUNS

THE meetings to discuss the change were attended by the boys and girls who belonged to The Enchanters, several guys from the rival Dragons and Comanches gangs who were interested in going social, and Ramon Diaz, acting as an informal adviser. The sessions were stormy, with some of the old Enchanters walking out, and others arguing that changing the name would mean betrayal of their history.

The girls were among the strongest opponents of changing the name. Many of them used to date Enchanters who were now in jail or in the hospital and they felt that out of respect to those boys and the gang's tradition the name should stay the same. When sentiment began to grow for the name "Conservatives," the girls proposed a compromise name: "The Conservative E's."

But retaining some letter of the past meant more than just respect for the old boy friends and heroes. It meant retaining some spirit of the past. And many of the girls were anxious to do that. Disputes over girls are often the excuse for starting a gang war, and girls are not always displeased by this. The girl whose honor or love is in question rarely runs any risk of physical injury herself, and the glamor of being fought over by whole gangs of boys has a powerful attraction.

During the great debate about the name and purpose of the club, a dozen or so of the old Enchanters left in disgust. Some joined gangs that still were bopping. At the same time, Ramon Diaz was influencing the group to bring in new, younger members who were not a part of the old tradition.

The biggest and most precarious step was taken when the guys agreed to give up all their old "pieces"—their guns. This unilateral disarmament meant a real risk. If other gangs didn't respect the change, the Conservatives would be helpless.

The gang had no sooner emptied its arsenal when a challenge came from the rival Dragons. Some of the old Enchanters bitterly regretted having given up their arms. Monk Wescott, one of the veterans who had first asked Ramon Diaz for help in going social, was torn between the challenge of the new peace and the challenge of the Dragons. Some guys had sold their pieces (many gangs keep a special treasury for purchase of arms) and some took the safer course of throwing them into the river. Monk and several of the others had buried theirs in a basement.

In the last minutes of the Dragon challenge, when the Dragons were on their way to 100th Street, Monk and two others uncovered the buried pieces, went to the roof of a housing project, and fired down at the enemy. The police had been notified and quickly spotted the boys and arrested them. Monk and one other boy were charged with attempted assault and Monk was sentenced to what is known in the neighborhood as a "zip five"—a maximum five years at the state correctional institution at Comstock, New York, with the final determination of dismissal to be made by the authorities of the institution on the basis of behavior there.

With another of the few remaining veterans gone, the gang would be even weaker in any future fighting. Monk's departure made going social seem even more vital, and yet at the same time it proved again the difficulties of staying out of trouble. The members understood that they needed more than a new name to insure a permanent peace.

Many of them felt that if they only had a place to go—a place of their own where they could enter and shut out the world of adults and enemies and strangers—they would have a better chance of holding to the new, non-fighting way of life. Their meeting place had always been a candy store, which is usually the closest thing to a home that a gang in East Harlem can expect.

A candy store, like a community center, is ruined by the fact that it is open to the public. But at worst it's a place to hang around, and

better than no place at all. When The Enchanters were not on the street they hung around in the candy store owned by a woman called La Vieja—the Old Lady. She got to know the guys and served them, as well as other people from the block, with candy, cigarettes, and sandwiches, whether or not they had the price at the time of the purchase.

A box was kept on the counter for contributions, and those who were broke merely took what they needed and then, when they got a job or money from the family, they paid what they figured they owed to the box. In this way La Vieja conducted her business and made her living through the most "unsocial" days of The Enchanters. Only once was money stolen from the box of contributions, and the thief was caught and soundly beaten by the rest of the gang.



FINGERPRINTS IN SILVER

AS A candy store, La Vieja's was fine, but The Conservatives wanted something more. The idea of a clubhouse now became a main topic of the meetings. Ramon Diaz was asked to find out if there were any possibility of getting one, and Ramon went again to Mr. Eddy. Norm was by this time impressed with the gang's determination and wanted to help. He remembered discussing the problem with a woman from a midtown youth foundation who was interested in having her group, the Kips Bay Boys Club, give some support to youth work in East Harlem. Norm sent Ramon Diaz with a delegation of Conservatives to talk with the ladies.

They worked out an arrangement for the Kips Bay foundation to contribute to the support of a clubhouse and the hiring of a full-time director for the Conservatives. Ramon Diaz was chosen for the job, and the store on First Avenue was rented for a clubhouse. The boys were to help pay the rent, through dues and money-raising projects, and the sponsors would match any sum the boys were able to raise to help buy equipment and furnishings. Ramon and the officers were to meet once a month with the ladies to report on finances and activities of the club. The members fixed up the clubhouse, and each Conservative dipped his hand in silver paint and pressed the print of his palm on the wall to signify commitment to the new way of life. It was a mass, voluntary fingerprinting that hopefully meant the end of a need for required fingerprinting in the future. The clubhouse was further equipped with tables and chairs, a pool table, a radio, and the large silver sign that insured their new privacy: MEMBERS ONLY.

Membership now meant something different. Rules were adopted that required a member either to be in school or working, or give the club a reason why he wasn't. Ramon began helping members get jobs, through local contacts and the New York State Employment Service. The new rules also required that no member could be a member of another gang, or be caught fighting or using drugs. The latter requirement is especially significant, for East Harlem has one of the highest rates of drug addiction in the city, and teen-agers often acquire the habit by imitating older guys in a gang.

To prove their ability to follow the rules, prospective Conservatives must go through a four-week probation. Then they must be accepted by unanimous vote.

Since the final change in the name and purpose of the club in the spring of 1957, it has held to its course, lost a few members, and gained more new ones. Among the new faces are recruits from other gangs, including Georgie Baez, a former "war lord" of the Dragons, and Tito Camacho, once a "war lord" of the Latin Gents.

Except for the Dragons' attack in the days of evolution, the other gangs have, for the most part, left The Conservatives alone. The first real period of trial—the long and always dangerous summer, when the streets are full and the gangs are restless—passed without a war. The Conservatives stayed around the clubhouse, clinging to the new way of life that often seemed supported by only a thread, a pool cue, and the memory of "so many troubles" in the past.

One night, which was every night, the guys were inside playing pool beneath the neon light and the blare of the radio that drowned the room in the rhythm of rock 'n' roll. The sound poured out the open door and onto the street and the sidewalk, where a few guys paced back and forth in the complicated patterns of idleness. Some sat down on the folding chairs in front of the clubhouse, got up again, went inside, and drifted back out—only to return again to the light. Bobby Montesi, the club president, showed no sign of his office. The blue beret he wears in all seasons was pulled down toward his right eye, partially covering his forehead. His lean, tan face bore an absent expression until he suddenly stopped by George, a tall, thin Negro boy, and

sounded a note that harmonized with the rock 'n' roll song on the radio inside. Both boys' faces wrinkled in concentration on the harmony, and Kenny, who was balanced against the front of the club on a tilted chair, got up, letting the chair click to the cement, and joined them. When the song was over they returned to their separate wanderings without a word.

FLUORESCENT "FISHING"

FIVE or six girls outside the clubhouse screeched in unison as two boys came down the block. The boys ignored them in a sure, studied manner, chewing harder on their gum and running their hands up their bright suspenders, and sauntered inside to the more serious business of the pool table. The girls, after scattering in laughter, gathered again on the stoop of the building beside the clubhouse, chattering, peeping inside, and staring down the street to see who might come next.

The tiny, gold-skinned girl called "Shorty," whose attractions—at the age of sixteen—had promoted several gang battles in the past, leaned against a handsome, half-embarrassed boy, who in turn was leaning against a parked car; he bent his head down as she raised her face in quick, teasing darts that were almost but not quite kisses. The other girls didn't watch. On the stoop they talked of the imminent terror of school, starting the talk in English and often, when excited, switching to Spanish and ending in high, long laughter.

A girl in black toreador pants and an orange sweater slipped off the cement stoop and turned to ask the others, as if she had just remembered, "Hey, did you kids see that stage show at the Paramount? Fats Domino?"

The other girls shrieked their approval.

"Yeh," said one, "and that movie, though—with that band playing that American dance music—you see the way they go?"

The girl stepped out on the sidewalk, held her arms up stiffly in fox-trot position, and moved slowly in a wandering box step with a sour expression on her face. The others laughed. "American" music—which is any other than the Spanish and South American dances and rock 'n' roll—is painfully square. It is practically nonexistent at the weekly canteens attended by Conservatives at the Family Center of the Parish on 100th Street.

This Friday night canteen—supplemented occasionally by Saturday night dances sponsored by the Conservatives in the same place and with nearly the same faces—alone serves to break the routine of pool, pacing, and rock 'n' roll that sustains the club through its new, nonviolent life.

In the past the canteens were often a part of the violence. Because they were the only teenage social occasions in the neighborhood, they grew with boys and girls and gangs from all around. Hundreds of kids pressed into the dusty hall of the Family Center on 100th Street, and the basement of the Parish Church on 106th Street, where a record dance was also held. A member of the church staff and a member of the police force were always present, but with rival gang members facing off in challenges through the patterns of the crowds, there was no way to keep control. Sometimes guns were smuggled in, at first for show and then for action. A boy was shot and killed in the canteen on 106th Street and that was the last canteen for the street.

On 100th Street, however, new measures were taken to keep down the crowds, parents were brought in as well as police, and the Parish—fearing the worse kinds of trouble that could easily develop without any canteen at all—kept it going and kept it orderly. It also has had shootings, but except for one isolated incident, the past year has been relatively quiet. A great new factor for peace has been The Conservatives.

The boys and girls come in separate, clustering groups, with an occasional couple. Soon they are dancing, clapping, and singing beneath the glow of fluorescent lights made colorful and dim by crepe-paper wrappings. The usual dress for the boys is bright-striped sport shirts and khaki or denim pants, though sometimes a boy will arrive in a new, Ivy League suit, his shoes shined to a brilliant gloss, perhaps even wearing what constitutes the final touch of full dress—dark glasses. The girls most often wear sweaters and slacks or toreador pants, but sometimes skirts and blouses.

The music blares loud and fast, in rock 'n' roll or Latin rhythms. The meringue is a favorite. But fast music finally stops and one of the slow rock 'n' roll tunes that drags in thick, halting harmony fills the room, and the boys are standing by girls. Couples embrace, and it is then the duty of the attendant minister to see that the technique used in this dance is "fish" and not "grind." If the feet are moving, it is "fish" and legal; if the only movement is in the bodies that are, in either case, pressed together, it is "grind" and the offenders will be tapped on the shoulder by the minister and asked to start "fishing."

At eleven o'clock it is over, and the kids re-

turn to the street. Boys without girls may go to a candy store and gather at the jukebox for still more music; some seek the shelter of tenement hallways to work out their own singing arrangements. Those who leave the dance with dates often go to the hallways too—but not to sing. There is of course no such thing as "getting the family car" for "a drive in the country." Necking has to be done in the hallways. For more serious sexual adventures, the refuge is the roof. This can be dangerous, for there are often older adventurers strolling the rooftops—but the kids rarely find another place to be alone.

Whatever the after-the-dance adventure, there is always, at last, the return to the street; the last place to linger before going back to an overcrowded tenement room. Tomorrow there will be the clubhouse again, and next week, again, the dance.

A DRAGON MISFIRES

THE question among the old-timers on the block was whether this schedule, when the new routine got old, would be enough to keep The Conservatives conservative. Louie, a small, finely-featured boy from the block, who left it for the Army already a veteran of the wars of The Enchanters, returned on leave and criticized the old gang—not for turning conservative but rather for not doing it with more imagination.

"This," he judged, "is not enough." As a former Enchanter he was interested in what had come to pass and anxious that it not go back to what had been. He had almost been ruined in its violence, and enlisted after coming close to prison for his part in a gang war shooting—a fact quite difficult to match with his face, which was only saved by the faint trace of a mustache from being the face of a child.

"What you guys need," he told one of the new Conservatives, "is a guy with ideas—a guy to say, 'Listen, let's get up an outing,' or, 'Let's go up to a dance in the Bronx,' and then have a few guys around who right quick say, 'Yeh man, that's a good idea.' The trouble with you guys is you're just sitting around. You need to get out, meet other people, see what it's like away from this neighborhood. It's hangin' around that gets you into trouble."

Victor, the young Conservative, pointed out weakly that they did have regular meetings.

"Meetings," said Louie. "Yeh, I went to that meeting. What kind of meeting was that? You just sat around and talked about dues."

Louie reached out his cupped hand, as if attempting to grab some tangible formula, and leaned across the table.

"What you have to do," he said, "is not to talk about who's paying dues, but what you're going to do with the dues money after you get it. *That's* the thing to talk about."

Victor stared at the table, considering, and looked up to say, "I tell you, Louie, I wish you were back on the block now."

Louie shrugged, sat back, and smiled.

"Now," he said. "Yeh. But it's a good thing I left when I did."

He was quiet for a moment, and then he said, "You know, they say the Army makes a man of you. All the stuff you see and have to take. But those guys there, they haven't seen anything. I say 100th Street makes a man of you. The things I saw I've got to thinking about, and I tell you, the guys at the base, they wouldn't believe it if I told 'em. I thought about writing a book, you know—but nobody'd read it."

He leaned back and laughed. "People see these movies and books about gangs and get to thinking that's the way it is. And most of it's phony. Just like this TV play we saw at the base, about a gang, it could never have happened. The way it was, they had some gang that wanted to take care of a kid, and so they dressed him up in their gang jacket and sent him into the territory of an enemy gang and the enemy gang saw the kid and beat him up. Well, you know, there's no gang that'd make a guy dress in their jacket when he wasn't a member—it'd ruin the honor of the gang. They'd just take care of the kid themselves, that's all.

"And lots of these stories in magazines and books, they usually have some racketeer who comes along and sells them guns to make a big profit for himself and they start using guns then—like it's that one guy who turned 'em bad. Hell. It's never like that. If a gang wants pieces, it gets pieces—it gets 'em all kind of ways from all kind of places.

"The real things, the things that really happen, people would never believe. Just like the time, I'll never forget it—you weren't around here yet—we were up on a roof on 103rd Street shooting down at the Dragons. We came down off the roof and chased 'em down 104th Street, past the Precinct station—none of the cops even came out after us—and down the next block and were shooting from doorsteps. One guy from the Dragons sneaked up on one of our guys and pointed a rifle straight at his head, and everything stopped, and the guy from the Dragons

pulled the trigger and nothing happened. He kept on pulling the trigger. I don't know why it didn't go off—it had been going off all right before. The guy finally figured it wasn't going off, and he walked away, and that was the end of it. Everyone just went home.

"That kind of thing would never have happened a few years before, though. I mean with the gun. Right after the war I remember I was just a little kid and guns first started showing up a lot, in the open. At first it was a real big deal. A guy would pull a gun in the street and everyone out on the block would scatter. Maybe it wasn't even loaded, maybe you couldn't hit a thing with it; all you had to do was pull a gun. Then, people got used to 'em, and after a while it got so a guy pulled a gun and another guy would just stand there and ask him, 'Well, you going to use that or not? You better use it or put it away.' That's the way it got to be. That's why now there's none of this waving a gun around and watching people run. You got to use it or put it away."

CLUBHOUSE WITHOUT A CAUSE

THE wars of the street are not a game for boys, and the wars are not yet over. The transformation of Enchanters to Conservatives is not a large scale revolution; it is rather the exception to the rule. Several other neighborhood gangs have shown an interest in going social and all have their peaceful phases. But to execute a permanent change on the streets, without the kind of unexpected help that so luckily gave The Conservatives an adult director and a clubhouse, would be a minor miracle.

This problem was the subject of a sermon one hot July Sunday at the East Harlem Protestant Church, when Reverend Norman Eddy preached on "Jesus and His Gang." That Friday night Norm had been concerned with two gangs who had come to 100th Street to fight and were persuaded to meet to talk peace in the church with Norm as the mediator. He had left the canteen Friday night, his face set tense, and returned again an hour later, still walking fast but smiling. One of the guys at the door of the canteen—a graduated veteran of gangs—had asked, "Hey Norm, is it over now?"

Norm started to nod and then he stopped, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Is it ever really over?"

He prepared his sermon for Sunday on the gang of Jesus and the gangs of the neighborhood. Many of the new Conservatives attend the 100th



Street Church and they were in the uneasy trial of their first summer as a social gang. But Norm was not only talking to them when he talked about the gangs. He was talking to everyone who lived in the neighborhood.

He said the teen-agers had it especially hard because they had to decide on whether to get involved with the fighting. He knew how they all were afraid of being called a "punk," but he told them there was a special kind of courage that went beyond fear of what other people thought. That was the courage to stand up for what you believed was right; to stand up for God.

The girls, Norm said, were just as involved in the questions of fighting. They were often the reason why the guys from other gangs came into the neighborhood. Norm told the girls they had a special chance to work between the gangs, and help keep the boys from fighting instead of, as sometimes happened, encouraging a battle.

From behind him as he talked came the noise of the street, always present, a constant chorus, to which the congregation would rise up and go once more.

The street would be the same. The Conservatives have gone social and thereby changed their relation to society, but society is still as it was. The dope pusher is still in the doorway and the bopping gang is still in the neighborhood. The same temptations are met every day, and the million factors that made the members of the club once fight continue to be a part of their life in the city's worst slum. Norm Eddy understood, as Louie did, that in the long run the kids must find something more than a new routine and a place to meet to keep them out of the troubles of the past. The Conservatives have wrung from society a clubhouse; but not a cause.



A FRIENDLY TALK

A Story by STORM JAMESON

Drawings by Tom Keogh

LETTERS came for her so seldom that the sight of the buff envelope lying just inside the door when she came in from her set walk gave her a shock, only half pleasant. As she stooped for it she saw, with another light shock, that it came from the BBC. Before she could stop herself she had thought: They want me to write for them. . . . She wrung the neck of this idea at once. . . . Idiot. They want to quote a line from a book—or they've made a mistake. . . . She stretched her hand out toward her spectacles—and drew it back again. One of her vanities was to be able, at her age, and although it made her head ache, to read without them. Others were her straight back and nearly unlined throat. Innocent vanities . . . almost vital to a woman so little conceited that she had guillotined her career as a novelist on the day she first realized that her mind was losing its resilience, its once feverish energy. . . . Why should I force the poor creature to go on jumping through the hoops with its stiffening joints? Leave that to the young. . . . She had just enough money, if she turned over every penny twice, to live without working, and if she hid herself in a village.

She had never been a fashionable writer, but she had been well enough known. Perhaps it stung her to discover how little time it took for her to be forgotten, completely. No critic imagined it would do him any good to mention her name; even her publisher, after a few polite inquiries, seemed woundingly content to let a sleeping dog lie. Her London friends, too. . . . She did not make friends easily. Besides her husband, with whom she had been in love until the day of his death, she had had one close friend. As close to her as her childhood, as her restless wasteful furious youth, and as irrecoverably lost.

She was at once too intelligent and too pigheaded to let herself feel sorry that she had turned her back so recklessly on what might

have remained to her—for a few more years—of celebrity, a modest celebrity. If now and then an infinitely small jet of bitterness broke the surface of her mind, she thought at once: It would have happened in any case the moment I died . . . why not before then?

Just the same, she had to crush down an excitement when she opened the envelope, turning it over once again to look at the address—Mrs. Sarah Jenner, The White Cottage, Enham. So far no mistake.

"Dear Mrs. Jenner, you may have listened to one or more of the talks"—if I had a wireless, I might—"in the series, 'A Friendly Talk,' in which two women discuss, freely and not too solemnly, any topic or topics which interest them. I wonder whether you would care. . . ."

Her eye had already caught the name, a couple of lines lower, of the other woman, the woman they proposed as her partner in this talk. Trembling, she sat down in the nearest chair.... But why couldn't they have asked just me? Am I as old hat as that? And why Elizabeth? Of all people. Couldn't they find anything better? . . . A mocking smile crossed her mouth as she thought: Perhaps they felt how amusing to trot out two relics of the past. . . . Forget it, forget it.

She had trained herself so severely never to let the image of Elizabeth enter her mind that she felt as guilty as a child caught with fingers in the honey to be thinking of her now. It forced her to think, too, about her husband—since it was at his funeral she had last seen Elizabeth. They had cried together, then Elizabeth had gone home for the weekend: she was to come back on Tuesday—but, on Tuesday. . . . Fifteen years. . . . Is her hair still the same reddish brown, and curling? It must be gray. And, almost certainly, she'll have put on weight, living in Devon. She was always greedy, and lazy, with that careless slovenly charm—so much charm that she had only to say, "Pass the salt," for every person within hearing to smile with pleasure. Just as she had only to glance at me from the corner of her eye, in a boring gathering, for us both to be seized by the same idiotic gaiety as when we were children sitting together at the end of the pew in church, hiding our crazy laughter under our hands, as though praying. Just as, with a gesture of her long fingers, she could call back the whole of our childhood and youth in a village sunk in a fold of the northern moor, the wind from the sea pouring through the branches of pines bent all one way by its weight. . . .

She was a better writer than I was. I admit it now. If she had not been so incredibly lazy. . . . Is that—her laziness—why, for more than ten years, she has written nothing? Absolutely nothing. She is as forgotten now as I am. She always said: Why do I bother to write when I can fill every moment of my life without all that trouble? Ah . . .

A familiar jealousy, a familiar love, a familiar grief, seized her. She let it pinch her for a moment, then stood up resolutely and walked to the desk which served now only to hold a mug filled with wild flowers, and, moving this aside, wrote a polite brief letter.

"Dear Miss"—What is the name? Head. Cordelia Head. I suppose, a young woman—"Dear Miss Head, I shall be delighted to come to London, as you suggest, on the twentieth, to record a talk with Miss Elizabeth Hume. I only wonder a little why you. . . ."

SHE walked with a fine air of indifference across the hall, immense and undistinguished, of Broadcasting House to the desk in the corner.

"My name is Jenner. I have an appointment for three o'clock with Miss Cordelia Head."

"Miss Head? And the name is —?"

"Jenner. Mrs. Sarah Jenner."

"Will you take a seat? I'll let Miss Head know."

She sat down and looked quickly and cautiously round the hall. It was almost empty. One small group—a youngish woman talking with overdone vivacity to three young men, their cheeks as it were swaddled in beards. A few strays like herself. . . . A minute past three. She isn't here. Still utterly incapable of getting herself anywhere on time.

A young woman, remarkably slender, with a smooth sallow face, stepped out of one of the lifts and walked briskly to the desk. The girl behind it pointed discreetly. She turned, with a polite professional smile.

"Mrs. Jenner?"

She moved to stand up. "Yes."

"Do you mind if we wait here, to collect Miss Hume? I hope she's coming."

"Don't you know?"

"Oh, she said she would come. But her letter was a little vague, and I wasn't sure she realized that we have to work more or less to a timetable. But I've allowed a margin. I was so glad you could come, both of you."

"She's never punctual."

"You know her well, of course."

"I used to."

A slight roughness in her tone caught the

young woman's ear—as it might have been caught by the noise of a pencil rolling off her desk. Without interest, she asked,

"You don't see much of her now?"

"She lives in Devon. I live in Kent."

"Ah, yes." The pencil had been picked up and put in its place.

"Why—" Sarah Jenner began, "did you . . . I suppose you knew her work?"

Eyes a little distractedly turned toward the street door, Miss Head murmured,

"To tell you the truth, no. We were rather running out of names for this series, and my friend said . . . he's a great reader, he gets through scores of books every week . . . he took out one of her novels from the London Library, and he said—" a scarcely perceptible shadow, like a fish moving on the bed of a stream, gave away the coolly polite exaggeration—"that it was splendid, and why not get her to do one of the talks. So . . ."

Mrs. Jenner gave her a glance the missing Elizabeth would have recognized, charged with a malice younger than anything in the young woman's character.

"He said, you mean: This really isn't at all bad. So that's why you asked her. I wondered."

A light premonition . . . Have I made a bloomer? Do they hate each other? . . . crossed Miss Head's mind. It vanished at once. With what she supposed to be an adroit stroke, she said,

"In fact, I asked her before I wrote to you. It was she who suggested asking you. She said she admired you immensely, your novels, particularly . . . now, which was it? Oh, yes—*Hidden Duel*. Brilliant, she said."

"Kind of you to tell me," murmured Sarah. "And so kind of her." Her smile became frankly, exasperatedly derisive. "Kinder than you know. That particular novel was written about her."

"Oh?"

"I wrote it three years after my husband's death. That is, three years less a week after I found out that she had been his mistress for years. Many years."

The young woman's professional training had covered a great many risks: how not to offend the great and conceited, how to handle excitable foreigners, what to do when a woman tells you that she is the mother of the Messiah—this happens quite often: something to do with the voice of God on the air. She had not been shown—and nothing in the shallows of her experience helped her—any way of outfacing a cynically amused mockery of herself and her want of tact. How horrible the old are, she thought, taken aback.

"I'm so sorry," she said thinly. "I wouldn't have asked—"

"Oh, don't worry. I don't mind in the least meeting her." Liar. You are lying. You don't even know what you're saying to this sallow little goose. "It happened so long ago, I . . . There she is. Just coming in. D'you see?"

With relief, Miss Head jumped up to go and claim the woman dawdling across the hall. . . . Doesn't she know she's a quarter of an hour late? But she looks—thank God—sane. Pleasant. Though what a figure.

NO FIGURE at all. Elizabeth Hume had, as they say, let herself go. She was as tall as her friend, and shapeless; even the oval of her face had become a round pale moon, the narrow eyes like the bright edges of knives, the head covered with gray curls, as untidy as though she cropped them herself with the scissors she used for pruning roses. A long mouth, its smile showing white evenly set teeth, obviously her own, a long chin, an almost absurdly small nose. . . . The envy Sarah felt was purely without vindictiveness. . . . I shall never reach that point of indifference, that—superiority. . . . The exercises she went through painfully each morning to keep herself supple were suddenly ridiculous, vulgar.

"You know each other," Miss Head said, with a trace of nervousness.

"Very well," Elizabeth Hume answered. She looked down gravely at the other woman, who had not moved from her seat. "How are you, Sarah? You haven't changed."

"Don't be absurd," Sarah said. "Fifteen years . . . at our age. . . . I've changed as much as you have."

Elizabeth laughed, a muted sound coming from deep in her heavy body. Neither this laugh, nor her voice, her low warm voice, its very flaws part of its seduction, had aged at all.

"At least you haven't put on flesh. I'm quite gross. I'm always giving up cream, and I always begin on it again at once."

"Shall we go upstairs?"

By adopting the manner and tones of a governess, the young woman hoped to induce, if not respect—one shouldn't ask too much—submission and good conduct in her elderly charges. She led them briskly to an upper floor, and along corridors full of a stifling sluggish air, into a small room so exactly what you imagine secreted behind the net curtains of genteel weedy little

houses that, for the first time, the two women exchanged smiles, of delight.

"I've ordered some tea for us. I expect you'd like some."

"Tea?" Elizabeth drawled. "Well, yes. Too early for anything else."

"We can talk over a little what you're going to discuss—before I take you to the studio for the recording. You've broadcast before, of course."

"I have," Sarah said. "Once. Twenty years ago."

The emptily professional smile again. "I wasn't here then, I'm afraid."

"You were in your cradle."

"Not quite. . . . Won't you eat a biscuit? . . . Now"—she turned to Elizabeth—"I rather liked one of the topics you suggested in your letter. Should women settle down in middle age, or should they try to strike out? I wonder what you, Mrs. Jenner, think."

"Didn't I suggest anything?" Sarah said coldly.

"Yes—yes, you did. But just a trifle esoteric for our listeners, I thought. We can't, you know, fly too high."

"I always said you were too intelligent," Elizabeth murmured.

"Really? Yet you didn't have any trouble—you and George—in making a fool of me."

In narrowing her eyes Elizabeth produced the effect of a cat averting its face from an indiscreet human stare.

"You know it wasn't anything of the sort."

"I don't know anything! I don't know how you managed to trick me for so many years, or when it began, or anything."

"If you had asked me . . ."

"Why should I imagine you would tell me the truth?"

"If you had asked me about it at the time you found out," Elizabeth said gently, "instead of telling me never to come near you again, I would have told you everything. Now I've forgotten."

"Forgotten? You say you've forgotten?"

"Yes. I forget everything."

Miss Head spoke in an indulgent come-come-children voice.

"Aren't we forgetting the important thing? We were deciding what topics you might talk about in"—she had been going to say, "in a friendly way," but a first grain of delicacy checked her—"in a few minutes. We have the one topic, which perhaps you would like to explore for a moment while I . . . while I make a few arrangements . . . excuse me."

She felt an overwhelming need to get away from them for a minute. With a rapidly sinking heart, she reflected that this was perhaps going to be the first fiasco, and a grotesque one, of the series. Her vanity was involved. Outside, in the corridor, she caught the arm of a friend who was passing, and said in a despairing voice,

"My dear, they're impossible. I can't tell you."

"Who?"

"These two old girls, writers, I dug up. Hume and Jenner."

"Sarah Jenner? My mother used to adore her novels. She was always boring me with them."

"I wish your mother were having to deal with her now. I must go—I shall probably find one of them just chewing the last bone and whiskers of the other. Incredible."

OPENING the door nervously, she found complete harmony. Elizabeth was saying,

"The delicious thing about growing old is that you no longer care what anyone thinks about you. For the first time, you can risk being yourself, not the timid hypocrites we were brought up to be, you and I."

"You were never timid."

"Yes. Yes, I was. Even now . . . Dare you cross your knees in public? I daren't. The voice of Aunt Alicia reaches me from her grave. 'No decent girl sits in that attitude. An immodest sitter is an abomination unto the Lord.' And, nowadays, my figure . . . tell me, Sarah, what do you do to keep yours? Oh"—she had caught sight of Miss Head at her elbow—"how much longer need we go on rehearsing? If this is a rehearsal. You know, we shan't want to say the same things twice—once here and again when we're on the air."

"There's something in that," Miss Head agreed. The changed atmosphere had raised her hopes. She smiled, an almost personal smile, such as she gave herself when she passed a wall-mirror. "And you've just started another interesting idea. The pleasures of growing old."

"Can you," Sarah Jenner asked, "at your age, believe there are any?"

"Indeed, yes," Miss Head lied.

"Wonderful."

Is she laughing at me again? Miss Head asked herself uneasily. She dropped back into her manner of an indulgent governess, trusted and admired by her little charges.

"Shall we go along to the studio? I'll explain things there. But it's quite simple. You have only to talk—as if you were sitting together over a cup of tea."

"Oh, not tea," Elizabeth murmured.

"This way."

As she seated them, facing each other, microphones between them, across the table, she noticed that Mrs. Jenner's hands were shaking. . . . Scared. Poor old thing. Let's hope she doesn't dry up. . . . A glass partition divided the small studio from the smaller anteroom where another young woman was waiting to try out their voices.

"Please speak now. A few words. Anything."

"Do I have to stare at this thing all the time we're talking? It's not inspiring."

"No, Mrs. Jenner, you can look at Miss Hume, but you mustn't shift about on your chair."

"Sarah, do you remember when you were Admetus in the end-of-term play? I was Alcestis, and you had to look at me and say: *'Oh face, oh form, of my beloved wife.'* . . . You never got beyond *'Oh face'*—we began to giggle and went on until they had to bring the curtain down on us."

Sarah laughed.

Miss Head went out and came back in a moment to say that Miss Hume's voice was exactly right. She moved Sarah's microphone nearer to her, told them carefully, in the simplest words, when the recording would start, listened for a moment to Elizabeth Hume's voice saying, "Don't you agree, Sarah, that at forty, a woman . . ." and crept silently into the anteroom, her mind almost at rest. . . . After all, they're not quite cracked. And what a voice—like cream, like a cello, like a cat pouring itself across your ankles. . . . Lulled by it, she closed her eyes—and opened them, shocked by a burst of brutal laughter in the studio. . . . What, for heaven's sake, have they been saying?

AM I really sitting opposite her, opposite Elizabeth? Why did I let it happen? I distrust her, I hate her, I. . . . Her throat felt as though she had swallowed a splinter of glass. . . . Do I hate her? Or did I only want to see for myself that she is an old woman, a woman no man will ever fall in love with again, a clown, a caricature of herself? Am I appeased now? satisfied? contemptuous?—she needn't have let herself become slack and shapeless—or so pleased to see her that I don't care about anything else? Don't ask, don't ask!

Leaning sideways to see past the microphones—the very movement the young woman had warned her not to make—she said,

"Yes, that's all very well, but why should a woman, only because she has reached her fortieth birthday—her fiftieth, for that matter—cease to care whether she's slim, interesting to other people, active?"

"Because it's not important for her to interest other people. It never was. A young woman—because she wants to get married, or to be praised, or see her photograph in the magazines you read at hairdressers'—not that I go to a hairdresser now—imagines it is. By the time she is fifty. . . ."

"And her husband, if she has one?" Sarah said icily, dangerously. "Is he supposed not to care whether she gets fat or not?"

"Even a husband isn't so important as the moment when you stretch your arms, yawn, and say: Now, thank God, I can take my shoes off. . . . How much d'you spend on face creams a year, Sarah?

"None of your business."

"Good business for someone. You're much too smooth for your age—which is the same as mine. I take my cream internally—neat, or with marmalade, with mushrooms, with veal, in soufflés."

"Yes. I can see you do. It shows."

Elizabeth laughed. After a moment Sarah joined her, on a louder jeering note, and they laughed together. Sarah struck the table with a doubled fist.

"Your Aunt Alicia—abomination-unto-the-Lord—would have prescribed a corset for you like the ones she wore. Do you remember?—*eau-de-Nil* satin, boned, almost to the knees, six pairs of suspenders. . . ."

"No, that was my Aunt Thomas Clarkson, my father's sister, the one who had the cats and the two mulberry trees, and gave us port and seed cake on Sunday morning after church."

"You see," Sarah cried, "you do remember things! It's not true that you forget everything."

"Ah, yes, real things—I remember those. I forget the others."

The fever of excitement, jealousy, anger, longing, in Sarah's veins sank as though the other woman had laid a cool hand on her. But it's true! Real things—yes. Real their young lives, the village, the smell of peat and woodsmoke, the bare boards of the schoolroom, the icy cold of bedrooms in her father's gaunt stone house, the heat of August on the moor, the crazy laughter, the trust. Nothing since had had that peculiar flavor of freedom and happiness. Nothing since that violent young world had been as real, neither ambition, nor success—such as it was—nor the heartache, the scalding tears, the anger carefully-nursed, the months and years of useless bitterness. . . .

She smiled at her friend. "D'you remember the way one took to get to the Burnt Mill?"

"Yes, of course," Elizabeth murmured.

With a sudden confidence, with joy, they found themselves walking about their childhood, retracing paths known only to themselves, in bare feet crossing a stream, stopping to laugh, correct each other, quarrel, and laugh again. . . . At some point, Sarah became aware of Miss Head standing beside her, flushed, with an expression of anguish, holding a piece of paper she laid down under Sarah's eyes. . . . *Don't sway from side to side to look at Miss Hume. Don't bang on the table.* . . . Sarah brushed the note out of the way. She had not taken it in. It had no relevance to the minutes she was living through. All these years she had been alone, and now . . . now. . . .

Miss Head vanished. After a short time, there she was again, speaking aloud, in a dry voice.

"Didn't either of you notice that the recording was over?"

WITH a violent start and a feeling of guilt, Sarah pulled herself together to attend to the young woman, whose voice conveyed something sharper than impatience. From Elizabeth's expression she saw that she, too, felt guilty—she hurriedly looked away, afraid that she might laugh at the spectacle of two elderly and once well-known women hanging their heads before this absurd young female official.

"Oh. No, I didn't notice. . . . Then we can go now?"

"Yes, you can."

"I'm afraid we made too much noise," Elizabeth said.

Miss Head made a dogged effort to smile.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. . . . I'll take you downstairs."

In the lift, Elizabeth said gaily,

"What time is it? Five? After five. Almost time for a drink, don't you think? By the time we reach my club . . . or would you rather go somewhere else, more amusing?"

"I'm afraid I . . . perhaps some other day," Miss Head said.

Too late she saw—from the astonished glance, a blue flash under lowered eyelids, that Sarah Jenner gave her, and from the other woman's raised eyebrows—that it had never entered their heads to invite her to come with them. She blushed.

"Oh," Sarah said, "you've had quite enough of us."



Elizabeth yawned and asked, "When are you going to broadcast our talk?"

"Don't be silly," Sarah said, smiling, "she's not going to use it. Didn't you realize that?"

"Isn't she? Why not?"

Miss Head was saved, by the opening of the lift doors, from having to answer. She took a few stiff steps with them into the hall, shook hands, and watched them walk away, their very backs giving away an undeserved and unseemly happiness. She hurried back to her room. A colleague who had been waiting for her asked,

"What, my poor girl, have you done with your two old reprobates?"

"They've gone off, arm in arm, as pleased as if they'd been terribly clever. My God, if I thought I'd be anything like it when I'm their age. . . ."

"Like what?"

"Cynical, mocking, utterly unmanageable, and impossible. Imagine being like either of them!"

"Don't worry. . . . You won't be."

Wolfgang Langewiesche

the new
JET AIR LINERS

Everybody in the air lines is going to school these days, learning how to live with the new jet liners. Why not a briefing for the passenger?

YOU'LL find the take-off disappointing. The jet noise reverberates from the ground and is loud. And no mighty force pulls you back into your seat, as on the propeller airplane. The acceleration is sluggish. And the run is long. She runs and runs, faster and faster, and still she runs, till you begin to take alarm. Is something wrong? Won't she fly?

It's all right. You've met the jet engine's main characteristic, and the reason why most cities are building longer runways: the jet airplane behaves like a car that has only one gear—high. It's got to *be* going before it can really *get* going. The propeller airplane is like a car with low gear, second—and no high; it starts gloriously, but can't reach really high speeds. The jet engine thrives on speed: as the pilot keeps building up speed past 100 mph, the jet begins to come into its own. And when he lifts it off, at 165 mph, the jet liner begins to show its stuff. She still keeps speeding up—to 300 mph—as she also climbs. For that first minute you get the same feeling of space-mastery as in a high-powered car that will speed up while climbing a steep hill. The noise now has faded and fallen behind. The front half of the cabin becomes very quiet; the rear half, quiet. (Opposite from conditions on propeller airplanes.) In a few minutes all familiar landmarks are far behind and deep below. The airplane becomes a time capsule. You sit in it for a while. . . .

Typical cruise is at 36,000 feet, 550 mph. This is twice as high, twice as fast as the big propeller-ships fly. The speed *sensation* is the same—mild. But the result!

New York-Paris, 7½ hours. Paris-New York, a little slower because of winds, is even better because of the six-hour time difference. Leave after the theater; arrive New York in time for a night's sleep!

This speed costs nothing extra. On the Atlantic the jets, right from the start, will carry the new "thrift" class; on domestic runs, tourist. That's the big difference between the American jet program and the earlier British, Russian, French ones: the American jet program is economical. Those others were extra-fare prestige-builders. The American jets are simply machines that deliver the passenger-mile more cheaply than previous machines.

Until that was possible the air lines did not want jets—and neither did a mere prestige airplane fit into the tradition of the American manufacturers, which is to build money-makers. Each of the Douglas transport models, for example, has delivered the passenger-mile more cheaply than the preceding model, usually by about 20 per cent. The jets may not cut flying costs by quite so much, but they should be the cheapest-flying planes yet. And they will fly so cheaply not *despite* their speed, but *because* of their speed!

That's the answer to those who ask: "Why do the air lines offer still faster travel when what I need is cheaper travel?" Speed is a good way to cut flying costs. Speed doesn't cost, it pays. We think of speed as a luxury that costs money. But the taxi-driver drives so fast not to please you, but to get rid of you sooner and pick up a new fare: he makes better use of his car and of his time.

The air lines figure the same way, only more so. In the air, speed is easier to get. On the surface, speed is limited by air and water resis-

tance. For ships, cars, or trains to go from A to B twice as fast, you need four times the fuel and eight times as big an engine. The proposition soon becomes impractical—like trying to run when you are waist-deep in water. But the airplane evades this law; it simply goes up higher. At 36,000 feet the air is only one-fourth as thick as at sea level, and offers only one-fourth the resistance. That's why the jets cruise there.

That the passenger also *likes* speed is a happy circumstance; but what really counts is the increased productivity—just as it would with a high-speed bottling machine or high-speed printing press. The productivity of these fast, big jets is incredible. They carry almost twice as many people almost twice as fast as previous airplanes. A 150-seat jet liner that makes the transatlantic round-trip in a day produces as much transport as a big steamship that carries 2,100 passengers!

WHY THEY LOOK THAT WAY

YOU look at such a machine with respect. In airplanes there is no mere styling. What you see, the outside shape of the machine, is pretty well "the works." It's on this outside shape that the air acts. Every line has a purpose.

Why those swept-back wings? They are the airplane's tribute to the sound barrier. The jet liner does not "break the sound barrier." It stays just this side of it. It is a "high sub-sonic," not a "super-sonic" airplane. Economical Cruise will be at 82 per cent of the speed of sound, Fast Cruise at 88 per cent.

How fast is that? Sound speed varies with air temperature. Under average conditions, at 36,000 feet, the two speeds will be 541 mph and 581 mph. Fifteen years ago, when airplanes first ran into speed-of-sound trouble but were still designed without much regard for the problem, 72 per cent of sound was the usual speed limit. It could be reached, in propeller-driven airplanes, only in a dive; and if you exceeded it, the airplane usually went out of control and kept right on diving into the ground. Today's airplane is ahead in three respects. The speed limit is up: with jet-drive the airplane can reach it in level flight, and the limit is no longer absolute; if you exceed it, the airplane shakes and rattles as if running over cobblestones, but stays under control. The Boeing jet liner has been flown to 95 per cent of sound-speed and perhaps faster. And all this is due mostly to this swept-back wing.

How sweep-back works you understand, or at least feel, if you hold a safety razor so that it slides slightly sidewise over the skin. It cuts better that way. The swept-back wing cuts through the air in that same sidewise-slicing fashion, and becomes in effect thinner, sharper, and more knife-like. The troubles of the sound barrier come from hitting the air too abruptly, not giving it time to flow out of the way of the oncoming *thing* and to flow together properly behind it: and this more finely-cutting, sidewise-slicing shape demands a little less of the air and gives it a little more time: the difference between speed limits at 72 and 88 per cent of sound.

This wing is also an engineering marvel in other respects. It's hollow and is at the same time the airplane's fuel tank. It will hold as much as an incredible 70 tons of kerosene—as much as five big, highway tank-trucks. It is also elastic; the airplane rides on it as if on springs. It cushions the effects of rough air which, on stiff wings at 550 mph, could be a vicious slamming.

In rough air the up-and-down swing of the wing tips is large. The spring action does not lie directly in these visible motions. It lies in what these slight changes in wing-shape do to the wing's lift-force. When the airplane flies into an upward gust ("a bump"), the wing, in the upward-bent position, also reduces the lift-force and thus eases the upward shove. In a downward gust ("an air pocket") the wing, in the downward-bent attitude, develops extra lift, and thus does not let the bottom drop out from under you.

The jet liner has a new device—two ailerons on each wing—two of those control surfaces that bank and unbank the airplane. One is in the usual position at the wing-tip; the other, more inboard.

Why two? In designing an aileron, the engineer faces a dilemma. For slow flight, the control-surface should be big, or control is too sluggish. The pilot complains he turns the wheel and nothing much happens. If a gust hits the airplane just before landing, he may hook a wing-tip to the ground. For fast flight an aileron should be small—or it may be too strong, and instead of lifting the wing it may merely twist it and have no effect. The problem is almost as old as the airplane itself. But with increasing speed and airplane size, the difference becomes more difficult to straddle. Hence the two ailerons. The one at the wing tip is for slow speed work, the inboard one for high speed. When the pilot puts the flaps down for landing, his control wheel automatically connects up with the slow-speed aileron.

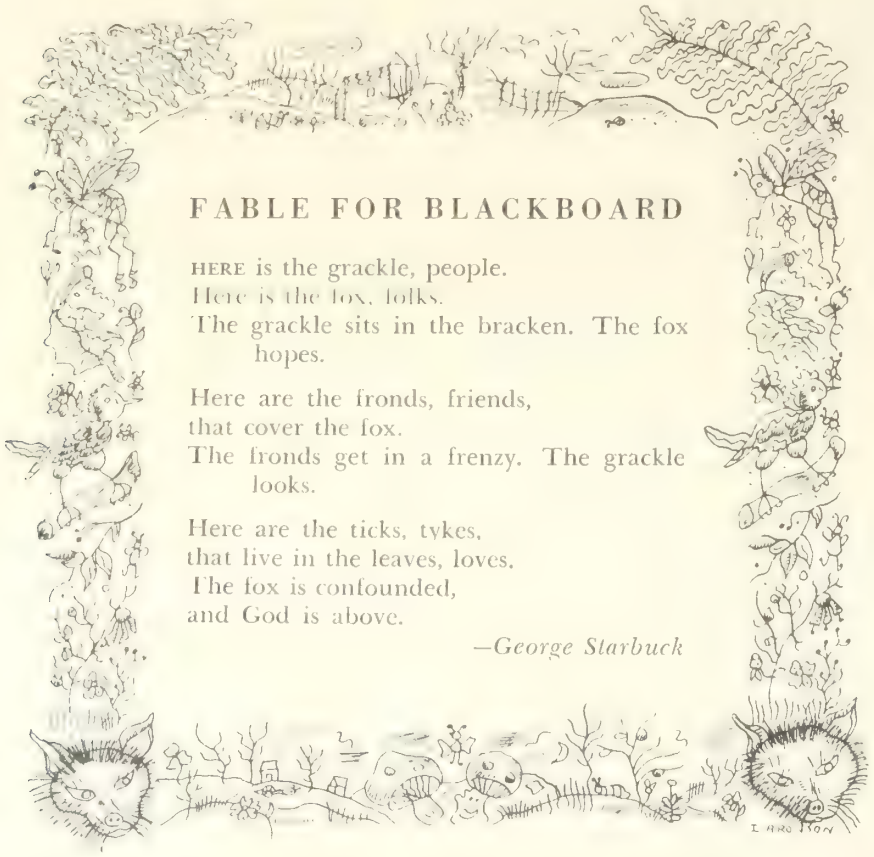
But why jet engines? The regular airplane engine was the most nearly perfect mechanism ever made. Why kick out Old Faithful?

More push in high-speed flight, is one answer. More power in one package, is another. Both spell out the same thing: the conventional piston engine, driving a conventional propeller, has about reached its limit. The propeller has a speed limit of about 450 mph. This is because the propeller blade (which, of course, travels faster than the airplane itself does, since it literally travels in circles around the airplane) hits the sound barrier, and beyond 400 mph its efficiency rapidly fades out. Supersonic propellers may come—the Russians are flying one now—but right now the only practical way to drive an airplane beyond 500 mph is the jet.

As for the piston engine itself, it simply lacks power. It hit a ceiling during World War II—at about 4,000 horsepower. Most successful engines are below that. This is because a piston engine can achieve such power only by an unbelievably complex piling of parts upon parts. It may have 28 cylinders, with 56 valves popping up and down, 56 spark plugs, operated by 14 ignition systems, and so on. And any one of these parts, by failing, can make the whole thing fail. Add still another 14 cylinders? No engineer has the guts to try it. No pilot would want to fly it.

MUFFLING THE NOISY SPOT

BUT the jet engine still only at the beginning of its development—packs three or four times as much power as the piston engine, and does so in a smaller, lighter package. This bigger engine makes it possible to build a bigger airplane, and the jet liner's size is as important as its speed in making it economical. You can't make money with an airplane that's too small. And you can't build big airplanes without big engines. To use more than four engines on a transport airplane has never worked out well; too many problems of efficiency, of mutual interference between propellers, of control in case of engine failure. So power-per-engine has pretty well paced the development of aviation.



FABLE FOR BLACKBOARD

HERE is the grackle, people.
Here is the fox, folks.
The grackle sits in the bracken. The fox hopes.

Here are the fronds, friends,
that cover the fox.
The fronds get in a frenzy. The grackle looks.

Here are the ticks, tykes,
that live in the leaves, loves.
The fox is confounded,
and God is above.

—*George Starbuck*

Inside the airplane, engine noise is no problem. Outside, it is. At least, the Port of New York Authority says so, and since it controls the air lines' access to the world's biggest source of passenger traffic, its opinion counts. The Authority won't permit a jet at Idlewild until it has passed a special noise test. This has already led to a wave of bureaucratic retaliation: Britain and France, where the extremely noisy Comets had operated without causing a stir, will now subject American airplanes to noise tests before they allow them to fly there.

Jet noise does not come right from the nozzle where the air shoots out, but 50 feet or so *behind* the airplane in the free air! This is what makes the noise hard to control. You can't surround the noisy spot with sound-muffling surfaces. But, fortunately, the British have meanwhile discovered where jet noise comes from: in the boundary surface where the outshooting jet-blast rubs the surrounding still air, small whirls form like tiny spinning tops. It is they that screech and hiss and thunder. But the British found you can tone down jet noise by so shaping the jet nozzle that the out-shooting air stream has more rubbing surface with surrounding air and slows down sooner.

This general idea has produced quite different looking noise-suppression devices, developed by different engine and airplane manufacturers. One you will probably see: instead of the usual round nozzle, one that is star-shaped in cross section. The Boeing has, instead of one big nozzle behind each engine, twenty-one small nozzles like a battery of trumpets. This cuts the noise down. Trouble is—it also cuts the power down—probably 4 per cent on take-off, 2 per cent in the cruise. This doesn't sound like much of a sacrifice to the public peace, but if you cut an airplane's power you reduce, by a tremendous leverage, its take-off performance, its useful load, its cruising range. The proportions depend on air conditions, runway length, length of flight. But a 4 per cent power cut may well mean a 20 per cent cut in payload, or you may have to cut the fuel load, and lose the all-important ability to fly non-stop for long distances.

So there's a limit on sound suppression, and airports are not going to be quiet. Noise patterns will change: near the airports, more noise; farther away, less noise because the airplanes will quickly climb so high. To the public in the passenger station the main nuisance will be "compressor whine," a nasty high sound that comes from the intake end of the jet engine. In flight, this noise is so high-pitched it's inaudible. But on the ramp it's unpleasant. Fortunately, a glass pane can keep it out of a building.

But the whole noise problem is largely trumped up. Or it exists because it can be so easily trumped up. Jet noise is a fine thing for politicians and newspapers to come out fearlessly against. The courts have not yet ruled on all the problems connected with operation of an airport, and airport owners still feel vulnerable to lawsuits. But experience shows that most people, most of the time, don't mind jet noise.

The Boeing jet, on test flights all over the country, has usually just taxied up to the ramp, let people in or out, and taxied away again, all under its own power: no blast fences, ramps, soundproofing, no earmuffs on the personnel, no towing-in by tractors. And people always crowd up close to it—men, women, babes in arms don't find the noise so unbearable. Jet fighters have been test-flown for years off the Los Angeles International Airport, right among other traffic, and nobody has suffered. In Wichita, Kansas, there's both training and testing in jet bombers all day long and the traffic pattern is right over the edge of town; but life goes on. Compressor whine has been with us for years now—the Viscount has it. Because it comes from an airplane the public likes, the noise doesn't seem so bad. With jet noise, too, much will depend on people's feeling about the airplane. When you hear the big jets go out at night across the city, chances are you'll say:

"There goes the non-stop to Rio. One of these nights, boy, I'm going to be on it!"

SAFETY, PLUS AND MINUS

HOW safe is it? Ten years ago you would have said: "If people want to travel at jet speeds, they will naturally have to take some extra chances." But no. To be licensed as an air liner, an airplane has to comply with a thick book of safety regulations which were internationally standardized at the end of the war and are very detailed, very exacting. They prescribe strength of structure, stability and control characteristics, fireproofing, emergency exits, performance with one or two engines inoperative, and 1,001 other points which experience has shown to be important for safety. And the jet liners, incredibly, have been squeezed into this existing framework of safety. As far as safety is measurable beforehand, then, a jet liner is as safe as a DC-6 and safer than the pre-war DC-3.

But all transport airplanes since the war have complied with that book, and all have not

The Child-Centered Home

> WHEN we were brought up there was one extreme—we were kept in the attic, while our parents lived in the best rooms; now it's just the other way—the parents are in the washhouse, while the children are in the best rooms. Parents now are not expected to live at all, but to exist for their children.
>
> —Natalie to Kitty in Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina,* 1875-77.

proved safe. The book does not mean everything. Let's attempt an independent audit.

Any newly designed, radically different airplane is a little less safe *because* it is new. A year or so of service will bring out bugs that were dormant during the original test program. Everyone remembers the early Constellation troubles, the Comet disasters. But at the same time, the new airplane is also safer *because* it is new: it represents a later state of the art. So there is a plus and a minus. How they will balance during the first couple of years, nobody can foretell exactly. While some airplanes have had terrible newness troubles, others have slid into service without much. Two examples have been the Boeing Stratocruiser and the Vickers Viscount, each at the time of its introduction a complicated and radically new airplane. At any rate, this is certain: the new wears off, and the gains remain. In the case of the jet liner the gains are particularly impressive. What are they?

Gain number 1. No more propeller. This is the gain that most impresses pilots. The propeller, once a hunk of wood and utterly reliable, has become complicated and the most dangerous part of the airplane. It has caused more than its share of accidents and close calls.

Here is the problem. The propeller, in pulling the airplane, also performs the services of a gear-shift. On take-off, it works in low; in the cruise, in overdrive. If an engine fails, it goes into neutral. During the landing run, the propellers can be put in reverse and used as a brake. While all this works, it's very very good; the whole efficiency of the modern airplane hinges on it. But if it doesn't work, it's horrid.

And sometimes it doesn't work. The gear shifting is done by twisting each blade in its socket where it is attached to the propeller hub. You can imagine how complicated the mechanism must be, since the propeller hub itself is doing twenty revolutions per second. How do you even get *at* the blade, to twist it? Even more complex are the governors and safety-switches that make this gear-shifting automatic. Complication makes for trouble.

So engines have failed and propellers have *not* "feathered" (gone into neutral). If that happens, the airplane is badly crippled, is difficult to control, may be unable to hold altitude. Worse, engines have *not* failed and the propeller did "feather"! Propellers have gone into reverse during the approach glide. They have suddenly gone into low in cruising flight; the braking effect then is terrific, and if it happens over the ocean, the airplane may be unable to reach land. Propellers have also come apart in the air.

In a jet, with the propeller gone, all these possibilities are gone. This is a great gain, especially in a situation that is much on pilots' minds—failure of an engine right after take-off. A dead jet engine, while it does not help, at least can't hinder. There is nothing special the pilot must do—nothing he *can* do—just fly the plane right. The jet takes normally a longer runway than the propeller airplane does, but an engine failure during take-off hurts it much less.

Gain number 2. A more reliable engine. The jet engine still needs frequent overhauls, but between overhauls it is now as reliable as the piston engine—will soon be more so. And—a new discovery—typical jet engine troubles usually show up many hours beforehand as typical small discrepancies in the instrument readings. So there's a good chance that engine failure in flight, rare enough anyhow, will practically never happen. The crew will report the trouble signals and the engine will be changed before take-off.

Gain number 3. More speed, more altitude. In the air, speed is not dangerous. There's nothing to hit. On the contrary, speed gives you mastery: winds become less important, can delay you less. Weather forecasts at your destination are more reliable because they have to be made for fewer hours ahead. Altitude, too, is an element of mastery. For twenty-five years, airlines have dreamed of "over-weather flight." They used to think that 15,000 feet would do it. Today, we know that even 20,000 feet is not enough. But the jets, at 35,000, will practically make it. They

still can't top *all* weather. Some thunderstorms reach up to 60,000 feet! But, up there, they appear as isolated cloud-towers, easy to go around. The jets will cruise in sunshine practically all the time.

SEAMS TO STOP A FATAL RIP

BUT the Comet was a victim of high altitude. The higher an airplane flies, the greater must be the pressure difference between inside the cabin and the outside. On the Comet, a small hair-line crack had formed in a minor part —a window frame. This, in itself, was not the cause of the disaster. It could have been, *should* have been, just a small air leak, easily made up for by the ship's pressurization system. It might have been a big air leak, leading to loss of cabin pressure. What did happen was that the small crack, once formed, instantly grew into a rip many feet long that tore the whole airplane wide open. At 500 mph, the rush of air then took the airplane apart.

This was a new effect, this failure "All at Once, and Nothing First." It had not been previously encountered. It was discovered by the British in their remarkable investigation of the Comet disasters. And all concerned have thoroughly learned their lesson.

The new jet liners have in the first place metal skins 70 per cent thicker than the first Comets had. But you cannot guarantee an airtight cabin, any more than a watertight ship. The real question is—what happens if there *is* a leak? That's why ships have compartments. The jet liner, too, now has a second line of defense—called "rip-stopping." Suppose you tear up an old shirt: to start the tear takes a little effort; once started, it grows easily until you come to a seam. Translated from fabric to metal, that's "rip-stopping." The skin is criss-crossed (on the inside of the fuselage) by a network of metal strips, one every ten inches or so. Each strip acts like that seam. If a crack starts, it can grow—but only to the nearest strip, not across it. It doesn't rip the airplane apart. It just makes a hole—a mouth-like slit with pouting lips, formed by the out-puffing air. This acts as safety valve.

That's the answer to the Comet question. But there is still something else on people's minds: these ships are *jets*. The very word is a little scary. What, me fly in a jet? Besides, these jet liners are close relatives to the jet bombers; and those, as anybody in the Air Force will tell you, are "hot"—hard to handle. Their accident rate is rumored to be high. Pilots stand in awe of them. And the family resemblance between them and the liners is obvious. Look at the wing. Is there a difference?

The difference lies mostly in the means the pilot has for getting the airplane down on the runway and getting it stopped. You need here a three-cornered comparison: the propeller airplane, the jet bomber, the jet liner. On a propeller airplane, once you pull the throttles back, the propellers exert a powerful drag. During the approach this drag lets you come down steeply, if you want to, without picking up too much speed. As your glide flattens out, this same drag effect keeps you from floating too far down the runway. After touching down, it keeps you from rolling too far; and, in addition, you can put the propellers in reverse and make them push backwards, helping the wheel-brakes to stop the airplane.

On the jet bombers, none of this is available. The jet engine has a slight forward pull even when idling. So the jet bomber coming down toward the runway is "slippery," like a "free-wheeling" car—with no brakes. If the pilot noses down the least bit too much, he picks up excess speed; if he has the least bit of excess speed, he "floats" down the runway too far. Even once the airplane is rolling on the runway, its weight is still largely borne by its wings, and wheel brakes therefore have little effect.

So jet bombers have had many over-shooting accidents, the airplane rolling past the end of the runway into the rough. At the same time, they have had many under-shooting accidents, and essentially for the same reason. In order not to over-shoot, the pilot had to make his approach so very low and slow there was little margin for error: the least bit slower and he sank to the ground short of the runway. This happened all the easier, because, in a jet airplane with swept-back wings, once you've slowed up beyond a certain point, you sink—and engine power alone will not pick the airplane up again: you have to put the nose down and sacrifice altitude to get new speed; and the altitude may not be available.

All this goes more or less for jet fighters, too, and is the main reason why military jets are held in awe. The jet liner has some definite answers to this. They give the pilot about the same degree of control he has on the big propeller airplane.

First, the jet passenger plane has a "spoiler"—a sort of shield that the pilot can make pop up above each wing. This "spoils" the lift of the wing and increases the drag. By using it, the pilot can get rid of excess altitude without pick-

ing up excess speed—the main problem on the landing approach.

Second, the same control, used after touching down, puts the airplane's weight solidly on its wheels. This shortens the landing run by making the wheel brakes much more effective.

Third, the brakes themselves are marvels: if braking makes the wheels skid, the brake feels that, lets go for a moment, and grabs hold again the instant the skid has stopped.

Fourth, the jet liner has "thrust reversers" to take over the job of the reversible propeller. Behind each engine, folded away during flight, rides a clam-shell-shaped scoop. After landing, this drops into place, catches the jet blast, and bends it around so that it blows forward, thereby holding the airplane back. All this reduces the risk of over-shooting—and therefore, by the same flip of logic as before, also the risk of under-shooting—to a reasonable level.

THE REAL GAMBLE IN JETS

THE real adventure will not be in the cockpit but in the business office. A jet liner is a ferocious thing to have by the tail. Just to own one costs the company about $100 an hour, twenty-four hours a day. That's for interest and depreciation, etc., and it pours out whether the airplane is flown or not. Therefore, you had better fly it. That will cost you about $600 an hour for fuel, crew, and maintenance. Therefore, you had better fly it with a payload.

That's the big gamble in the jet program: payload. There are some four hundred American jet liners now on order by the world's air lines, plus quite a fleet of French and British ones, plus a big crop of turbine-propeller ships coming up—all of them ships of fantastic productivity. The mount of "seat-miles" this fleet will offer is staggering. Meanwhile, the "old" propeller fleet—Constellations, DC-Sixes and DC-Sevens, are bound to stay in service somehow, somewhere. Who is to ride in all those airplanes?

The answer is that the jets will create their own customers. Trips will be made at 550 mph that would not have been made at 225 mph. That has always seemed incredible, and it has always proved true: faster transport makes people travel. There was a time when it was seriously argued that there was no sense in building a railroad between New York and Philadelphia—total travel between the two cities didn't quite fill two mail coaches. The railroads created their own customers, the automobile did the same, and air transport has already done so on the Atlantic: the ships are as full as ever, but the air lines now carry more people across the Atlantic than the ships do. Total transatlantic travel has tripled since the war. The price of the crossing has not substantially changed, considering inflation. The increase in travel must reflect the cut in travel time.

And now the jets come and offer practically no-time-loss travel between Europe and America. They create a strange new world where you can reach mid-Manhattan more quickly from Bermuda or San Juan than from the further-out commuters' towns in Connecticut. People will respond to this, and a vast increase in touring is only the least of the effects it will have. Business travel will increase even more. Till now, the world's most dynamic economy has been partly insulated by the cost of travel time. Now Europe and Latin America will come into no-time-loss proximity—executives and experts can get there and still do a day's work. So why not a laboratory in Germany, a pharmaceutical plant in the Argentine; why not do your development work in Holland?

And vice versa: great possibilities open up in combining the know-how of one country with the capital of another and the workmanship of a third. Most of these can't be thought up beforehand, but they will be thought up. Invention is often the mother of necessity: once a thing can be done, someone will do it, and competition then forces the rest.

So the increase in travel will come. It always has. The question is: will it come fast enough to fill the new ships as they come out?

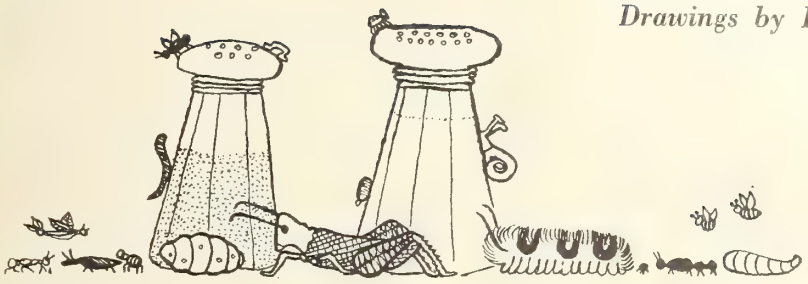
In this gamble, some of the risk is underwritten by the governments. In the United States, air lines that can't be made to pay are subsidized; that's a policy of thirty years' standing. Most foreign air lines are government-owned and their losses are borne by the taxpayer. The air lines of this country have come out from under subsidy in recent years—all but a few special routes—and are proud of it. The jet liner could force some of them back under subsidy, while waiting for people's travel habits to catch up.

Even if that happens, the jet fleet will be worth having. In war or peace, it will add much to the free world's strength. In case of war, the airlift capacity of this fleet is massive; and it comes just as the new atomic-powered submarine makes sea transport questionable.

In peace, the jet fleet will add even more to our strength. For fast transport is one of the vitamins on which our world thrives.

By WILLIAM H. ADOLPH

Drawings by Karla Kuskin



FASHIONS IN FOOD

Random Notes by an Historian of the Fickle Palate

FOR the moment at least, cannibalism is out of fashion. There is considerable evidence, however, that in early eras and in many lands it was a highly regarded custom. It may have had something to do with local protein shortages, and it was certainly closely connected with primitive religions and superstitions. But it also, apparently, had another justification. As one Polynesian chief, who was a connoisseur, declared, "the white man well roasted tastes like a ripe banana."

Today the notion is repugnant to nearly everybody. Yet all that modern science has to say on the subject is that human flesh should not cause an allergy in man. It might also be noted that our eating habits and fancies in food have gone through as many changes as our fashions in clothes. Food choices have sometimes ruled men's lives and changed the course of history.

Spices were powerful weapons in the hands of the early cooks; in the days before efficient refrigeration they were necessary ingredients, both to counteract spoilage and to disguise the off-flavors of putrid meat. The meat of wild game which had become "high," for example, was treated by that culinary artist, Apicius, with a mixture of pepper, lovage, thyme, mint, sage, honey, vinegar, wine, must, and mustard. And apparently such persisting food customs as serving mint sauce with mutton and lemon with fish originated in the same way—as cover flavors characteristic of an age when unsanitary practices were rampant and perfumes were used to conceal unfortunate odors.

During the Middle Ages the great demand for spices stimulated the trade routes to the East Indies and led, inadvertently, to the discovery of the new world. The spice trade was extremely profitable. The *Young Cook's Monitor* of 1683 gives a recipe for cod's head in which the cod cost fourpence and the condiments nine shillings.

Pepper was one of the earliest spices used in Europe. Alaric the Visigoth, we are told, demanded three thousand pounds of pepper as part of Rome's ransom. And the spice still keeps some of its earlier importance. During World War II, L. B. Jensen points out, coffee was not listed as a strategic war material, but pepper was —a holdover, he suggests, from the Middle Ages.

At a very early period—perhaps shortly after primitive man learned to cook his food and discovered that infinite variations in preparation were possible—the custom was established that at a feast there should be plenty to eat. As a result, a superabundance of food became the fashion and overeating—to show one's appreciation of the delicacies—a social convention. The Romans, of course, solved the problem by their famous custom of tickling the throat with a feather during a long banquet, so that they could relieve themselves of what they had already eaten and start again. Some centuries later in England the ability to gorge oneself gracefully became a social accomplishment. The Duke of Norfolk when dining, it is reported, never showed signs of fatigue, but at midnight he would suddenly fall asleep. This was the signal for his four footmen to produce a stretcher and remove his huge bulk from the table.

Life in medieval Europe was rugged, and the

winters, without electricity or heat, were hard and dull. It is small wonder then that cooking and eating were of major importance. An active outdoor life stimulated the appetite, and people did not shrink from mountainous heaps of food. At a dinner for 6,000 in 1467 the Archbishop of York served 300 quarters of wheat, 105 oxen, 6 bulls, 1,000 sheep, 304 calves, 304 hogs, 500 bucks and does, 2,000 geese, 1,000 capons, 100 peacocks, and 400 swans. One of Henry VIII's dinners started at five in the afternoon and lasted until three the next morning, at which time, the chronicle states, "all estates found it convenient to withdraw to their rest."

Among the wealthy in those days, gluttony was so real the Church listed it as one of the Seven Deadly Sins, and in both England and Scotland laws were set up to check extravagance at the dinner table. An early statute rules that:

> No man shall be served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, except upon certain holidays when three courses are allowed.

But the definition of gluttony was somewhat elastic; even the Church had no special revelation as to how much was enough.

It was not apparently until Queen Elizabeth's day that overeating was recognized as a danger and Thomas Cogan wrote: "Use a measure in eating that thou maist live long." The danger is still with us; in this country over-nutrition is one of the devastating diseases of our time.



The Romans solved the problem.

THE first great revolution in eating came when primitive man turned from hunting to agriculture and began to supplement his meat diet with vegetables and vegetable products. The development of bread was his supreme triumph, and ever since bread has been a caste symbol.

Society soon discovered a difference between white bread and brown and decided in favor of the former. In the Old Testament there are references to temple offerings of "fine flour"—that is, white flour—which was a mark of respect when offered to a guest or before the altar. In Rome, white bread was always placed on the tables of the elite.

With this craving for white bread, the baker and the miller became adept in certain manipulations. They found they could increase the whiteness by adding bone meal, chalk, and lime; and they were often accused of stealing some of the grain they milled. Pharoah's chief baker in the book of Genesis was imprisoned, it would appear, for supplying bread containing grit from the grindstone.

Centuries later, in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" the miller is (as R. A. McCance and E. M. Widdowson observe) a dishonest man, for

> Wel koude he stelen corn, and tollen thries,

and

> A theef he was for sothe of corn and mele
> And that a sly and usaunt for to stele.

In all wheat-consuming countries it rapidly became an aristocratic privilege to grumble over the quality of the bread, and at a very early period governments enacted laws to regulate the composition. Punishment under these laws was extreme. In the Near East, it is reported, a dishonest baker was nailed by the ear to the door of his shop. There is also the story of bakers who raised their prices and were sentenced to be baked in their own ovens. In England, we are told, bakers were the only members of the community permitted to keep pigs in their homes. The pigs thrived on bran, and thus removed some of the temptation to add too much bran to the flour.

All over the world, white bread is a badge of social distinction, since it is, presumably, made from first-quality flour. Second-grade flour produces gray or brownish bread, and the black bread of peasant Europe is the result of adding beans or acorns. (Today such added materials are euphemistically known as "extenders," but until recent years they were frankly called "adulterants.") However, about a century ago, there was a movement in favor of brown bread. It was shown that in the refining process flour lost important nutrients, and such men as Graham in this country—the originator of graham bread—became ardent and vigorous exponents of the brown loaf. In England, royalty, anxious to set a good example, it is reported, ate brown bread. At present an armistice has been reached; it has been found that by proper treatment the nutrients lacking in white flour can be restored, and white bread has kept its rank in society. In fact, when the Communists came into power in China, a few years ago, they looked with suspicion upon the users of white bread and, to gain popular favor, chose one of the less aris-

tocratic grains, millet, and proclaimed it the symbol of the revolution.

Until the time of the Renaissance, fruits and green vegetables had only an irregular status in European diets. The Romans used cabbage, asparagus, and greens, but in sparing amounts and largely as decorative flavoring. The Moors cultivated green vegetables in Spain, and one of these, *olus Hispaniense,* according to E. Parmalee Prentice, became known as "hispanich" or spinach.

During the Renaissance these vegetables spread to Holland and England, and resulted in great improvements in the diet. At the same time other new foods were pouring into Europe from the new world—corn, potatoes, peanuts, sweet potatoes, bananas, rice. The potato in particular was received with wild enthusiasm. John Foster published his pamphlet, *England's Happiness Increased by a Plantation of Potatoes,* and Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" cries, "Let the sky rain potatoes."

The early books on food and health regard fruit with some suspicion and suggest that it be eaten sparingly. One chronicler states that fruits "do engender ill humors, and be ofttimes the cause of putrid fevers." When one realizes that the season when fruit ripens is the season when infectious diseases abound, the source of this belief is not hard to understand.

It is only within recent years that the nutritive value of fruit has been appreciated, and in many parts of the world it is still not regarded as an orthodox food. One of my colleagues when I was in Peking, a Western-trained Chinese, insisted that his family eat plenty of fruit. But in accordance with old tradition he entered the cost in his expense account not against food but against medicines.

EATING: GRACE OR DISGRACE?

TEA and coffee came to England a little later than potatoes. Pepys writes in his diary: "I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink of which I never had drunk before."

The first coffee house opened in London in the mid-seventeenth century, and scores of others followed it and became the nucleus for great literary and intellectual activity. But the growing fondness for tea—which the English have kept to this day—spelled their doom in time.

At first green tea, prepared as a weak infusion in the Chinese manner and served without milk, was sold in the coffee houses. Then the East India trade, supplemented by a flourishing smuggling trade with France, brought the price of tea within the reach of all, and it was enthusiastically taken up by all classes.

At first the drinking of tea was regarded as an evil and injurious habit. "Your very chambermaids," declared one Jonas Hanway, "have lost their bloom, I suppose by sipping tea." The nutritionist now considers tea deleterious only when it displaces more nourishing food.

In the Orient tea has long been of importance socially, and there is a record of tea drinking in China as early as the third century A.D. Sipping tea has, in fact, come to represent an attitude of mind and to symbolize leisurely living. Certainly the introduction of tea and coffee in Europe influenced the time for meals. Tea and coffee favored social entertainment and led to the tendency to dine late, which, in turn, led to late rising and late breakfasts.



Sipping tea represents an attitude of mind.

UTENSILS for eating developed gradually. The drinking cup of ceremonial importance and spoons of a sort were in use at a fairly early period. The Chinese had chopsticks before the Christian era, but the fork, a less flexible equivalent, first reported in Italy, did not appear in England until three or four centuries ago. (When forks were first introduced to England, they were disapproved of by the clergy who considered it a haughty insult to Providence to avoid touching with the fingers the meat and food ordained for man's welfare.)

Queen Elizabeth I ate with her fingers, but this practice was ruled by strict etiquette. According to Stuckius, food "should be taken with three fingers," and "to lick your greasy fingers or wipe them on your coat is not good manners." The towel and the wash basin were important items. In Roman times each guest came to the feast bringing his own towel. The napkin came into use only two or three centuries ago, but rapidly became part of the dinner-table ritual. Giles Rose, Charles II's favorite cook, gives instructions for folding the dinner napkin in his *Perfect School of Instructions for Office of the Mouth.*

The individual dinner plate was preceded by the "trencher"—a slice of bread which, after

being saturated with juice from the meat laid upon it, was eaten (perhaps the prototype for today's hamburger).

Animal foods have always occasioned powerful prejudices. To some people, roast dog is a choice food; others regard dogs and rats as repulsive. Frogs' legs are a delicacy in some areas, a horror in others. Snakes are outcasts, but eels are generally accepted. Deer meat is in good standing, but horse meat is not.



To some people, roast dog is a choice food.

Our ancestors did not always place fish and meat in the same category. Fish by order of the Church replaced meat on Fridays and fast days. In the sixteenth century the English government, realizing that a hardy race of fishermen and sailors was needed for the navy and the ship-building industry, proposed two fish days a week—both to provide more seafaring men and also to bring down the price of meat. Apparently the plan proved to be difficult to enforce, and was dropped.

Two centuries later, fish were responsible for George III's partially successful program of turnpike improvement. Fish spoil easily, and their evil odor when putrid was suspected to be one of the causes of the plague. Roads were poor, so the transport of fish to market was regrettably slow. It was largely to get the fish to their destination more rapidly that the roads began to be improved.

The Anglo-Saxon prejudice against eating insects is curiously strong. Yet locusts, caterpillars, and termites have often been used as food. The Romans regarded larvae as a first-class delicacy; and in the Middle East locusts fried in oil or roasted are greatly relished. (They are said to taste like chicken.) Insects are, actually, a high-quality protein food, and periodic attempts have been made to introduce them into our diet.

About seventy-five years ago a small book entitled *Why Not Eat Insects?* was published in England. This pointed out that in other countries insect dishes were both fashionable and nutritious. Then, during World War I, when food shortages were threatening, the well-known American entomologist, L. O. Howard, prepared a "white grub stew" which his laboratory guests reported was quite appetizing. In another recipe, he used French dressing and served the grubs as a salad. During World War II, laboratory studies in the Far East showed that silkworm pupae were a satisfactory substitute for meat.

Hans Zinsser, the epidemiologist, discussing rats and their part in spreading plague, observed that the best way to eradicate plague would be to make rats a table delicacy. This suggests that to conquer our present greatest enemy—the insect world—we must set up an effective alliance between the dietitian and the entomologist.

Milk has been the subject of curious superstitions. The ancients believed that if a child were given milk from a certain animal, it would grow up to have the characteristics of that animal. Romulus, nursed by a wolf, became a cruel man. A certain monk who lived on doe's milk developed a meek and lowly disposition and became a saint. In choosing a wet nurse it was therefore considered important to study the character of the applicants—to avoid a woman who was a drunkard or who showed other bad habits.

Many peoples find the taste of milk disagreeable; to disguise the flavor honey and salt were sometimes added. And, of course, cheese has been widely used throughout the world. B. Laufer calls attention to a curious coincidence: no non-milk consuming people has ever produced great epic poetry.

In recent years milk has been proclaimed the most perfect food and raised from a position of uncertainty to a place among the elite. But today there is occasional uneasiness about the high milk consumption in this country and a faint suggestion that perhaps there can be too much of even a "perfect" food.



No non-milk consuming people has ever produced great epic poetry.

Difficulties in keeping raw milk clean were discovered early. There is an unverified story that the ancient Sumerians, who sat behind their cows to milk them, believed that if the gods had wanted man to have clean milk they would have placed the udder on the forward part of the cow. Galen recommended that the milk ass be brought into the sick room and milked there, and later advice urged that an infant nurse from the animal's udder.

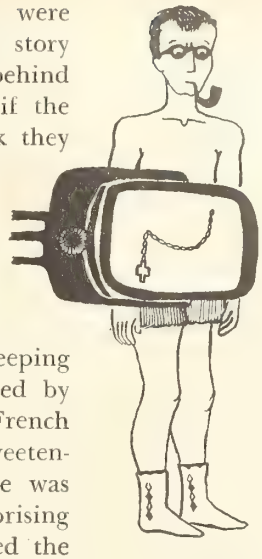
Probably because of the difficulty of keeping milk fresh, a frozen cream was early used by the Swiss. In the sixteenth century the French and Italians improved upon this by sweetening it with honey or sugar. This recipe was brought to America, and in 1777 an enterprising confectioner in New York City announced the sale of what he called "ice cream," which could be had "almost every day."

Our forebears believed that human character and disposition were directly related to food. So they ate the flesh of the most savage wild animals and feasted on their defeated enemies to increase their vigor and prowess. Even today the he-man is supposed to look with contempt upon vegetarians.

There have also been more or less scientific conjectures about the relation of diet to racial traits. A few decades ago a prominent biochemist divided the nations of the world into the meat-eating or warlike peoples, and the vegetarians or peace-loving. The meat-eaters of Europe he listed among the warlike; the vegetarians of the Orient among the peace-lovers.

H. G. Wells in his autobiography refers to his older sister as a "bright, precocious, and fragile little girl with a facility for prim piety," and suggests that such goodness was possibly the evidence of a dietary deficiency.

In a recent psychological study a large group of high-school and college students were asked to state their food prejudices. Buttermilk, brains, kidneys, and cottage cheese ranked first among the list of unpopulars. But, curiously, those who were regular church attendants showed less aversion to these foods than non-attenders.



A symptom?

Some years ago, when goiter was the center of nutritional interest, it was noted that students with hyperthyroidism, an iodine deficiency disease, often had high scholastic records. An observer, pointing out that this included many Phi Beta Kappas, asked: Does this mean that membership in Phi Beta Kappa may itself be a symptom of the disease?

Food fads are by no means a thing of the past. Mankind continues to be lamentably fickle in its food tastes. The first years of the present century, for example, found us listening to the claims of Fletcherism, the chewing fad. It was an ugly habit, but there were many converts. Soon after we were urged to eat roughage, and we dutifully consumed tons and tons of bran and other materials of a sawdust-like consistency. Then came the raw food fad; then the Hay diet—all within the span of a single generation.

Fashions in food change, but it is humiliating to realize that there is really very little that is new. Food fads tend to operate in cycles, and while today's may disappear in a few years, they will almost surely reappear later. Spinach had its day and now seems on the wane. But never fear, it will come back again. I believe we would be sorely disappointed if it—and other food fashions—did not.

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL KIMONO

Packed in Japan
With Diligence
and Responsibility

Serve cold or not
with lemon perhaps

It is assuredly advised
that all who delight
with their cocktails will
happily engage in serving
this most sincere brand

—Legend on can of Fancy Whole Smoked Oysters, Safari-San Brand

By D. W. BROGAN

Drawings by Frederick E. Banberry



AUSTRALIA:

The Innocent Continent:

Down Under is a land of ambiguous promise, expanding industry, and easy-does-it democracy where men settle for the pleasures they have and women are indifferent to fashion.

"WITHIN a few years we have witnessed the phenomenon of a southeastward migration, in the settlement of Australia; but this affects us as a retrograde movement, and judging from the moral and physical character of the first Australians, has not yet proved a successful experiment."

Thus wrote Henry David Thoreau a hundred years ago, and thus would echo a vast number of people today. For it would be uncandid to deny that curiosity about Australia is not one of the most spontaneous of emotions; that using Australia for an exemplar is even rarer today than it was a generation ago; and that many people are disposed to think of the continent solely in terms of tennis players, cricketers, and soldiers. If they think of it as a society, they are apt to dismiss it as an inferior America, bound the same way from a bad start, with Convict Fathers instead of Pilgrim Fathers; a land with a remoteness from the world's problems that the American Middle West no longer knows, with a life of no great interest to the rest of humanity, and a population as much as the Ancient Britons, *"penitus toto divisos orbe,"* cut off nearly completely from the business of the world.

Such judgments are natural. Until I had spent five weeks in Australia in the summer of 1957 (winter for the Australians of course), I shared most of them. If I have changed these ideas for others, equally clear, simple, and dogmatic, it may be due to the fact that I stayed only five weeks—which was perhaps too long for real clarity of view. For I now think Australia is a country of the greatest fascination and most interesting, if ambiguous, promise; a country unlike any other I have ever known, and, above all, unlike—how unlike—the United States, with which so many Australians so often and so foolishly compare themselves.

Physically Australia is far more like North Africa than either Europe or America, with its strange flora and fauna, its odd marsupials and weird plants, particularly that omnipresent emblem of the Australian world—the gum tree. I was told that I would come to admire the strange, peeling, solitary gum tree, the biggest of the "eucalypts," standing in the great empty land. And I did come to feel that way, to understand why Australians abroad always miss that vision, and to view with astonishment, and almost with resentment, the crowded, magnificent, exiled eucalyptus trees of northern California, so unlike those I had seen a few days before on the bleak pastures of "New England"—a New England with no suggestion of the cozy, crowded, long-settled, comfortable New England of the

United States. Even Maine gives an impression of being tamed that is missing in Australia, for this very old continent is new to man, not only to the white man but to Homo sapiens. It is only a few thousand years since the ancestors of the Aborigines, "the Abos," began to drift into the empty continent with their dogs, the ancestors of the dingoes; and man still seems a newcomer, not permanently accepted in this empty, austere world. Kangaroos, wallabies, black swans are all at home on the ancient, thin soil between the prehistoric eroded rocks—but man? Well, we don't know yet.

Of course, the white man has been in Australia for one hundred and fifty years. Fewer Australians than Americans have recent immigrant ancestry, though that is changing fast now. But the works of man's hands are lost in the great emptiness. And the most impressive of them, like the great water pipeline that Charles O'Connor drove from near Perth to the gold fields, sixty years ago, are tributes to the inhospitality of the land.

The Australians have one American attribute: they are ready to discount the future; and one form this takes is asking the visitor, "Why shouldn't we grow like the United States?" The answer is simple: Is there a great desert in the American Middle West? The standard maps are deceptive; they show "lakes" like Lake Ontario or Lake Erie, if not like Lake Superior. But these lakes, like the biggest, Lake Eyre, differ from Lake Erie in one important respect: they have no water in them. Flash floods may fill some of them for a few hours or days or weeks. By a stroke of Providence, Lake Eyre was filled seven-feet deep in 1952. No man living had seen that sight; there is no native tradition of its ever having occurred before. It took two years for the water to evaporate, but it finally did, and "boundless and bare the lone and level sands stretch far away."

THE LAND AND THE LEGEND

MOST of Australia is desert, real desert, not what passes for such in Arizona or even Nevada, but desert like the Sahara. The interstate railway that runs from Perth in Western Australia to Adelaide in South Australia has the longest absolutely straight stretch of line in the world. There is nothing to stop it. Some areas are intermittently friendly and then lash back and punish the human intruder. Australia is full of ghost towns—a miserable collection of shacks bearing the name of Metz recalls only ironically the noble city on the Moselle.

But more impressive—and depressing—than such relics of the mining days are the deserted settlements in rural areas that, for a brief time, gave lavish crops, then stopped. We now know why: the soil was exhausted, and today "trace elements," molybdenum and the like, can be added to restore the good temper of outraged nature. Mediterranean grasses, like subterranean clover, can provide new and far better pastures; modern genetics can provide far better sheep. But the Australian still has his fingers crossed. Suppose the farmer puts a lot of money into making new pastures and, that year, there is no rain? There are memories of so many disasters—like the great smash in Victoria in the 'nineties, like the disastrous policy of "close settlement" in the "mallee scrub" that ruined so many British settlers after the first war.

There have been ten good years, *i.e.,* with adequate rainfall. But 1957 for a time threatened to be a bad one. This is a country where rain is reported in one-hundredths of an inch, where men watch that rain count with far more anxiety than the people of Los Angeles watch the smog count. On the rain depends the wool clip, on the wool clip depends the whole economy. Over all Australian optimistic discounting of the future hangs the threat of drought. Australian soil chemists and Australian animal breeders are among the best in the world; there is uranium; there may be oil; in some new fields of industry, Australia is a pioneer (she makes the cheapest steel in the world). For this kind of research, the federal government pours out money.

"We mustn't talk of a population of twenty millions, doubling the present; we must aim at a hundred millions in a generation." One hears these confident prophecies from intelligent, worldly-wise men as well as from mere boosters. The sense of an immense effort going forward, of at last justifying the often-deceived hopes of the last century, is exciting, even to the visitor. And yet—and yet—

The only thing the world definitely wants from Australia is the wool clip, the best and biggest in the world. Only the most preposterous tariffs keep Australia from supplying the United States as well as England, France, and Germany with wool. But this great pastoral industry is something of an embarrassment to Australia. Around it legend has grown or been invented. As in the United States, totally urban citizens have taken to themselves the alleged virtues and even the vices of the shearers and

stockmen. There are synthetic folk ballads, adapted from London music-hall songs, and Australian equivalents of Paul Bunyan and Mike Fink. The legend is largely phony, as it is in America, but its phoniness is revealing, for it turns the eye and ear away from the basic demographic fact of Australian life—the creation of an overwhelmingly urban society living off the profits of a rural monopoly.

Most Australians would indignantly deny this, claiming that, even if it is true at the moment, soon Australia will be manufacturing not only for herself but for the whole south-east Asian market. If there were no alternative purveyor but the United States, hamstrung as the United States is and will be by her own tariff policy—*i.e.*, her unwillingness to be paid—there might be some hope for Australia in this bold, new role. But in competition with Britain, Germany, Japan, and Red China, only a deeply transformed Australia can hope to offset her handicaps, above all the non-competitive attitude of Australian labor.

On the other hand to depend on the wool clip or other agricultural exports offends Australia's democratic sensibility. For Australian agriculture (in its widest sense) is not "democratic" at all. It is the product of great landowners, individual or corporate. Of course, there are lots of small and middling farmers; and mixed farming is growing. But most of the optimistic experiments of "close settlement," intended to give the country the equivalent of a bold independent peasantry, have been abandoned (except in the dreams of Catholic "Distributists"). The most important and economically representative rural unit in Australia is more like the King Ranch than like the frugal American husbandman on his quarter section. (I ignore the element of fiction in the American picture of America; it is less than in the Australian picture of Australia.) And the equivalents of the Kleberg family, the "graziers" or, as they are hostilely known, "the squatters," are politically and socially unpopular, flagrant denials of Australia's egalitarian dream. Other Australians regard them as usurpers of the national domain—men whose grandfathers got their wealth by graft, by coercing or seducing weak royal governors, and built their fortunes on the bloody backs of the white slaves of the convict system.

For the Australians, at last, have got over their diffidence about the convicts. They may rightly celebrate the heroic landing on Gallipoli in 1915 rather than the coming of "the First Fleet" in 1788 with its cargo of convict emigrants. But there is now more readiness to admit that the convicts and their natural allies, the poor-law exiles from Britain and Ireland, have set an indelible mark on Australia—the mark of an aggressive egalitarianism and suspicion of authority and "nice people."

The poor made Australia; the rich, favored by the imperial government, stole it: that is an epitome of popular Australian history. Unlike America, Australia has never forgiven her Robber Barons, and the main function of the Australian state is not to favor production, but to promote equality—to "spare the weak and put down the proud."

"MATESHIP" AND CLASS WAR

THE consequences are many. American business firms in Australia, like the American services there in the war, run up against a hostility to "efficiency" that it is easy but superficial to put down to laziness. Its core is "mateship"—the desire that all should advance together or not at all. The curse of Adam is a curse, why kid yourself that it is a blessing as "the Yanks" and "New Australians" (European immigrants) and even some of the despised "Pommies" (recent English immigrants) do? Why kill yourself to make profits for the "boss class"? They tell you you will share in the profits, but all that is certain is that you will have to work harder and lose time on the dockside, in the mine and the factory, that you could better use fishing, going to race meetings or cricket or football matches, playing tennis, reading, or even making love.

Confronted with the passionate American belief in industry, the Australian simply thinks the Yanks are mad. When they have made their pile, look at them, frazzled with ulcers and neuroses. The great Snowy River hydroelectric scheme is being built by American companies; their speed and drive are generally admired, but I found no passionate desire to imitate them. American companies like General Motors have big plants in Australia. The "Australian" pop-



ular car, the Holden, is a smaller Chevrolet. But General Motors can't get Detroit results in their Australian plants. Labor economists and politicians find sophisticated reasons to explain the fact that only Ireland in the Western world has a poorer record of increasing production per head of work force.

"So what?" says the Australian Labor voter.

The Australian worker sees in the boss class the old enemies he and his ancestors were fighting in Britain and Ireland, then in the colonies, long before Australia turned to industry. A leading American expert in industrial conciliation came back from an Australian trip horrified at the gulf between workers and bosses. They don't negotiate "at arm's length" but from behind a century-old barrier of suspicion.

This class hate plus the memory of great strikes, the "Digger's" permanent chip on the shoulder and his remoteness from the dangerous European and North Atlantic world, have made an indelible imprint on Australian politics. The Australian Labor voter is a "man of the Left" in the French sense. Like the man of the Left in France, he is reluctant to admit that the Soviet Union is not run by slightly deviant brethren, but by national and, more important, class enemies. There are, I should guess, more men and women in Australia suffering from a *"déception d'amour"* caused by recent Soviet performances than in any other English-speaking country; and more men and women willing to believe that most of it is a Yankee invention. Yet even the stoutest Australian Marxists are beginning to lose faith in the imminent coming of the Red dawn.

For one thing, there is a purely local complication. No open, concealed, or unconscious Australian Communist is daft enough to apply the party line inside Australia. They may all be for the liberation of Asia, and they all think American policy toward China is mere imbecility where it is not malignant warmongering. But one thing they will not do for their oppressed Asiatic brethren—let them into Australia. "White Australia" may, in the beginning, have been a device of the boss class, but now it is far more than the Monroe Doctrine is to Americans. The Australian Left could say with Lowell's Yankee:

> "I do believe in freedom's cause
> As far away as Peking is."

The Left also has other more immediate things to worry about. In Australia, as in France, there is a natural Left majority. (More than one Australian lamented to me the sterility of Australian Labor party thinking. No one discussed the thinking of the Liberal-Country party coalition that is in office; it is assumed that there isn't any.) But two forces have disrupted the "Left." One is the revolt of the Irish-Catholic section of the Labor party against fellow-traveling.

THE CATHOLIC FORCE

THE Catholics, almost all of Irish extraction, are a quarter of the population and more powerful in political and religious organization than even this figure would suggest. Far more than in the United States, the Irish have moved into politics, and politics at the top. They have produced a series of federal Prime Ministers, many state Premiers, and politicians of all ranks and degrees of public prestige. (The Australian equivalent of Mrs. Roosevelt, the beautiful and elegant Dame Edith Lyons, a figure in her own right *and* widow of a famous Prime Minister, is of Irish-Catholic origin.)

The Labor party has depended on Irish votes, leadership, drive, and militancy. But whereas the non-Catholic Left could bear with equanimity the persecution of the Church in China, Poland, Hungary, etc., the Catholic rank and file could not. To them Dr. H. V. Evatt, the erudite, reckless, egotistic lawyer-politician, has got his hands dirty by his tolerance of fellow-traveling. To Dr. Evatt and his followers, the Labor "Movement" was and is in danger from clericalism and imported "Christian Democracy" *à la* Gasperi and Adenauer. In the bitter personal and doctrinal war that still rages, the Labor party has been split and its chance of governing Australia lost for an unknown period of time—some unkindly suggest for the life of Dr. Evatt.

The second force which is splintering the Left is the postwar wave of immigration. Australia, in the second world war, got a bad fright. The fall of Singapore, following on Pearl Harbor, made the threat of Asia sharp in all minds. An empty Australia asked for immigrants from Europe, armed or unarmed. And since the war immigration has been encouraged at a remarkable rate. A million immigrants have come since 1945, a large number of them Italian, German, Dutch, and Polish Catholics. Many others are "displaced persons"—and DPs have no illusions about the Communists being misguided brethren. They don't bring with them British and Irish resentments; they have their own. They make poor recruits for the Labor party, and now they

are being naturalized by the hundred thousand and soon they will be voting.

The Australian Left is thus divided, threatened, and bewildered. Old strongholds like the coastal shipping unions, the dockworkers, and the railway workers are dwindling in importance. The airplane and the truck—what the Australians call "transports"—have broken the old labor monopolies. The new Americanized industries, like the automobile plants, and the new steelworks, which offer high wages and, by Australian standards, good labor relations, are hard to fit into the old pattern of "mateship." There are clashes of interest inside the sacred working class. There are new patterns of labor organization to be imitated, which cannot be pushed to one side by legislation about wages or court decisions to protect such sacred rights as the "smoko." (An American, even a British, visitor learns that he knows nothing of "featherbedding" until he has been to Australia.)

The old industries are in the red, requiring both subsidies and preposterous tariff protection, and only the most partisan worshiper of the traditions of "the Movement" really believes that the states or the Commonwealth are ready to run great businesses like the Broken Hill Proprietary (the great vertical trust), to produce steel in competition with Japan, or to administer the sheep stations. But the egalitarian tradition is strong. The bosses of Broken Hill and the Bank of New South Wales, the graziers with their high incomes, power of bequest, and veto over the decisions of the Labor politicians, are an affront to the vision of Australia as the land where nobody looks, talks, or is better off than anybody else, where law and public opinion combine to enforce Big Tim Sullivan's law, "God and the People hate a chesty man."

NOT GIVING A DAMN

AUSTRALIA is the most air-minded country and has the best air lines of any place I have ever visited. The train is even more obsolete than it is in the United States. In a five-weeks tour, covering all the states, I not only never once set foot in a train, but only once saw one—a quaint old museum piece crawling into Brisbane. But in many airports, great and small, in that five weeks, I saw only one set of matched airplane luggage. Most Australians travel by air or by car; there is little left of that class distinction in flying that can still be noticed in Europe and, less markedly, in the United States. That many Australians should use ordinary luggage while flying is not surprising. What *is* surprising is that privileged Australians—"U" Australians—do not bother to make a class impression by their luggage.

Consider how much American advertising is directed to the increase of status confidence or the injection of status doubt! Consider how much of English life is devoted to acquiring the outward marks of superior, or concealing marks of inferior, status, or defiantly, irritably, unconvincingly, asserting that you don't *give* a damn. Then consider the Australian, male or female, who really doesn't give a damn and shows it by hauling around any old containers that will hold his or her clothes. The absence of airplane luggage is a double symbol of a feature of Australian life that impressed me more and more as I moved around: the absence of conspicuous consumption in the Veblenian sense; the absence of competitive standards in the Madison Avenue sense.

The same reflection of a social ease, or indifference, is revealed in the dress of Australian men. I am not myself dressy, but there were times in Australia when I felt that I was by comparison with the men around me. Many Australians dress like American businessmen, in the styles that they see in the American journals they read. But an Australian in an American-style outfit, with baggy pants and unshined shoes, is a deeply un-American figure. A few Australian men to be sure dress smartly in the English "U" manner, often with English clothes. (A member of a great dynasty told me that there were a few good tailors in Australia, but not one first-class one. Men of this type try to shop in London as their wives shop in London and Paris.)

Australia is full of men who haven't, by any means, "got everything," but don't want anything that they haven't got. Still odder, Australian women seem equally indifferent to the demands of fashion. They dress less carefully, less stylishly, less appropriately than the women of Western Germany, with whom, however, they share a deplorably uncontrolled liking for bright colors. True, I was in Australia in the winter. In the summer, I was told, Australian women when dressed—which is only part of the day in that beach-conscious country—dress well.

It is rare, indeed, to see a smart woman in the streets of Melbourne or Sydney—and I am not asking for the standards of Paris or New York or San Francisco; I'll settle for Glasgow or Amsterdam. Wrapped up in woolies like

so many teddy bears, "rugged up" as they put it in the local idiom, they conceal what I am told, and am ready to believe, is the admirable natural equipment of the Australian female with an almost Moslem zeal. There are, of course, exceptions. French houses send collections (promptly disfigured by the zealous customs service). Miss Sybil Connolly from Dublin sends landing parties. But the advertising, the archaic underwear on display in the big stores, reveal all too plainly the acceptance of a noncompetitive mediocrity. No one *should* look much smarter than anybody else; nobody does.

Australiennes who have known other skies—London, New York, Paris—lament that you can't get a hairdo, or at least a decent hairdo anywhere in Australia (the heads of the young Australians suggest that there is something in this lament); that there are no good specialty shops; that you can't buy a really smart hat or even the traditional "little black frock" in which the New Yorker or *Parisienne* advances to battle. *And*, they add, there *is* no battle, for having to choose between women and horses, the Australian man, like that most phony of gallants, the modern Irishman, chooses horses.

Housing, like clothing, is almost aggressively modest. There is, except in the old quarter of Adelaide, hardly a section of any great Australian city that gives the impression of real wealth. The smart suburbs of Toorak (Melbourne) and Vaucluse (Sydney) are solid middle-class neighborhoods.

"This is a very smart neighborhood; most of the houses have two floors and two cars," said a bright young woman, with some irony, for she had lived in Europe. This has another aspect, too, as I learned when I commented on the tiny size of the houses provided for the faculty by an Australian university.

"Yes," replied my host. "You can have books or a baby, you can't have both."

But it is not only the absence of competitive smartness that is striking in Australia; there is also the survival of ancient artifacts. I think the oddest sight I saw was the typical Australian substitute for the brief case—a squarish leather case, black or brown, now totally obsolete in its ancestral home, Britain. I was puzzled, at first, as to where I had seen the like. Then I remembered: this was the old black bag in which in Scotland, before the first war, doctors in fable brought babies and, in fact, instruments and drugs.

I could explain this by putting the praise or blame on the social leadership universally conceded in Australia to the medical profession. But that would not explain the absence of shower curtains in hotels, the absence of well-placed shaving mirrors in hotel bathrooms, the absence of writing desks, the absence of any form of heating, the acceptance of unnecessary discomfort which surpasses English, or even Irish, tolerance, as the cooking surpasses in badness not only the horrors of English industrial towns, not even the horrors of Ireland, but the *horrors of the American South.*

THE COMPENSATIONS

IT WOULD be easy to put all this down to a social system designed to penalize effort the way colleges like Yale and Harvard penalized it around 1900. The Australian, it might be said, only goes out for the equivalent of "gentleman's grades." But this explanation won't do. The Australian educational world—like many other Australian worlds—is run in a spirit of highly competent industry. Australian universities, scandalously under-endowed to be sure, are—making all allowances for numbers—the equal of good American universities. The Australian school system isn't beset with worries about "why can't Johnny read." Johnny not only can but does. The idle, sports-loving Australians spend far more time and money on books than do the serious Americans. A small college town like Armidale has a better bookshop than any in American college towns I know ten times its size. Adelaide has a bookshop equaled only in a very few much bigger American cities. The bookshops of Melbourne and Sydney are among the best in the world.

No, the Australian isn't lazy; he is relaxed. So a competent British observer told me. There are a great many things he doesn't think worth worrying over, including most social distinctions. To the British visitor, the most astonishing Australian phenomenon is the absence, or near absence, of identifiable class accents. Without trespassing, incompetently, into the field of Professor Henry Higgins, I might add that there are of course many accents in Australia, and some of them set off their users from the Australian mass. But some mass accents don't set off their users from anything. And to hear an intelligent, critical, sardonic conversation (the Australians are admirable talkers) in an accent which, in England, one associates with near illiteracy, is a startling experience.

Australians resent having the basic Sydney or Melbourne accent called "cockney." I saw

a musical show in Sydney in which the chief comedian, anxious to tell some stories reflecting on the "Pommies," couldn't use a real cockney accent, for only Professor Higgins could have distinguished it from the accent of most of his hearers. I decided that the Australians are now more cockney than the Cockneys; they drop their aitches more than the modern Londoner does. But it is not a thing to make them "look back in anger." To one English curse, wounding and mutilating snobbery, they are nearly immune.

And to the American curse of pointless competitive living, they are nearly immune, too. To jump by air from Sydney to San Francisco is like jumping from republican to imperial Rome. Americans told of Australia's egalitarian bias and absence of the driving force that in America makes wealth for the nation and, on a slightly smaller scale, for the psychiatrists, can't believe that anything is well done in Australia. But a great many things are very well done indeed, and some, like having a public educational system that teaches more than constructive living, are better done than in America.

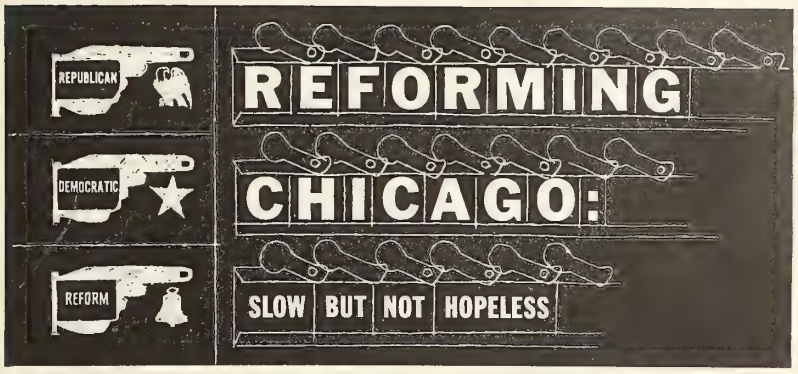
No doubt relaxation has its limits, but often they are appealing limits. Australians "in strife," as the local idiom has it, can be formidable and vindictive enemies, as they can be formidable and ruthless soldiers, and they rather glory in a reputation for lawlessness. Yet it is such small-scale lawlessness! The local comic epic of Sydney, *The Sentimental Bloke*, has just been reissued in a castrated edition. Its hero *does* "bash" policemen, but how harmless he is by American standards! How harmless the Australian equivalents of "crazy mixed-up kids," the "Widgies" and "Bodgies" of Sydney! Australians may "bash" policemen, wives, and other drivers; there are petty gangsters; but Sydney and Melbourne, each with populations of around 1,500,000, have less deadly crime than quite small American cities. There is, by repute, a lot of petty graft in Australia, but how petty in its cash rewards, how comparatively innocuous in its methods and objects by American standards! The contrast goes back a long way. How peaceful the history of the Australian gold rush compared with the violent anarchy of California! How innocent the one little civil disturbance, the Eureka Stockade—a less serious revolt than a minor strike often provokes in America!

And there is, indeed, a winning innocence in the Australian attitude to the outside world. It is not naive or ill-informed, it is not—apart from the sacred cow of "White Australia"—isolationist. The Australians take a highly intelligent interest in their Asiatic neighbors, so much nearer to them than to the Americans. But they have a reluctance to accept some facts of this iron age. They still cling to the old belief that Australia can and will set an example to the old, competitive, harsh, militaristic nations of Europe—and of North America. Even in their moment of peril in 1942, Australians refused to adopt general conscription, and many still talk as if they had shown startling magnanimity in adopting conscription in any form. If the Yanks were fools enough to do otherwise, well, all right. All rational calculation binds Australia to the United States as all Australians of any intelligence know, but the necessity is not welcomed.

CREEPING AMERICANISM

ALL the same, some aspects of the American way of life are coveted. American methods are creeping in. And these cost money and effort and impose unequal reward if they are to be paid for. The new industries are incompatible with "mateship." The legal fixing of wages, that keystone of the egalitarian society, is an obstacle to the new and abundant life that Australia must develop if it is not to be overwhelmed, just as the ceaseless industry of the new Australians is a source of irritation to the old. It is hard, even in Australia, to prevent industry breeding inequality.

There must and will be some adjustments. It would be a pity if there were too many. The justification of the Australian way of life is the Australian—intelligent, relaxed, open-minded, with admirable natural good manners and none of the oppressive American organization of good fellowship. The Australian man—and still more the Australian woman—has a lot of time not organized for him and her in clubs or movements. He—and she—buy books, not "books of the month." The young Australian student seemed to me more lively in mind, less timid and hide-bound than the American students I have come to know. A department store advertising for somebody with a "strong sense of sell" seemed a voice crying in the wilderness. I hope it wasn't heard. A country free from salesmanship has many attractions and one great asset. It may be better able to distinguish the contents from the packaging than the American people, in this critical moment in their history, have been trained to do.



JOHN KAY ADAMS

A curious alliance—including a shrewd grandmother, some angry Negroes, and honest politicians in both parties—is making it harder to steal an election . . . and is showing the way for fed-up citizens in other boss-ridden communities.

IN A special election last New Year's Eve, Chicagoans voted 8 to 1 to send Roland V. Libonati, a Democratic party hack, to Congress. The results were even more overwhelming in the 44th Precinct of the First Ward, where Libonati's margin was a sensational 40 to 1. It appeared also that 85 per cent of the 44th Precinct registered voters had gone to the polls—as against only 22 per cent in the whole District.

The Election Board set investigators to check up on this phenomenal turnout and they found that only 48 persons had signed their names to vote in the precinct but 468 extra votes appeared mysteriously on the voting machines. The five precinct judges and the Democratic precinct captain were called into court to try to explain it. This wasn't the first time for the captain, Morris (Red) Glickman. Sixteen years ago he served thirty days in jail for vote fraud.

In trying to size up the results of citizen reform campaigns in the city, I talked recently with another precinct captain about cheating on voting machines.

"People think voting machines are foolproof," he said. "They may be, mechanically, but they are just gadgets operated by people. I control the people."

My informant is a veteran of thirty years in precinct politics; he insisted on anonymity and he talked as if all the frauds he described belonged to the "old days." But I gathered—in view of the Libonati election scandal—that the "old days" were no farther back, in reality, than the last election.

In a larger sense, what the precinct captain said about the mechanical voting machine applies also to that human monster—the political machine—by which party bosses have traditionally controlled city government in this country.

Citizens of Chicago have been driving hard for election reform since 1940. The Joint Civic Committee on Elections, representing practically every reform outfit in the city, recruits poll watchers to oversee voting in all big elections—as many as four thousand volunteers have at times been assigned to the most suspect precincts. In recent elections major candidates on both tickets have campaigned on reform platforms. The once-invincible Cook County Democratic machine, which covers the city of Chicago, has been cut down—as was shown most clearly in the local defeat of Illinois' own Adlai Stevenson in 1956. Public pressure has brought improved election laws. Fifty reforms, some of them obscure but important, were voted last summer by the Illinois state legislature.

Yet Chicago still has one of the worst reputations for election fraud in the United States. In the past the city deserved its legendary notoriety, but many claim that voting now is pure, comparatively. As a newspaper reporter, I have learned that facts are not always found at the top, in this instance in the high conclaves of Mayor Richard J. Daley and his party chiefs. The secret strength of the old ward system is at the humblest precinct level where thousands of petty dictators run the show. These are the

precinct captains: Republicans and Democrats, white and colored, honest, crooked, timid, bullying, all kinds—appointed by ward committeemen for the sole purpose of delivering the vote.

UNDERMINING THE MACHINE

THE big political picture is brighter than it used to be. The way the Democrats put it, cheating at the polls is nothing like it was thirty years ago when a Republican mayor, Big Bill Thompson, was running the city for the Britain-haters and the beer barons. The way the Republicans see it, the Cook County Democratic organization is cracking from within—and a good thing for Chicago, too. Even with a candidate as strong as Daley—a powerful vote-getter, a quiet family man with a clean personal record—the Democratic machine could deliver only a modest 365,000 votes for him in a 1954 primary. That was a three to two majority over his opponent, former Mayor Martin H. Kennelly, a presentable figurehead; but it was a far cry from the 600,000 primary votes which the machine delivered in its last knock-down primary fight for the late Mayor Edward J. Kelly in 1939.

Three outstanding Chicago Democrats have climbed to prominence in recent years within the machine and then defied it: Frank Keenan, elected county assessor as a Democrat, turned Republican in 1954 and supported Republican Robert E. Merriam—another former Democrat—in his battle for mayor against Daley; and Benjamin S. Adamowski, a defecting Democrat, was elected Cook County State's Attorney as a Republican. Merriam was beaten 708,660 to 581,461, but probably hopes to make a comeback. Keenan is finished politically. He was convicted of income-tax evasion and sentenced to two years in prison. The county Board expelled him from the assessor's office.

But if Adamowski and President Eisenhower's appointee, U. S. District Attorney Robert Tieken, constitute a strong threat to corrupt political practices by either party, the Democrats have naturally received the victor's share of attention. Tieken has subpoenaed scores of precinct captains, election board members, and illegal voters from nine of Chicago's fifty wards and paraded them before federal grand juries.

In Tieken's most celebrated prosecution, a guilty precinct captain, seventy-one-year-old Louis W. Nathan, was sentenced to five years in prison. The decision was a body blow to all dishonest precinct captains, for it showed their bosses could no longer give them protection.

"I'm sorry to have to commit a man of his age to the penitentiary," said U. S. District Judge Julius J. Hoffman. "But Congress has not said that a man over sixty-five should receive no penalty. . . .

"Tampering with the election procedures in one precinct, especially by individuals bold enough to operate under assumed names, fosters the supposition that such fraud not only exists in other areas, but even is an accepted fact of American political life."

THE HAND ON THE LEVER

BUT while these prosecutions have strengthened the efforts of the reform movement on a city, county, and state-wide basis, the situation on the ward level is still obscure. Chicago's thousands of Republican and Democratic precinct captains, appointed by the ward committeemen, have no responsibility to the voters—except to win their confidence and support for the party ticket on election day. Although the ward committeemen are elected in party primaries, they are nominated by the party chiefs and rarely opposed. The precinct captains are not supposed to get the committeemen in trouble by dishonest practices, but if they fail to deliver the vote they forfeit their hopes of a political career and their sinecures in City Hall.

The veteran precinct captain who told me that the voting machine was just a "gadget" and boasted that he "controlled" the people said that a small fry captain—one who hadn't done his legitimate ward work well and was scared—could still guarantee success for the party at the polls. No one knows who pulls the lever on the voting machine. It is supposed to be the voter, but the election judge often steps behind the curtain on the pretense of assisting an illiterate. If the precinct captain has chosen both Democratic and Republican members for the election board at the polls, there is nobody to object. Where the captain has made a good "deal" in the precinct, he can easily pay the policeman to be out to lunch all day and the poll watcher to look the other way.

Of course, this kind of cheating has to be bipartisan; Republican and Democratic precinct captains must be in cahoots.

"The Republican precinct captain is watching me. He is as smart as I am," said the captain. "I can't get away with anything unless a deal is made. I've been on both the winning and the losing side, depending on the agreement made by

the ward committeemen. They decide and we get the orders."

At the precinct level, when the majority party owns the minority party, the captain's pitch might be: "Look, I'm going to let you have three or four jobs. You have some boys you'd like to reward, but you haven't a chance and you know it. I don't want any trouble from you Republicans. If you don't work, I won't have to spend my time and money fighting you. We can turn over some of the money we save to you, and we'll all be ahead."

They shake hands and the Democrat names both Democratic and Republican members of the board. He sweetens each board member's $25 official pay with a matching amount, spreads a little extra money here and there, and is free to operate.

His work sometimes produces results startling to the outsider. In the Daley-Kennelly primary, for example, there were sharply different results in neighboring precincts. One precinct cast 485 for Kennelly and 7 for Daley. Across the street in the same ward the vote was 400 for Daley and 10 for Kennelly.

The man least likely to protest is the voter himself. Even if he isn't dependent on a city job or doesn't mind paying traffic tickets, he doesn't want to repair his own street or haul his own garbage. The alternative may be to move to one of the two hundred Chicago suburbs and live in blissful contempt for the city's problems. In the opinion of the precinct captain, the indifferent, unprotesting voter is the biggest friend the political machine has.

"Much emphasis has been put on the thieving politician," he told me. "But get this straight. It's the public that is lax. The ballot, the thing most sacred to our democracy, is the thing they know the least about. If they would find out what it's all about and turn out in herds, what the hell could any captain do?"

THE CHAIN BALLOT

IT IS true that the mechanical voting gadget has eliminated some old dodges, but machines are not in general use throughout the nation. Even Chicago, comparatively progressive in this respect, still has paper ballots in 30 per cent of its 3,779 precincts. In these, the old-time "chain" ballot can still be as effective as it was fifty years ago when a couple of characters named Bathhouse John Coughlin and Hinky Dink Kenna used it to run the city from a Turkish bath and saloons in the downtown red light district.

The virtue of the chain ballot is its simplicity. The precinct captain doesn't have to bribe the whole election board. He operates from outside the polling place. All he needs is a pocketful of small bills and one unmarked official ballot.

"I stop a voter going into the polling place," said the captain. "I give him the ballot which I have marked myself. All he has to do is get a clean ballot from the election judge and bring it back to me to get his money. My boy makes the switch while he is inside the booth and gives the ballot I marked to the judge.

"Not only do I have an unmarked ballot for the next guy, I have absolute proof that my boy did as he was told. Naturally, I would never try that with anyone unless I knew he would go along with it. If I suspect he might holler for a cop, I forget it."

(The law recognizes the evil of the chain ballot and provides safeguards. The election judge is supposed to place his initials on the back of each ballot when he hands it to the voter. When the judge gets the ballot back, he verifies his own initials. Then the judge, not the voter, places the folded ballot in the box. Yet it is almost traditional for a news photographer to catch the leading candidate violating the law by placing his own ballot in the box.)

"If I'm operating inside the polling place," said the captain, "I know a voter who is against me when I see him. I signal my judge and he hands the goof a ballot with no initials on it. The voter won't notice, and during the counting we throw out his ballot. He thinks he voted against me, but he didn't vote at all."

Permanent registration has put a crimp in the captain's old practice of voting for people who have died or moved away. "Everyone had 100 to 150 stiffs on his list. I remember one time we had a hundred ballots for stiffs. We marked them easily enough in another building, but we had a watcher that day who couldn't be bought. He wouldn't go out to eat. He wouldn't even go to the toilet.

"Three o'clock came around and those ballots weren't in the box yet. We were beginning to get desperate. Finally we faked a fight, and the policeman tossed out everyone but our board members. In a minute it was all fixed."

In a notoriously fraudulent election in 1954, a racial contest made the steal so obvious that Chicago reformers later publicized the lopsided results effectively. On Chicago's West Side a respected Negro physician, Dr. Joshua M. Brown, ran as an independent candidate for state representative. The [*continued on page 74*]

OPERATION UPTURN:



Over 3,000 share owners—a typical cross section of the nearly half a million Americans who are owners of General Electric -hear the president's message by Ralph J. Cordiner at the Annual Meeting held in April at Schenectady, N. Y.

Excerpts from the report of Ralph J. Cordiner to General Electric share owners:

IN the light of economic circumstances today, what must be done to bring about the resurgence of business and employment that everyone wants? The situation seems ripe for a special effort: consumers have the money to spend, industry is tooled up to deliver as never before, and there are signs that the upturn is trying to get under way.

Opportunities to serve customers better

It seems to me that the most practical and effective course right now is for every business to buckle down and sell goods as never before. I mean a total effort, by every man and woman on the job, to concentrate on giving customers the best service and the best reasons to buy they ever had. King Customer needs some constructive attention. He is willing to do his part, if he is convinced that this is the time to buy. Let's convince him by showing him the best values and by giving him the best service he could ask for.

This may seem like an old-fashioned prescription to those who are shouting for massive government make-work programs and meaningless tax cuts, but we in General Electric are convinced that what happens to the economy in the remainder of this year will be largely determined by what business does to help its customers and itself. This is a do-it-yourself country. Each of us is in some way responsible for a part of the total effort, as a consumer, an employee, an investor, a voter, or whatever roles we play in economic life.

That is not to say that federal, state, and local governments do not have important work to do. There are many constructive measures that would stimulate a sound recovery without sowing the seeds of future inflation. What I am suggesting is that the government must provide the political conditions in which the economy can work its way out of the recession; but the government cannot be expected to cure the recession.

A nation-wide "do-it-yourself" program to help build sales and jobs in 1958

Outstanding values available now

General Electric's three-year, $500,000,000 program of capital expenditures, which was announced in 1955, is proceeding on schedule. This modernization and expansion program has put the company in an excellent position to give its customers outstanding values and up-to-date products.

The competitive industry prices at which General Electric sells have remained about level, in spite of the continued rise in costs. Customers are getting unusual values at today's prices, and this will help build business volume back up to the normal trend. Looking at the situation realistically, however, such bargain prices cannot be expected to continue indefinitely.

In addition, the company is offering improved credit terms that recognize the problems of the times. More advantageous terms have been made available through the General Electric Credit Corporation, such as the Unemployment Protection Plan to aid customers through periods of unemployment due to sickness or layoff.

OPERATION UPTURN . . .

is General Electric's program to help accelerate the upturn in business by bringing extra values and renewed confidence to customers. Its purpose is to build sales and jobs in 1958 through the enthusiasm and participation of more than a quarter million employees, their community friends and neighbors, some 45,000 suppliers, more than 400,000 firms that sell or service the company's products, and nearly half a million share owners. OPERATION UPTURN can help all of us together to contribute more effectively toward our common goals and add confidence and strength to the nation's economy.

A program to accelerate the upturn

This is a moment of opportunity. The slight upturn in some sectors can be turned into a definite trend, and then snowball into a steady recovery, if business will make a fresh, concerted effort.

To this end, the General Electric Company today announces that it is setting in motion a company-wide program of aggressive action in all departments and in all functions to accelerate the upturn in business.

It is known as OPERATION UPTURN. Basically, it is a program to accelerate the upturn in business by bringing extra values and renewed confidence to customers. Its purpose is to build sales and jobs in 1958. All across the country, other companies are announcing their own plans to stimulate sales and renew public confidence. OPERATION UPTURN is part of this exciting national picture of the people of the United States shaking themselves loose from the doubt and confusion of recent months and setting about purposefully to resume the national advance.

Remember, programs such as this, even if they are conducted by all the leading companies in the country, cannot work overnight miracles. But the tide is turning, and this is the time for a massive effort by everyone to keep the economy moving in the right direction. All signs indicate that this country can have its biggest surge of growth in the 1960's.

Responsibilities for every citizen

In a free economy, economic growth is paced and directed by the decisions of millions of businessmen, consumers, investors, employees — indeed, by every citizen. The faith of our society is that these millions of points of initiative will produce swifter progress, with greater liberty, than any system of centralized control.

Thus, a business recession is really a test of the American people and their form of society. Their decisions — to buy, to invest, to modernize, to work more purposefully, to raise their levels of living — will determine the speed of economic advance. They will also decide whether Russia will, as she has announced, surpass us in the years ahead.

It is my opinion that the American people will bring about the upturn this year and head into a great surge of growth that will leave both the recession and the Russians far behind. This is what we Americans want. And what we want, we are willing to work for. That is all that is needed.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

second district post he sought covered sixty-six precincts where Negroes, although in the majority, are virtually without representation. The chairman of the committee for Dr. Brown was the Reverend Archie Hargraves, pastor of the Lawndale Community Presbyterian Church.

"Dr. Brown's candidacy," said Mr. Hargraves, "was an attempt to break the grip of the machine in an area where it is pretty strong. We organized and got people to man every one of the precincts for Brown. It was the first time in a long time there had been any real campaign in the primary.

"When election day came, we thought we had a good chance. Then reality set in. We didn't have enough roving squads to answer all the complaints from our watchers. The main trouble was with judges going into the voting machines, supposedly to instruct, but actually pointing out which way to vote. They either pulled the levers themselves or told people which one to pull. Several watchers told us vagrants on West Madison Street (Skid Row) were paid off right in front of them. The price was $2.

"Our people have a very real desire for a voice in the government. They were instructed to vote for one man only, which would have given Brown three votes for each voter under the cumulative voting system. But in some of the heavily Negro precincts, Brown got only six or seven votes."

When it was over Dr. Brown's supporters were thoroughly chastened. The count showed the leading machine candidates—an Italian and an Irishman—had more than 18,000 votes each. Dr. Brown had only 1,339. Reformers used this case to recruit poll watchers and to put a needle in their lobbyists at the state legislature.

GRANDMA CLEANS HOUSE

ELECTION reform in Chicago has got right down into the precincts, those nerve centers of the city, county, and state political machines. But it still has a long way to go. The rallying point is the Joint Civic Committee on Elections, which includes workers from women's clubs, fraternal and social organizations, service clubs, and church and neighborhood groups. Their main activity is to recruit volunteer poll watchers, to brief them in precinct politics, and to keep them on the job from six in the morning on election day. If the watcher is late, the ballot box may already be completely stuffed when he walks in.

The chief instructor is Mrs. Laura Hughes Lunde, a grandmother who has been poll watching and lobbying for better election laws since 1941. She is secretary of the Illinois Conference on Legislation and the Citizens of Greater Chicago. She learned all the tricks of the poll-watching game first-hand. At one election, she watched in a filthy slum neighborhood:

"One of the judges told me privately that they had nearly 600 votes in that precinct in the previous election," Mrs. Lunde said. "When my relief watcher showed up at 3:30 there had been only 350 cast. Three times men came in who evidently were feared by the poor wretches on the election board. They demanded openly, 'Why haven't you got more votes?' and the precinct captain pointed silently to me."

Another frightened board member—a woman—once told Mrs. Lunde: "You aren't going home, are you? When you are around, the precinct captain can't make me cheat."

The Illinois election code (which is 300 pages long and incomprehensible to most election board members) requires registration canvassers and election board officials to reside in the precincts or wards they serve. In blight areas, competent people are difficult to find. Besides a precinct captain with larcenous intentions doesn't want a brainy board, and he recommends only the people he can dominate. The election commission is chronically short of precinct board members, so the captain's nominations almost always stand. Mrs. Lunde sympathizes with the board members most of the time; you can't criticize people who are not free, she says.

Mrs. Lunde is impartial in her criticism of Republicans and Democrats. Republican members of the legislature have been trying to repeal permanent voter registration ever since 1941, she says, because it blocks efforts of Downstate Republicans to run in votes against Democratic Cook County. "In rural areas everywhere, there is little public knowledge of vote fraud and no attempt to do anything about it. But I've learned that nothing crooked is done in the river wards of Chicago that is not done more effectively by the Downstate Republicans."

The fifty laws passed last summer by the Illinois legislature did something to tighten the election code but most changes were minor. "Every time we take a licking we learn some new tricks," said one veteran of the legislative wars. "We'll get 'em yet."

Three basic changes are the long-range objectives of the reformers on the legislative front.

The first—a law to require election of precinct captains—applies only to Cook County,



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where the undemocratic appointment system makes the captain a little tin god. The 101 Downstate Illinois counties already elect their precinct leaders.

The second objective is the abolition of the absentee ballot. Although the public thinks of the absentee ballot as a convenience, it has been much abused. Official ballots for absentee voters may escape from the custody of election officials and often become the start of a "chain" ballot. No oath is required of a doctor who signs an affidavit that the voter is ill. A Christian Science practitioner may also legally sign the illness affidavit.

The third goal is elimination of illiteracy as a basis for assistance in casting ballots on voting machines. The law allows a voter to have assistance if he is blind, physically incapacitated, or illiterate. When the law is abused, the precinct captain can control the voting, and the whole structure for protecting the secrecy of the ballot breaks down. According to Harvey Weeks, attorney for the Joint Civic Committee on Elections, "Voters sometimes say they are illiterate merely to prove to the precinct captain they are going down the line for him. . . . Nine-tenths of the voters in the city cast straight ballots. Those few who split ballots usually are persons who don't have any trouble reading. The parties on the straight ticket levers are top for Republican and bottom for Democratic, or vice versa. Anyone who doesn't know top from bottom shouldn't be voting anyway."

These three reforms would break the control of the precinct captain and safeguard the secrecy of the ballot. "We need laws and vigilance," Mr. Weeks has said, "to keep the voter from cheating even if he wants to."

PEOPLE IN HIGH PLACES

IN CASE you have decided that Chicago voters are particularly stupid, stop and ask yourself how the precinct captains are chosen in your city. Do you know?

In Chicago—quite naturally—some of the people who know most about the situation are responsible officials—even the mayor himself. It is perhaps surprising to find some of them backing the reform movement.

The Democratic machine has a colorful, outspoken advocate of clean elections in Sidney T. Holzman, Chairman of the Board of Election Commissioners. Describing himself as a realist, Holzman advocates the use of registration canvassers from outside the precinct, and the repeal of the absentee ballot. "One practical reason," he says, "is that it costs $1.17 to handle a regular ballot and $4.31 for an absentee ballot."

Holzman is not much impressed with people who stay in bed on Tuesday and then scream about fraud on Wednesday. "We are dealing with two million men and women who have the privilege of voting and 20,000 judges who are protecting that privilege. Some will do wrong. Who can say what an evil-doer is intending?"

Mayor Daley—who has been type-cast by his opponents as a ruthless political boss—may turn out to be an effective election reformer. In 1954, the Cook County central committee refused to renominate Mayor Kennelly, and chose Daley to replace that tall, white-haired picture of civic elegance. Daley fits the traditional "boss" pattern—a well-disciplined politician who came up through the machine and was chosen Chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee because the Old Guard willed it. This stocky Irishman with little platform presence compared unfavorably with Kennelly on the surface, but he had pushed for installation of more voting machines when he was County Clerk, and during the mayoralty campaign, he remarked that he would like to see Cook County precinct captains elected rather than appointed.

As mayor, Daley has upset some cynical expectations. He has chosen able and honest department heads and he has been running the city council as effectively as he controls the ward committeemen. Kennelly never could get to be one of the boys. Many of his programs were killed by the balky aldermen. Daley doesn't have that problem. What he wants, he gets.

In contrast with some of his predecessors as Chicago bosses, Daley is downright frugal. State inheritance tax examiners found $1,488,250 in unmarked bills in Big Bill Thompson's safety deposit boxes. Ed Kelly left almost as much. But on his salary of $25,000, Daley, his wife, and six of their seven children occupy a nine-room, $15,000, story-and-a-half brick bungalow a few blocks from the stockyards. Mrs. Daley has no maid and does her own baking.

His enemies are beginning to think Daley looks too good to be true. But the crusaders for election reform and honest government are puzzled. Could it be that an utterly fantastic political accident has raised up a secret friend in the enemy camp? We are between elections now in Chicago, they say, and it's hard to tell. But this is just the time to keep a sharp eye on the big boss in City Hall as well as the petty autocrats down in the precincts.

THE TRADING STAMP:

It is only one of many competitive tools that help keep food prices down

It is an axiom of American business that for every new competitive sales tool that comes along, another new one will come along and try to surpass it. So it is with the trading stamp.

Trading stamps are only one of several competitive tools available to the merchant seeking to increase his business volume. He may give a discount for cash. He may cut some prices and feature "loss leaders." Or he may use prize contests, giveaways or other promotion devices.

All these sales tools have two things in common. First, to be successful, they must pay their own way by the creation of new business volume. Second, they cause intense competition which has the effect of helping to hold prices down even during inflationary times. Because stamps are given nationwide, marketing experts connected with universities have been able to measure this effect in the case of stamps.

Food prices in five cities where stamps were not given by supermarkets and in ten cities where stamps were given were compared with the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics Price Index for the two years ending in December 1956. Food prices in the "stamp" cities rose less than the national average. Price increases in "non-stamp" cities were more than the average. No evidence was found that stamp stores, as a class, charged more than non-stamp stores.

It seems clear that in these inflationary times the trading stamp is needed to work side by side with the many other competitive tools also helping to keep prices down.

* * *

REFERENCES: "Status of Trading Stamps in Food and Drug Stores." Selling Research, Inc., New York, 1957.

"Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.

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After Hours

THE HARPSICHORD WITH THE FORWARD LOOK

Bernard Asbell, a Chicagoan who last appeared in Harper's *as the author of an article on disc jockeys, has sent me the following account of what's happening at the other end of the musical spectrum.*

DETROIT, the home of the swept-wing Dodge and the Edsel, is also the home of the American harpsichord industry. The harpsichord, as any music-lover worth his salt very well knows, has been enjoying a revival in recent years—thanks largely to the miracles performed on that instrument by Wanda Landowska and her many pupils and followers, most notably Ralph Kirkpatrick and Sylvia Marlowe. But the motor city is the site of the modernization of the ancient instrument and the man behind it is John Challis.

I visited him recently in Detroit where I found him in a large, red-brick dwelling, old but indestructibly proud, in a faded downtown street called Vernor Highway. On his house a black plaque with gold letters quietly announced "John Challis—Harpsichords."

Mr. Challis himself came to the door; he was short, chubby, and spry, and wore a shirt open at the collar and tight corduroy trousers. His age, according to *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* is fifty-one, but he looks ten years younger. He was immediately off on his subject.

"No, it's not so odd that harpsichords should be made in Detroit. If I had been born anyplace else, I probably wouldn't be doing this today.

"There are two attitudes you can take toward making harpsichords. First, there's the attitude that the instrument had been perfected by the end of the eighteenth century, when it also disappeared. Then there's the attitude—the one you'd expect to find in Detroit that the instrument wasn't perfect at all, but needed development to revive it. That was my attitude.

"At the end of the eighteenth century, concert halls as we know them hardly existed. Music was intended to be played in a room about this size." His living-room is about forty feet long.

"If the harpsichord were to be played in a concert hall, then tonally it had to grow.

"But that wasn't all. The eighteenth-century harpsichord was like the Model-T Ford, made for people with lots of time on their hands. Every time the Model-T owner took his car out, there was a contest to see who'd succeed, the car or the driver. Every driver brought a tool kit with screwdrivers, pliers, heaven knows what. The same with the harpsichord player. Each time he'd set up to play, he had to retune the strings, adjust the action of the jacks, all sorts of things. The instrument requires extremely accurate adjustment. If the jack is five-thousandths of an inch out of line, the string won't be plucked properly. Let me show you."

From the living-room we went through a short corridor to his shop in the rear. It was about twice the size of the living-room, lighted by large windows, and, as wood-working shops go, remarkably neat.

"Now here are the jacks," he said, leading me to one of four or five harpsichords distributed about the floor. The jack is a black finger that slips up and down, perpendicular to the strings that stretch horizontally back from the keyboard.

Challis picked up a strip of leather, cut off about an inch-length, and began to pare down one end until it was paper-thin. He slipped this through a slot in the jack and struck a key. The jack popped up and the leather plucked a string in the manner of a guitar pick. He removed the leather, pared it some more, struck the key again, and kept repeating the process until he appeared satisfied. Then he began on the next jack. It looked rather simple. But fitting the jacks and paring the leather picks, or plectra, Challis told me, were jobs he could not delegate. These were critical steps in separating fine harpsichords from so-so ones.

"In the old instruments, jacks were made of wood. If they worked well in the winter, they got stuck in the summer. A good summer jack was too loose in winter. It took me ten years to invent a climate-proof jack. I finally found it in one of the oldest of plastics, hard rubber. It does a beautiful job."

Long before Challis had invented the rubber jack, he modernized the frame, the basic skeleton of the harpsichord.

"I have to make instruments for touring concert artists who change climates every day. European harpsichord-makers still poke along with

wood that expands and contracts. It's impossible to keep one of those instruments in tune. I ordered an aluminum casting of the whole frame from a foundry in Detroit, and sure enough it worked very well. Next, I needed a new tuning-pin block."

He fingered the section just behind the keyboard where the ends of strings curled around a row of pins.

"On pianos, this block is still made of wood. After a few years, it loosens or splits. I cast one out of aluminum and bakelite.

"But the big problem was the sounding board. This is the soul of the instrument."

Challis pointed out the slab of wood underlying the strings.

"For centuries, instrument-makers have tried to keep these from splitting, not only in harpsichords, but in violins, guitars, every kind of stringed instrument. I knew that in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, a harpsichord-builder had made a sounding board by gluing together sheets of veneer so their grains would cross. But the glues weren't waterproof and in damp weather the veneers would loosen. Today we have absolutely waterproof glues. So all we had to do was add some new glue to an old idea.

"This opened great new opportunities. In building sounding boards, we could forget all the old problems of cracking and warping and be concerned only with beauty of tone and greater resonance. So I began a whole new series of experiments with thickness and size, with the placement of the bridges and the barring that goes underneath. Today we have a modern, beautiful instrument."

IT WAS the pianoforte that did the harpsichord in during the eighteenth century. The new composers, led by Mozart, obliterated the old instrument when they began to compose melody and accompaniments suited only for the pianoforte.

"In less than two centuries," Challis said, "music has changed from a concord of sweet sounds to an exploitation of emotions, then of new emotions that had no sweetness at all. We piled discord upon discord until there was no concord left. But now some people feel that we've

DOES SCIENCE PROVE THE BIBLE WRONG?



Some people are convinced that it does.

They read in the Bible, for example, that the stars are fixed in the "roof" of the world like luminous ornaments, which is the way they appeared to the unscientific eyes of the authors of Genesis. Later scientific knowledge proves that the stars are incandescent bodies moving in space.

Although willing to acknowledge that God created the universe, these scientific-minded folks refuse to believe the Biblical account in which apparently it all took place in six days. Also, they contend that the scientific evidences of evolution appear to contradict the Bible in this instance.

As far as Catholics are concerned, there can be no real conflict between scientific truth and religious truth. From the time of Moses down to the present day, science has opened the doors to many of the earth's physical secrets—including in our own time, the fantastic secret of atomic energy. There will undoubtedly occur, in the unforseeable future, even more revolutionary discoveries. But the fact remains that science has yet to produce any evidence that discredits the basic truths of Holy Scripture.

The Bible, to begin with, is a book of religion—not a scientific textbook. The Book of Genesis should be regarded therefore, not as a scientific explanation of the heavens and the earth, but as an exposition of certain divine truths. These include such matters as the creation of all things... the creation of man as the object of God's special providence... the unity of the human race . . . the loss of man's original state of blessedness through original sin . . . God's promise and plan of redemption.

In writing of these things, the authors of the Old Testament were divinely protected against error. God did not, however, stand over them and dictate what they wrote. Their writings, therefore, while recording basic truths, are clothed in language forms common to their primitive time, and are influenced by cultural and scientific concepts far less enlightened than our own.

A correct appraisal of the Book of Genesis, and the history of Creation, requires an understanding of the meanings which the Old Testament authors intended to convey, and an appreciation of the language forms, philosophy and mores of their times. An interesting pamphlet explaining these things, and detailing the doctrine of the age-old Catholic Church concerning Creation, will be sent free, in a plain wrapper, on your request. Nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet No. D-48.

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had enough of that and they're turning full circle back to the golden period."

The modern development of the LP record, too, he said, has helped revive the harpsichord. The LP has changed the economics of the record industry and made it possible to market a greater variety of music. After the popular forms were all recorded, the companies turned to reviving the old forms. People who had never heard harpsichord music in their lives now began to buy it; some because of its charm and others because it was something new. That is, *near* because it was so old it had disappeared.

Challis sat down at the larger of two harpsichords standing at each end of his living-room. He played a saraband of Bach, then a Handel passacaille.

The instrument had been built months ago, but Challis doesn't consider a harpsichord completed until he's finished "playing it in." This is an agreeable kind of work, helping the strings to stretch and finding minute adjustments to make in the action of the jacks and the plectra. So when Challis has a spare moment to play, he's not playing; he's working.

Challis was eighteen when he first learned about building eighteenth-century instruments. He had come upon a clavichord owned by his music teacher, Frederick Alexander, at Eastern Michigan College, and he decided he wanted one.

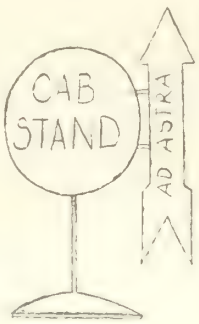
"In those days, if a boy wanted something he made it. My father was a watchmaker, so precision work was nothing strange to me. There were no books about making these instruments, but that was no problem. If you wanted to know how a thing was made, you looked at it."

Alexander's instrument had been built by one of the masters of harpsichord-making, Arnold Dolmetsch of Haslemere, England. A few months after he had built his own, Challis went to Haslemere to learn how to learn more of the art. From 1928 to 1930, he held the Dolmetsch Foundation Scholarship. In 1930, he opened his own studio in Ypsilanti, Michigan, a few miles from Detroit.

Challis' first customer was Alexander, who ordered a harpsichord on behalf of Eastern Michigan College. Thus officially in business, Challis toured Michigan demonstrating the strange music. After ten years, Challis had become so busy making harpsichords that he no longer had time to demonstrate them.

Now Challis customers have to cool their fingers on a waiting list, but Challis steadfastly limits his production to twelve or fifteen instruments a year, priced between $900 and $5,500 each. Should he expand his production, he would need to employ more than his present staff of four assistants. Then he would have to direct their work from a swivel chair instead of adjusting jacks and plectra himself, and Challis doesn't care to make that conversion. A number of his past employees have set up shop themselves, diverting some of the consumer demand and, Challis says, "They're all busy.

"People are in a constant scramble, especially here in Detroit, to produce more than will make them happy. I find that by making twelve or fifteen instruments a year, I'm happy. After all," Challis said, fingering a series of chords on the new harpsichord to play it in some more, "shouldn't that be the purpose of a man's work?"



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

A FRIEND, the impresario of a television program, reports that not long ago he found himself in Cleveland, between trains, and that from the platform there seemed to be no one in town but himself and the porter. He was settling down for the wait when the latter addressed him, as follows:

"Sah, I wonder if you could settle an argument between my friend and myself?"

"Certainly," he said.

"It's about who wrote that music you start your program with," the porter went on. "You see, he's a taxi driver but we're both musical, and he says it's by Walter Piston. I tole him Walter Piston never wrote counterpoint like that in his life."

"Who do you think it's by?" my friend managed to ask.

"I think it's by Aaron Copland."

Right he was.

I was reflecting on this when I got in a taxi recently one Saturday morning and asked to go to the Columbia Faculty Club, at Morningside and 117th, where I had an engagement for lunch. The driver took this in silence for a while, but finally turned around and said:

"How do people feel these days about Alexander Hamilton?"

I used to think I knew, but now I'm not so sure.

YOUNG OLD TROUPER

IN television every day is the end of an era. Shows come and go so fast, fads change so quickly, stars and material are worn out with such speed that every day is doomsday, and every tomorrow is a bright new dawn. We are told that money lust, for example, is waning (as unlikely as that seems) and that the high-voltage quiz show is losing its power to enchant. But there will always be something else to take its place, and there will always be a few people to preside over whatever happens. Desi will always love Lucy in one way or another. Ed Sullivan will go on presenting his Sunday night face with its Monday morning look, and Garry Moore will continue to smile bright and quip good like an old trouper should.

One of Mr. Moore's eras is about to come to an end after eight years, and he is not sorry. Since 1950 he has done a morning show (a half-hour Monday through Thursday and an hour on Friday) of song, humor, and miscellany and the show is about to go off the air. He will continue to be master of ceremonies of "I've Got a Secret" and he plans to open a new show, very expensive, in the autumn about which he talks only guardedly lest somebody else who is looking for a bright new dawn gets up earlier than he does, with Moore's pants on.

I talked with Mr. Moore in his office in April, and if I learned very little about what his new show will be (except that he plans to spend a

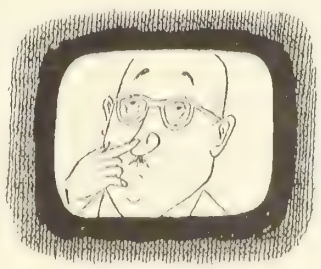
lot on writers, ideas, and the odd and interesting, and very little on elaborate production) I did learn something about Mr. Moore and his ideas about television.

He started his theatrical career as a writer in Baltimore at the age of nineteen. Scott Fitzgerald had seen some skits he had written for a local amateur review, and asked him to collaborate with him on an idea for a musical sort of Grand Guignol that he hoped would make Broadway.

"All I knew about Fitzgerald then was that I'd seen his name in the *Saturday Evening Post*. To me he was just a drunk old man (about forty then), and if I'd known who he was I would have paid more attention." The collaboration dissolved after three months and Moore got a job writing, announcing, and being a utility actor for a Baltimore radio station. He wrote the jokes and performed on a show called "High Noon High Jinks" and from that he graduated in due course to become Jimmy Durante's partner in a venture that one week was called the "Durante-Moore Show" and on alternate weeks the "Moore Durante Show."

He was thirty-five when "The Garry Moore Show" first appeared on television, and he says he isn't as physically spry as he was then, and he gets tired. Originally the show had a sponsor for each quarter of an hour. Then, he explained, as the cost of television went up, there got to be more sponsors with more things they wanted to sell, so that now in the course of a week he has commercials to do for thirty-nine products, and a great deal of his time goes into policing the commercials "to maintain some dignity" and into rehearsing them. "You can't remember which is crispy and which is crunchy," he said. He yearns to do more writing for his own show and he means to when the new one becomes a reality in the fall.

Garry Moore is not easy to put a finger on, and if you did you probably couldn't see him. He is short, does not always wear bow ties, and is intelligent and friendly. He lives in Rye, New York, owns a forty-two-foot sloop, has two sons, eighteen and fourteen, and reads a good deal. His humor comes easily and his enjoyment of people is not an act; it is a genuine fascination and is the basis of his beliefs about television as a medium of entertainment. He believes that there is nothing more interesting than a human face on the screen and you don't have to put a paper hat on it to make it entertaining. It is the five seconds of puzzlement or panic on the face of someone who is being questioned that gives television what radio never had . . . the visually exciting and humanly revealing pause.



His special gift is to establish a kind of rapport between the people on the show, either professional or amateur, and the audience so that they seem to be enjoying themselves, not at each other's expense (as Groucho, for example, does) but because they are all in this unreal situation together. It is for this reason that he believes that "I've Got a Secret" (which is in the top ten in popularity) will go on and on. (Its formula, incidentally, is a panel plus the old-fashioned variety show . . . personalities, plus oddments, plus songs and dances.) His new show will be based on these same ingredients mixed into a quite different sort of brew.

The longevity of Mr. Moore's career in television was something he was glad to explain and he did it modestly but not in self-deprecating terms. He had seen a good many "stand up" comedians come and go. "You see a man go through his routine a few times," he said "and you've had it." He went on to say that Fred Allen had once told him that the new kind of comedian who would last on television was "the pointer"—the actor who points at somebody else who then performs and of whom the public soon tires.

"According to Allen," he said, "you could do the same thing with a dog by spreading meat on the actor."

Mr. Harper



Athanasios may build you a book case someday

Athanasios has decided to become a cabinet maker. He's only 9, and already he shows great aptitude for carving bits of wood into little animals.

But Athanasios may never realize his ambition. His parents looked to a bright future; then Communist bands began to terrorize Greece and Athanasios' father was recalled into the National Guard. Hostilities have ceased but the couple is forced to live in a tiny two room house with their four children for whom their shepherd-father cannot adequately provide. Their mother finds seasonal work at almond harvest time, but Athanasios may soon be forced to leave school, and go to work to supplement the family's income — unless someone like you can help this promising boy.

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PAUL PICKREL

Rich Man, Poor Man . . .

J. K. GALBRAITH is a Harvard economist with a background in economic journalism and a considerable drive to set the world straight. What other economists think of him I do not know, though it is usually easy to guess what economists think of each other. What Galbraith thinks of other economists he makes abundantly clear; even I had not supposed that error, failure to recognize the obvious, and inhospitality to new ideas were so universal among them. But whatever his standing in the trade, Galbraith is one of the most influential of contemporary American economists with the reading public, because, unlike most of his colleagues in the dismal science, he has a gift for setting forth his ideas in vigorous language that anyone can understand, a keen sense of the dramatic that makes them seem adventurous, and a willingness to put them in a context of sweeping generalizations about society that gives them a prophetic urgency.

The Affluent Society (Houghton Mifflin, $4), Galbraith's new book, is essentially an attempt to change the reader's idea of what constitutes an efficient society. The argument, with a certain inevitable simplification, goes something like this: the basis of modern economic thought was laid in an era of scarcity, when there were just not enough things being produced to go around. Therefore economists have maintained, and the public has gullibly echoed the economists in maintaining, that a society is most efficient when it is making the most things—or, to put it in more seemly language, that productivity is the index of social efficiency.

But, according to Galbraith, this concept of social efficiency is anachronistic and inadequate. We live in an economy that can not only turn out all the things we need but must spend billions of dollars a year and employ some of the cleverest men alive in order to soup-up demand; it takes the subtlest wiles of advertising to keep our appetite for new things sufficiently whetted to clear the shelves of the stupendous mass of stuff we can produce, and even then, as Mr. Secretary of Agriculture Benson knows, we fall behind in our consumption of some products.

Besides (still according to Galbraith), the emphasis on making things, on turning out the stuff, has given us a lopsided attitude toward production. We value the man who makes something more highly than the man who merely does something. In an altogether characteristic homely illustration Galbraith says that we regard the man who makes toilet seats for a new schoolhouse as a true producer, while we assign a doubtful productivity to the man or woman who merely teaches in the schoolhouse after it is built. Traditionally economists have lumped together the results of human toil in the phrase "goods and services," but if Galbraith's reading of the public mind is correct, the work that goes into producing goods enjoys a prestige that is denied the work that goes into producing services.

HERE I suspect that Galbraith exaggerates. People who work with ideas are deeply attached to the notion that the world doesn't love them enough and are sometimes overingenious in locating evidence in support of their opinion. Probably the president of a toilet-seat manufacturing company would be accorded more prestige than most classroom teachers, but I doubt very much that the workers in his factory would be, and I strongly suspect that a man who occupied a corresponding position in the educational hierarchy—say, the president of a university—would in most situations be regarded as outranking him, although I confess that my acquaintance in toilet-seat manufacturing circles is too limited to enable me to speak with authority.

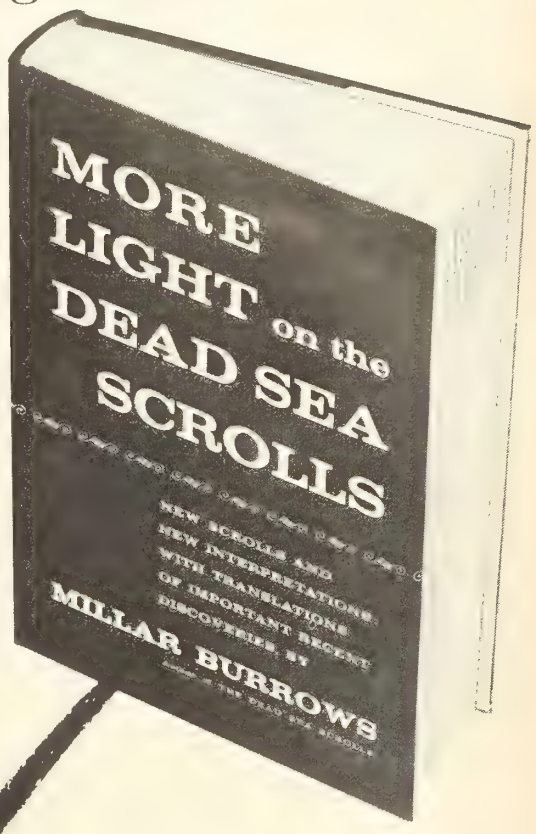
However that may be, Galbraith makes no suggestions about how a more just view of production is to be inculcated in the public at large; presumably, like one of George Eliot's characters, they will just have to be born again, and born different. But Galbraith does offer some very telling criticisms of the consequences of our present concept of productivity as the key to social efficiency, and sets forward another concept which in his opinion will make life better. He calls it "social balance," and it means

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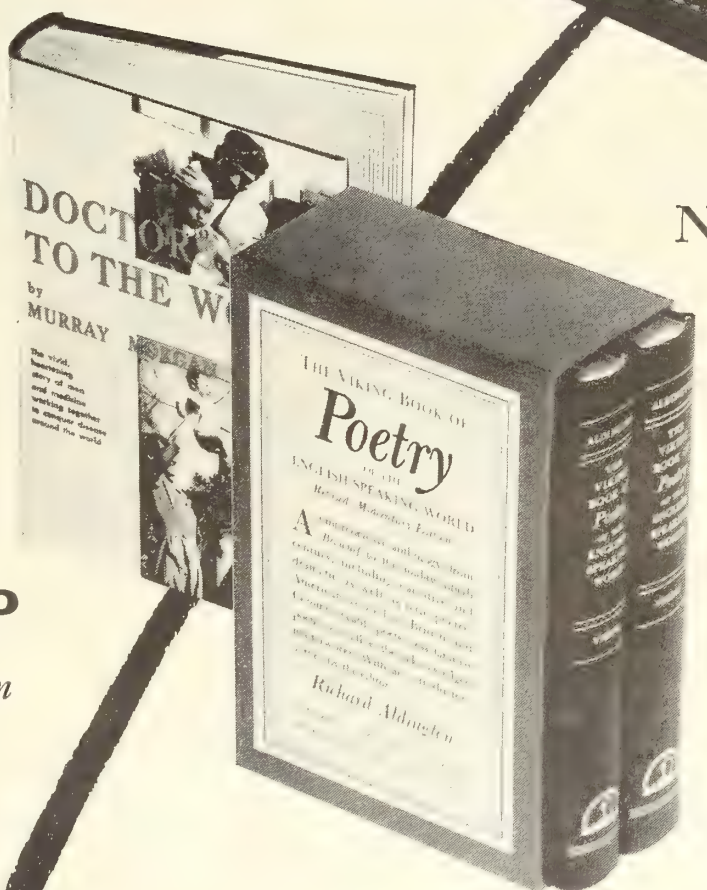
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simply that the side of the economy that provides services (largely in the hands of a local or the federal government) should be enormously expanded, and the side of the economy that provides goods (largely in private hands) should undergo some contraction. He points out that, under our present concept of social efficiency, as our consumption of goods increases (thanks to the pressure of advertising), we have more and more waste to throw away, but the collection of waste, being a public service, grows more and more unsatisfactory. Cars, being produced by private manufacturers, get bigger and bigger, but roads and parking spaces, largely supplied by state and municipal governments, grow less and less adequate.

The analysis is incontrovertible, though whether it is as original as Galbraith thinks it is seems to be open to question. People with a very elementary training in economics have probably observed that our streets are littered and parking spaces hard to find, and only the most naïve can suppose that gum-wrappers and Fords are brought by the stork. Practically every community in America *does* need better public services—better schools, better streets, better police and fire departments, better parks and playgrounds, better collection of waste—but the problem is how to get them.

Galbraith makes a few practical suggestions; he provides, for example, an ingenious defense of the sales tax as a source of increased revenue for local governments; but he hardly touches the psychological difficulties that lie in the way of putting his concept of "social balance" in effect. When a man buys a car with a six-foot upswept rear end, as wasteful economically as it is pornographic artistically, he at least knows what he is buying; but when he pays an exorbitant sales tax on a package of cigarettes he does not. That is one difficulty. Another is this: though it is easy to agree that we should have better community services—and even perhaps to agree that we should pay higher taxes for them—the word *better* covers a multitude of problems. Probably most readers of this magazine would be willing to pay higher taxes in order to have "better" schools, but if they were to get together to decide what kind of schools would in fact be better, the meeting would not be totally amiable.

In short, Galbraith is arguing for an objective that must be obvious to anyone who has looked around him, but he is not very explicit about how we are to realize that objective, which is the hard part of the problem.

Actually, Galbraith sees American society as having two layers of economic doctrine, somewhat as the ancient Greeks had two layers of religion—an Olympian religion for official purposes and the mystery cults through which the man in the street reconciled himself to existence. Our Olympian economic doctrine recognizes productivity as the key to social well-being, and official pronouncements on how "good" a year the country has had are based on how much it has produced. But the man in the street is far less interested in what the Gross National Product for any particular year has been than in whether or not he has had a job. Full employment, at least for himself, is his fundamental economic doctrine. (It has a certain official status too since the passage of the Employment Act of 1946.)

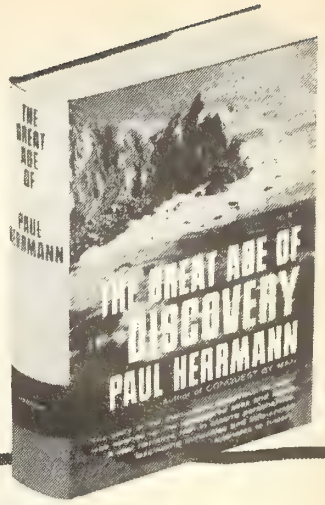
Galbraith's criticism of full employment as a desirable economic goal is more telling and more unexpected than his defense of "social balance," though his concept of social balance provides the platform from which he can criticize full employment. He has an imaginative scheme for making unemployment compensation variable, so that the payments are lowest when employment is highest and the other way around. Now that American society is feeling considerably less affluent than it was when Galbraith wrote most of his book, his sections on unemployment and unemployment compensation may well turn out to be the most influential part of what he has to say.

The writing in *The Affluent Society* is lucid and lively, though repetitious. Galbraith hasn't the happiest taste in adverbs—like most social scientists he uses the word *importantly* where grammar demands *important*, and he has a passion for the word *anciently*, which he apparently uses in the sense "before this book was written," not recognized by my dictionary. The book is more stimulating than this review makes it sound, because many of the illustrations and incidental observations are more original and more imaginative than the main argument. It is a brisk performance.

NOT SO AFFLUENT

The Long March (World, $7.50) is an account of Communist China written by the French philosopher and novelist Simone de Beauvoir, who visited China at the invitation of the government a couple of years ago. It is thoroughly sympathetic to the Communist regime; in fact, I get the impression that the book is an attempt (and certainly a very skillful one) to save Communism for the Western European intellectual after the disastrous blow to his faith that came with the Hungarian uprising. Mlle. de Beauvoir quietly but repeatedly makes the point that China is the country where Communism has not fallen into the errors that blotch its record in Russia—in China there has been (according to her) nothing corresponding to the liquidation of the Kulaks, the purges of the thirties, the excesses of Stalinism, the suppression of Hungary. China is presented as a very strong candidate for the position of the new

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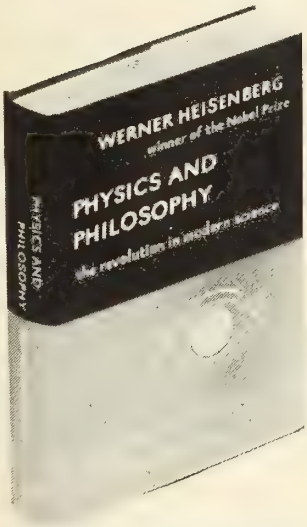
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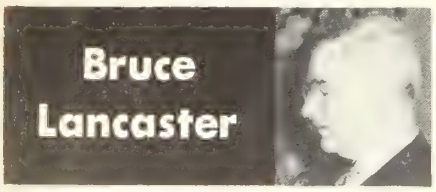
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home of the world's proletariat.

A good deal of the book is of very little value. Mlle. de Beauvoir's accounts of such subjects as the workers and the peasants go something like this: she quotes various writers on how horrible the lot of the people was under previous governments, then she cites various documents of the present regime that demonstrate how much things have improved, and finally she gives an account of how she visited a factory or farm and indeed found everything fine. She makes sweeping excursions into China's past and speedily sets the reader straight on such subjects as Confucianism, Buddhism, and so on, always ending at the convenient position that, however the present government has dealt with one or another aspect of the Chinese past, it has done the right thing. Sometimes she gets herself snarled up in Marxist jargon to the point where the meaning of her words may elude the laity; for instance, in speaking of literature she writes: "Unable for the time being to transform techniques, superstructures are being resorted to as a means for modifying substructures. Literature hence finds itself signed with an economic coefficient." And she is given to generalizations so broad that they sometimes border on the comic. There are many fine examples to choose from, but I think my favorite is her remark that "for every Chinese woman, from the top to the bottom of the social scale, physical love has a negative coefficient." Must there not be one Chinese woman who was not interviewed by Mlle. de Beauvoir, and might she not think of physical love as just good clean fun? The likelihood is increased by the fact that Mlle. de Beauvoir speaks no Chinese.

Apart from the sections of the book that are nearly valueless, it has an aspect that will appeal only to readers of rather specialized interests, for it not only portrays China but incidentally provides a self-portrait of Mlle. de Beauvoir—humorless, bad-tempered, incredibly naïve when it suits her game, and with a hatred of America as fundamental to her outlook on the world as the conviction of sin was to earlier puritans. Only once does humor touch the 500 pages of her book, in an ac-

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count of some young Frenchmen with an unusual avidity in sociological research who discovered that prostitution is not so completely obliterated in China as the government claims.

Mlle. de Beauvoir's method of dealing with other writers who have not found Communist China the paradise she finds it suggests that the French enjoy a reputation for urbanity in controversy that is not entirely deserved; a typical rejoinder to an account different from her own is "That is a flagrant lie." An example of her convenient naïveté is her account of how some Chinese children entertained a group of writers at tea and reproached their guests for not writing enough children's books. Obviously such an event could only have been staged by official manipulation, but Mlle. de Beauvoir reports it with the straightest of faces. Her anti-Americanism is everywhere—if she visits a prison in Peking she finds it far better than the prison she once visited in Chicago; if others see the contemporary Chinese as living in an anthill, she tells them they should go to Pittsburgh or Detroit, where people *really* live in anthills; she grants that Chinese Communist leaders are occasionally in the spotlight, but at least they are not demagogues like Truman and Eisenhower; any conspicuously bad example of Western architecture in China is likely to remind her of Chicago.

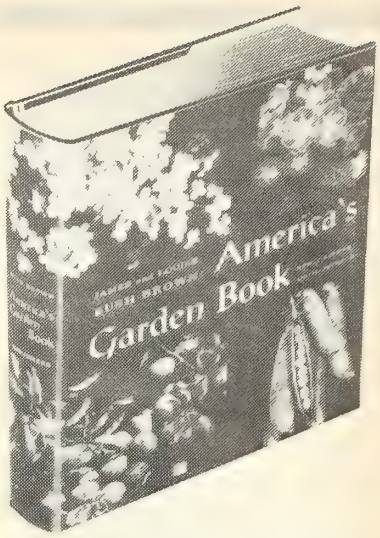
Yet for all this, Mlle. de Beauvoir is in some ways an intelligent and perceptive woman. She does not care for traditional Chinese art, and she gives extremely interesting reasons for her dislike, incidentally revealing the extent to which she is a product of the Western, Christian, (as she would say) "bourgeois" civilization that she scorns. And where she has been able to look at things for herself she has valuable and not necessarily flattering opinions. She got to know several Chinese writers, she read a great deal of recent Chinese writing in French and English translations, she looked at paintings and inspected handicrafts, and what she has to say on all these subjects is well worth reading. In her conclusion she says that she feels most doubtful of Communist China in its artistic life, and it happens that that was the part of its life she was most competent to judge, but at least she judges it.

ACT OF VENGEANCE

UNFORTUNATELY I read Theodore H. White's new novel about the United States Army in China in 1944—**The Mountain Road** (Sloane, $3.95)—immediately after I read *The Long March,* and all the time I was uneasily aware of what Mlle. de Beauvoir would make of it. But nothing is more foolish than to condemn a book for the impression it will make on hostile foreign observers; White's book is a study of the use and misuse of American power, addressed primarily to his compatriots, and if it is cited in future editions of *The Long March* as evidence of the brutality and barbarism of Americans in China we will just have to bear it philosophically.

White's main character, Major Baldwin, is an engineer from Boston who has served most of his Army career at a desk. Suddenly he finds himself in command of a demolition crew in Southeast China, charged with the task of destroying whatever he can that lies in the path of the invading Japanese army. He is a man afraid of decision and responsibility; the fact that his orders bid him to act "at his discretion" fills him with terror. But act he does, and the appetite comes with eating; as he destroys roads and bridges and ammunition dumps with success, he comes to exult in the work, and goes on to an act of vengeance, a piece of wanton destruction, when he burns a whole Chinese village of no military importance.

The events of the novel are brilliantly realized, as anyone who knows White's work as a reporter would expect; the look of the Chinese countryside, the pitiful mass of Chinese fleeing before the Japanese, the disintegration of Chiang's army—all these are described memorably. The weakness of the book lies in its characterization: the characters are too obviously allegorical. The development of Major Baldwin's character arises less from internal psychological necessity than from the fact that he has to carry the book's "message." He stands



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simply for the United States, at first afraid of the responsibility of international leadership, then acting coolly and successfully under pressure of circumstances, and then in danger of running amuck with its new-found strength. The men surrounding Baldwin are equally carriers of the message—the idealist destroyed by the actual, the man of great technical competence uninterested in anything but technique, and so on.

Criticism of *The Mountain Road* can proceed along two lines. One can ask how accurate it is as an allegory of the use and misuse of American power, and that I leave to others to decide. Or one can ask how successful it is as an adventure story of American troops in China. I believe that most readers will find it decidedly exciting. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

OF SUFFERING

ALBERTO MORAVIA'S new novel, **Two Women** (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $4.95), is also set in the period near the end of the second world war, but on the other side of the globe, in Italy. Moravia's chief character, and the narrator of the story, is a woman who comes from mountain peasant stock, but who at a very early age has married a much older man from Rome, the owner of a small grocery store, and turned into a thoroughly conventional member of the Roman *petite bourgeoisie*. Her husband dies unlamented (there was no love and little sex in the marriage), and she spends the early years of the war comfortably enough, operating as a black-marketeer on a small scale, observing the necessary religious rites but putting her real faith in money, chiefly interested in providing a dowry and arranging a suitable marriage for her daughter, a gentle convent-reared girl.

As the fighting comes closer to Rome the mother decides that they will be safer back where she came from, and so she and her daughter leave. The book presents a remarkably vivid picture of life in the mountains of Italy at the time and of the effect that life has on the two women who come to share it. For both of them it constitutes a rebirth. The mother realizes that money is not enough; she gets a glimpse of what lies "back of money" and what money leaves out. The daughter passes through a shocking sexual experience that threatens to ruin her life but instead brings her to an emotional maturity such as she might otherwise never have achieved.

The best thing about the book is the character of the woman who relates it. Shrewd, down-to-earth, sure of herself yet capable of learning from experience, she is a powerful creation.

Chiara (Knopf, $3.95) is another novel set in Italy, though the author, Gene D'Olive, is an American. The book is an account of the love affair, culminating in marriage and the birth of twins, between a no-longer-young American newspaperman, who tells the story, and Chiara, a beautiful Italian girl.

I do not know how the story would strike a reader who had not read *A Farewell to Arms;* it is so close to Hemingway's novel in its attitude toward experience, in the way it uses language, and even in some of its incidents, that I felt the presence of the earlier and better book throughout. There are certainly important differences, and D'Olive does many things that Hemingway did not do. His picture of Chiara's family is fine; the girl herself is drawn with considerable discernment, and she is quite unlike Hemingway's heroine. The sex in which the book abounds is rather mechanical and uninflammatory, though the age of the reader may have something to do with his judgment on that score.

I N **Journey to Java** (Doubleday, $5) the veteran British diplomat and author, Sir Harold Nicolson, gives an account of a trip that he and his wife (V. Sackville-West) took to the Far East in 1957. But it is more than a travel book, because in planning the trip Nicolson drew up a program of reading for himself that was to deal with the causes of human discontent, and he has as much to say about the books he read as about the sights he saw.

Obviously Nicolson is puzzled by the phenomenon of the "angry young men" in England. He is past

seventy, reasonably contented, and has a sneaking suspicion that in being so he may be mildly ridiculous. When a younger man looks at him he sees "a well-fed, plump, flabby, complacent survival from Edwardian England, who has been accorded advantages and opportunities which he has done nothing to justify or deserve," Nicolson writes.

"My curiosity about life, my senile zest, must seem to him no more than a shallow euphory, based upon insensitiveness to the fears of this hydrogenic age, indifference to the wickedness and cruelty of the world around me, and a lack of any even rudimentary sense of original sin.... I am aware that many of my younger friends . . . regard contentment as bourgeois or even vulgar. To them it suggests a trivial view on life." He remembers too an older friend's (T. S. Eliot's) line about "Those who sit in the sty of contentment," and reminds himself that he ought to be more unhappy than he is.

So he reads and reports on all kinds of writers, both happy and unhappy, from Galen and Lucretius to Miss Rachel Carson and Colin Wilson. The conclusions he reaches about what makes people soreheads or contented are not earth-shaking; the pleasure of the undertaking, like that of the trip, lies more in the quest than in the destination.

Journey to Java is a civilized book, witty, urbane, self-deprecatory, ironic. The style is elegant without being in the least precious, and the obvious fact is that Nicolson gets so much pleasure out of life because he finds life so intensely interesting. The only people he really dislikes are people who are bored and indifferent, who do not care. The people who appeal to him most strongly are people who "notice . . . things," people who, like himself, are carrying on a lively traffic with the world around them.

THE AMERICAN SCENE

ALTHOUGH it is a far cry from a man as elegant as Sir Harold Nicolson to the New York dress manufacturer (the "Dior of the masses") who is the chief character in Elick Moll's novel **Seidman and Son** (Putnam, $3.95), the two men have in common a tremendous appetite for life. The story told in *Seidman and Son* is fairly conventional; it relates how young Seidman comes home from the Korean War full of half-baked ideas of reform that embarrass and infuriate his father, and then, through various experiences, comes to accept his father's benevolent capitalism and even goes into business with him.

But the book is not conventional because Mr. Seidman himself is a powerful and splendid character. He speaks a wonderful kind of New York–Jewish English, vivid, colorful, and eminently expressive; and he is a really passionate man, a man with genuinely powerful feelings which he is able to communicate. His warmth and humanity and tireless vitality give a rush and energy to the story that could carry it even if the plot had twice as many creaks in it. (Book-of-the-Month Club.)

NANCY HALE'S reminiscences of her younger days in Boston, collected under the title **A New England Girlhood** (Little, Brown, $3.75), is a book that has strayed into the wrong stack; my colleague Mrs. Jackson undoubtedly could have dealt with it more judiciously than I can. Miss Hale's sketches of the days when her idea of a really fascinating older man was a Harvard freshman are slight and graceful and moderately entertaining even to me, but I have some difficulty in entering fully into the spirit of this world of crêpe-de-chine teddies, pink taffeta party-dresses, and endless sub-debutante giggling.

Some of the pieces in *A New England Girlhood* are in effect essays, in which Miss Hale puts together a series of incidents that make a neat ironic point. They give a welcome astringent taste to a volume that otherwise seems about to perish of a surfeit of Turkish delight.

Parktilden Village (Beacon, $3.50) is a first novel by George P. Elliott, a writer who has already made a considerable reputation as a poet and critic. The story is set in a vast apartment-development near a big university in California, probably Berkeley, and the main character is a young sociologist who has recently joined the faculty. Earlier, as an undergraduate in another university, he had done some baby-sitting

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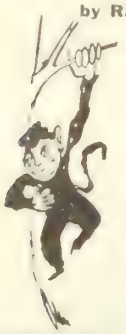
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for a mathematician and developed a considerable crush on his wife. Now he finds the mathematician and his wife in California, and discovers that he is still susceptible to the wife's charms. But meanwhile the baby with whom he once sat has grown up to be a very attractive girl, and soon two crushes are growing where one grew before. The ladies, old and young, respond to his advances, and he ends up by finding himself deeply and messily involved with a couple of women who do not take as light a view of sexual escapades as he does.

The writing in *Parktilden Village* is clean and lively; the story moves along nicely; and the characters, with one exception, are well drawn. The exception is the young sociologist—which is unfortunate, because he has the job of making the point of the book. What Elliott is saying in the story is that human life does not have merely a quantitative, measurable dimension, such as the sociologist records, but that it also has a moral dimension; it contains the possibility of evil, as the young man discovers too late. But the young man does not seem to be much of a sociologist or much attached to a sociological interpretation of experience; he is simply a sexual opportunist.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

A Place Without Twilight, by Peter S. Feibleman.

In our list of the spring's first novels this should perhaps lead all the rest. It is a haunting and beautiful book of an extraordinary intensity. The author, a young white man, tells this story of a Negro family and especially of a young Negro girl through her as narrator, and from the first page to the last it seems to me there is not a single false note. And though the story is about very poor Negroes in a very poor part of New Orleans—that land where all is either black or white—and though tragic things happen, this is no novel about "conditions." It is about real people, the weak ones who can't find their way to strength and dignity and the strong ones who can, through the great weapons of compassion and forgiveness and humor. It is a very powerful story and often a very amusing one, told in a kind of natural poetry that rings in the mind even when the book has been put aside.

World, $4.7

Splendid in Ashes, by Josephine Pinckney.

A novel which begins and ends with the funeral of its hero must necessarily be told largely in throwbacks. We meet most of its characters first as elderly or middle-aged people, nearly all of them Charlestonians to the core, and during the course of the book we discover how they got to be the way they are. In the lives of each of them it is the dead man, the flamboyant, dynamic un-Charlestonian John Augustus Grimshawe, gambler with both life and money, who in one way or another has shaped their destinies. It is a sound story of social complexities in a town and a civilization whose changes have been many during the thirty-five years the novel encompasses, but whose people are still as absorbed by each other's doings as they were when it was a slow-moving society of plantation owners. The character of the maverick Augustus dominates and fascinates them all as it dominates the novel, and the question "who gets the money and the house and why" keeps the story full of suspense in spite of what sometimes seems a stumbling method of narration. The characters in this, Miss Pinckney's regrettably last novel, are among her best.

Viking, $3.

A Summer Place, by Sloan Wilson.

The "summer place" is an island off the coast of Maine where the same families have gone for several generations. And whether Mr. Wilson intended the analogy, his book is also about the island of the self with which each of his characters has to come to terms before he can have any sort of peace or take his place in the world. Yet the question of whether or not the children can

cape the sins of their fathers—and mothers—("no man is an island") is also so dominant a theme that the whole is a thought-provoking counterpoint of Freud and Donne. The author of *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* has written another contemporary novel of family relationships and the difficulty of communicating between generations. The Maine background is vivid and real and becomes any family's "summer place"; the young romance is touching although the lack of articulateness between the boy and girl (I accept their lack of communication with the older generation) is hard to believe. But the middle-aged divorces and partner-switching never seem convincing. They seem more a matter of plot than of character, there is no humor and too much intensity in all their posturings, and I found it hard to care about them. But the intent is serious, the narrative lively, and every parent of teen-agers will find something to recognize; to applaud or decry.

Simon & Schuster, $4.50

NON-FICTION

Owen Wister Out West: His Journals and Letters, edited by Fanny Kemble Wister.

When Owen Wister, wealthy and well-born Philadelphian, was twenty-five years old he was sent West for his health. This was in 1885 and between that year and 1900 he was to go many times again. This book is made up of selections from the fifteen journals he kept on these trips (some of them sponsored by *Harper's Magazine),* edited and arranged by his daughter. Some of his letters home have also been included. It is from these writings, sometimes word for word, that the background for *The Virginian* was to come. As the editor says: "He ranged through the North and Southwest, from Oregon to Texas; but he loved Wyoming best of all, and *The Virginian* is set in Wyoming." The journals are full of Indian and hunting lore and his intense love for the West and its way of life. It is easy to see why after reading *The Virginian* the whole country took to glorifying cowboys and the states they came from when one reads such passages from his journals as: "Nobody, nobody who lives on the Atlantic strip, has a notion of what sunrise and sunset and moonlight can be in their native land till they have come here to see. One goes back to 'The light that never was on land or sea.' If he had been here, he would have put a footnote and said 'except in Wyoming, U.S.A.'"

Chicago, $5

Willie Mae, by Elizabeth Kytle.

This is called by the publishers "the first genuine account of a Negro servant's life we know of." It is told in the first person, as if in her own words, and tells of her childhood in Gruber's Grove, Georgia; of the death of her dearly loved parents and the changes it brought to the lives of the children; her first jobs; her marriage; the birth of her children; and through it all the attitudes of the white people, both good and bad, come through in unadorned simplicity. Perhaps because the lives of Negro servants have been done so well and so often in fiction (as in *A Place Without Twilight* which still echoes in the mind) or perhaps it is the knowledge that this is "as told to"—one can't help wondering whether the colloquial language and attitudes are exactly those in which Willie Mae would like herself to be seen and heard. But it is all a labor of love, revealing much, and a portrait worthy of respect.

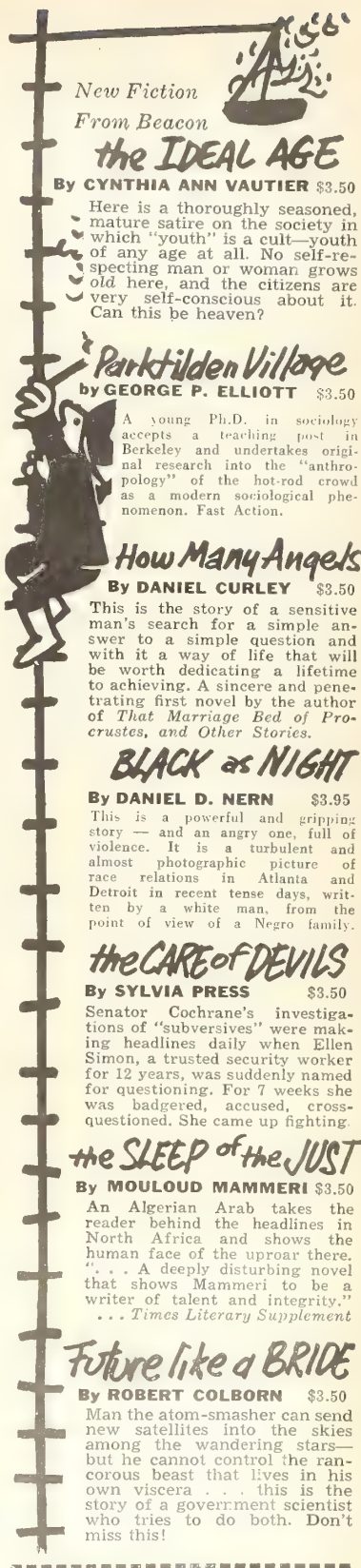
Knopf, $3.50

Margaret, by James Davidson Ross.

There have been so many books now about the final months in the lives of people dying from incurable diseases that one would think there was nothing left to say. Yet the truth seems to remain that for each person there is one death and there is no denying its absolute importance to them. I picked this book up almost impatiently—and remained to read it to the end while the office closed for the day around me. It is the story of a girl of fifteen dying of cancer, in the full knowledge of what is happening to her. It is also a story of extraordinary family relationships and a religious faith that passes all understanding. It is a rewarding book and an unusual one in any terms.

Dutton, $3

As everyone knows, there are two current musical shows in New York



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which no one must miss—and they couldn't be more different from each other. To anyone who has loved them both, as I have, as performed on the stage, it will be almost a surprise to learn that each has a "book" as apart from the music. Each of them is now available without the sound track.

The Music Man. Book, lyrics, and music by Meredith Willson.

The Drama Critics Circle has given this its award for the Best Musical 1957-58. It is the story of a charming charlatan who comes to a small Midwestern town called River City, Iowa, round about 1912 and in the course of his shenanigans turns the whole town into a singing, dancing, happy community and of course falls in love in the process. The book has no pictures but the story is there for all to read—fine, predictable Americana, and apparently suitable for everyone's nostalgia. Putnam, $2.95

West Side Story. Book by Arthur Laurents, music by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins.

Because I have found the performance of this very modern story of two West Side gangs and its Romeo and Juliet love theme such a beautifully integrated production, with music, dancing, and story all so much a part of the final effect, it is difficult for me to read it just as a story by itself, and make any judgment on how it would affect someone who hadn't been exposed to the whole. I enjoyed the book for what it brought to mind—and there are two pictures to give some notion of the extreme youth of the cast—one of the added reasons for its great charm and pathos.

Random House, $2.95

FORECAST

Book Club Summer Choices

For July the Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen *The Enemy Camp* (Random House) by Jerome Weidman, who wrote *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* some twenty years ago. The new book is described as "a novel ranging in scene from the squalor of Manhattan's Lower East Side to the quiet elegance of suburban Connecticut." For Midsummer the Club has chosen *The King Must Die*, an historical novel set in ancient Greece and Crete, by Mary Renault. Pantheon will be the publisher. For some time in the fall the judges have set aside as a selection, *Aku-Aku*, a new story of the South Sea Islands, by the author of the famous *Kon-Tiki*, Thor Heyerdahl. Its publishers-to-be, Rand McNally, say that it is even better than its predecessor and that it has already made the best-seller lists in five countries abroad. . . .

Macmillan announces that the Literary Guild has chosen Ann Bridge's new novel, *The Portuguese Escape* as a summer selection, probably August. And Shirley Barker's *Swear by Apollo* (Random House) and the first Hornblower novel in five years, *Admiral Hornblower in the West Indies* (Little, Brown), by C. S. Forester, will be dual Literary Guild selections for September.

Good Things in Twos

This seems to be a moment when publishing events can be bracketed in twos. In the fall, for instance, two books will be published about that gentleman who has made news all his life, Sir Winston Churchill. Hawthorn will issue a "definitive" two-volume life of Sir Winston by Lewis Broad, and Coward-McCann is to publish in September a book called *I Was Churchill's Secretary*, by Elizabeth Layton Nel, who was indeed one of his secretaries for four-and-a-half years during the war. . . .

Harcourt, Brace and Doubleday will each have a fall book about Anne Frank, whose diary, written while she and her family were hiding from the Germans in Holland, is now known in translations round the world. Harcourt's volume is written by a German, Ernest Schnabel, who has discovered everything that it is possible to find out about Anne's last days in Auschwitz and Belsen. He has interviewed nearly forty people who were there with Anne and her family and so has discovered many touching stories about her and has even found pictures that are part of her life. The book is still untitled. The also untitled Doubleday book, by Alfred Kazin, will contain all of her diary, stories written

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

by her, letters received by her father since the diary was published, and photographs of the various stage productions of "The Diary of Anne Frank." . . .

Nepal, that far and little known kingdom between India and Tibet, is the background for two books coming within the next few months. Coward-McCann will publish *Erika and the King,* by Erika Leuchtag, a true story of a 1951 palace revolution in which the German author played a part. And this revolution is part of the background of *The Mountain Is Young,* a novel by Han Suyin, author of the best-selling *A Many Splendored Thing.* Putnam will publish it in the fall. . . .

Two episodes of World War II are to be recorded by master reporters and storytellers probably early in 1959. David Howarth who wrote *We Die Alone* and *The Sledge Patrol* is to write for McGraw-Hill a full-scale account of all that happened on D-Day, June 6, 1944; and Walter Lord, whose *A Night to Remember* will never be forgotten, is to write for Harper a book on the civilian part of the evacuation of Dunkirk. . . .

Two series of articles, both on troubled aspects of life in New York City are now scheduled to appear as books. Christopher Rand's *New Yorker* series on Puerto Rican life in New York is to be published under the title, *The Puerto Ricans,* by Oxford in September. And Harper plans to publish Harrison E. Salisbury's *New York Times* series (expanded to about twice its size) on the problems of juvenile delinquency in a book called *The Shook-Up Generation* (October). . . .

To stretch duality almost to the breaking point, we will have two books coming up about Montgomery, too. One, the complete memoirs of "Monty," the Field Marshal, is, of course, about the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, K.G., and World will publish it in November under the title *The Sparks Fly Upward.* The other, to be published by Harper, also in the fall, is called *A Moment in History: The Montgomery Story,* by Martin Luther King, and it is, of course, about the courageous, passive-resistance bus strike of the Negroes in Montgomery, Alabama.



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FROM "EROICA" TO THE "MOONLIGHT"

Beethoven: Symphony #3 ("Eroica"); Coriolanus Overture. Philh. Promenade Orch. of London, Boult. Vanguard VRS 1012.

Beethoven: Symphony #6 ("Pastoral"); Fidelio Overture. Philh. Promenade Orch. of London, Boult. Vanguard VRS 1011.

These are two in a new series of the Symphonies and Overtures; two more, already out, cover the Fifth and Seventh, with the "Leonore" #3 and "Egmont" Overtures.

It isn't often that a small company, out to land the big musical fish, succeeds as happily as Vanguard has done here. But this orchestra is, indeed, "one of England's leading" bands, as is broadly hinted, and Sir Adrian is a wise, gracious, largely untemperamental British conductor with thirty years and more of mellowing behind him. Thus—for once—there is no frenetic attempt to make a big splash, a novel or ultra-dynamic interpretation, out of these familiar works. They sing themselves, under expert guidance. Aside from a few rather fast tempi (perhaps to accommodate too short LP sides), there is nothing but Beethoven, in a solidly old-fashioned sense. And the recording is superb, modern in sound but not exaggerated.

Beethoven: The Late Quartets (Op. 127, 130, 131, 132, 133, 135). Hollywood String Quartet. Capitol PER 8391 (5). *(Also issued separately.)*

All the late quartets, including the "Grosse Fuge," in one album. Proper digestion for review should take months—or years, ideally. It is almost sacrilegious to generalize a few words about such a limitless body of musical expression.

As compared with other groups notable for these works, especially the Budapest over many years, the Hollywood achieves a commendable beauty of tone and smoothness of ensemble. The pitch is unusually accurate in many spots that often are merely approximated by other hard-pressed fiddlers. The interpretations here are highly intelligent, well-thought-out, accurate.

But, perhaps because of this, the playings are clearly low-key—speaking relatively—sweeter but milder than others we have heard. Not really mild—the music allows no such thing. Just less craggy, the details of phrasing and feeling less energy packed than in the Budapest style of presentation.

Beautiful quartet string sound in the recording, immersed in a big liveness.

Beethoven: Piano Concerti #1 and #2. Cor de Groot; Vienna Symphony, Van Otterloo. Epic LC 3434.

These are the finest, most satisfying performances of these two early concertos that I can remember hearing. A perfect teamwork, in exquisitely lovely style, wonderfully well-rehearsed, well-phrased, meaningful, never even a bit tired or routine, never forced or insincere. This music, along with much Mozart, is the sort that demands a superior sense for shape and phrasing, down to the tiniest detail and into the longest lines. It can easily sound superficial or merely immature but not here. And there is enough here of the mature Beethoven robustness to carry the music through to its undoubted greatness.

These performances compare nicely with the notable Epic series including:

Beethoven: Violin Sonatas, Opus 12, #1; Op. 23; Op. 24 ("Spring"). Violin Sonatas Op. 30, #2; Op. 96. Arthur Grumiaux, vl., Clara Haskil, pf. Epic LC 3400; LC 3381.

These two fine discs bring the first team in recent Mozart recordings into the Beethoven area and with as good effect. The wispy little lady, Clara Haskil, is as much of a paragon of marvelously disciplined energy in this music as in her superb Mozart. Grumiaux is no supreme violinistic technican or show-off, but he clearly gets along to perfection with Haskil and it is a pleasure to note how impeccably balanced is their playing of each idea, large or small. This is ensemble at its best and most expressive.

Beethoven: The Cello Sonatas (Op. 5, #1 and #2; Op. 69; Opus 102, #1 and #2). Antonio Janigro, cello, Carlo Zecchi, pf. Westminster XWN 2218 (2).

By convention, the cellist's picture appears on this album cover. But in the recording it is Carlo Zecchi, the pianist, who is the overwhelming leader of the duo ensemble. A flashingly intense piano personality; in no time he sweeps you away, leaves you positively breathless, with his highly communicative enthusiasm and intensity. Mr. Janigro, the cello, is there all the time—his playing is beautifully controlled and in excellent style. But it is Zecchi, overwhelmingly Zecchi, who sets the pace.

I suppose this could be called a Latin



"You have just heard the Second Brandenburg Concerto, performed by the Pro Harmonia Antiqua Society under conditions similar to those prevailing at music festivals in the time of Bach."

playing. Both performers are non-German in training and, in truth, the florid intensity is Italian in the best sense. But I would not dare imply that this Beethoven is out of style—far from it. The sound merely accentuates the dramatic in Beethoven, over and above any trace of weightiness. I particularly enjoyed the early works, Opus 5—for they have here the violent robustness that we now understand was always present in Beethoven, even in the works of his younger years, outwardly somewhat derivative. This is a splendid, top-rank Beethoven album and splendidly recorded, too.

Beethoven: "Diabelli" Variations, Op. 120. (1) Leonard Shure. Epic LC 3382. (2) Rudolph Serkin. Columbia ML 5246.

Columbia evidently gave its sister firm, Epic, a few months' grace before crashing through with its own Serkin version of these incredibly wonderful piano variations—but Mr. Shure has a great deal to say on the subject himself and should not automatically be put aside.

These thirty-three variations on a silly but persistent tune of the publisher, Diabelli, belong with the last sonatas; but they are later, nearer in their fantastic scope, their sudden passions, strange rhythms and unexpected harmonies, to the last quartets. The variations make easy listening, though, because of the ever-present pattern of the Diabelli tune, a shape that the most innocent ear can detect throughout. It is a classic shape, as Beethoven recognized; it brings to mind the Bach "Goldberg" theme's solid harmony, as these variations resemble the Goldberg set in the hugeness of their conception and variety.

Serkin has the edge in sheer power and drama, without a doubt. His is a stupendous performance in the whole. Shure, less of a technician, is still a penetrating Beethoven pianist. There are many things he does here that match the best in Serkin, if in a different way. Why not try both discs? The music surely is big enough to merit it!

Serkin has a co-performer, a loud, persistent cricket who chirps an E flat through much of Side 2. Serkin also sings himself a bit.

A Beethoven Recital (32 Variations in C Minor; Andante Favori; Six Bagatelles, Op. 126; Ecossaises). Andor Foldes, pf. Decca DL 9964.

Beethoven: Short Piano Works, vol. 1 (Six Bagatelles, Op. 126; Fantasia, Op. 77; Six Ecossaises; "Fur Elise," Rondos, Op. 51, Minuet in G). Artur Balsam, pf. Washington WR 401.

It never rains but . . . here are two versions of parts of the shorter Beethoven output that for years I've felt ought to be more often heard, notably the extraordinary little Bagatelles, out of the very last period of his life. The Foldes disc has the famous "Thirty-Two Variations" of 1806 on one side, a middle-period work that is a kind of Beethoven Passacaglia or Chaconne, related to Bach's, and to Corelli's "La Folia." Balsam throws in a number of the minor pieces of early Beethoven that have always been favorites among beginning piano students—numbers of listeners will be delighted to hear them in this competent form.

Foldes is a pianistic genius who is slowly but surely catching up with his own extraordinary technical powers. He still is a hard, impetuous pianist (like so many gifted Hungarians) but his music is growing warmer and bigger. Thus his penetration of those disarmingly simple, utterly profound fragments, the Bagatelles, is much greater than Balsam's. His Variations realize every bit of the bigness of concept in the extended work. On the other hand, Balsam has a peculiarly lovely way with the lighter Beethoven pieces, giving them a beauty

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Prokofiev: Violin Concerti #1 and #2. Isaac Stern; N. Y. Philh., Mitropoulos, Bernstein. Columbia ML 5243.

Shostakovich: The Festive Overture; Memorable Year 1919; Symphony #9. State Radio Orch. USSR, Gauk. Monitor MC 2015.

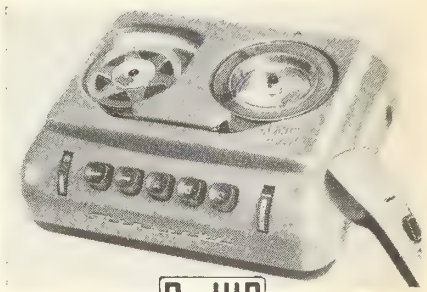
Schumann: Symphonic Etudes; Kreisleriana. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. Decca DL 9948.

Schoenberg: Moses und Aron (opera in three acts). Soloists, Orch. Norddeutscher Rundfunk, Rosbaud. Columbia K3L 241 (3).

Mahler: Kindertotenlieder; Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen. Flagstad, Vienna Philh., Boult. London 5330.

Mahler: Symphony #4. Emmy Loose, sop., Philharmonia Orch., Kletzki. Angel 35570.

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of phrase and shape that makes them unexpectedly meaningful.

Ernst Levy Plays Beethoven (Sonatas, Op. 90, 101). Lincoln LNLP 1051

Ernst Levy is the Beethoven prodigy who has lately burst into the record field although he has long astonished a limited circle with his occasional "live" piano performances. He is one of those odd dramatic geniuses who somehow penetrate to music's depths even without an impeccable technique. The bigger the concept the better he is; his earlier recordings of the last Beethoven sonatas jumped at once to the front rank, along with Schnabel and the like.

The Levy style is most unusual for this day. It is seemingly out of the early years of this century though Levy is far from elderly. He could be de Pachmann; his pedaled, immensely drawn-out Romanticism, full of expressive rubato, is of the time of Willem Mengelberg, and perhaps Mahler; it seems wholly pre-Schnabel, pre-Rachmaninoff—this unique manner must have to do, I suspect, with his Swiss background; you will find the same feeling in much Swiss music.

Oddly enough, as Mr. Levy works back toward the earlier Beethoven he is less impressive. These two are big enough fare, to be sure, but the sweep is not quite that of the immense last sonatas, and the Levy eccentricity, the minor lacks in technique show up here somewhat more prominently. Nevertheless these are big performances worth plenty of study.

Beethoven: "Moonlight Sonata"; "Les Adieux," "A Therese," "Appassionata." Robert Casadesus, piano. Col. ML 5233.

Casadesus is impressive as a pianist with a remarkably potent, driving, expertly controlled technique. There are few who can match him. After all, technique in the highest sense counts for a lot in these Beethoven sonatas, notably in that furiously rapid and incisive opus, the "Appassionata," Opus 57. I found myself listening carefully to the Casadesus mastery of the presto in that final movement and was mightily impressed by the potency of many other passages.

But (as this prelude must indicate) there is more to music than technique however driving. I am impressed—but not moved. The little notes show up forcefully here in all their millions; the big lines, the great dramatic moments, the superb harmonic balances are so-so. Even the slight blurring of one chord into the next that Casadesus allows to happen seems to me to indicate a lack of sense for the inner musical meaning. Powerful Beethoven, but not first-rate.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

MR. JELLY LORD

Ferdinand Joseph LaMenthe (1885-1941) was a New Orleans bawdy-house pianist who sometimes claimed, in moments of exhilaration, to have "invented" jazz. In May 1938 the folklorist Alan Lomax sat him at a piano with a bottle of whiskey at hand, and recorded for the Library of Congress a series of songs and reminiscences that were long among the most highly desired but unavailable items in the jazz literature. Jelly Roll Morton, as he was always known, is now on twelve LPs and accessible to anyone with $70.00.

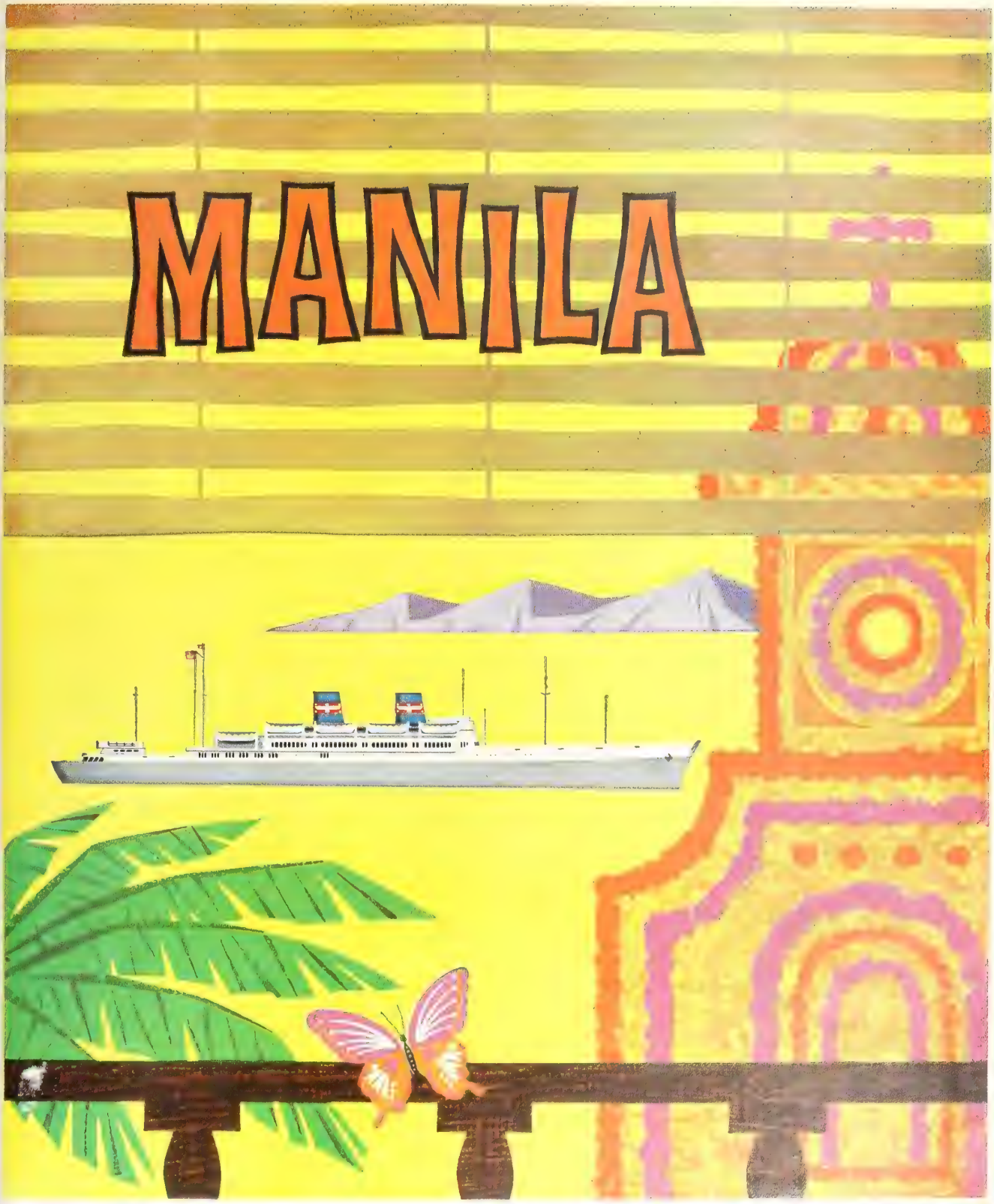
Morton had a heavy foot and an oracular manner that, along with the sound of primitive recording, the purchaser will have to be prepared to ignore. What comes through clearly is the personality, which is one of a really entertaining and dedicated heel. Like everyone else he was already beginning to romanticize Storyville, but any omissions are more than made up for by the "live" Morton, the flashy dresser with the diamond in his tooth (asked if it was true that Jelly had managed a chain of bordellos in California, one musician said: "He didn't get that diamond playing no piano").

Among the critics Morton still enjoys a respectable reputation as a pianist, but what seems most likely to interest listeners is his demonstration of the variety there was, even then, in jazz—the quadrille, other dance rhythms, and especially what he calls "the Spanish tinge," the Latin American influences that now seem more alien and exotic than they historically were. A good portion of these are in Volumes 1 ("Boyhood Memories") and 4 ("Creepy Feeling"), together with 5 ("Georgia Skin Game") they give a fair sampling.

For the best and best recorded piano-playing in the series John S. Wilson of the *New York Times* adds Volume 10 ("Original Jelly Roll Blues"), and Riverside also has two albums of Morton accompaniments and solos that were made by Gennett in 1923-4. Some of his famous orchestral recordings (with the Red Hot Peppers) appeared for a time on RCA Victor's defunct "X" label and are due to be reissued soon.

The Library of Congress Recordings. Riverside RLP 9001-12.

Also: **Classic Piano Solos,** RLP 12-111; **N. O. R. K.,** New Orleans Rhythm Kings, with Morton, RLP 12-102.



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